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*Mr. Jones*

(See page 21.)

# THEOPHILUS JONES, F.S.A.,

HISTORIAN:

HIS LIFE, LETTERS & LITERARY REMAINS.

EDITED BY EDWIN DAVIES.

“CAS NI CHARO Y WLAD A'I MAGO.”

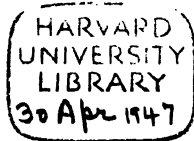
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F.N. Robinson



**TO THE  
RIGHT HON. LORD TREDEGAR.**

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**MY LORD,**

I was privileged to inscribe to you my Reprint of Theophilus Jones's History of Brecknockshire, in the production of which you manifested a kindly interest.

I have thought that the following pages of Biography and Letters of the Historian might be acceptable to his countrymen, and I am happy in the knowledge that the enterprise has your lordship's approbation.

To you, therefore, the most generous Patron of Welsh Education, Literature, and Art, the distinguished and beloved Welsh Hero and Philanthropist, I likewise Dedicate this Volume, and count myself doubly honoured in being permitted to do so.

I am, my Lord,

Your obedient servant,

**THE EDITOR.**





RIGHT HON. LORD TREDEGAR.

*(From Photo by Alfred Freke, Queen St., Cardiff.)*





## ILLUSTRATIONS.



PORTRAIT OF THEOPHILUS JONES.

THE HOUSE WHERE HE DIED.

HIS BOOK-PLATE.

FAC-SIMILE OF TOMBSTONE IN LLANGAMMARCH  
CHURCHYARD.

PORTRAIT OF LORD TREDEGAR.

2





## PREFACE.

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**T**HESSE Letters, written by Theophilus Jones, now published for the first time, form part of a most interesting collection of MS. Letters from eminent Welshmen now in the possession of the Cardiff Free Library Committee, to whose courtesy, as well as that of their accomplished Librarian, I am indebted for permission to copy and print.

The personality of the writer of the Letters is admirably described in Miss Morgan's Biography, and it is unnecessary to add anything further in that direction. But I may perhaps be allowed to say here, that the letters are a complete refutation of an assertion which has gained currency to the effect that the History which Jones published was largely the work of another person. It is quite true that Theophilus Jones obtained information from every source which he thought to be reliable. He was also diligent in seeking advice from those he thought capable of giving it, and in verifying facts about which he had any doubt. But the work was his from beginning to end. These Letters are a striking testimony of the patience with which he, under many trying circumstances, carried his great task to a successful conclusion.

For the most part the Letters were written by Theophilus Jones to his life-long friend, the Rev. Edward Davies, of Olveston, Gloucestershire, but there are a few others to the Rev. Walter Davies ("Gwalter Mechain"), and for these I am indebted to Mr. J. Glyn Davies, the Welsh Librarian at Aberystwith College.

Of the Rev. Edward Davies, in whose career the Historian took such an affectionate interest, it should be stated that he was a Radnorshire man, born on the 7th July, 1756, some three years before Jones's birth, at a farm called Hendre Einon, in the parish of Llanvareth, three miles from Builth. His father was farmer of a small estate of which his uncle was the proprietor.

Edward Davies was a student for a little over a year at Christ College, Brecon, and in 1775 opened a school at Hay, and was ordained curate of Bacton, in Herefordshire, four years later. He served this and several other curacies, after the manner of his time, besides keeping his school; and it is stated that he conducted five services every Sunday, and travelled 30 miles to do so, for £30 a year. Mr. Davies was master from 1783 to 1799 of the Grammar School at Chipping Sodbury, in Gloucestershire, and in the former year he married his first wife, Margaret Smith, of Whittington.

Mr. Davies devoted his leisure to Celtic antiquarian studies, to poetry, and divinity. He made the acquaintance of Owen Pughe, Edward Williams, and other leading Welsh antiquarians. Some of the poems of the "Myvyrian Archaiology" were taken from his transcripts. In 1799 he went as curate of Olveston, also in Gloucestershire, and it was to this address that Jones, the Historian, directed nearly all his Letters.

Jones, who was Davies's contemporary at school, exerted himself to obtain for him some preferment, and many of Jones's Letters betray anxiety on account of his friend's impoverished condition. Theo. Jones only too well knew the exacting character of the literary work in which Edward Davies was engaged, and no



doubt desired to get his mind relieved of the cares due to his evident financial embarrassment. After prolonged efforts, Theo. Jones appears to have succeeded, for in 1802 Mr. Davies secured the perpetual curacy of Llanbedr, and in 1805 the rectory of Bishopston, in Gower, near Swansea. He continued to live at Olveston until 1813, when he removed to Bishopston. Bishop Burgess, who expressed himself as charmed that Edward Davies "was not a mere black letter man, but an orthodox divine and admirable theological writer," in 1810 gave him the prebend of Llangunllo, in the then almost dilapidated Christ College at Brecon.

In 1816 Mr. Davies took to himself a second wife, Susanna Jeffreys, and was made Chancellor of Brecon and Rector of Llanfair Orllwyn, in Cardiganshire, but as Theophilus Jones died in 1812, he was not permitted to rejoice over his friend's increased prosperity.

The Letters show a constant anxiety on the part of Jones with regard to Edward Davies's eyesight, which, in consequence of an accident received when a boy, was always defective. In his latter days, he became totally blind. When he relinquished his clerical duties in 1823 in consequence of ill-health, he was soon after elected an associate of the Royal Society of Literature, and thus obtained £100 a year. He died on January 7th, 1831, and was buried at Bishopstone. The Rev. Edward Davies's chief works were—

1. *Aphtharte, the genius of Britain*; a Poem written in the taste of the 16th century; 1784.
2. *Vacunalia*; consisting of Essays in verse; 1788.
3. *Eliza Powell*; or the *Trials of Sensibility*; a novel; 1795.

4. **Celtic Researches, or the Origin, Traditions, and Language of the Antient Britons, with Introductory Sketches on Primitive Society; 1804.** This is his best known book.
5. **A Series of Discourses on Church Union, in which it is maintained that the duty of Communion with the Apostolical Church remains uncanceled by the tolerance of the British Laws; 1811.**
6. **Immanuel, a Letter on Isaiah vii., 14, in answer to the Strictures of a Modern Jew; 1816.**
7. **The Mythology and Rites of the British Druids, ascertained by national documents and compared with the traditions and customs of Heathenism; 1809.**
8. **The Claims of Ossian, examined and appreciated together with some curious particulars relative to the State of Poetry in the Celtic dialects of Scotland and Ireland; 1825.** An attack on Macpherson for disparaging the Welsh Bards.
9. **Various Papers and Translations, such as those of Davydd ap Gwilym, which are printed in the Cambrian Register.**

Through the efforts of Miss G. E. F. Morgan, of Brecon, money was raised in 1899 for the purpose of placing a tablet in Llangammarch Church to the memory of Theophilus Jones and for renovating the memorial to him in Christ College chapel. The omission may be entirely due to an oversight; but it is to be hoped that at Christ College there will shortly be erected suitable memorials to the Rev. Edward Davies and the Rev. Thomas Price ("Carnhuanwc") two remarkable Welshmen and both students of the school.

To this collection of Letters are added some anonymous papers by Theophilus Jones, as well as some account of his books, &c. And, as they are of local interest, and were for the most part written whilst visiting Theophilus Jones, several extracts from Richard Fenton's MS. Diary are also included.

Miss Morgan has very kindly revised and enlarged her Biography of the Author of "Brecknockshire," and the new portrait of him has been engraved from a portrait in her possession, drawn from life by the Rev. Thomas Price, Cwmdru.

The Author's book-plate was fortunately discovered before going to press. It is taken from a photograph of the plate in the 2nd vol. of Jones, History, which was presented by his widow in 1827 to the Welsh Library at St. David's College, Lampeter; and I have to thank Mr. William Davies, the Bursary Clerk, for attending to this matter.

Mr. Ifano Jones, of Cardiff Library, has been good enough to look over the Welsh in the letters.

The pedigree of the "Morgans of Tredegar," &c., forms a part of the MS. collection by Jones, and for that reason it is now included.

THE EDITOR.

*Brecon.*



## Theophilus Jones, F.S.A.

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“ If anything I have suggested shall be productive of benefit to one deserving person, or my lucubrations shall afford amusement and satisfaction to the public, my ends are obtained. The utmost extent of my ambition is, that I may live a few years in the recollection and approbation of my countrymen after Providence shall have consigned me to the long silence of the grave.”

THEOPHILUS JONES.

**N**EARLY a century has passed since the words quoted above were written by the Historian of Brecknockshire, and the fact that a reprint of his History—without note or comment, but an exact copy of the first edition—should have been eagerly subscribed for at this distance of time, is proof, if any such were needed, of the vitality of the book, and of the place which Theophilus Jones holds in the hearts of his countrymen.

The saying “ Happy is the country that has no history ! ” may also apply to individuals, and in that sense it is true of the subject of this sketch. His uneventful existence passed in a quiet country town furnishes no stirring incidents from which to weave an elaborate biography, the story of his life being that of his History. Some three generations have passed away since he walked through the land he loved so well, yet into our own time there have lived those who knew him, who have watched him fishing of a summer’s evening, who have spoken of his kindness, and who have nothing to tell that does not

confirm the impression left on our minds after reading his great book, that he was a God-fearing, amiable and upright man. His life was one of simplicity and hard work carried out during a period of physical suffering heroically borne. He turned from the possibilities of wealth (his partner and successor amassed a large fortune, and purchased a considerable estate in the neighbourhood), to comparative poverty, in order that he might rescue from oblivion the memorials of past days, many of which would otherwise never have come down to us. The debt which the posterity of a county owes to its conscientious, careful antiquary can hardly be over-estimated, and Brecknockshire has been peculiarly fortunate in this respect. It is surely a matter of no small pride and satisfaction to us to realize that the best County History in Wales was written by Theophilus Jones, that the best History of Wales in Welsh, "Hanes Cymru," was the work of the Rev. Thomas Price, vicar of Cwmdru, and that the only History of Wales written in English (until Prof. Owen Edwards recently gave us "Wales" in the "Story of the Nations" series) was by Miss Jane Williams, "Ysgafell," all of whom belonged to Brecknockshire by birth, breeding or descent.

Theophilus Jones was the only son of the Rev. Hugh Jones, Vicar of Llangammarch and Llywel, and Prebendary of Boughrood Llanbedr Painscastle, whose father, another Hugh Jones, married Mary, daughter of Rees Lloyd, of Nantmel, a member of the family of Lloyd of Rhosferig and Aberannell. Our Historian was thus of the line of Elystan Glodrydd, Prince of Ferregs, whose descendants peopled the hundred of Builth, and through his paternal grandmother he was connected with the Jeffreyes of Brecon and the Watkinses of Penoyre.

The Rev. Hugh Jones married Elinor, elder daughter of the Rev. Theophilus Evans, vicar of Llangammarch from 1738 to 1763, in which year he resigned the living in favour of his son-in-law, Mr. Hugh Jones; Mr. Evans was also vicar of St. David's Brecon, to which he was inducted 8th June, 1739. It is always interesting to note the hereditary influences, which have helped to form the tastes and characters of remarkable men, and no account of Theophilus Jones's life would be complete, that did not touch on the career of his maternal grandfather, who seems to have been a man of considerable ability, and is spoken of by his grandson with affectionate respect.

Theophilus Evans was the fifth son of Charles Evans, of Pen-y-wenallt, Cardiganshire, of the tribe of Gwynfardd Dyfed, whose father had suffered even to imprisonment for his loyalty to Charles I. He was born in 1694, ordained deacon in 1718, and priest in 1719, by the Bishop of St. David's. The friendship existing between his countrymen the Lloyds of Millfield and the Gwynnes of Glanbran, induced him to settle in this county. Here it may be well to give a short account of his literary work. His first publication was in Welsh, it appeared in 1716, and was called "Drych y Prif Oesoedd," or a "Mirror of Ancient Times," being a brief history of the ancient Britons. "This book," wrote his grandson, "seems to have been more read and admired " by the inhabitants of South Wales than any other " ever published in the language, unless it be Llyfr " y Ficcwr Llandyfri, and it is still as great a favourite " as ever in this part of the Principality." There have been fourteen Welsh editions of this remarkable work, the latest being that published by Spurrell of Carmarthen in 1884. In 1739 appeared his "Pwyll y

Pader," being an exposition of the Lord's Prayer in several sermons, which he dedicated to Sackville Gwynne, Esq., of Glanbran, to whom he pays a compliment for his zeal in the encouragement and promotion of the worship of God by the erection of the church of Tyr Abot, which was Mr. Evans's first curacy; he was also domestic chaplain to Mr. Gwynne of Garth. The dedicatory portion of the work concludes with a prayer to the Deity, "that as his patron had until that day "lived in a mansion situated in a rich soil and in the "fat of the land, nourished and fertilized by the dew "of heaven, after a length of days spent piously and "happily in this world, he might be awakened by "an angel of life in the realms of bliss." In 1752 he published in English "A History of Modern Enthusiasm," of which another edition was brought out in 1757; both are now very rare. This book contained a severe attack upon all dissenters from the Established Church. The circumstances under which this work, which roused so much feeling, was published, have not been fully recognized. In 1743 the Rev. John Wesley paid his first visit to Brecknockshire, which had already been stirred by the preaching of Howel Harris and Rowlands of Llangeitho. We read in his Diary (which Mr. Birrell has recently told us throws more light upon the moral and social conditions of England in the eighteenth century than any other book,) under date

"May, 1743, Wednesday 3rd.—came to Builth.  
 "Mr. Phillips, the Rector of Maesmynis (at whose  
 "invitation I came), soon to take knowledge of me.  
 "I preached on a tomb at the east end of the church  
 "at four, and again at seven. Mr. Gwynne and  
 "Mr. Prothero, Justices of the Peace, stood on  
 "either hand of me."



Mr. Gwynne was of Garth, and previously to this had stood with the Riot Act in his pocket near Llanwrtyd Church to hear Howel Harris preach, determined to arrest him, not doubting he was a madman, but was so deeply impressed by his preaching, that at the close he grasped Howel Harris's hand, besought his pardon, and took him home to Garth. Dr. Stevens gives a very interesting account of Mr. Gwynne :—“ In Wales the “ Wesleys were entertained at the opulent mansion “ of Marmaduke Gwynne, Esq., a magistrate, of Garth. “ His princely establishment usually comprised, beside “ nine children and twenty servants, a *chaplain*, and “ from ten to fifteen guests. . . . The Wesleys “ preached to them daily while seeking repose amid “ their hospitality.” The chaplain was the Rev. Theophilus Evans, as has been said, and he must have had many arguments with Mr. Wesley during their frequent and lengthy interviews, though when Charles Wesley, the sweet singer of the movement, wedded Miss Sarah Gwynne, we do not find that the chaplain assisted at the ceremony. To quote again from John Wesley's Diary :—

“ 1739. April, Friday 7th, we reached Garth.  
 “ Saturday 8th, I married my brother and Sarah  
 “ Gwynne. It was a solemn day, such as became  
 “ the dignity of a Christian marriage.”

Unconvinced by all that he saw and heard, Mr. Evans felt it his duty to protest, and Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitfield wrote a reply to his book. In later years his grandson apologised for the bitterness of his tone in the following words :—“ He wrote as a “ member of the Established Church to prevent by “ timely warning the repetition of those calamities “ produced by fanaticism in the generation preceding “ him, of the recurrence of which he seems to have been

“ apprehensive from the spread of an enthusiasm equally  
 “ mischievous, though assuming a different garb, artfully  
 “ fomented and encouraged, as he apprehended, by the  
 “ *Church of Rome.*” It is curious to read, that he  
 seriously thought the Methodists were emissaries of the  
 Catholic Church, though it was not an uncommon belief  
 at the time, John Wesley himself having been taken for  
 a Jesuit in disguise, when preaching in South Wales ;  
 the memory of the Rising of 1745, and the sympathy  
 of the Catholics with the cause of the White  
 Rose, made the popular mind ready to assign  
 any new departure in religion or politics to the influence  
 of the Jesuits. Then the traditions of family suffer-  
 ings and losses during the Civil War doubtless account  
 for a genuine though exaggerated alarm at the doings  
 of John Wesley and his followers. To his mind the  
 terms “ fanatic ” and “ enthusiast ” were evidently  
 synonymous, but to us, who are looking back at the  
 course of events he anticipated, it seems impossible to  
 imagine what the religious and social life of the  
 eighteenth—nay, even of the nineteenth—centuries  
 would have been without the “ enthusiasm ” of the  
 great Fellow of Lincoln.

At the same time whilst it is customary to pour  
 contempt on the clergy of the Church in Wales during  
 the last century, it is refreshing to think of Mr. Evans  
 as one, who may not unreasonably be taken as typical  
 of the better kind of Welsh parish priest, of whom  
 such a character remains as that given to him by  
 Theophilus Jones : “ My revered, learned and respect-  
 able grandfather ” . . . who, notwithstanding the  
 bitterness of his tone towards those who differed from  
 him in their forms of faith, “ had perhaps as much of  
 “ the milk of human kindness as any man who ever lived.  
 “ Of the value of money he knew little, books were

“ his only treasures, and employed the greatest part  
 “ of that time in which he was not engaged in the  
 “ duties of his holy function, and in this character he  
 “ was remarkably eminent ; many of the sectaries  
 “ whom he condemned heard his exhortations with  
 “ pleasure, if not with improvement, and his sermons  
 “ are even now recollected with rapture ; he had a  
 “ method of bringing home his arguments to the  
 “ feelings of his auditors, without descending to low  
 “ or familiar phrases, which was peculiarly  
 “ persuasive.”

Mr. Evans was a fellow-labourer with the Rev. Griffith Jones, vicar of Llanddowror, the founder of the first day and Sunday schools in Wales. His circulating schools were started in 1730, in which year Mr. Evans wrote a “ Letter on Education,” published by Mr. Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, who may have been induced by the example of these Welsh clergymen to establish Sunday schools in England. It is pleasant to trace their beginning to our own county. When the good Vicar of Llanddowror, “ The Morning Star of the Welsh Reformation,” died in 1761, these schools had been instrumental in teaching over 150,000 of the Welsh people to read God’s Holy Word in their own tongue.

In the previous century the Rev. R. Powel, vicar of Boughrood, whose pious memory so many Brecon boys have had reason to bless, had left money by his will “ to teach and instruct poor children, natives of  
 “ Brecon, in the English tongue, the better to enable  
 “ them to serve God, and manage their trades or occu-  
 “ pations,” on which Theophilus Jones makes the following remarkable commentary, which at least shows that he did not share his grandfather’s opinions in relation to Sunday schools :—“ It is not clear to me

“ from these words, whether this good divine intended  
 “ these children should be taught to read and write or  
 “ not. I am sure I should respect his memory much  
 “ more, if I thought he did *not*, notwithstanding the  
 “ fashionable mania for parochial and Sunday schools,  
 “ which, nineteen times out of twenty, only teach boys  
 “ to misapprehend their Bible, to prate and become  
 “ troublesome in their neighbourhood.” One hundred  
 years have passed away since that sentence was written  
 in happy unconsciousness of the advent of a complete  
 system of Welsh education, which will give our boys  
 and girls the same advantages that Scotland has so  
 long enjoyed, and which will make Brecon an educational  
 centre of the greatest importance, if our countrymen  
 realize the possibilities now within their grasp.

In the year 1732 Mr. Evans discovered the mineral  
 springs of Llanwrtyd, called “ Ffynon Drewlyd ”  
 (stinking well), so valuable as a cure for scrofulous  
 complaints. In a letter to the Editor of the “ St. James’s  
 Chronicle,” in 1738, he gives an interesting account  
 of the manner in which his attention first became  
 attracted to these waters. In his quaint style he says :—  
 “ The writer hereof, being then almost worn out by a  
 “ disease of many years continuance, was casually  
 “ informed of this then reputed venomous spring.  
 “ His curiosity led him that way, which, by the smell,  
 “ he could easily find without a guide. He sat on  
 “ the brink of it a long time dubious what to do. As  
 “ he was thus musing and revolving in his mind what  
 “ he had best do, a frog popped out of the bottom,  
 “ looked cheerfully, and, as it were, invited him to  
 “ taste of the water. He then immediately concluded  
 “ that the water could not have any poisonous quality,  
 “ because of that creature’s living so comfortably

“ there, and took a moderate draught, about half-a-pint or more, without any concern or dread of danger. By the use of this for about two months, and by taking baths in the water every day, he became perfectly whole, though his case had been deemed incurable.”

Mr. Evans lived at Llwyn Eion, in Llangam-march (now a farmhouse), and on his death left the little estate to Theophilus Jones, who honoured the memory of his grandfather by a peculiar attachment to the place. The Rev. Theophilus Evans died September 11th, 1767, aged 73, and was buried in the Churchyard of Llangammarch, “ near the stile entering from the east.”

Theophilus Jones was born in Brecon on 18th October, 1759, and on 8th November following he was baptized in the chapel of St. Mary in that town. His father was at that time curate of St. David's, Brecon, and lived in a charming old house in Lion street (one of the many town residences of the county families, who used to come to Brecon for the Assizes and other gatherings), where Dr. George Bull, Bishop of St. David's, had died earlier in the century. The future Historian passed some of his early years at Llwyn Eion, and, young though he was, there can be little doubt that his antiquarian tastes were awakened and fostered by his grandfather, from whom he inherited valuable materials for the History. The Rev. Thomas Price, who was born in the hundred of Builth less than a generation later, has left a graphic picture of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that district : “ Brought up, as I have been, in the remote parts of the Principality, often do I dwell with pleasure upon the recollections of my infancy : when in the winter's night I sat in the circle around the fire

“ under the spacious chimney-piece, and listened to  
 “ the songs and traditions of the peasantry, or to the  
 “ poetry of David ab Gwilym read by the firelight ;  
 “ and if but a harper should chance to visit us happy  
 “ was the day, yea, I might say, earthly speaking,  
 “ blessed was the time. . . . About the year  
 “ 1750 the young people in Wales were very fond of  
 “ dancing. They met together frequently in parties,  
 “ and danced country dances, some of which had four  
 “ and twenty variations, all of which were to be danced  
 “ through ; and I think there were variations in the  
 “ figure of the dance to correspond to those of the  
 “ tune. . . . The introduction of Methodism  
 “ made a great change in the habits of the people.  
 “ Dancing was altogether discouraged as profane.”

Theophilus Jones was educated at Christ's College, Brecknock, which was then a large and flourishing school, attended by the sons of the surrounding country gentry, amongst whom he found many friends, and here began the life-long regard which existed between him and the Rev. Edward Davies, of Olveston, co. Gloucester, the learned author of "Celtic Researches," "Mythology of the British Druids," and other works. To him he dedicated the second volume of his History. During the time he was at Christ's College, the Head Master was the Rev. David Griffith (grandfather of the late Rev. Charles Griffith, M.A., of Glyn Celyn, Brecon), an accomplished scholar, of whom he spoke in after years as "the respected and respectable preceptor of my youth." His parents having decided that he should become a lawyer, Theophilus Jones was articled to Mr. Penoyre Watkins, a solicitor in large practice then living in Brecon, and having passed through this period with great credit, upon the expiration of his articles he entered the pro-

fession on his own account, and continued in it for many years, practising with equal reputation and success as a solicitor and attorney in his county town. He married Mary, daughter of Rice Price, Esq., of Porth-y-Rhyd, in the county of Carmarthen (who was a member of the family of Price of Cilgwyn, a branch of the Prices of Glynllech, in Ystradgunlais), by Mary, daughter of Daniel Williams, Esq., of Llwynwormwood. A vacancy occurring in the Deputy Registrarship of the Archdeaconry of Brecon, he was appointed to that office, which he held until his death. To this circumstance we are probably indebted for the History, which will be for ever associated with the name of Theophilus Jones. Amongst the documents committed to his care were the records of the various parishes for centuries past, in the perusal of which he must have obtained a great amount of the information he afterwards introduced into his History. There is every reason to believe, that he had no natural inclination for the profession, to which he had been brought up, his chief delight being in literary studies and antiquarian research, but it was not until the year 1800 or 1801, that he seriously entertained the idea of writing the History of his native county. His father, the Rev. Hugh Jones, died 2nd April, 1799 (and was buried in St. David's Churchyard with his wife Elinor, who died 24th July, 1786), and this circumstance may have had much to do with the determination he now formed. He found it was quite impossible to write the History and at the same time to carry on his other duties. On their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Jones lived in a large and comfortable house in Mount Street, Brecon, now converted into an inn known as "The George," the rooms of which are oak-panelled and lofty, where they remained until his father's death, when they moved to the house in Lion Street, in

which the History was written, In a letter, dated Oct. 4th, 1801, to the Rev. Edward Davies, he says : " I've such a room ! such a study ! . . . . . " it is at the back part of the house, no noise or " interruption, except now and then a call into the office " . . . I laugh, I laugh at the imps of gloominess." Having a small patrimony of his own, he determined, with his wife's consent, to give up his practice, and live upon his private means, so that he might have time to prosecute his labours in compiling the History, which he succeeded in doing, though he lost upwards of £400 in the undertaking. He disposed of his practice to his partner, Mr. Samuel Church, of Ffrwdgrech, reserving to himself the Deputy Registrarship, which enabled him to have access to the various deeds, wills, &c., which were so important in his researches, though it was not until 1809 that he was able to write : " Done with the law ! " Having now the leisure in which to pursue the great object of his life, he spared neither time nor expense in its execution. He personally visited every parish in the county ; he copied the mural and monumental inscriptions in every church (many of which have since entirely disappeared during the " restorations " of recent years) ; he collected the folk-lore and legends from the aged inhabitants ; he gathered all the information that could be acquired, and industriously gleaned from every repository that was open to his inspection, the contents of such documents as might enlarge, illustrate, or enrich his work. His perfect acquaintance with the language of his country enabled him to employ them to the best advantage. He availed himself largely of Hugh Thomas's MS. " Essay towards a History of Brecknockshire," which is preserved at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and a portion of which is in the posses-



sion of Mr. George Hay, Brecon. This Essay was written about 1698, and as far as it goes forms an invaluable contribution to local history, bringing the Brecon of the seventeenth century very vividly before us. Hugh Thomas was a member of an old Brecknockshire Catholic family settled at Llanfrynach from the earliest times. He was a deputy herald and lived in Bloomsbury, London, though from his intimate knowledge of the place and people, he must have frequently visited Brecon, where he stayed with his kinswomen, Mary and Margaret Thomas, of saintly memory\*. His spelling is peculiar, but his style of writing is easy and pleasant, at times gliding into gossip and long-forgotten scandals connected with the town. He was greatly impressed by the wickedness of the Normans in appropriating to themselves the fair lands which belonged to the native Welshmen, and never wearies of pointing out how the judgment of God had fallen upon their descendants for that and other sins, and how the Welsh had reasserted themselves even in his time as owners of the soil, the old Norman families having merged their names in those of the Welsh, or "extinguished themselves in heiresses," or sold their lands, so that the principal landowners in 1698 bore Welsh surnames. The following (the introduction of which may be forgiven, as Jones has not quoted it), is a fair specimen of his style, though it is rather involved :—

"Hugh Havard was 4 times Baylif and twice Alderman of Brecon. This man began to write "a book of pedigrees† about January, 1580, and not ended until about 1600. He tells us that in the "year 1590, there was no rain from Easter till All

\* See "Forgotten Saints," by G. E. F. M., Brecon Parochial Magazine, 1902.

† Harleian M.S. 3525.

" Saints, and that on 10th December following  
 " began a hard frost and snow, which continued  
 " till 25 March, 1591, on which day there happened  
 " with the thaw such a tempest of Raine as occasioned  
 " such Fluds, that the like was not known since the  
 " time of Noah, which carried away all stone bridges  
 " and great mills, and the same year all manner  
 " of Beasts died for want of fodder. That year  
 " our Lady was upon Good Friday. The Havards  
 " have for sometime been the most landed and  
 " flourishing family of the County and older in this  
 " Parish (St. John's, Brecon,) than any other family  
 " whatsoever, tho' now for their offences against  
 " God and their neighbours brought down to  
 " nothing. Having once to the Honour of God  
 " builded a suptious Chapell adjoined to the Priory  
 " Church, which yet retains their name, and is  
 " called Capell Havardiad, where I conjecture they  
 " ordained a priest to pray for their souls for ever,  
 " and were most of them buried, but now the  
 " good reformers have reformed this Chapell almost  
 " to the ground, as they have not only this worthy  
 " Family, but almost all the noble Families of the  
 " kingdom out of their estates, (and almost all their  
 " gravestones thrown out or broke to pieces) for  
 " their great negligence in promoting these abuses."

There is yet another unrecorded paragraph by Hugh  
 Thomas, which no lover of Brecon would wish to be  
 omitted, and which many still believe to be as true  
 as when it was written :—

" Brecon is well stored with wood and water and  
 " fish especially trout, ye best and ye most in ye king-  
 " dom are taken in Uske river, no better in all  
 " Wales, having abundance of fine springs and  
 " purling streams besides the rivers Uske, Honddu

" &c. &c. which makes the country most pleasant  
 " and healthy, insomuch *that it wants nothing that*  
 " *can make a man happy*, and from ye top of our  
 " Hills seeing ye most pleasantest Landskips in  
 " nature, having at one view the prospect of hills,  
 " valleys, wood and water. The state of the  
 " people are as in most parts of ye kingdom, their  
 " complexions very comely, and much better than  
 " those of ye sea coasts, neither are their humours  
 " less commendable. Deo Gratia!"

But Hugh Thomas's most valuable contribution to Brecknockshire history is his volume of MS, pedigrees in the Harleian Collection at the British Museum which he bequeathed to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. Of the value and interest of this book it is hardly possible to speak too highly. Modern genealogists tell us, that no other pedigrees relating to our county families of the seventeenth century are equally satisfactory or correct, and the more it is studied, the stronger grows the impression, that Theophilus Jones knew little about it, even supposing he ever saw it. Had he known it well he could never have omitted many items of interest there recorded. For instance Hugh Thomas's pedigree of the Walbeoffes of Llanhamlach is given with a fulness of detail wholly absent from the genealogical table of that family given by Jones, who has also omitted entries of the greatest importance relating to the families of Games of Aberbran and Vaughan of Newton, Llansantffread, whilst the very interesting pedigree of the ancient family of Powel of Maespoeth, which Hugh Thomas gives at length, does not appear at all in Theophilus Jones's History. It is quite possible that he may have hastily glanced at the volume during a visit to London, or he may have been told of it by a friend; that he knew of its existence

is proved by his reference to the pedigree in it of the Powels of Castle Madoc, which varied from his account of the same family. Genealogy and heraldry were the favourite subjects of his enquiry. His pedigrees, generally speaking, are correct. That here and there some names may have been omitted, that some errors from misinformation may have crept in is very possible, but such lapses are unavoidable, certainly in the first edition of such a book. In a work of such multifarious enquiry, where the materials are collected from many different sources, where the families themselves, to whom they more immediately relate, are so often ignorant, and still more frequently indifferent, it is scarcely possible for the historian to be minutely accurate. No man, however, could have taken greater pains than Mr. Jones did, and we may be quite sure that whatever errors may occur in the earlier part of his genealogies (and they are few), they are correct for at least one hundred years before the time he wrote, which period would include all his original work. So painstaking a man would have carefully recorded from the lips of the oldest members of the various families the names of their immediate ancestors, and any circumstances of interest connected with them.

That he, to some extent, shared the prejudices of his grandfather, and was not altogether unbiassed as an historian, is shewn by his ignoring the martyrdom of John Penry and the life-work of Dr. Coke, both of them men who from their characters and actions were deserving of more than a passing allusion. It was probable that he regarded John Penry as a traitor who died an ignominious death, whose fate it was better to pass over in silence, and it may have been for the same reason, that he made no

mention of another Brecknockshire martyr, the Venerable Father Philip Powel, alias Morgan, O.S.B., who suffered at Tyburn, 30th June, 1646, for adherence to his Faith, being technically guilty of High Treason under an Act passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Howel Harris also, one of the founders of Welsh Calvinistic Methodism, lived too near to Theophilus Jones's own time to receive the appreciation which posterity accords him, from one who evidently looked with suspicion and alarm on all forms and methods of religion outside the Established Church. But a man's deeds are often much better than his opinions and words, and the most prominent traits in Mr. Jones's character were kindness and benevolence. "Iolo Morganwg" has written very bitterly on the innumerable mistakes, which he says were made by Theophilus Jones, in whose defence the Rev. Thomas Price, "Carhuanawc," wrote: "Mr. Jones, whilst preparing his work "for the press, was so grievously afflicted with "gout, that his left hand had to support the "wrist of his flannel-bound right as he guided "the pen, with the tips only of his fingers at liberty, "while severe twinges of pain every now and then "arrested his progress, and under such circumstances "it is wonderful that the mistakes were not still more "numerous." Had he lived to bring out another edition of his History, we cannot doubt that these mistakes would have been corrected. He, himself, complains of his "constitutional indolence and "aversion to writing. . . . Indolence is the "passion of T.J.," and yet he accomplished his labours in so short a time. We are so accustomed to speak of him as "Old Jones," in terms of affectionate regret, that it does not occur to us, until we are reminded of the fact, that he died in the prime

of life, and that it is cause for wonder and congratulation that he should have achieved so much in the few years out of a short life which he devoted to his great work.

But the severest criticism, which has been passed on our Historian, is that by modern writers on his treatment of Henry Vaughan (Silurist). It is not necessary here to repeat the epithets which have been hurled at him, though at the same time it is impossible not to make a protest against the injustice of the attack made upon him. Even in the present day, when Vaughan's Poems have passed through many editions, his audience is "few but fit;" when Jones wrote, the quaint little volumes were very rare, and it is doubtful whether anyone then living appreciated the Silurist excepting Wordsworth, who had a marked copy of "Silex Scintillans" in his cottage at Grasmere. It is quite certain that Theophilus Jones had never seen nor read the majority of these Poems, and he even supposes "Olor Iscanus" (which he knew), to have been written by Thomas Vaughan, and whilst he quotes two of the most striking poems in that book, he ignores those which contain local references, that he could not have passed over had he carefully read them. As in the case of Hugh Thomas's Pedigrees, he probably only saw the book during a visit to Oxford or London, and had not time to fully possess himself of its contents. The most curious thing is, that whilst he quotes at length from Anthony à Wood's account of Thomas Vaughan, he seems to know nothing of the same writer's notice of the Silurist, which settles the authorship of "Olor Iscanus." The biography of Henry Vaughan given by à Wood is the more interesting, as it was written by John Aubrey, a Brecknockshire man, and cousin

to the Vaughans, who supplied à Wood with much of the information in his "Athenæ Oxonienses." He says :

"Henry Vaughan followed the pleasant paths of poetry and philology, became noted for his ingenuity, and published several specimens thereof, of which his "Olor Iscanus" was most valued. Afterwards applying his mind to the study of physic, became at length eminent in his own country for the practice thereof, and was esteemed by scholars an ingenious person, but proud and humorous."

These last words may partly account for what was undoubtedly the local opinion of the brothers, who are described by Jones as "eccentric," a term not unlikely to be applied to poets and Rosicrucians by their Welsh neighbours two hundred years ago. He faithfully wrote down all that he knew and heard of them, and when we remember that Denys Jones, Henry Vaughan's grand-daughter, was living in Brecon at the same time as Theophilus Jones's parents, it is probable that he reflected the true impression of contemporary popular opinion respecting the Vaughans. Mr. Jones's assertion, that he had not been able to trace any of their descendants, and that the line had become extinct, has not yet been refuted, though of recent years the closest search has been made on the subject. To blame him for not appreciating the Silurist's Poems, which he had not read, is hardly criticism. Theophilus Jones had the limitations of his environment, limitations which probably conduced to the success of his History, though they would hardly have made him in advance of his age in admiring poetry, which belonged more to the school of Wordsworth and of George Herbert than to that of the eighteenth

century. The most that can be said is, that he was a better historian than he was a literary critic, for he recorded his deliberate opinion that "Gower, "Chaucer and even Spenser (whom I think the most "respectable of the three) are not to be compared "with Pope, Dryden or Gray," and again "no "comparison whatever in the poetry of Chaucer and "Pope."

It is matter for regret that he never saw the Aubrey MSS. which contain so many references to Brecknockshire people, and which were published for the first time in 1898, under the title of "Brief Lives," by John Aubrey.

Whatever imperfections may exist in it, Jones's History is still the standard History of Brecknockshire; though admitting this by no means ignores the fact, that a great part of the history of our county still remains to be written.\* The late Mr. Edwin Poole's History is invaluable in recording the local events of the last century, and fills up the gap from 1809 to the present day, but there are sources unknown to Theophilus Jones, that have simply been untouched. The history of a county is the history of its land, the land which remains (even the names of places rarely changing), whilst the families who at various times own it pass away, their history being mainly recorded in relation to their estates. The history of the land is to be found in the records of litigation arising in connection with it; for instance, at the Record Office the Brecon Plea Rolls afford a mass of information, which has never been published, and only slightly examined. There is a complete series

\* Mr. John Lloyd, Barrister-at-Law, of 15, Chepstow Place, London, is publishing much original information from inaccessible documents in "Historical Memoranda of Brecknockshire," the second volume of which is now ready.



from 1603, and seven, odd, earlier Rolls, they are all in Latin. Another very valuable source exists in the Exchequer Depositions, and the Fines, which contain many useful facts regarding Brecknockshire estates. Then again the Brecknockshire Wills in the Registry Office at Hereford would give such an insight into the social habits and customs of our forefathers, as can be obtained in no other way, but they are not even indexed.

There is also an unwritten history lying around us, which he who runs may read, in the British camps on the hills, in the Roman roads and remains, in the silent stones, and in the place-names of our farms, houses and even fields. No record exists in any library of the fierce battle, which took place near Scethrog between the Roman legions passing from the Gaer to Cwmdu and the Welsh, who may have descended from their hill entrenchment on the Allt, but we have the memorial stone to the Roman general on the roadside, and we have the name, which still clings to the dingle close at hand, Cwm geledion, *i.e.*, "The Valley of Corpses," which remind us of

" Old, unhappy far-off things  
And battles long ago."

Generations have listened with mingled awe and incredulity to the legend of the sunken city beneath Llangorse Lake, the chime of whose church bells (a mediæval addition this) could be heard on summer evenings by those who sailed on its waters; the antiquity of this legend has been proved in our own day, by the discovery of a crannoge on the island at Llyn-savaddan with all the usual signs of its occupation in prehistoric time by lake dwellers. Legends are not in themselves evidence of historic facts, but it is always worth while to consider them, as they may, as in this case, contain a germ of truth.

In regard to place-names, it is well to remember that in Wales, at least, all the names have descriptive meanings, which are either historical, ecclesiastical or geographical. In this interesting study Theophilus Jones will be found a great help, as he took immense pains to arrive at the correct translation of his native language.

The first volume of "The History of Brecknockshire" (in 4to), comprising "The Chorography, General History, Religion, Laws, Customs, Manners, Language and System of Agriculture used in that County," was issued from the press of Messrs William and George North, at Brecknock, on 13th September, 1805. It was dedicated to his friend the Venble. Archdeacon Payne, who had supplied him with most of the information concerning the parishes in the hundred of Crickhowel. The second volume, divided into two parts, containing "The Antiquities, Sepulchral Monuments and Inscriptions, Natural Curiosities, Variations of the Soil, Stratification, Mineralogy, and a copious list of rare and other Plants; also the Genealogies and Arms of the Principal Families, properly coloured or emblazoned, together with the Names of the Patrons and Incumbents of all the Parishes and Livings in that County," in 1809. This last the author has inscribed (as has been mentioned) with much affection to his old friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Davies—"The associate of his youth, the kind correspondent and assistant of his literary pursuits, the sincere friend in mature age; and oh! may he add in trembling hope (*si modo digni erimus*), the partaker of a blissful eternity!"

Mr. Jones, in the patriotic ardour of his heart, caused not only the printing of his book, but even the manufacture of the paper to be carried

out in his own county, the latter being executed at the Llangenny Paper Mills. The plates of arms in the second volume were drawn by the Rev. Thomas Price, and many copies of these plates were coloured by his indefatigable hand. Most of the engraved representations of archæological remains, which illustrate that volume, were taken from original drawings made by him. He likewise prepared the ground plan of the Priory, &c. The engravings of castles, towns, &c., were by J. Basire, after drawings by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, who himself superintended and corrected the proof plates. The writer of this Biography has in her possession the original sepia drawing by Sir R. C. Hoare of Brecknock Castle and Bridge, taking in Buckingham House, which is not included in the engraving of this picture in Jones. It is dated 31st May, 1793, and is the only drawing of the old home of the Aubreys, as it appeared before its architectural features were destroyed by "restoration" at the beginning of the last century. The gateway on the bridge is also clearly to be seen on the east side of the river Usk. One illustration (that of Porth Mawr, Crickhowel, the ancient seat of the Brecknockshire Herberts), bears the familiar name of Landseer as the engraver. The History is weak in portraits, which is the more to be regretted, as so many engravings of Brecknockshire worthies were available. It is true that of some there are no portraits extant, and under this head must come the Silurist and his brother, Thomas Vaughan, but the book is the poorer for not possessing Holbein's fine drawing of Sir Thomas Parry, of Tretwr, and the interesting engraving of Dr. William Aubrey, called by Queen Elizabeth "her little doctor." We also miss the stately figures of Edward Stafford, last Duke of Buckingham of that creation, and his father, Duke Henry, not to

speak of the Ven. Philip Powel, [Morgan] O.S.B., John Aubrey, the antiquary, the graceful cavalier and traveller James Howel, and others. Mr. Jones in his Preface speaks of a portrait of Sir David Gam, which he hoped to reproduce in his History, but on examination this picture turned out to be that of his descendant, Sir John Games, the builder of Newton, 1582, "a great traveller, who visited Rome and Jerusalem, and several other remote parts of the world," according to Hugh Thomas, and whose picture (in a ruff and high hat) is in the hall at Penpont amongst other paintings of members of the Games and Williams families.

The accompanying portrait of Theophilus Jones is engraved from a photograph (in the possession of the writer) of a sketch of Mr. Jones taken by the Rev. T. Price, underneath which the latter has written: "An excellent likeness, taken a short time before his death by me, T. Price." The kindly, benevolent countenance justifies the character given him by his friends, whilst the firm mouth and chin show that he was a man of strong opinions and convictions, possessing moreover a considerable amount of humour.

The original MS. of the History was in the late Mr. Joseph's library, and is now in the possession of his grandson, Mr. Buckley, of Bryn-y-Caerau, Carmarthenshire. "In style of language and expression Theophilus Jones is" (to quote the remarks of a learned and esteemed friend of his, who had ample opportunities of knowing his private worth, and was well qualified to appreciate the importance of his literary labours), "for the most part plain, manly and unaffected. It cannot, however, be denied, that in some instances he has indulged too freely in that species of facetiousness, which the severer

" critics may be inclined to treat as unworthy of the  
 " sober dignity of history. But the real fact is this :  
 " Theophilus Jones on all occasions wrote with the  
 " same freedom and honest independence as he thought  
 " and spoke. ' I might as well,' said he to a friend  
 " to whom he had shewn his MS., ' endeavour  
 " ' to write a history in rhyme, as in what is called  
 " ' dignified prose, but which I call sombrous or sleep-  
 " ' provoking paragraphy. My disposition and  
 " ' turn of thinking and speaking must discover  
 " ' themselves. I should almost think myself a hypo-  
 " ' crite to conceal them ; if I am not notorious for  
 " ' buffoonery or imbecile attempts at wit, I shall  
 " ' not much care whether my readers laugh *at* me  
 " ' or *with* me.' As a county historian, we may  
 " venture to assert generally that he is faithful."

Bishop Burgess, in his charge to the Chapter of St.  
 David's at his primary visitation of the Cathedral  
 Church on 30th July, 1811, spoke of the " History  
 of Brecknockshire " as " a very interesting, elaborate  
 and useful work." Lowndes remarked, " that it  
 " was a work of considerable labour and research, con-  
 " taining a great mass of information." Llewellyn  
 Prichard in his " Heroines of Welsh History," says :  
 " Candour calls for the admission that, notwith-  
 " standing the errors in taste and the mis-statements  
 " abounding in that work, the ' History of Breck-  
 " nockshire ' contains much valuable information,  
 " brought together from innumerable and far-  
 " spreading sources, too difficult of access for the  
 " researches of the modern antiquary and historian."

Dr. Nicholas, in his " Annals of Wales," published  
 in 1872, observes : " Theophilus Jones produced one  
 " of the most complete and methodical county his-  
 " tories in the English language, the ' History of  
 " Brecknockshire,' a work which much requires

“ republication, with notes and additions, bringing it down to the present time.” The late Mr. G. T. Clarke, in his “ Land of Morgan,” published by the Cambrian Archæological Association, wrote : “ There is but one history of any Welsh county at all worthy of the name—Jones’s Brecknock.”

Allusion has been made to the assistance Theophilus Jones received in his work from the Rev. Thomas Price; he was the son of the Historian’s old friend and neighbour, the Rev. Rice Price, vicar of Llanwrthwl (who during many years had rendered him valuable help in collecting topographical information), and having in the year 1805 become a student at Christ’s College, he received a great deal of kindness and hospitality from Mr. and Mrs. Jones, which he ever remembered with affectionate gratitude. In the Letters to the Rev. Edward Davies frequent reference is made to “ Tom Price,” and the infinite pains Mr. Jones took to procure a Hebrew Psalter for him is very characteristic of his kindly nature. “ This boy,” he wrote, “ is a most valuable ornament to the Principality, and there is nothing that I can do that shall be omitted to serve him.” In the “ Literary Remains of the Rev. Thomas Price,” a delightful memoir of this great and gifted Welshman by Miss Jane Williams (“ Ysgafell”) we have a pleasant glimpse of the social life of the time. After the battle of Trafalgar several French naval officers, prisoners of war on parole, resided then and in subsequent years in Brecon. They were men of intelligence, good breeding and accomplishment, and Mr. Price frequently met them at the hospitable board of Mr. Theophilus Jones. It is not recorded whether music formed part of the entertainment at these gatherings, but in his early years Mr. Jones learnt the Welsh harp, the first

tune he played on that instrument being the old Welsh air, "Pys a Menin" (Butter and Pease). In 1811 Mr. Price was ordained by Dr. Burgess, Bishop of St. David's, later he was appointed vicar of Cwmdy, and became known throughout Wales by his bardic name "Carnhuanawc." He was an exemplary clergyman, beloved by all who knew him, an accurate historian, and an enthusiast on all matters relating to the preservation of the ancient language and customs of the Welsh people. He died 7th November, 1848, at Cwmdy Vicarage.

Fifty years ago Jones's History could be purchased for about £2 10s.; now it has become so rare that when copies turn up for sale they realize from £7 to £10 10s., according to the condition they are in. About the year 1860 a dealer in Brecon bought the surplus copies of Vol. II. and the copper-plates from I. Booth, the London publisher, the former at five shillings each. Mr. Joseph secured some of the plates. Therefore, to all who love Brecknockshire, it is a matter of deep satisfaction, that through the public spirit of Mr. Edwin Davies, the Editor and Publisher of the reprint, this valuable work is within reach of all who care to read it. Theophilus Jones intended writing a similar History of the adjoining county of Radnor, but the state of his health was such that he was unable to attempt any additional work. He was a martyr to hereditary gout, which crippled him to so great an extent, that latterly he could walk with difficulty. But notwithstanding his severe and constant sufferings, his bright cheerfulness never forsook him, and to the end he continued to write upon those subjects to which his life had been devoted, though with the exception of the following papers contributed to the magazines of the day, his History was the only

literary work he published. He wrote an article for the second volume of the "Cambrian Register," signed "Cymro," entitled "Cursory Remarks on Welsh Tours or Travels." The same volume contains from his pen "Remarks on the History of Monmouthshire by David Williams." On 10th January, 1797, Mr. Jones addressed a letter to E. Williams, Strand, London, the publisher of the "Cambrian Register," which was printed in the third volume of that periodical, which also contains a "Biographical Sketch of Howel Harris, Esq., of Trefecca," by him. A letter to Lancelot Morgan, Esq., Brecon, preserved in MS., gives a most interesting account of a "Cistvaen" (stone coffin), discovered on Ty-yn-y-llwyn Farm, in the parish of Llanfrynach, after the publication of his History. Mr. Jones conjectures that the interment took place during the early Christian era. On October 28th, 1811, he addressed a communication to the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Nicholas Carlisle, giving an account of some Roman remains near Llandrindod, which was read on 14th November, and printed in the seventeenth volume of the "Archæologia." He was elected Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries 20th December, 1810, Sir H. Englefield, vice-president, in the chair. His last literary attempt was the translation of his favourite romance in the Welsh language, entitled "Gweledi-gaethau y Bardd Cwsg," or "Visions of the Sleeping Bard" (in the manner of the "Visions of Francisco de Quevedo,") by the Rev. Ellis Wynne (\*), which is in style one of the most beautiful works Welsh literature possesses. Mr. Jones translated it with great spirit, as well as close accuracy. Though

\* Rector of Llanfair, Merionethshire. He was born 1670, died 1734. He was an excellent poet, and stands unrivalled as a Welsh prose writer. In 1701 he published a translation of Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living."



this translation has never been published, George Borrow, author of "Wild Wales," "The Bible in Spain," &c., gave to the world another translation of this extraordinary production, which was published by Murray, 1860. Amongst his friends and correspondents he numbered Mr. William Williams, of Ivy Tower, Pembrokeshire, the author of "Primitive History" (a presentation copy of this work from Mr. Williams to Theophilus Jones was in the late Mr. Joseph's library) and "The Head of the Rock," a poem in which he refers with enthusiasm to the inhabitants of Brecknockshire :—

" Brecon, fertile of the best of men.

Hail, Brecon, hail ! with every comfort blest,  
That mothers know of pious sons possessed."

" The Traveller, tired and lone, partakes of Good.  
Mountains are level'd to prepare his Road " (\*)

" Nor in thy soil do these, fam'd Brecon, rise  
Sole treasures ; other riches greet our eyes ! "

" Distinguished land, each spot each virtue fills,  
Thy valleys patriots, saints adorn thy hills ! " (†)

Mr. Williams was maternally descended from Robert Ferrar, the martyred bishop of St. David's.

Theophilus Jones was a prominent member of the Loyal Brecknock Lodge of Freemasons, and his name is enrolled as its first Worshipful Masters in 1798.

The following description of the character of Theophilus Jones was written by his friend, to whom

\* This county introduced the newly-constructed roads into Wales,—1775.

† A reference to St. Elyned, who was martyred on Slwoh Tump.

reference has before been made:—"In private life  
 "he was truly, 'the generous friend and best-hearted  
 "of men.' Few, indeed, were more generally esteemed,  
 "or more sincerely regretted by those who knew him  
 "best. In his profession he was that highly estimable  
 "character, an upright, independent lawyer, zealous, as  
 "in duty bound, to protect and vindicate the legi-  
 "timate rights and interests of his clients, but never  
 "sacrificing the convictions of his own unblemished  
 "conscience at the sordid altar of advantage. In  
 "society he was kind, affable, and good-humoured;  
 "hospitable, but unostentatious in his habits and  
 "mode of living; and considerably benevolent to  
 "the necessities of his poorer neighbours. In his  
 "religious creed he was upon the strictest principle a  
 "member of the Church of England. He embraced  
 "her tenets, not from the mere prejudice of education,  
 "but from conviction; for in this, as in all other  
 "matters, he strictly acted as he thought, but still  
 "in Christian charity towards those who conscien-  
 "tiously differed from him."

The accompanying Letters to the Rev. Edward Davies, his "dearest friend," as he called him, reveal a whole-hearted, affectionate capacity for friendship of the most disinterested kind, which was a delightful trait in his character. The correspondence of a lifetime shews what infinite pains and trouble he was constantly taking to help his friend in the management of his affairs, and how eagerly he used his influence amongst his ecclesiastical acquaintances to obtain the recognition of Mr. Davies, which he felt his talents and character deserved. This was acknowledged by the Rev. Edward Davies, who in the preface to his "Celtic Researches" wrote "Mr. Theophilus Jones of Brecon, my generous friend and the best hearted of





THE HOUSE WHERE THEO. JONES DIED.  
(From photo by *Abery, Irecon and Bullh.*)

“ men, had, for a course of years, made it extremely  
 “ difficult for me to say for which of his affectionate  
 “ boons to me I thanked him the most and loved  
 “ him the best.” His last letter to him closes with  
 the following words of faith and hope: “ My  
 “ good friend, let me remind you without flattery,  
 “ and, I trust, without presumption, that in consequence  
 “ of the hardships of your lot here you may entertain  
 “ a well-founded hope of a far more eternal and exceeding  
 “ weight of glory hereafter.—Thus sincerely prayeth  
 “ your friend, Theo. Jones.”

His last illness is supposed to have arisen from the effect of gout upon a constitution much weakened by repeated attacks of the malady. His lingered for some time, and after severe suffering died 15th January, 1812, at his house in Lion Street, Brecon (now the residence of Captain D. Hughes Morgan, J.P. for the County and Borough of Brecon, and H.S. in 1900), where his father, the Rev. Hugh Jones, had lived and died. He was buried at Llangammarch, in the same grave as his maternal grandfather, whose memory through life he held in the highest veneration. “ When “ I am dead,” he said, “ let me be buried in the “ grave of my grandfather, and let my inscription “ be: ‘ Here lies Theophilus Jones, the grandson of “ Theophilus Evans.’ ” His widow erected in Christ’s College Chapel, Brecon, (where he had been educated when a boy, of which he had been for many years chapter clerk, and in the improvement of which he had ever taken the deepest interest), a white and grey marble tablet to his memory, with the following inscription (\*) :—

\* There is some mistake as to his age, but the inscription is given as copied from the tablet. On his tombstone in Llangammarch Churchyard, a print of which appears at the end of the biography, the Historian’s age is stated to be 52.

To the Memory  
of  
**THEOPHILUS JONES, ESQ.,**  
Late Chapter Clerk of this Collegiate Church.  
and  
Deputy Registrar of the Archdeaconry of Brecknock.  
He died January the 15th, 1812,  
Aged 51.

His remains, with those of his maternal grand-  
father, Theophilus Evans, Clk., lie interred  
in the Cemetery of Llangammarch.

This Marble but records his name—the History of  
this, his loved, his native County will long survive  
and be his Monument.

The above Theophilus Jones was the son of the  
Rev. Hugh Jones, who was Prebendary of  
Boughrood, Llanbedr Painscastle, of this  
Collegiate Church.

The tombstone in Llangammarch Churchyard  
has been recently restored, and there is also a memorial  
tablet in that Church.

His library, containing a large and valuable col-  
lection of books, was sold by public auction in the  
town of Brecon by Mr. Wise, of Bath, and very good  
prices were realized, many of the volumes being anno-  
tated by himself. The copyright of his History, with  
the copper-plates and some MS. collections in his own  
writing, were purchased by Mr. George North, of  
Brecknock, for the sum of £255. Mr. Llewelyn, of  
Penlle'rgaer, bought a large number of his books,  
and these were until recently in the library at Hen-  
drefoilan, the seat of the late Mr. Dillwyn, M.P. for  
Swansea. Theophilus Jones possessed a MS. copy of  
Aneurin's "Gododin." Its date appears to be about  
the year 1200. It is a small 4to of thirty-eight pages,





(From photo by W. J. Miller, Lampeter).



written upon vellum, and the lines are filled to the margin, irrespective of the metre. Capital letters, ornamented and coloured alternately red and green, are used only at the beginning of the paragraphs. The names of Gwilym Tew and of Rhys Nannor, who flourished 1440-1470, are inserted on one of the pages as severally owners of the MS., and the style of their penmanship appears to be more modern by at least two centuries than that of the book itself. Mr. Jones attached to this MS. the following note:—"This copy "Mr. Davies, of Olveston, supposes to be that mentioned by Llwyd, and said to have been lost out of the Hengwrt Library. It was given me by Mr. Thomas Bacon, who bought it from a person at "Aberdar." It afterwards became the most valued possession of the Rev. Thomas Price, "Carnhuanawc," on whose death it was purchased by Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Middle Hill, Worcestershire, at whose sale it was bought by the Cardiff Free Library, where it now is.

The heraldic bearings borne by Mr. Jones, and engraved on his book-plate, are those of Elystan Glodrydd, Prince of Ferregs, and are as follows:—*Crest*: A demi-lion, ramp. sa. *Arms*: Quarterly 1st and 4th Sa. a lion, ramp. regard. or., 2nd and 3rd Arg. a chev. sa. betw. 3 boars' heads coupéd of the second, crined or. impaling his wife's—Az. a lion ramp, regard. arg. *Motto*: "Cas ni charo y wlad a'i mago."

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Theophilus Jones removed to Llandovery, where she resided until her decease. During the commercial panic of 1827, she seems to have shared the general anxiety, and for a short time to have anticipated ruin. A letter from her, dated 17th April, 1827, to her old friend, the Rev. Thomas Price, bears witness to the faithful,

c

grateful and generous spirit in which "Carnhuanawc" had volunteered his services, and offered his purse and home to her. The cause for anxiety cleared away, but she did not long survive; she died on July 22nd, 1828, aged 70 years, and was buried in the chancel of Myddfai Church, Carmarthenshire, near her own relatives, where there is a tablet to her memory. By her will amongst other bequests she left £500 and all her plate to her niece, the late Mrs. Powell, of Maescarnog; the plate bears the crest and arms of Theophilus Jones.

Theophilus Jones had an only sister, Miss Sarah Jones, who, dying in May, 1832, was buried in St. David's Churchyard, Brecon. There is a chest tomb over her grave on the right hand of the main entrance to the Church, but the inscription has wholly disappeared owing to the perishable nature of the stone. There is also a marble, mural tablet inside the Church erected to her memory by her grandson, Mr. Hugh Lawrence, to whom she left her property.

Dr. Johnson laid down a rule, "That nobody can write the life of a man, but those who have ate and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him." This is perfectly true, but as at this distance of time so ideal a biography is impossible, the next best thing has been done, and use has been largely made of the writings of those who knew Theophilus Jones intimately, and who wrote down their impressions immediately after his death.

To the writer of this altogether inadequate sketch it has for years been a labour of love to collect every incident and detail connected with Theophilus Jones, arising no less from admiration of the character and work of the Historian, than from a deep sense of gratitude for the interest and delight his History has

brought into so many lives, and as a remembrance of the friendship which existed between him and her kinsmen one hundred years ago.

The information so collected has been chiefly obtained from the rare library of the late Mr. Joseph, F.S.A., of Brecon, whose unique collection of MSS, and books relating to Brecknockshire was simply invaluable for such a purpose, access to the same being at all times generously given.

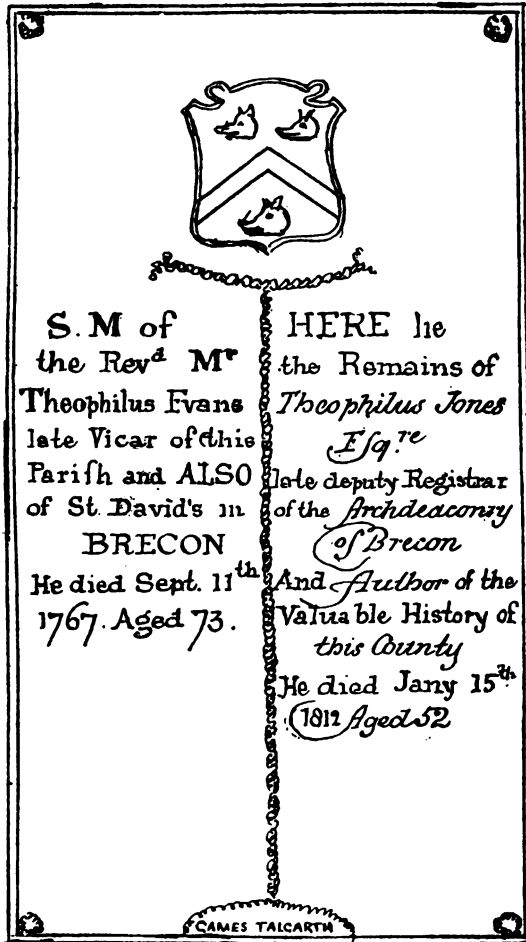
The writer is also much indebted to the late Rev. Prebendary Herbert Williams, whose kindly sympathy and ready help were unfailing ; to the Rev. E. L. Bevan, Vicar of Brecon ; to the late Rev. Rees Price, Vicar of St. David's, and to the Rev. David Williams, Vicar of Myddfai, for courteously allowing unlimited reference to be made to the Parish Registers and records in their charge.

“ CAS NI CHARO Y WLAD A'I MAGO.”

GWENLLIAN E. F. MORGAN.

*Buckingham Place,  
Brecon.*





*Tombstone at East End of Grave-  
yard Ilangammarch Church*



## Letters.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES, HAY.

BRECON, April 30, 1780.

DEAR PARSON,

I have read the Pastoral you sent me and the other poem. Pray who is the author of the former? It is but an indifferent performance. Indeed every poem of that nature is at best but a composition of water gruel, sweetened with honey; but when the Poet substitutes sugar instead of the honey it is not palatable. Such I am afraid has the author of the pastoral above mentioned infused in his mess. Mr. Phillips has contrived, I own, to make the gruel agreeable, but his sweet n'or is the genuine—*manufacture* (excuse the expression) of the Bees of Hybla. But I must candidly confess that I prefer Mr. Pope's gruel, which is seasoned with the true Altic salt, to Mr. Phillips'. His pastorals, like the rest of his compositions, contain a strong nervous diction, and every line conveys sentiments which will appear just, when applied to the various scenes and incidents in real life; and if sometimes he strays into the mazes of extravagant fancy and exceeds the bounds of probability, you will always find him return, as soon as his subject will permit, into the more natural plains of truth and propriety. Those warm passions, those gentle breezes, cooling arbours, and romantic descriptions of beauty and place, are not calculated to please the English reader. Our dispositions and climate render us so very inadequate of recognizing the pleasures, and enjoying those very fine feelings ascribed to the lovers in pastorals, that nothing but the most delicate dress can ever prompt us to read them, and then it puts in mind of a handsome, tho' extravagant young fellow who is perhaps going to the gallows, and we are obliged to exclaim "Oh! what a pity it is such a fine young man had not applied himself to a better employment."

Britannia is worthy of the pen of Mr. Davies ; it is exceedingly well wrote. I must therefore beg leave to keep it a little while, and I shall send you a small pamphlet of my comments upon it. The Preface has a quaintness in the stile which I do not admire. I would therefore wish you would either omit it or substitute another in its stead. It has so much of the old stile of " Gentle Reader," &c., that I cannot say I admire it at all, but however shall leave you either to rescind or amend it at your own discretion.

Miss Winter's mother is dead. The ladies are much pleased at your compliment, and if I mistake not would wish they were included in it. I shall expect to see you Whitsuntide to spend a week with me. I have a great deal more to say, but must conclude, as I have a call at present very incidental to human nature. I am going to dinner.

Yours sincerely,

THEO. JONES.

I beg you'll write to me once a week at least.

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TO THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES, HAY.

DEAR PARSON,

Tho' I have not corresponded with you as frequently as usual, you will not, I trust, impute it to want of esteem, but to that constitutional indolence and aversion to writing, joined to the hurry of business, which is really the occasion. This letter is the 13th I have wrote to-day ; you may, therefore, suppose I must be pretty well tired of this kind of work. Your friend the lawyer has wrote to your debtor by this day's post, and will, if you are not paid in one week, take proper steps to get you your money. I feign would write more, but have two long bills of costs to write out immediately. You'll therefore excuse the brevity of

Yours, &c.,

THEO. JONES.

1781.

Charge Ashley 3s. 6d. for the letter, if he pays you. If you stay in Brecon I shall expect you will be with me at my house.



TO THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES, HAY.

BRECON, Oct., 1782.

DEAR PARSON,

As I have a few leisure hours to spare, I shall dedicate them to a purpose which ought 'ere now to have taken up their attention. . . . Indolence is the poison of T. J.; to give you an instance of your friend's laziness, I am now much pressed for money, yet I have not resolution enough to sit a few hours to write out my bills, which I know would be paid me, most part of them, on demand, and which would treble the sums I owe. Account for this, ye logicians! Account for this, ye learned in metaphysics! Account for this, O all ye moral philosophers! But it is unaccountable. Therefore don't put your addle heads together to do what you have often done before—to attempt to account for impossibilities; better you should puzzle your bald pates about the diving bell at Plymouth, the weight of water upon the Royal George, the longitudes, or the cost of flying, than endeavour to make inconsistency consistent.

Rise Conrad, thou that *slumberest and sleepest*, and *smoocest* among the peaceful dead, once more shalt thou wield the faulchion, and once more fight thy battles o'er again; no longer shall the ball pated mower brandish his scythe o'er thy grave, restored by the revivifying hand of a Davies (confound it, your name is not poetical; I wish you had some fine sounding appellation; but, however, merit will obliterate that misfortune). High! High! where am I going to now? I was just going to say—but what signifies what I was going to say, 'thou == Let it rest, let those two black strokes explain my meaning if I had any, which will admit of a doubt. Conrad is without flattery a very perfect resemblance of the author. It is a heap of spar, an imperfect gem; had the author the advantage of a liberal education (you know what I mean by liberal) he would, I predict, have been an honour to the country; as he is, and as his book is, they are far from being deficient of literary merit;

however there are several speeches in the book alluded to that want correction, several that the most rigid critic cannot correct, and some few that had better not have appeared at all in it—to instance some of the first.

Scene 1, Act 1st. Hold my Arvizagus, how I would halt one moment *to enjoy the open air*, and now we do not understand that Malgo is just come out of a dungeon or a prison. If that had been the case no wonder then if he had wished to take a walk in the Priory Groves to enjoy the fresh air. As to me, I cannot help thinking when I read this of my dog Toss, whom I've often seen running against the wind and *snuffing the fragrant gale*, as the song has it. Then comes in next page a truly beautiful sentiment, and well expressed, "The patriot's honour is better treasured in the people's breast, than spent in banquets, feasts, and gaudy titles." "He cri'd": there is no need for that abbreviation; cried is often used as one syllable. "Envy will rise"; this is very ill expressed. The word rise is very inadequate to convey the idea you mean to convey; however, my paper will stint me in my further progress, which you may expect to find thro' the whole work and in the which you will find me deal with the same candour as I have in the above critique. I needn't tell you my motive for dealing with you in my observations with so little sorrow—you guess it I'm sure. The postscript to your last is very brief and very pithy—could not conceive the meaning of it. Went from Presteign to Glo'er. Can't tell where I was on last Thursday fortnight. Was at home when I read your letter, but knew not the reason of our servant's giving it me so secretly. Here followeth the history of the transaction. When I came into the house (at 9 o'clock, being a good hour for a rake) the girl pulled your letter out of her bosom and gave it me slyly, and then vanished *like the baseless fabric of a vision*. What all this mystery meant she will not inform me. Poor E. W. will be wrote to this post by

Yours, &c.,  
THEO. JONES.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES, CHIPPING SODBURY,  
GLOS.

1798.

DEAR SIR,

I am extremely obliged to you for your letter and translation, which arrived here when I was in London, in which place I was confined for near 6 weeks —I say confined, for after 9 days or a fortnight London becomes disagreeable to me. I dined with all our *Cambrian Register* men; one day at Williams's, and was much pleased with some of them. Some of them are dumb fish and some of them are (I am afraid) dull fish. David Williams (who, however, is not one of us) is certainly a man of strong sense and a very able writer, notwithstanding he has been washed by the *ignis fatuus* of the modern *enlightened* Philosophy as it is called. It is strange to me that men of learning who, the further they proceed in knowledge, must find how much more they have to know, and who must be satisfied that there are so many things which it is impossible human learning can ever comprehend, should upon that most serious of all subjects, Religion and Futurity, stumble because it is not within the reach of our finite capacities. Yet these folks will readily admit that they cannot comprehend the primary causes of the most common operations of nature. Yet so it is, and because David Williams's strong, manly understanding cannot comprehend the Trinity in Unity, the necessity of Atonement, &c., he is become a Deist, if not an Atheist, for the transition from the one to the other is less than is generally imagined or admitted. I shall send you your *Armes* (for these are military days) by coach. It appears to me to be an incoherent, rhapsodical composition, not without beauty certainly, but you'll pardon me for differing with you as to the merit of the early publications in our or indeed in any other language I am acquainted with. There is certainly something more nervous, more comprehensive, and expressive, in the compound words in the early Welsh poems than those of a later period.

The sterling Bullion of one *antient* line\*

Drawn in *modern* wire wo'd thro' whole pages shine.

\* I may say word.

And there is less affectation in these ideas ; they were Nature's children, and their dress was simple and plain, but I should no more prefer your *Disgogan awen dygobryssyn* to " *Hoff iawn oedd gorphennu Tuy haf wrth lynn Tyfi* " than I should the rough music of the *Otaheite* or the American Indians to the notes of *Handel* or *Purcell*. My opinion is the same as to the English ; *Gower* and *Chaucer* and even *Spencer*, whom I think the most respectable of the three, are no more to be compared to *Pope*, *Dryden*, or my friend *Gray*, than I am to *Ned Davies*. It may be said that our late authors and poets have borrowed several of their most beautiful thoughts from the antients. I am not disposed to deny that, and perhaps it may be more difficult to avoid plagiarism than is generally supposed. What *Puff* or *Bayes* (I don't know which) says, tho' jocularly, " Why, I think I have seen that thought or that line somewhere before " ; " well, suppose you did, it only proves that two great men thought alike, and the thought occurred first to your author,"—is more true than the writers of the present age will allow ; it would be a curious disquisition to ascertain how long ago the world has been completely peopled with ideas or whe'r it has yet happened. I am inclined to believe the former, not having so high an opinion of the perfectibility of the human species as *Mr. Godwin*. Pray is that idea a creation of the present day or not ? I think not, tho' there has been a pretty long, long parenthesis, from its first ist generation to its regeneration. This is something like digression, if an epistle, not professing to treat upon any particular subject, or boasting of anything like connection, may be said to digress. I was just before talking to you upon the beauties of antient and modern poetry. Will you permit me to say I prefer *Gray's Triumph of Owen* to the original. My friend *Owen* grinds his teeth with a most *Druidic* and *bardic* grin when he pronounces

A'r Gád gád greudde  
A'r Gryd gryd graendde.

Bravo, Bravissimo. Divine! says I. Oh, beautiful, quoth he. Nothing like it among the moderns. Certainly not, say I, for when I see a good-natured fellow riding his hobby horse, admiring him as he goes

along : " Isn't this a pretty pony—do look at him, do stroke him," there is no harm in indulging—nay, it is ill-natured not to do it—but " Ar Tál y moelfre mil o fanieri," tho' expressed in soft language, is not equal to Talymoelyfre's (which the English Galymalfries have made 'Talmalfry's rocky show.

Echoing to the battle roar  
Where'er his glowing eyeballs turn,  
A thousand banners round him burn.

These two last lines are exquisite. Now I'm getting on horseback, and take care I don't kick you. I know there is something like this said of Horton, but Mr. Pope's " *flames* in the van, and *blazes* in the war," is not equal to Gray—at least in my opinion—the original I have forgotten : nay the letters have almost become pot-hooks and links to me. It is strange how that the 1st ode of Aneurin, or at the least the beginning of it, is still familiar to me, and I was going to say sometimes haunts me. Now to *Armes* again. I have sent you with your MS. some notes I made, not intended for inspection, but merely for my own amusement. However, as you wish to have them, and, as I sometimes think, tho' by no means a democrat, that two heads are better than one, I have sent them to you without altering a letter. You are welcome to burn them, to laugh at them, reject them, or make any other profitable or convenient use whatever of them. If you should take the trouble of perusing them you will probably say this fellow knows little of his subject ; he does not understand the language, and when he does ride his hobby horse how he looks for all the vassal world like a Taylor riding to Brentford. Talking of Democrats just now, pray are you democratically inclined ? Owen is, but is either afraid or ashamed to own it. As he writes (poor fellow) for bread, it may be prudent to say nothing upon the subject in his book ; but I see no necessity for concealing it among friends. It is no more any impeachment upon a man's head or his heart that he should be a Republican than a Monarchist, and tho' I am of opinion that the latter is the least *evil* of the two, I don't hold it necessary to knock down or quarrel with any man who differs from me. Without being vain, I wish to God all the world would *agree to differ*

in this manner, and I should have no more objection to change our Government every 6 or 7 years, or reform what we must admit to be rotten, than I have in changing my shirt every day, but such is the tenacity of power on the one side and the untameable phrenzy of the multitude on the other that, from the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the little paltry Corporation of Brecon, not one iota of their power or their superfluous riches will they part with till they cannot avoid it, and then the strong, the furious, the indiscriminating arms of the mob levels all distinctions, and the most eminent abilities or exalted virtues are disregarded and laid in the dust. But where the d——I am I driving to now? What will be the next subject? I've done. I've only one wish more, which is your health and happiness. If I can throw in a word for you with the Bishop of Gloucester\*, without being impertinent, I'll do it, but I have no dependence upon my influence. I would not, therefore, buoy you up with false hopes. Pray write when you are at leisure to, dear Davies,

Your old and sincere friend,

THEO. JONES.

[The following are the notes referred to in this letter. A reference to *Arymes Prydain Vawr*, translated into English by the Rev. Edward Davies, shows that several of the alterations suggested by Theophilus Jones were adopted by Mr. Davies. The Welsh Poem and the English translation are to be found in the *Cambrian Register*.—EDITOR.]

*Line. No.*

13. Pell dysgoganer appears to be "Far and wide shall be sung," or "renown'd in song in distant climes, shall be the time when their sway or dominion shall commence"; if it had been dysgoganed I should have said my friend Davies was right. There is no *when* in the two following lines, nor do I see any necessity for introducing one, or supposing it to be understood.

Ymbervedd eu rhagwedd is Shakspearian or Shakespeare in *Cambrian*.  
"Thus far have we travelled into the bowels of the land."

25-6. That we had not revolted from the Government and our partiality or *ill-judged* fondness for the Saxons—I hope *cychmyn* is not plural of *cachwron*, the adjective is by—or at least naturalised, the termination is certainly hardly a denizen.

\* Richard Beadon, Bishop of Gloucester, 1789—1802.

Line. No.

27. Cychmyn means to set down upon a journey, if therefore this is a substantive from that verb. Why not, "the travellers or strangers of Vortigern," from their having come thus far in their journey of plunder?
28. Ef gyrrhant, &c. I should read this "May they reach Germany into banishment," that is banishment from the country, and perhaps this prophet might think, as is now sarcastically said of the Scotch, that to be sent back again into their ane conetrey was the worst species of banishment.
30. Dreighynt, that stopped or stay'd or cast anchor in every harbour to which they were driven, meaning that wherever they came there was no getting rid of them; they stuck to the country like leeches, and never quitted it till they had swallowed all its fruits. Mr. Owen, if he has not made nonsense of the passage, has made it certainly most delightfully obscure; it is not, however, improbable that these seers frequently affected obscurity, in which they have in general been extremely successful.
33. Anfonedd, a misfortune I should translate, for the vonedd is now in common parlance of a noble or antient origin, and of course anfonedd the reverse; vonedd is sometimes used for goodness, happiness, or felicity.
- 35 to 40 are fine lines. They contain a beautiful invocation or appeal to the passions of the Poet or Prophet's injured countrymen.  
 Think of the fateful mead's insidious bowl,  
 Which many a thoughtless guest bereft of soul,  
 The mortal wound, the widow's bitter tear,  
 The daily sorrows they are doom'd to bear,  
 Think of those wrongs which Britons must endure,  
 When scoundrel Saxons shall their reign secure.
42. I should rather think that the country of the Britons should be given up to or destroyed by the powerful or anarchical Saxons—I feel the difficulty of thus translating it. I need not remind my friend that to *rise against* is a phrase to which poliah'd author's are not accustomed, nor need I inform him what *tarddu* means in English. "Um gôr, un gyngor, un eifor ynt"—this is not the style of the time, and I am rather surprised at meeting it here; this wo'd do for the most poliah'd author of the 18th century.
57. "And the grove trembles at the warrior's shout"—hyperbolic, but boldly and beautifully expressed.
79. Utterly kill is a phrase not much in use now; perhaps utterly exterminate or destroy or the Scripture phrase of "they will utterly destroy" would do better.
82. The surgeon shall not receive advantage from what they'll do. Cad a wnaânt—they shall make a slaughter.
- 87-88. They shall have a song and be a light in darkness in the grove, the fields, and mount. Conan shall be their leader in every descent.
106. Is not *ffohawr* (tho' the termination is now obsolete and hardly intelligible), Fly, or may they fly, and not may they be made to fly. (See note to line 47, surely this is peculiar to this poem, and the author seems to be fond of it). Ho bonydd, shall fly daily; see above.
114. Eu henydd, is, I believe, their forefathers or ancestors as well as their chief, and certainly will apply well here in that sense.
117. Pen heb emmenydd, the brainless skull is more literal, and I think less equivocal than empty skull.

- Lines. No.**
126. The Welsh succeeded or successful *were* from their being unanimous ; they were one in goodness, one in language, one in sound (this seems to be a repetition) and one in faith.
- 133 to 140. A number of pertinent and probable questions are asked the Saxons, to which I believe they would be puzzled to give satisfactory answers crinating themselves.
143. Hyd pan dalont (till they pay) here means till they have been compelled to pay.
150. The destroyer in battle, the destroyer of armies.
171. The prophetic song of the Druids ; a multitude shall come forth ; from Mynaw to Lydau shall be in their hands ; from Ddyfod to Ddaned shall they possess ; from Wawr to Weryd shall be their harbours ; and their dominion shall be extended even over the west. This is much in the style of the Bible prophecies.
189. The Germans are retreating (cychwyn vant) or upon their journey to the place of banishment, or as we should now say, they're on board a transport bound for Botany Bay.
193. Let not the Bookworm and the Man of Books, or the interested Poet be sought. The concluding lines are very fine—"he shall not fly," &c. Be firm as a rock and conscious of the stability and justice of Him in whom he confides, he shall not even tremble," but stand "unmov'd amidst the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES, CHIPPING  
SODBURY, GLOS.

February 11, 1799.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Don't suppose I have forgot you because you have not heard from me for some time. . . I am going to London in a fortnight and shall see the Bishop, though I am afraid my influence with him is not very great ; yet still I'll try what I can do. Pray write to me the particulars of your situation, your health, &c., and everything else which your discretion may think requisite or befitting a Bishop's ears to hear. I have no great hopes, but if we fail we shall not be worse off than we are at present. Direct to me next week at No. 37, Golden Square. I have translated Gronwy Owen's Poem upon the Day of Judgment into Rhyne. I shall send it you to explain, amend, alter, add, erase, diminish, cut down poem, or transpose at your own will and pleasure, provided always, nevertheless, that you do it dashingly and without any fear of offending the pride or the learning of the Rhymetagger—I mean

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.



TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES, CHIPPING  
SODBURY, GLOS.

Why, how now, Adam! No greater heart in thee? Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thyself a little. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end.—Cheerly, good Adam!

MY GOOD FRIEND,

Comfortless as your situation is at present, still recollect how many thousands (I will not say more deserving, but excellent men) are even more miserable than the curate of Chipping Sodbury. I think

How many pine in want and dungeon gloom,  
Shut from the common air and common use  
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread  
Of misery—sow pierced by wintry winds;  
How many shrink into the *sordid hut*  
Of cheerless poverty.

Very fine (you'll say) my fat and pamper'd friend, sitting in your own parlour and enjoying all the conveniences and many of the luxuries of life. Admitted, but the advice is salutary, whether it come from the palace or the cot. Look below you. It will help to reconcile you while you struggle thro' your difficulties and wrestle with your misfortune, especially when you consider that they are ordained by the all wise dispensation of Providence—probably—very probably, to prove your fortitude and to intitle you to a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory hereafter, in proportion as you support them with magnanimity now, and let me add that while you continue to keep in view that sweet reward it is not necessary you should lose sight of hope here. I send you, hereunder, the substance of the Bishop of Gloucester's to me, which I enclosed to the Bishop of St. David's, who appears to me from his term "*abandoned*" to be an unfeeling—shall I say *Scot*? No, that would be illiberal, but as I have at present no proper phrase to express myself in, I wish—a speedy translation—and depend upon it I will never lose sight of you if I can do anything for you. I really believe the Bishop of Glos. wishes to assist you, and we may have a Bishop of St. David's who will not

call an attempt to seek a livelihood *abandoning* the diocese. You'd have heard from me sooner, but tho' I wrote to the Bishop of St. David's a month ago, I did not receive his letter till to-day, but as he kept your letter and that of the Bishop of Glos'ter's, I augured well from this. Yet often how vain is the hope of man, says poor old Walters in his Preface, which I wish you to read as one of the most beautiful specimens (or as Churchey calls it, specimena) in the English or any other language. After losing two sons who were an honor to him, as well as his country, while two others are idiots and drunkards survive, he concludes his affecting lamentation with a bleeding heart and overflowing eyes, with the following quotation :

Accept fraternal band

This last sad tribute from a father's hand.

My poor father has at last (I trust) ascended the realms of Peace, after a long and afflicting illness of near three months, in which he could be barely said to have existed. I wish you could have succeeded him in Llywel, but I find it is promised, and not to my friend, but let me give you the Episcopal Letters addressed to, Dear Davies,

Your very sincere friend,

Brecon, April 14, 1799.

THEO. JONES.

Let me hear from you.

**FROM THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.**

Your recommendation of Mr. Davies required no apology. I know the worth of his character, and heartily wish it was in my power to render the situation more comfortable, but you seemed to be thoroughly apprized how very poor a patron I am, and must add as a confirmation of it I have only disposed of one living, vacant by death, in the ten years I have been Bishop of Gloucester. His stipend for serving little Sodbury is, I think, too small, and if he thinks proper to apply for an augmentation he shall have my support in obtaining it; but the application should be first made as a matter of civility to Mr. Coxe, the incumbent, whose address he must send me if he wishes me to write him. With respect to Yale, I expect Mr. Hay to reside himself as soon as his house is finished, but till that time I shall not readily consent to a change of curate.

I am, &c.,

R. GLOUCESTER.

**FROM THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.**

I am to beg your pardon for not giving you a more immediate answer (the cause, his children's illness). Mr. Davies's case appears to be deserving of notice, but I know not how to assist him. I have many claimants whom I wish to satisfy, and those who live within my diocese have certainly a better right to preferment in my gift than gentlemen who have thought proper to abandon it.

TO THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES.

“Thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner if there be”—any living—“in this district.”—Cheerly good Adam.

Why don't I hear from you? I am afraid those eyes of yours will play you a trick; if they do, — *their eyes.*

I have written to my friend George Hardinge this evening, who is as inconsistent and eccentric as he is benevolent. Hardinge is our Judge, and in Parliament.

Forgive my hawking you about in this manner. God and perhaps the world will reward me. I ask not for the praise of the latter, but upon your account.

I hope you have had my letter with copies of the Bishops of Gloucester's and St. David's.

Let me hear from you, tho' you cannot depend upon the success of

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

Brecon, April 27, 1799.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES, CHIPPING  
SODBURY, GLOS.

May 6, 1799.

MY DEAR DAVIES,

Herewith I send you my tame translation or parody or paraphrase, call it what you will, of Gronwy Owain's sublime poem. I insist upon you correcting, altering, adding, pruning, revising, and amending without mercy, or I'll have none upon you. There are sophistries out of number which should be weeded; wrong translations numerous, which you must rectify, and inaccuracies which you must attend to. I will not have it back unless I observe frequent marks of your fingers upon it—tho' it is but a dirty thing now, having travelled with me to London. I wish, however, to see it returned more blotted, erased, and interlined, from Chipping Sodbury, together with the parcel with which you threaten me and which I hope to receive soon. The 2nd vol. of the Cambrian Register is out. Your *Armes* is in it, two critiques of mine upon Welsh Tourists and Williams' *Monmouthshire*—most *damnably printed* (as the Vicar and Moses hath it),

D

such confounded blunders in punctuation, and even grammar, such alterations as to make me sometimes talk nonsense, and sometimes the very reverse of what I meant. A long preface of my review of Williams directly against my opinion, and a tail piece to contradict what has preceded it—in fact I am perfectly ashamed of my appearance, and only tell you in confidence I am the author of them. Pray send for this book, if you have it not. I understand they want to give it you, if not, be sure you tell them to put it to my account, for 'tis shamefully dear, 10s. 6d. Upon second thoughts, I'll write to Williams about it, so you need say nothing. I don't know what Owen is about at present, nor indeed do I know what Williams means.

You see my little friend the Judge\* is not idle. He is a Quixote in benevolence, and will knock his head against a windmill to serve you, and make some of the pillars of our Church *shake* unless he is attended to, tho' God knows I much fear that many of them have no more feeling than those supports in architecture.

Do you mean by the *Archæologia* the 2nd vol. of *Llwyd*? If so, I can't get at it. I am at present about a very heavy work—mining—extracting silver out of lead, exploring those dark caverns and black letter repositories, the Statutes at large, for illustrations of the manners and customs of other as well as the present times, and comparing them with some of our Historians and correcting the anachronisms and inaccuracies of the latter. It will take me a considerable time to lick the work into shape; at present I have not determined upon that part of the subject, but it shall certainly, however questionable it be at present, not bear the least semblance of a lawyer. Seven years hence you shall *see* it. See it, quoth you. Yes, see it.

Pray don't forget the parcel and the revised Poem as soon as you can. Mrs. Jones is as warmly interested for you as, dear Davies,

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

\* George Harding, Chief Justice of the Brecknock Circuit 1787—1816. See his Biography in W. R. Williams' *Welsh Judges*, p. 149.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES, OLVESTON,  
THORNBURY, GLOS.

BRECON, May 6, 1800.

MY DEAR DAVIES,

I should have written to you earlier, but that I foolishly hoped to have addressed you as Vicar or Rector, but all we can get from the great men are "Goodly Words," and now something like promises. I'll never cease to plague them until something is done; they shall not at least sleep undisturbed. In the meantime I shall be glad to know what your present income is. The Bishop of Gloucester, I think, said something about your having two good curacies, and being at present well provided for—how is that? Not that I think it material, for I have endeavoured to explain myself as well as I could that it is not the necessity of the moment, but the contingency of your being unable to perform your professional duty that I wish to provide for. I however hope, whether I succeed or not, that that may never happen, both on your own account and on my own. Your kind attention to my last letter proves to me how much I am interested in the preservation of your visual powers. I subscribe *almost in toto* to your definitions and your reasonings, and if I was not writing to a friend whose application and reading I have long known, I might perhaps have thought it necessary to compliment you upon your learning, but as I see your capital is strong, and you agree to accept, I shall certainly draw upon you. I shall this summer see as much of the county as my professional avocations will give me leave to, for tho' the clergy in general have very kindly answered such questions as I have sent to them, I chuse to trust my own eyes. There is one great stumbling block to information which they and others can seldom get over—that which is in their neighbourhood and which they see every day they consider to be known to all the world; there are also several little anecdotes and also occurrences, &c., generally known near them which might be of real use which they suppose to be too insignificant to be communicated, whereas the aggregate of historical knowledge is formed from the combination of facts and circumstances which separately frequently appear trifling.

Let's look at your book. I have a definition of Chweore which preceded yours Chi Dwfrfri—pretty and ingenious. Yours, however, will do for me. In Camlas you are correct, but Dulas I cannot so readily give up; it shall be considered. Grwyne being a rocky river full of deep holes has been derived from Gerwynau, and we have a part of the river Taaf of this description which is called Y Gorwynau Duon, but perhaps you will tell me the river ran and had a name before . . . were in fashion. Admitted. Crawnon I have seen antiently written Gerwynion. Dihonwy is a briskly flowing river and not sluggish, but running from the Turbaries I think it takes its name from the color Du Mawn wy. You have given me Mardwl, whether from me or from the maps, I don't know; the little brook by Brecknock is Mardrel. I used to derive Melite from Melit wy—water swift as lightning. How is it that in almost all old MSS. Tarell is called Tartarell. What are Pirgad and Rhiangoll; they are the only rivers I can recollect at present. You shall have a cargo of land and water after my visitation. So much for the great the heavy work.

How often would he dine  
On some bulky school divine,  
And for dessert eat verses.

*(Shenstone upon a College Mouse).*

I, too, eat verses occasionally, and amuse myself with translating Welsh Penillion. I have a bag full which I have a good mind to throw into sheets in a few days. They are converted into English verse with great ease. The thoughts are sometimes strikingly humorous, and those as well as the metre which may be in some degree initiated, would be new to an English reader. Take the following out of 50:—

On'd ydyw hyn rhyfeddod  
Fod dannedd wraig yn darfod  
On'd tra fo yn ei geneu chwith  
Ni dderfydd byth mo'i thafod.

*Translation:*

And is't not strange to say  
That females' teeth decay,  
By while the've life and breath to scold  
We ne'er perceive the tongue grow old.

Clywais siarad clywais dwndro  
 Clywais rhan o'r byd yn beio  
 Erioed ni chlywais neb yn ddatcan  
 Fawr o'i hynod feiau ei hunan

*Translation :*

I've heard men talking, heard them *bother*  
 Each still blaming one the other ;  
 But though our faults to all are known  
 I never heard one blame his own.

Os collais i fy nghariad lân  
 Mae Brân i fran yn rhywle  
 Wrth ei bodd y bo hi byw  
 Ag Ewyllys Duw i minneu

*Translation :*

And if I've lost my dearest love,  
 There's Dove for Dove designed ;  
 May she live pleas'd and happy still,  
 To God's high will I'm perfectly resigned.

I believe the Cywydd, the Awdl, the Englyn, and the Pennili to be what we would call in English the Poem, Ode, Stanza, and Epigram. I mean to give a specimen of each. Gronwy Owain shall go for the 1st, the 2nd I shall take from some of the antients, and Englynion and Penillion we have thick as hops. By the bye, let you and me have a little conversation about these same antients, I know Owain and you (who it is nothing like compliments to say are more profoundly and intimately acquainted with the language than myself) pity us poor children who are pleased with the rattle and gingle of the modern rhymers. When sense is sacrificed to sound I give it up, but I apprehend both may be produced and the harmony of letters and syllables may recommend and assist the sentiments, and are certainly a help to the memory. This gingle, however, has been objected to by some men of learning, even to Pope, and they have preferred Chaucer to him. Now I have a hobby horsial turn for antiquities, and I hope have all due respect for the learning of our ancestors, of which I am willing to allow them a greater stock than is generally attributed to them, but I really can see no comparison whatever in the poetry or language of Chaucer and Pope or Taliessin and Edward Richard, the latter of

whom I know Owain despises. Let us have a little of our favourite Penbeirdd :—

DYHUDDIANT ELPHIN.

Elphin deg taw ath wyllo  
 Na chabled neb yr eiddo  
 Ni wna les drwg obeithio  
 Ni wyl dyn ddim ai portho  
 Ni fydd goeg gweddi Cynllo  
 Ni thyr Duw ar addawo  
 Ni chad Ynghored Wyddno  
 Eriod cystal a heno.

*Translation :*

ELPHIN'S LULLABY.

Pretty Elphin, donna cry  
 Don't despair boy! because why  
 It really donna signify  
 Man should not believe his eyes  
 Nor good Cynllo's pray'r despise

Ne'er was caught in Gwyddno Weir  
 Such a draught as this I swear.

From this as well as the remainder of the poem we learn that Elphin had a private fishery (I am sorry to find these cursed monopolies are of so old a date); that instead of salmons he one night caught a ballad singer; who by way of comfort tells him that if he (the little, Elf) gets into a scrape he'll do him more service than 300 Salmon. "Oh," says Elphin—or I dare say he thought as Jack Wilkins did fishing upon Glazbury Bridge with his rod and line and fly about 6 yards above the water—"I wish the Lord I could catch a salmon."\*

I have taken very little liberties with the originals here, and there are more which are equally childish and flimsy. I am ready to allow the old Bards great merit; though their language was rough and dissonant, and by no means as polished and copious as that of the 14th, 15th, or even 16th century, their compounds were very comprehensive. *Multum in*

\* The Rev. John Wilkins, B. 1742 (younger brother of Mr. Walter Wilkins, M.P., who purchased the Maseallwch Estate). He was known by the pseudonym, "Catch-a-Salmon," a favourite phrase of his.



*parvo*, and what was said of French wire may be well applied to them—

“The sterling bullion of our British line,” &c.

I am about Aneurin Gwawdrydd's “Englynion y Misoedd.” I am sure you have seen it. I've translated the greater part of it into something like verse. There is much merit and much oddity in this composition. I am much pestered by my d——d profession and the folks of the fair, or I should have given you as much more nonsense as my paper would permit. Write to me at your leisure, but let it not be lazy, lounging leisure. Is there no *servus servorum Dei* (I don't mean the Pope, but a journeyman parson)? who would serve for you for 2 Sundays this summer, while you sport a few days with, dear Davies,

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

Least after my Pennill about the female tongue you may suppose I am damning the fair sex in general, or my wife in particular, know that this is our commercial *fair* day—and a fine day it is, thank God.

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TO THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES, NEAR  
THORNBURY, GLOS.

BRECON, *July* 18, 1800.

MY DEAR DAVIES,

You will no doubt consider me a strange, inconsistent fellow, one moment professing friendship, then apparently deserting or seeming to forget it for a 12 month, but the truth most assuredly is that I have not lost sight of you since you left school. I pray God that may not be the case in one sense with you, in that sense in which I use to you I am sure it never will; and first then let me ask how are your twilights? I hope since you have left off playing Floggum, and of course working 'as Mr. Floggum, they improve, and that you now see thro' a millstone or a 9-inch board at least.

I should certainly have noticed your last sooner if Mr. Hardinge had not pocketed it, and tho' I told

him I did not know how to direct to you without it, his eccentricity has probably applied, or rather misapplied, it to most base and ignoble purposes long ere this. I learned, however, accidentally from the Bishop of Gloucester in a letter which I lately received from him that a letter directed to you near Thornbury would probably find you. I shall therefore venture to send this so addressed.

I have been among Bishops and among lords by the half dozens—one has a son to prefer and a chaplain to promote, but as to the Bishop of Rochester, says Mr. Hardinge, “Naphthali is a hand let loose, he giveth—*Goodly Words.*” In short, I don’t know, or rather I do know, what to think of them, but I shall persevere. I can do you no mischief, tho’ if I were sure Providence would enable you to go thro’ your professional duty I’d see the tythe of them (at least) hanged first.

I now ride a pony of another colour from that which I kept when I wrote to you last. That if you recollect was an old big black nag called Antient Statutes; this is an ambling, shuffling little fellow, who frisks up our hills and down our vales, over tombstones and cromlechs, thro’ ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire. He is not called (as you may suppose) Flipportigibbot, but is hereafter to be instituted The History of Brecknockshire: whether he may not (as is frequently the case among great folks who call their children George Augustus Stanislaus Bonned) have the additional appellation of statistical, topographical, geometrical, or geographical, I am not yet determined. I have ridden very hard of late, and am now, to use a phrase of these days of encampment, resting upon my arms, but I shall mount again shortly—hold my horse’s head for a moment. In Builth the tenants of the manor pay upon their admission fines to the lord called Maccwyn and Mabryddiaeth; the former is only paid in a small part of the district. What is the import of the 1st word in particular, the second I can guess at. Owen, who speaks *very highly* indeed of you, says it is now become extremely fashionable to give definitions in the pail up and easian style, and that I must attend to

that carefully. I now, however, to prove that you must get up behind, set you a task for your leisure. What do the following rivers in Brecknockshire mean? I know the import of many, but I wish to compare yours with my own.

Mehascyn	{	My eye, Betty Martin, I suppose, this is unintelligible to me.	
Cynrig.			
Caerfanell.		Senny.	
Annell.		Crai.	
Tarell.		Cynlais or Cynlâs.	Clydach and Ysclydach.
Dihonwy.		Molte.	Gwessin.
Cilieni.		Gwidderig.	Palleg.
Grwyne.		Camarch.	Craaf.
Nedd.		Olchon.	Chwefri.
Escyr.		Crawnnon.	And any others you
Honddu.		Mardrol.	can recollect whose
Taaf.		Hoywy.	names you know
Bemw.		Brynich.	to be difficult of translation.

Mrs. Jones presents her respects and best wishes.

Yours very sincerely,

THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES.

BRECON, Oct. 4, 1801.

MY DEAR DAVIES,

Dr. Turton and I had talked over your business at Swansea, and he had supplied me with your prospectus before your parcel arrived. Pray whom have you employed at Hay to receive subscriptions? I'll get some person there to refer to if you have not already spoken to anyone. I had hung up a bit of pasteboard in the coffee house at Brecon and at North's about a fortnight ago, and I have a subscription for 50 copies. The Judge promises me to do great things for you in London. I think you had better write to him to say I have communicated his kind intention to you and to thank him for his kindness; you may at the same time state the big beatings you have

received from the bitch Fortune for these last 10 or 15 years. Pray let this be done. He was very anxious to set about a subscription for you about 2 years ago, which, however, I put an end to by insisting that in case of your becoming blind I could afford to buy a dog and a string for your employment in the day and a bed at night. For this he called me a proud, impudent fellow, but though I am as much hurt as any man at your situation and circumstances, I cannot promote any subscription to improve them which may injure your feelings or degrade the establishment. By the mode now proposed, I trust neither are affected, nor do I see any impropriety in your accepting the first reward of your labours (in part), however, without being too nicely attentive to the size and bulk of the book. I mention this because Turton told me you were a little squeemish upon this part of the subject.

Our correspondence is something like what the *Spectator* (I think it is) describes that of Hilpa and Shalum (two antediluvian lovers) to be; the last letter which I wrote was about a year and a half ago expressing a desire of seeing you here, since which you have not given me one word. I suppose —— has been entertaining you all this time with the virtues of Jamaica pepper, or the mode of cultivating sugar canes; he has, however, I trust sold you some experience, tho' I am extremely sorry it cost you so much; but really books are bad instructors if they either do not teach us to read mankind or to conduct ourselves with caution in our concerns with strangers at least.

Now we are upon the subject of reading, I assume (a great effort certainly) that you have read the fable of the Good Samaritan. You shall have a parody. I was mentioning to a *rich clergyman* that I had a friend whose purse did not, as I apprehended, run over, and that this friend, who was in the Church, was now publishing a book by subscription. "Ho," quoth the Levite, "these are not times for subscriptions," and so he passed by. I was entertaining a lawyer with a dismal tale of a poor parson who was not quite so well rewarded as I thought he ought to

be. "Ay," says he, "is he the man you describe him?—then he shall have my living on the first vacancy." But tho' I am satisfied he'll religiously stick to his word, the curate of Olveston may outstrip the present incumbent—who is between 50 and 60—in the race to heaven. I shall certainly employ you before you go (if Providence permit it) in my Breconshire business, for we lawyer men have always an interest in view when we take any trouble. You will, however, give me credit for other concomitant motives, at least, and believe me to be, dear Davies,

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

Mrs. Jones presents her compliments. She tells me there is a spare bed or two in the house. Oral language would, I think, have better than vocal in your proposal.

Direct to George Hardinge, Esq., M.P., Weymouth Street, London.

I've such a room! such a study,  
You rogue! so snug! that if you  
Could see it, I'm sure you'd like it.

It is at the back part of the house, no noise or interruption, except now and then a call into the office from those cursed fellows John Doe and Richard Roe.

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TO THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES, OLVESTON,  
GLOS.

BRECON, *Dec. 16, 1801.*

DEAR DAVIES,

Our friend Mr. Hardinge called out to a young barrister (who was remarkably nervous) while he was cutting up a goose, "Have a care, Mr. Gwylym, the eyes of all Europe are upon you." I have sent you a list of your subscribers on the other side to show you that the Bench of Bishops are extremely kind and always ready to reward merit. You have also a letter to Mr. Hardinge from Briareus Briant, the literary giant, part of which I can't read, and some of it I don't understand. No language is older than

another, but the Chaldaic is the oldest of them all! Homer and Heriod knew nothing of Moses, yet his (Bryaint's) Book is published to prove that the heathen Mythology is borrowed from Scripture. As to the Celtic, it's blown to the d——; Mr. Hardinge is his convert. I am not, but I own to you that I know of no *literary* Remains of the Celtic. Be it yours to show them, but as lads in high life below stairs say Mind y'r hits.

Mr. Hardinge had desired me to set his name down for what number of copies I want to write my own. I wrote 10, but you see he says 2—this may be right, because we must not appear to be more liberal than our greater, but you'll consider me as 10. There are two or three of Dr. Turton's men in this list, but I should explain to you that I had them only a few days after the proposal came out at Swansea. The Bishop of Gloucester has a list for you which I've not got by me, but which he writes Mr. Hardinge word he hopes will not be contemptible. Don't publish till after the circuit. Mr. Hardinge desires this, as he intends to poll the lawyers (he says) as he has the parsons. I have much to say to you as to his mode of pushing on this business, but it is late, and I'll write to you again when I can get a frank.

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *May 22, 1802.*

MY DEAR DAVIES,

I have received a letter from the Prebendary of Llandilo-graban to say that if he does not serve the curacy himself (which I know he will not) he will attend to my request; so that the moment the present curate retires to Abraham's bosom, you may go to Botany Bay, which you'll not dislike, as you have relations among the natives. You shall hear from me when the cancer has done its work.

Mr. Hardinge has sent me your letter. I agree with you *in toto*; and, as the man said about the Peace, may he who likes you not, be *shotto*. The

Judge accuses you of being low spirited. I tell him he may as well condemn you for being afflicted with a fever or an ague. If I understand one part of your letter, Mr. H. wanted you to say something in your work about the Persian and Indian languages. I have told him that cannot now be done, and he, as well as I, wish you immediately to go to Press. Take as much exercise as you can, but don't read or write. Enquire instantly as to the value of the Crown livings in Gloucestershire. I insist upon it; your letter must only contain their names, value, and the probability of their becoming vacant; if you say one word more you will hurt yourself, but much more

Your sincere friend,

THEO. JONES.

Go to Press instantly.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *June 26, 1802.*

MY DEAR DAVIES,

The curacy of Painscastle is vacant, but alas! Llandilo-graban is in the nomination of the lessee (and not the Prebendary) and he has promised it. I doubt whether this is worth your acceptance; however, if you can find time come down, and I'll go with you and endeavour to find out the value of it. I rather think it is a poor thing, and will not suit you, but our friend Payne will not give it to any other person till he has your answer.

Yours very sincerely,

THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES,

BRECON (*Sunday Morning*), 1802.

DEAR DAVIES,

A short letter, for I am but barely recovered from the gout and my wrist aches. Mr. Hardinge wishes you to employ Faulder as your bookseller in London; have you spoken already to any of those thieves? Write to him to inform him how and about it. The Bishop of Gloucester writes me a very kind

letter in which he states he has procured you over 70 subscribers, the Duchess of Gloucester, Prince William, and the Princess Sophia at the head of them—that he shall persevere till your work is published, and he adds (which gave me great pleasure) “from Mr. Davies’s letters to Mr. Hardinge I am not afraid he’ll throw any discredit upon those who have recommended him.”

What is the reason that in Welsh we call a week 8 nights and a fortnight 15 nights?

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES,  
CARDIFF, *Wednesday Morning.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The account you gave me and the statement in your letter to Mr. Hardinge, as far as it respected your health, alarmed me much, and finding your pains and headaches were increased by writing, I took the liberty of writing to him that it might hurt you to apply often, even to your favourite subjects at present, and I at the same time told him that I intended to request *you would not write to me* for some time till you had found your health improved, which (in the language of the circuit) I hereby give you notice to abstain from; and I should not even puzzle your poor *blinkers* to pore over these tiny hieroglyphics if I was not anxious to communicate the pleasure I feel from a perusal of Dr. Moncriste’s letter, who assures our friend Mr. Hardinge that excepting your defect of sight (which he does not think likely to become worse, unless your application to books is too intense) he apprehends no danger whatever from your other complaints, which he thinks are nervous, and which may be easily removed; this being the case, I don’t think it improbable you may yet be forced to tell a truth where all your predecessors have bounced, and in spite of your holo Episcopari may furnish a bed occasionally for your friend at Abergwili, as soon as his present lordship shall march upstairs. Send me Whitaker’s Manchester, and the Itinerary as soon as you can. I do not perfectly comprehend the wythnos, or the



Pymthenos, but if you give me your opinion I'll throw it in, though if it exceeds three lines, for much as I value them, I will not have long letters from you at present. Before my great evil appears publicly, you shall hear more of my sentiments as to the Dimotæ and Silures, which I rather think alarmed you as much as your symbols did Mr. Hardinge. It is not necessary that either of us should yet think upon the subject.

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

LLANBEDR, NEAR CRICKHOWELL,  
*Wednesday Evening (1802).*

DEAR DAVIES,

I am now at my friend Payne's, who is Prebendary of Painscastle, and has the nomination to the perpetual curacy of that parish. He tells me Powell, who officiated there, cannot live many weeks. It is, I believe, about the annual value of £50, and if Llandilo-graban could be had, which is now served by the same person, it would be about £100. Before he nominates any person he wishes to know if this would suit you. Tell me whether, if I can also get at the Prebendary of Llandilo-graban, you would like to take them. Consider well before you answer, because (without being sanguine) I hope you are now in a fair way of doing better; but I would not lose this opportunity of mentioning this to you before I write to the Prebendary of Llandilo, and let me have your answer as soon as possible.

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

Direct, of course, to Brecon.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

1802.

MY DEAR DAVIES,

Our whimsical friend Hardinge is of all whimsical men the most whimsical. One letter brings me complaints of your book, that it does not jump out of

the Press, and begs that I'll *goad* you. The next comes to complain that you don't take the MS. out of the printer's hands to send to him. In answer to a remonstrance which I sent him against increasing the expense by printing additional lists of subscribers and pointing out to him that he was only serving the paper makers and printers, as I doubted whether you would get is. a copy by them, whereupon the said George Hardinge chargeth the said Theophilus with ingratitude and strictly injoineth and commandeth him to send the MS. copy now in the said T.J.'s possession to the said Edward Davies, in order that the said may be sent to the devil,\* I have obeyed *with reluctance*, and this day's coach conveys the parcel to Messrs. Whitcomb, Griffiths and Philpott, Attornies, Glo'ster, where it will wait till you send for it or direct it to be conveyed by a safe conveyance. When I say it is with reluctance, it is because, if the book turns out well, I fear he will take more merit for smooth polishing than he deserves. I am in love with Dafydd ap Gwilym's poem to the wind; when your eyes are better, give me a literal English translation. I believe I understand it perfectly, but I would not distort or lose a thought for the world, and I want to give it an English poetic dress. I think it superior to "Cywydd y Daran," and "Dwynwen deigr danian Degwch," which Owen has taken the pains to convert into "Dwynwen fair," as the glittering drops of morn is to me nonsense in English or Welsh. He has also, I think, wrongly translated

Dy laeblaid yn dy lwysblwyf,  
Doslurus ofalus wyf.

Grant me thy *extended protection* in thy pleasant parish, for I am in pain and anxiety. I think it should be I am thy *humble or prostrate suppliant*, full of pain and care in thy abode of chearfulness or in thy chearful parish.

Now for the goad. Get on with the book—*sans delai et sans peur*. "But can that be done?" says the curate of Olveston. "*Sans monish*," as my devil careth not for the sentence of Judge Hardinge, or the

\* The printer, very often so called (See Dr. Brewer's *Dict. of Phrase and Fable*, p. 222.

excommunication of Jones, the Registrar. Ay, there's the rub.

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

I never had either letter or message or the least intimation that the MS. was to be sent to you till to-day. They were delivered to me *loosely* by Churchey, who, I suppose with his uncle's and aunt's and sons and daughters, have read and formed their opinions of the work.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

LLANBEDR, Aug. 9, 1802.

MY DEAR DAVIES,

I have written the Bishop of St. David's to request he will inform me when you may wait upon him, but as great men move slowly, and answer letters slowly, I would not advise you to wait till you hear from him or from me; you may depend upon his being at Abergwili whenever you chose to come down, and the sooner the better. Your nomination was signed this evening in the presence of Sir Wm. Ouseley and myself. I shall leave it in Mrs. Jones's hands, and if you go in the coach you need not fear knocking at my door, though the coach comes at an hour when our family will be *snoozing*. I shall tell Mrs. Jones that your arrival will be expected, and conjointly it will be ready for you at a moment's notice. You will not find me at home, for our circuit begins this day se'nnight, but your friend Mr. Payne expects you will spend a few hours with him before you return.

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, Aug. 21, 1802.

Messrs. North.

Pay the Rev. Mr. Davies Five Pounds for

Your humble servant,  
THEO. JONES.

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You know North's are booksellers at Brecon. Hardinge tells me he promised not to show the extracts from your book to anyone. I have engaged to indemnify him. You have delighted one and kept one alive during a penniless session, but I cannot attempt to follow you round the world. You'd break my neck. Hereafter I may creep along your road. We do vastly well about the Druids; we think much alike without interfering or crossing or jostling each other. I want much to know "Hu Gadarn," but doubt as to his being Noah. *Your* discovery (for it is your own) of the Trioedd in Greek and Latin pleased as well as surprised me.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRISTOL, MONDAY. *March 7, 1803.*

DEAR DAVIES,

Here I am in my way to the Speaker of the House of Commons who has ordered (as I will the contrary at my peril) that I appear at the Bar of that House on Tuesday at 3 o'clock, but least you may suppose I have committed anything like a Breach of Privilege, know that it is the Carmarthenshire election which takes me up and 1,000 men and women and children besides. What's become of your book? —it's time it should come out now. Can I do anything in London for you upon that or any other subject? Pray command your

Very sincere friend,

THEO. JONES.

I shall be at No. 11, Golden Square.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *March 11, 1804.*

MY DEAR DAVIES,

I write this speedily to you, because I am in hopes to relieve you in part of your doubts and anxiety, when I tell you that I have now before me a letter of Mr. Booth's, dated in October, 1802, which was in consequence of my remonstrance to Mr. Hardinge about the expenses of printing your letters

and subscribers, in which Booth says: "I am surprised at Mr. Jones's fears, and disapprobation of the expences incurred, &c. That I might be able to satisfy myself as to the justness of the application, I have taken some trouble to ascertain the probable profit which may accrue to Mr. Davies, the result of which is that he gains £390" (the number of subscribers were then 1950). He then goes on to state further particulars, and calculates 5s. 6d. each volume—this may perhaps not be perfectly accurate, but if Booth is an honest and a man of judgment, this should make your mind perfectly easy upon this part of the subject.

As to Hardinge, the ingenuity of active malice could not have been more tormenting than his services, and yet he has placed you in so awkward a dilemma that you must not complain. I was hurt, I own, at the omission of Turton, to whom I have written to-day, and am very certain his liberality will overlook the apparent neglect, when he knows you are not to blame. I also note that the name of your friend, and mine, Henry Thomas Payne, R. of Llanbedr, does not appear among your subscribers, tho' he was one of the earliest on my list. John Josiah Holford, Esq., of Culgwyn, Chas. Holford, Esq., Richard Hill, jun., Esq., Plymouth Lodge, — Yeats, Esq., Monk's Mill, and, I have no doubt, several others are forgotten, but I feel more the apparent inattention to Payne than the rest. Pray write to him to state that the fault does not lie with you, and to saddle the right horse. I shall send him a book, and at the same time explain to him to whom the neglect attaches.

I fear you have been imposed upon by Owen as to the Coelbren y Beirdd. I am very much mistaken if that alphabet is not the manufacture of Ned Williams\*, and himself and the behaviour of Mad Ned at last Cardiff Assizes, when he heard that you had inserted those letters in your book, convinces me he fear'd detection; he only pretended to me to trace the discovery to John Bradford, excepting in some dark allusions—as a stave in singing—writing

\* "Iojo Morganwg" (The Rev. Edward Williams).

a good stick, &c., but this, compared with the time which has elapsed since they were used, is not above a minute in 24 hours. Owen is undoubtedly barned, and Williams has eccentric talents, but both are system mongers, and, I believe, system makers.

I see your book has upon the cover 12s. in boards. I presume this is to non-subscribers, for I have been in the habit of receiving half a guinea, which was the original subscription; if I am wrong you must write me immediately. If I don't hear from you I shall conclude I am correct.

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRISTOL, *March 22, 1803.*

DEAR MR. DAVIES,

Upon receipt of your letter, I called upon Mr. Booth and found that that part of your work which was printed was not even then arrived in town. I therefore determined to call upon the Bristol man in my way down, and to "bullers him a bit." I have just been there, and a lad in the shop, if he is to be believed, assures me that he saw the printed sheets, &c., put into the wagon for London on Saturday last; if this is correct all's well; if it is not, and you don't hear in the course of a week or 9 days from Mr. Booth that he has received it, pray write to me, and you may depend upon it I'll compel this fellow to do you justice, and whatever you do, resist despondency and low spirits. I am just off for Cardiff, where our circuit commences this evening.

I am, my dear friend,  
Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

TO THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES.

BRECON, *June 11, 1804.*

MY DEAR DAVIES,

Our visitation, or rather the Bishop's visitation, of this Archdeaconry will be held at Brecon on the 24th of next month, when I hope to see you, and when

you will hear me. I shall reserve a bed for you, if you say you mean to occupy it. Give me a line to signify your intention.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has noticed you, but with few comments. I believe the reviewers had better adopt the same plan, for if they pretend to give their sentiments upon many parts of your work, I firmly believe they'll break their necks.

I have now money for you, and will give you a list of subscribers when we meet.

I have given, *in your name*, one of your books to the Library at Ystradmeurig. Williams, the schoolmaster, was install'd here yesterday to the prebend of Trallong in our nearly dilapidated College Church.

Will not our Sovereign Lord the King recommend you to the Dean and Canons of Windsor to succeed the late Vicar of Talgarth, in this county?

Yours sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

1804.

DEAR DAVIES,

Give me credit for £4 till our next account, which will be soon opened, as I learn that 90 of your books are on the road to Brecon, and Booth tells me to remit to you.

The Rev. Mr. Wells, Rector of Ilston and Penmaes, is dead, and the livings are in the gift of the Chancellor. Turton gave me a hint that you had some expectation of them thro' Hardinge's assistance; had you not better write to [him]? We are civil, but do not correspond since I objected to the expence of publishing more lists and more letters from you, and I don't know whether he does not consider us *both* as a couple of ungrateful scoundrels; but never mind that, jog him.

Say you have received the enclosed from  
Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

I shall keep two of your books.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

1804.

MY DEAR DAVIES,

I enclose you £50 on account of the subscriptions I have received for your book; you shall have a list when I have completely stock'd the market, or (as the ironmasters say) gobb'd the furnace here. Never mind the profits of the book; you'll be safe, and unless the devil rides rough shod over the legislative as well as the episcopal part of the creation, you must be preferr'd.

I received a letter from Dr. Turton yesterday; he tells me he has advertised that the books are ready for delivery, but that the subscribers are rather shy of bringing in the money; that will not do. I never press'd anyone to subscribe, and wish the Judge had not, but I'll *make* every one pay who breathes the same atmosphere with me, provided I can prove they put down their names, or consented they should be put down. It is not sufficient to say the book is ready; call for it. I carry it in one hand, and hold out the other for the half guinea whenever I meet them. That d——n'd good natured friend of ours, Hardinge, could not help persecuting you with his kindness here during the last sessions, tho' I told him I had supplied most of the subscribers here, and had books for others, he must send down for them *by coach*, when, after making Churchey (who is his clerk) dance about to 20 or 30 persons, to whom I had already delivered them, he found they were not wanted, and they were sent here by sixes and sevens, and I was desired to sign a receipt for them without seeing or reckoning them, which I did. He says he'll pay the expense of the carriage, but he is so extremely fond of the devil (I mean the printer's devil) that he must have *printed receipts* for the guinea and half guinea. Myn Duw y mae whiw yn ei ben.

I am happy to tell you that Mr. Nichol, the barrister, who is one of the ablest and most acute reasoners, as well as profound thinkers, I ever met with, is a convert to your sentiments in general. The first time he read your book he was witty upon it; the second time "there was more in it than he at first



conceived," and after a third reading he said to me with a very grave face, "Such another book, Jones, would make me an inveterate and confirmed Linguist and Antiquarian." If you were acquainted with the gentleman you would know how to appreciate his approbation; unfortunately, he thinks too fast for me, and will not permit me to chew the cud; he goes thro' the circuitous chain of reasoning, and infers, deduces, and concludes before I can comprehend his position, tho' he is always accurate in stating, and generally correct in deciding upon it.

I hope to see you next summer, and that you will contrive to spend one day with Payne, where you will meet with

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *May 5, 1805.*

MY DEAR DAVIES,

At last I forgive Hardinge for all his faults and I trust that Providence will have mercy upon his manifold imperfections, in consideration of his having done some good acts. He writes to me that Bishop Watson offers him the living of Bishopston, near Swansea, worth £130 per annum, and desires that you will hesitate before you refuse it. I doubt much whether it is worth half that sum, and I am sure thou'lt not increase it much? But it is still a certainty, and I believe you'll not hesitate to determine. The Bishop insists upon residence, tho' I doubt whether there is a parsonage house on the living. It is, however, in a *comparatively* cheap country, 5 miles from Swansea, upon the seashore, and you will be within an hour's ride of our very eccentric friend Turton, to whom I write this day to make inquiries as to the value, &c.

I enclose you a five-guinea bill, which is nearly the amount of what I have received since my last. We'll state and settle the account when you proceed to take possession of your Bishoprick.

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

COPY OF LETTER FROM W. TURTON TO  
THEO. JONES.

SWANSEA, *May 9, 1805.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Your letter about Davies has rejoiced me exceedingly. He will, of course, not hesitate in accepting the Bishop's offer, far as it is below his worth and his merits. I yesterday went to Bishopston to make all the inquiries I could about the vicarage. I was just in time, for the churchwardens were about to sequester the living, but I informed them it was unnecessary, as I had no doubt but that their future Pastor would shortly be among them. There is a parsonage house, but totally dilapidated and unrepairable. From the last incumbent no dilapidations can be expected\* . . . . There are 30 acres of excellent glebe land, now let for 30 guineas, the remaining tithes are let for fifty pounds, but as they were leased to a sly old cock, who had advanced money for the necessities of the late parson, it is probable they are much undervalued. It is the opinion of the curate, who lives and has an estate in the parish, that the real value, without injury to any party, is from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty pounds. A lead mine has lately been opened and is now working to advantage in this parish, but whether these pigs are titheable you know better than I. The situation is dry and healthy, and the distance from Swansea about five miles. When you write to Davies say to him that if he comes into this neighbourhood my house is to be his home till he has arranged everything to his mind, or else his house will never be my home.

Bassett wants a curate here and at the Mumbles—perhaps something may be hit off between them to put an additional twenty or thirty pounds into Davies's pocket.

Sincerely yours,  
W. TURTON.

\* This Incumbent died in a state of great poverty.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *May 12, 1805.*

DEAR DAVIES,

On the other side you have a letter from our friend the Doctor in answer to mine, by which you will find that you have no tumbling house upon your living, for it is already tumbled down. All that you can do in this case is to request from the Bishop a little time, and to appropriate a part of your income, say £30 per annum, towards it, and in that case I should hope 3 or 4 years at the farthest, would finish it, for I do not apprehend that a palace is necessary, tho' your parish be a Bishoprick.

I sent you a letter on this day se'nnight (if that be not a solicism) in which was inclosed a five-guinea bill. Pray have you received it?

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

*June, 1805.*

MY DEAR DAVIES,

As I was writing to the Bishop of St. David's upon business, I mentioned to him that the Bishop of Llandaff had given you Bishopston, and that you intended to wait upon our Diocesan at Abergwili shortly, and I likewise represented to him the state of your house. He writes me word that he is very glad to hear of your preferment, that you may wait upon him as soon as you please, and that you shall have every indulgence in his power as to repairs. I think your best plan would be (if you can be permitted to do so) to hold your present curacy for a 12 month, and after having taken possession, and let your tithes, to appropriate the first year's income to begin the repairs.

I believe that the mail coach from the New Passage will be your most expeditious way of travelling, and when you have been with the Bishop and returned to be inducted, if you write to me

I'll send to your brother, and I dare say he will lend you a horse to come from Swansea to this place on your way back.

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES.

BRECON, *July 14, 1805.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I received your maps, and am perfectly aware of the value of them; indeed they were not new to me, tho' I was never before possessed of them, but I did not think I ought to put you to the expence of postage merely to acknowledge the receipt of them.

I continue in my resolution of preventing the men of Bishopston from imposing upon you further than 15s. in the pound, and perhaps we'll make them stop something short of that. I shall take care of your letter, and as I always go to Swansea after the circuit I'll play the lawyer the registrar, the proctor, and possibly the gentleman at the same time. What you have hitherto done has been right. Rely upon it, that with all the friendship I bear for you I do not forget that your pecuniary interest is not what ought to be chiefly in view, but that with a proper regard to prudence, you ought to possess the friendship and goodwill of your parishioners, unless they chuse to set such a price upon it as to make you a beggar.

Under this impression, I will not send that Scotch fellow Clark, the Surveyor, over to them, whose chiefest excellence is in the application of the thumbscrew, and who knows precisely what quantity of pain a man can bear without actually putting him to death; but I have in my mind's eye a sensible farmer, who is conversant on this subject, and who, I believe, will tell us what you reasonably and fairly ought to have, and what they can fairly afford to pay. So till you hear from me again, make your mind easy, and in the meantime your affairs shall not be neglected by

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

TO THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, Aug. 2, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I write to you at the request of my uncle, Mr. Rice Jones, of No. 11, Golden Square, London, to know whether it be consistent with your present system or plan to receive pupils. He has a little boy between 7 or 8 years of age, whom, from my recommendation, he is very anxious to place under your care and tuition. He wishes him to learn the English, Latin, and Greek grammatically, and that you would find him in board, washing, and lodging, for which he begs to have your terms, but tho' I should feel anxious, as well as my relation, to place him with you, I beg that if from the state of your eyes, or some other circumstances you have given up the education of youth, you will not hesitate in saying so, or be led from friendship to me to sacrifice either your health or convenience.

Should it suit you to receive my little cousin and namesake, Theophilus Jones, I know you'll not be morose or unkind to him, but I hereby caution you against his insinuating address and prattle by which he governs completely in our good city of London, where, however, he is "servile to the skyie influences," and therefore he must try the atmosphere of Gloucestershire or some other country air. Write to me by *return of post* direct to No. 11 as above.

Yours sincerely,

THEO. JONES.

July (or August) 1805.

MY DEAR DAVIES,

As *our Member\** is here and we have *nothing to do* (this by way of compliment) I may as well employ a few moments in an invitation to my friend to dance down to Abergwile next week, and to request he will indulge our little Barner with a few hours' conversation either going or returning. I do this by his particular

\* Sir Charles Morgan, Bart., of Tredegar, was M.P. for Brecknockshire, and Sir Robert Salisbury, Bart., of Llanwern, Mon., M.P. for the Borough, at the time.

desire, having just seen him, and received a copy of one of your chapters. He thinks you are too fond of Vallancey, too nearly converted by him, not fond enough of the Bishop of Dromore, and that you don't quote authorities often enough, but perhaps Bishop Horsley or Dr. Vincent would be offended if you told them that *Iertoger vitæ scelerisque purus* was a quotation from Horace. I have received a very civil letter from our Bishop; part of it (it is true) I don't understand, but no matter for that, he says you will find him at home whenever you come down. We shall be in Brecon on Saturday, and remain there a week; so that if you cannot come next week, you will find us the following week (until Friday) at Cardiff. You'll have a coach, which will take you from Caermarthen to Caerdiff. I desire you'll not be pendatic; least you may want cash, I'll send you a draft for a trifle which you may have in your way thro' Brecon, and when you see me you may have more if you want it, to be repaid me out of the first fruits of your Bishoprick.

(*This is not signed*).

TO THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES.

(In answer to June 11, 1805).

Oct. 4, 1805.

MY DEAR DAVIES,

I have been at the palace, and overlook'd the Cathedral; the former consists of a beautiful cluster of ruins, and the latter is a most venerable edifice, thro' which the air is here and there (from salutary motives, no doubt) permitted to ventilate the interior. I have desired an architect at Swansea, in whom I think I can confide, to look over the estimate sent you, and he accompanied me to Bishopston to look at the dilapidations; his report has not reached my ears. I shall go to Bishopston when the time for payment for the present year expires, and see what I can do with those Flemings.

The book\* is out, and I'll send it you in the course of a week together with Mr. Peach's, tho' it has a confounded circuitous route to reach you. The Bishop

\* The First Vol. of "Brecknockshire."

of St. David's speaks very handsomely of it, and the approbation of Dr. Burgess is no trifling acquisition. He says "Highly as he esteemed my talents as an antiquary and historian, the pleasure he received in reading the book far exceeded his expectation." I shall fire off, or in the language of our shop, set off his praise against the bayonets of the critics and the stings of the mosquitoes—a race to whom you will be introduced when you read the book.

I have just bought Ossian's Poems, and have been reading Dr. Blair's critical dissertation upon their merits. There is a great deal of good sense and a great deal of learned nonsense in what he says.

What a resemblance there is between the sisters  
Gaelic and Cymraeg,

A chos air Cromleach, druim-ard,  
Chos air Crom-meal dubh  
Thoga Fion le lamh mhoir,  
An d'uisge o Lùbhair na fruth.

A'i gôs ar Cromlech, Twyn ardd,  
A'r ail gôs ar Crommel ddu  
A dwg Ffion a'i law mawr  
Yr wysc o Llifwyr'r ffrwd.

You told me something about Tyssilio—more about him if you please.

By the bye, I don't think I have written to you since I left London; if so, I'm a good for nothing fellow, as you might fancy I was sulky. No such thing, be assured; the proposal about the little boy was made to you in expectations that it was perfectly convenient to you if you had taken him, and any difficulties occurred in consequence of your kindness for me. I should have thanked you, but by no means have been satisfied with your determination. The boy has 50 places to apply to, where he may be well brought up and kindly treated, and it was only in consequence of my partiality for you that my uncle wished to give you the preference, in hopes it would be advantageous to you.

Pray what is the rule in trade as to the allowance to booksellers where they only disperse books to the subscribers and receive the money for the author.

My trade price is £2 5s; price to subscribers, £2 12s. 6d.; to non-subscribers, £2 15s. Are Booth and the rest of them entitled to 7s 6d. out of those subscribed for, or only for such as they sell to non-subscribers? It seems to me to be too much to say they ought to have 7s. 6d. where they run no risk and have no merit; but upon the other hand, people in trade should not take *any* share of trouble or lose their time without some recompense. This is material, therefore drop a line to

Your very sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

Mrs. Jones joins in warmest wishes for your health and welfare.

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TO THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES.

SUNDAY EVENING, *Oct. 10, 1805.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

By North's waggon of this night, I send you three copies of my first volume, one for the curate of Olveston and one for his friend Mr. Peach, and another for Captain Davies, of the Caermarthenshire Militia. I have advised the latter gent. of the route his book is likely to take, that he may have it upon applying to you, should no opportunity occur of forwarding it from Olveston, and that he may pay his subscription, £2 12s. 6d., to you, or by draft to me, and you will act accordingly. Mr. Peach will, of course, pay you, and you may remit to me.

Since I wrote to you last, I have received a letter from the architect I spoke to at Swansea, who tells me the carpenter's estimate sent to you is extravagant, and that he will attend to the repairs of the palace; but nothing effective can be done till I go to Swansea in January next, and then you will hear further from your thoughtless,

But very sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

The books are directed to be left at the "Ship" at Olveston; deduct the carriage. God bless you.



TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *Nov. 17, 1805.*

MY DEAR DAVIES,

You need not have informed me that you were in better health when you wrote your last letter than when you wrote the former; the handwriting, tho' the writing of the same hand, would have told me as much. I hope the next will again improve.

Have you received 3 of my books addressed for you at the "Ship" at Olvestone. If not, let me know, but I should not probably have asked this question at present, if Mr. Hardinge, in answer to an inquiry of mine as to Astle's "Progress of Writing," had not informed me that you referred to it in your book; it is material to me in my progress among the toms that I should see this publication, and if you have it, or can procure it from any friend of yours, I'll give my bond to return it safe and unsoiled at any time that the return may be required, even if only one day is allowed for a hasty view of it.

I am stuck fast in our Priory Church, and when I shall extricate myself from thence to proceed in my tour I know not, but most assuredly the name of the man that had the seven league boots is not like that of

Your sincere friend,

THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *March, 20, 1806.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

After near three months' confinement by my inveterate enemy\*, and under the custody of my winter gaoler, I tried to escape into Carmarthenshire and Glamorganshire, but was re-taken in the latter county, and brought back, tho' not without some difficulty, to my former prison, where I am again tied to the chair or the bed, how long to remain I know not. Probably (or at least I hope so) when warmer weather permits other reptiles to appear, I may be permitted to crawl about, certainly not to fly, for a few months.

\* Gout,

I was told your *Celtic Researches* now sell for a guinea at Bristol; pray tell me if that be the case, as I may upon receiving such information make a penny in an honest way.

Poor Owen's head is turned about the Millennium, and "a slipshod sybil," of the name of Johanna Southcote, drags him into storms and tempests which he tells me are to commence in this Island during the summer of 1807, when he gives me formal and serious notice that *the restoration of all things* is to take place, and the devil is to be the scapegoat for all the believers. In the meantime he is translating the *Mabinogion*, which I hope he'll finish, tho' I have advised him to get a smooth polish for his English style, for he really does not translate intelligibly in his "Dictionary." Sir Wm. Ouseley is so struck with the nonsensical translations that he insists the Welsh authorities can have neither sense or meaning.

My wrist aches. I must, therefore, conclude with a carpenter's wish: "Health, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea to you." prayeth

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *June 6, 1806.*

DEAR SIR,

Who was the bookseller to whom your Vicar applied for my book, tho' I suppose the London bookseller was too indolent to call at Mr. Booth's, Portland Place, for it, who has plenty of them to dispose of. Duncomb, the man of Herefordshire, writes me word that Dr. Aitkin in his *Annual Review* has favourably reported my case, tho' he has put blisters upon his back. Pray have you seen this review? I don't expect to sell the whole of the first volume before the second is printed; tho' more than half are gone off, for owing to the tricks of Polwhele and others, many persons are cautious how they purchase incomplete works. Did you see Turton's attacks upon Mr. Justice Hardinge. The latter frequently does

imprudent things with impunity, but is generally attacked when he does not deserve it. I don't think what he said on the trial called for this from the Doctor, tho' I highly disapprove of his publishing his speech and the trial in the *Cambrian*. Turton is, in my mind, equally imprudent to provoke a discussion of his conduct in the business. He was sent for on behalf of the prisoner to Cardiff at an ordinary præmium without ever having seen the body of the girl supposed to be murdered, merely to watch the surgeon's evidence, which looks like an engagement to testify in proportion to the reward received; but Turton is and always will be eccentric.

I should be glad to hear when you are at leisure how your eyes serve you and what you are about—whether you have given a public blast to Tyssilio or not; is another question from

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

July, 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am sorry you should put yourself to the trouble of inquiring about Astle, for I do not think it would answer my purpose, which was to obtain a specimen or specimens of the handwriting principally seen from 1400 to 1600. As you say Massey's is Mr. Hardinge's. I presume I am to deliver it to him. What is the technical descriptions of letters cut into the stone and what of letters raised above the surface of the stone? I believe the latter are said to be in relief. I certainly received the bill and the letter enclosing it, and thought I had acknowledged it, but my thoughts are running idly into every dark hole and corner but where they should be.

I approve much of your counterblast to Tyssilio and wish you would publish it; but stooping to notice the critic you shall have it with my remarks by Captain Davies in his return. Pray say where at Bristol it shall be left for you. For God's sake, my

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good friend, don't talk of the arrogance of criticising upon my work—you have ten times the capability of those who will undertake it, and if anything occurs let me know it. It is singular that at the very moment I received your last letter I was employed in the manner you recommend, which was in noting down any error I observed in a book kept for the purpose.

Whether the sea swans or the flamingos of Gower are the prettiest birds, I know not. I have no partiality for either, but those which have the smallest swallow and can build the most convenient nest are those which I seek for. Wallis told me that the estimate I sent him which was received from you was too high in some particular. I have not heard from him since, but I have written to Turton to beg he will press for his answer, and he who will do the work cheapest and best ought to be employed. The barn *must* be undertaken and built as soon as the season will permit; or we shall never be able to manage those fellows. I'll take care, *meo proviculo*, costs and charges, it shall be done. I have likewise requested Turton to ask the man when he receives for last year, and not to make agreements in future without my knowledge.

Poor Churchey\* has followed Lord Nelson with his elegy in his hand. May he improve in his singing, and our late Admiral be permitted to hear him. Don't read or write too much, but in order to save a shilling or two in an honest way, tell me shortly where your MS. is to be dropp'd at Bristol. Tell Mr. Peach I am proud of his approbation, for tho' I am not personally known to him, I am no stranger to his merit or abilities.

Mrs. Jones unites in best wishes with, dear Davies,

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

\* William Churchey, a member of an old Brecon family, published a volume of *Poems* in 1789, and some lines "addressed to Lord Nelson on his arrival at Brecknock amidst the joyful acclamations of the people, on July 28th, 1802," for which he received the hero's thanks.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *Sept.* 18, 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,

How go you on with Tyssilio and Ossian. My second vol. is finished, but, like the fellows in the face of the Critic, whenever I get a good thing, I never know when I (or rather my readers) have enough of it. I am now at Vol. 2, part 2, and if the gout will let me alone it will be in the Press next spring. My friend Payne has lent me Astle's "Progress of Writing," and a very young but a very zealous antiquary\* is now copying the Saxon hands into a book, which has the Norman characters in the different reigns, which will complete my graphic collections, for I cannot follow you into the wilderness and the *woods*. By the bye, talking of woods and woody writing, that fellow Nedd Williams is a strange fellow, and all that can be said for him he is mad; he now finds fault with Owen. He, however, suggested to me one part of my work which I should be sorry to have omitted. I mean the poets of Breconshire. I did not know we had any

Cisca 1180. Macclaf ap Llywarch.

A.D. 1460. Bedo Brwynllys.

Siencin Defynog.

Dafydd Epynt.

Rhys Celli neu o'r Gelli.

Tho. o Frwynllys.

A.D. 1500. Rhys Brychan.

Ieuan ap Rhys of Merthyr Cynog.

Gwynfardd Brecheiniog.

Pray can you give any information as to the dates (where here omitted) of any of them? Any anecdotes of them or any other of their Breconshire fellows, and what were their compositions? If you can, without blinding yourself find, or rather recollect any, pray send them to

Your sincere friend,

THEO. JONES.

\* The Rev. Thomas Price, "Carnhuanawo."

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES,  
BRECON, Dec. 31, 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been confined here these two months with an oozing at my heel without any pain, which the apothecary says is a mere flea-bite, and which indeed I believe to be a friendly effort of nature. During this time my hand has been free, my head unaffected, and my spirits uncommonly good, so that I have nearly finished the 2nd part of my 2nd Vol. As I shall want again to deal with the engravers, I have now some thoughts of taking a jolt up to London, for I am told I may, and ought to do it, as the best remedy that can be applied.

Your very sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

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BRECON, Feb. 18, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I just say a word to you to make your mind easy and to remove your apprehensions as to the strong house. When it is necessary you should pay the £50 I insist upon your writing to me, and I'll advance it you. At this moment the expenses of my journey to town, &c., have drained my pockets, but don't suffer yourself to be sued; when it comes to *ne plus ultra* tell me, and I'll stop dunny's bawling.

As to my heel, it is all my eye as the doctors tell me, for which information I gave a guinea and was sent about my business.

I am going to Haverfordwest, and have at present no time to say more than that I am

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, June, 1807.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have received your book, and you may be sure I have *redde* it (as Bishop Horsley wrote it) before

I put pen to this paper. All I have to say at present is that with some parts I am very well pleased; with the Gododin and your remarks I am enraptured, but the Mythology I am neither prepared to admit or deny. At present, therefore, I quit the stage and leave you to boil your hell broth with Ceridwen.

Double, double, toil and trouble,  
*Fire burn and cauldron bubble.*

I am sorry to find that your friend Mr. Peach's name is so sinful a parent, and as I believe he formerly had a better, if my advice were good without a fee I would recommend him again to adopt his paternal appellation. Morant, in his History of Essex, says the name of *Peche*, *Peach*, or *Peachy*, is derived from Williams *Peccatum* (Temp. 181) of Netherhall in Essex, "a very wicked fellow surely, the name signifying sin in the abstract," says the author.

In a survey of the Manor of Brecon, about the time of Elizabeth, is the word Maurode, evidently signifying the roll of tenantry. The number of the Maurode *in patria*, 515,; *in villa*, 617.

Boneddig, says Owen, is gentle; is it not *bon hyddig* of high descent, tho' I don't see such an adjective in Owen, but I am inclined to think I have seen such a word in that sense.

Milast, you say correctly, is a greyhound bitch, but what is Lluast, which occurs as the name of several places in this county. I thought it a corruption of Llu arth, the encampment of the army or Llu arthan.

I am very much pleased at your exposing and detecting the frauds and the tricks of Ned Williams, adopted, partly by choice and partly by combination, by Owen, but you have in one part of your book accredited their mummeries by quoting Owen for the drawn sword placed at the Gorsedd. Depend upon it, all these monkey tricks exhibited at Primrose Hill by Owen and others have no more foundation or pretence for antiquity than Williams's Chair of Glamorgan. But, however, I shall explain myself further upon this and other parts of your book, which *must* be published, tho' it will, as you say, want further

arrangement, and the 1st part must, I believe, be licked into the shape of a preface, having too much of private anecdote and too little of mythology and history.

When I have gone over your book once more, to which I shall make some notes in pencil, which you may adopt or notice, or not, as you please, it shall be returned you with the little MS. book of which your translation has made me comprehend the full value. I mean the intrinsic value of the poem, which I really did not before understand.

I am, dear Davies,  
Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, 15<sup>th</sup> July, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As my Mr. Hall was sitting at my elbow in *our* Hall, I axed him for a frank to save a penny for a poor curate when I was about to inform him that I sent Aneurin Gwawdrydd, and the Druidism of the Bards, yesterday se'nnight, per mail coach, from Brecon to Gloucester, carriage paid, to be forwarded from thence to you at Olveston, near Bristol, and to be left at the "Ship" at Olveston. Have you received them? If you have drop me a line to say so, and solve me the difficulties as to the Maurode, &c.

I have just sent the sixth of the Simons of Llanafan fawr out of the county. A father and son I prosecuted and convicted for murder, two nephews of that father I convicted of sheep stealing, the son of that father, whose evidence hung him, as well as the witness's own brother, fled from the kingdom, and the brother of the first named has been convicted within this half hour of sheep stealing. Such a gang, perhaps, never existed. Two of this man's sons escaped last Sessions; I have no doubt I shall have them again, and if I can drive them away I shall have thinned their ranks tolerably.

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.



TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BRECON, July 28, 1807.

I return you your MSS. with many thanks, accompanied by Aneurin. Oh, that Grey had been alive to see this put into English prose; it would have formed an admirable structure for a poem by him, but as he is dead I'll try it some day or other, tho' I must lose sight of him and keep 100 miles behind him. Pray answer me as to Maurode, and the other little trifling questions which I put to you, but which I have now forgot, when you have leisure.

I am very much satisfied with the *tout ensemble* of your book, though some of the features are rather too strong. The position that the early inhabitants of Britain had a tradition of the Deluge and the Patriarch and his family, that they preserved memorials of this event, and that they afterwards deified not only Noah and his family but the very memorials themselves, is not only probable but nearly certain, but in establishing or rather conforming and illustrating this position, the *system* appears too often and the words Ark and Arkite Mythology occur too frequently; they should be varied if you can. I wish you much to correct the insolence of Nedd Williams, and I intreat that he may not be spared, but as I said in my last that part of the MS. No. 1, which appears like a defence, is out of order as an Essay, and therefore should form a preface, with which you would justify yourself (if justification were necessary) for appearing again before the public and expatiating upon a subject upon which you have shortly treated before.

I have added a few notes in pencil which you may attend to or not, just as you please. Some of them I know are wrong, as I saw upon second reading I did not take your meaning on my first perusal; many of them are merely the correction of hasty clerical errors. Your notes will want revising, as the same thing is repeated twice or thrice, but this is not what you were writing to me about. The mine you were laying for Tyssilio and Ossian, I suppose you have a dozen of those brats, to all of whom I beg you would introduce

Your very sincere friend,

THEO. JONES.

There is a letter written by "Wal. Churchey," dated "Brecon, January 21, 1806," on behalf of Theo. Jones, "who is in the gout." It deals principally with the tithe account, but proceeds:

"You'll acquaint your friend that Mr. Jones's 2nd Vol. is in the press, but goes on slowly for want of printers. Mr. Jones wishes much to know whether you could not procure him a couple of journeymen in that trade at Bristol, who will come down here, and for what price? The expenses will be paid them, and they will be employed for six months certain—perhaps more."

Attached to this letter is the dedication: "To the Rev. Edward Davies," &c. (See "Brecknockshire.")

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, Nov. 1, 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I see (I hope you do see) that you are again got into print *volens volens*, and perhaps you'll excuse my adding all your titles and preferments, Rector of Bishopston, in the county of Glamorgan, and curate of the perpetual curacy of Boughrood, Llanbedr, Painscastle, in the county of Radnor. You shall have the book or rather two "d— big square books" shortly, accompanied with sets for all the subscribers in your neighbourhood, whose names I'll send you. I'll trouble you to dispose them, and after deducting the carriage, to place to my credit the sums received for them; which reminds me that Christmas is approaching, soon after which I hope to scramble for a little of the Gower cash for you. I have ordered the repairs of the house to be snipped, pared, and cut into as small a pattern as may be. The hobby horse led me home from Glamorganshire this Sessions without permitting me to take an excursion to Swansea, so that I cannot tell how we stand; before another year expires depend upon an account, and I trust a completion of everything like repairs, after which I hope to be able to arrange with my friend James, so that you may have an annual certain sum. How are your daylight? if there be enough left, and it do not injure you, write to inform

Your sincere friend,

THEO. JONES.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, 24th January, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your last letter was received, and the names of the Commissioners to value your curacy in Radnorshire forwarded to the Bishop at Durham, but to avoid more applications to you, I have sent them to the Lord Charles Morgan at Caermarthen, who is a greater man than his master. I'll look for your license when I get my office into anything like order; at present it is chaos, for I have done with the Law, as I hope the Law has done with me, and am now only an ecclesiastical officer, tho' I may occasionally serve a few friends in an amphibious capacity.

By the last night's wagon, directed to you to be left at the "Ship" at Olveston, I have sent you four of my second volumes—one for yourself, another for Sir Samuel Fludyer (Lieut.-Col. of our Militia at Bristol), another for Mr. Peach of Tockington, and another for the Rev. Mr. Davies, Clifton. Will you be good enough to procure them to be delivered, and request they will pay you £4 for each, which, when received, you'll place to my credit, and charge the carriage for the parcel to me.

I have seen all that is printed of your book, and this day return to Booth your MS. as to coins. Your first and principal observation is so clear as almost to defy contradiction; it is absurd to suppose that a man who would give us a human head as well as we see it on some (indeed most) of these coins should represent a horse's with the bill of a bird, his back like a bow or a boat, and his feet like detached drumsticks; therefore there is mysticism in the figures; ay, and Druidic mysteries, too, in which your Arianrhod comes in well and opportunely to support you against the assertion of the keeper of the coins in the British Museum, who told Booth that the Druids *knew nothing about coins*. He probably knows as much about the Druids as the keeper of the lions in the Tower, and I have assured Booth he may place equal confidence in both. Thus far you are seen travelling gaily and treading on *terra firma*, but having got on board

the No Van it, I fear the critics will tell you, you have touched at Pail-up-and-ease-us, and are bound to Utopia. Well, fare you well, "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum*," as we *landmen* say, and I am not without hopes that your voyage of discovery may produce treasures for the learned, present pay to the pilot, and I hope fame and some wealth to the Captain. But to sea you must go post—, as I have told Booth; your vessel makes a goodly shew, and must not be suffered to rot in the dock at Olveston.

Talking of Owen's translation of Gorchan Cynvelyn, your phrase is "but besides that his version is not sufficiently close for a disquisition of this kind, I observe," &c. The commencement of this sentence is not elegant, if indeed it be not equivocal and liable to be misunderstood. I have therefore altered it thus: "But not to dwell upon the freedom of his version, which is not sufficiently close for a disquisition of this kind, I observe," &c.; and there are also two or three "buts" immediately following, and standing so near each other in the ranks that I have displaced them and taken a substitute for one or more. These trifling amendments I have told Booth to adopt *meo periculo*.

I relish your present title much better than your former *relics*. Booth sent it me with the MS., and if we could have preserved so valuable a life to his country as Sir John Moore, I should have more easily have swallowed the news of this morning, and almost rejoiced at the safety of our retreating countrymen. This will lead to a transient and delusive peace, which however may perhaps endure as long as you and I live, but if the foul fiend\* survives us, he will ultimately subjugate this country. He must give his commercial subjects breath, and therefore I am inclined to think he will offer us terms if Spain is subdued, which I suppose we must accept, tho' we may depend upon it that

Hush'd in grim repose he'll expect his ev'ning's  
prey,

and if can only teach the Monkey-Tigers to swim,  
most assuredly we shall feel their claws.

\* The Great Napoleon.

But, ah, why sho'd we know our fate  
 Since sorrow never comes too late  
 And happiness too swiftly flies.

Therefore, as you and I cannot keep away Apollyon, though we are neither of us men likely to run away, let us hope that Providence has not designed our speedy destruction, and that it may be consistent with His dispensation to spare the rod and to remove the Scourge of Europe before he has completed his triumph over our hitherto highly favoured Isle.

Yours very sincerely,  
 THEO. JONES.

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There is a letter dated Jan. 28, 1809, relating to the Bishopston tithes—and at the end it is clear, from a remark made by Jones, that his legal work had passed into the hands of Church—“for I cannot refer to letters now, as between Church’s office and my own, papers are now at sixes and sevens.”

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *March 3, 1809.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You know how fond our Bishop is of the Hebrew language. I am just this moment informed by my ingenious young friend and artist Tom Price, who is now at the College School, and chops the language like a dragon, that he (the Bishop) gives a premium at Easter to any boy who will copy a Hebrew Psalm. Now let me request, as a particular favour, that you would send me per coach *instantly* that book, if in your possession; if not, and it be not very dear, buy me the book of Psalms of the most improved or approved edition in Hebrew and charge it to my account. This boy is a most valuable ornament to the Principality, and there is nothing that I can do that shall be omitted to serve him.

I hope you have had my big square books ere this. Sir Samuel Fludyer returns to Bristol this month, and

he tells me he only wants interest and influence, or on my recommendation, he would make you a Bishop.

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

If the book is your own, my life on't, it shall be returned.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

HEREFORD, *Monday Morning,*  
March 21, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I do not wish to obtrude my book upon Dr. Davies or any other person, but I could have wished that if he did not chuse to be considered as a subscriber he would have informed me before the book went to press. I will thank you if you'll drop him a note to tell him that if he'll part with the first vol., and it is in a saleable condition, that I should be glad to purchase it, and in that case you will pay him for it, allowing him to fix any sum he pleases for reading it, because I shall now, I apprehend, be in want of 1st vols., of which not above 40 remain, while I have near 100 of the 2nd. Sir Samuel Fludyer either is, or will be, in Bristol this month. I have requested him to make you a Bishop, which he says he'll do, if his influence is powerful enough, which if it be, *ne nolo episcopari* to me.

I have received the Hebrew Psalter for which you have Tom Price's thanks and mine, and likewise the MS. of *Ossian*, the style of which pleases me very much, but I recommend a preface, in which you should explicitly and unequivocally declare that your objection to Macpherson's book is that he wishes it to be *considered as a history*, and that you are not blind to those poetic merits of the work as a collection, though you consider the *epic poem* as an imposition, and therefore to be reprobated. I have already said as much, but the object of your argument and attack cannot be too prominent.

I am here quasi registrar only, and have, thank God, no interest in the forensic war of words that is waged with such violence, and this attendance I was

enjoined not to omit under pain of woe. The threat was unnecessary, as the exercise will be of service to

Your very sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *April* 9, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I thank you for Miss Brook's book. The taxes of all description, income, property, land, church and poor of Bishopston are paid on the spot, and a pretty spot they make in the annual amount of the living.

I cannot yet find the commission to inquire into the value of Painscastle. Your brother was here yesterday, and tells me he has searched the post offices at Hay and Builth without success. Perhaps it may have been sent to Mr. Drake at Clyro, or Mr. Hughes of Glasbury, two of the clerical commissioners; I go that way tomorrow, or next day, and will make another effort, when (if it fail) I will write to the Bishop. Our Judge\* Harlequin made several inquiries about your forthcoming book—whether it has come forth, whether I saw the MS., what I thought of it, whether you are fortified against the artillery of Edinburgh, &c., &c. He plays all sorts of monkey tricks—rides into the houses of country gentlemen and orders breakfast, dinner, and supper, whether they are at home or not, criticises upon them if he finds any awkwardness in their person, address, or in the conduct of their families, writes upon subjects upon which he ought not to interfere, such as the length or sentiments of sermons, the mode of education adopted by a schoolmaster, abuses one day, and invites most politely the same person to dinner the next, and then wonders he does not attend, and lastly, after all this, lumps us as a proud sniff-necked generation. He is highly offended with me for exposing a misrepresentation of his to Lettsom and Neild in my book; is at this moment bottling up his vengeance for a Philipic in his charge to the Grand Jury *next Autumn Sessions*, and seeking for evidence to support

\* Hardinge.

it at the same time—that I see and hear : “ Dear Sir, Dear Jones, I hope you’ll not deprive us of the pleasure and honour of your company to dinner,” &c., &c. Such dissimulation, or if he pleases to call it, in Lord Chesterfield’s phrase, whom he copies in manners and principles, simulation, is the detestation of

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *April* 20, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I sent you by last night’s coach directed to the “ Ship ” at Olveston your MS. upon Ossian, your Whitaker’s Manchester, which had almost gained a settlement in this parish, and four additional addenda or corrigible corrigenda, which you will divide among the purchasers of my book in your neighbourhood.

Assuming, as I do, that your references are correct, your reasoning is irresistible, and you will pardon me if I say your *chef d’œuvre*. I intreat as a personal favour, and on pain of responsibility and indemnity against any loss, that you would publish it. I have made some verbal alterations in pencil, to which I beg you will pay no attention unless you think they deserve it.

I have not had the commission to inquire about Painscastle, tho’ I hear of their being executed all round me. I write to your brother to-night to beg he’ll inquire about it ; to-morrow I’m off for Caerdiff, *quasi* compounder, not for emolument but for the preservation of my health ; this is the best physic, but it is confoundedly dear ; they’ll not shake you there and back again under 10 pounds or guineas.

Has Miss Brookes a translation of the Irish Poems ; if she has, and it is in your possession I should be glad to see it, but the original is as tremendous to my eyes as *our* mountain Greek to a Saxon. Booth says you come out upon Coins before the end of this month, and that you have the Wands of Prospero, Morpheus, &c., which will set all the critics in a sound



snooze for a thousand years. *Quere de hoc*, saith the sceptic; courage mon ami, shew them that you are now a tough bit, and if they bite and attempt to swallow you, I pray G—, after choking them, you may come out whole; and that you will survive it, notwithstanding the operation may be painful to you for a time, is the firm conviction of

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

I need not say, received the Gododin.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *March 10, 1809.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

This will come to you "trwy Fualt i Hênffordd," Anglice, from Brecon thro' London to Olveston, but there is part of it which I wish Booth to see; unless he has already christened and registered your Pagan Babe; if so be, then I must put up with the relics or relicts or reliques of Druidism. We have heard of Celtic *Remains*, we have seen Celtic *Researches*, and now proceeding on, alphabetically, to D, we have Druidical *reliques*. Now will not some of the wags say those Celtic fellows sell nothing but old cloaths or the offals of the regular shops, mere remnants, scraps, patches. I wish, if it be not too late, and you agree with me, and if it pleases our Dancing Master in Portland Street, who, being more than a godfather has a right to be consulted, that the brat should be named *The Mythology of the British Druids*, or if that be promising too much, as from the recollection I have of the book I think it is, suppose you say an *Essay on The Mythology of the British Druids*, of if that be too much, *Essays upon the Principal or several or many of the tenets and Mythology of &c.* Consider this well in council, but I leave you both to determine, tho' I feel almost as much interest as either of you in the success of the work.

I shall cause my books to be unshipped at the "Ship" at Olveston, and perhaps may send you a copy more than is subscribed for, which you may place with some respectable bookseller at Bristol,

if such a character can be found there, for *entre nous* I have my doubts, and would prefer dealing with the Shylocks of, what d'ye call it? place in London, than with the *faïr* tradesmen of Bristol: the devil sent me from there is one of the most rascally imps that ever issued from Pandemonium; he drinks on one or two days in the week, and not only sins himself, but like his brother or his uncle Beelzebub seduces the other black boys; and now that the work is near a conclusion, not having employment in view, he absolutely keeps away on purpose to prevent its completion.

. . . . .  
Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

—————  
TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, 21st April, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I shall write by to-night's post to James to furnish you with the survey of Bishopston, made by one Evans by my direction soon after your induction, but I am, previous to your examination of it (as I have always been), firmly of opinion that it would be the most eligible step you can take to let the tythes at a sum certain. If I could have brought Harry Lewis to this, I should have dealt with him, but he was for poundage only, £70 per annum, but it seems even your drunken predecessor, by his *being upon the spot*, could make more of them than Mr. Davies at Olveston or Mr. Jones at Brecon, for the distance at which I reside I found it was impossible to manage such rogues as these men of Gower. Take an instance of one of their tricks. I had information that a Thos. Hopkin had carried his corn in in the night to cheat the parson. The clergyman of Cilfrwch, the tenant of your glebe, and the parish clerk employed to look after your tythes, all agreed there was some foul play, but then how to catch him was the point. Nothing easier. A Captain Hammond of this parish told me that he and his servant saw the corn carried home by Hopkin. I still hesitated about going to law, because my poor

parson was a nervous man and hated disputes. "Very right and compassionate," quoth he, "but I hope you don't mean to call upon me for tythes; if you do, I'll be d—— if I pay them." Thus situated, I cited the man to the Bishop's Court; he came to Brecon, denied the accusation with many assertions. I told him I had proof of the offence, but if he would pay 2 guineas for the citation and service, and promise not to do the same again, I would forgive him. This he refused, and chose to spend £10 at least in his defence. When the business was ripe for producing the witnesses I called upon the Captain, who by this time had made it up with his neighbour, who was a poor man with a large family, not worth following. Beside he could not be certain as to the quantity of corn, the time, or even the *person* who carried it in. Thus situated, I was glad to bring your Proctor and the cause out of Court without paying costs.

James, I am fully persuaded, is an honest man, tho' I am sorry to learn he is indolent in answering letters, which in my mind is an unpardonable offence in business. His charge for his own trouble in the account he sent me was very moderate (£5 5s.), but I am almost satisfied he must be imposed upon in the deductions. It is, however, useless to attempt bringing the business to a speedy conclusion by a correspondence. You *must* fix a day for letting the tythes, and that during the next month, before the tythe lambs and wool are due, and you *must* go down yourself to see that they are let at a fair price, and to prevent and defeat a combination to lower their value, if such should be formed, or perhaps to guard against friendships or partiality in those who may have the management of the sale. I am satisfied, notwithstanding your fears and reluctance to quit your home, the journey would be of service to you. As to myself, tho' I am a few miles nearer (for I must go thro' Caermarthen) as I cannot travel at night, and consequently must take a chaise part of the way, the exposure therefore would be considerably greater than your coach hire from the Passage; beside I do not know whether James would not now consider me as a kind of spy or supervisor whose company might be dispensed with.

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I will do all I can to prevail upon the Bishop to grant you a non-residence license, and to excuse your attendance, whether at Caermarthen or Brecon, but he is one of the most unaccountable beings that ever wore lawn sleeves.

I have been lately teased by Meyrick, who has written a sort of history of Cardiganshire, to request some translations from the Welsh from you. I have no notion of complying with this: he knows nothing of the language, which he has mutilated in a most barbarous manner, and wants to borrow the assistance of others to make up a book upon subjects which he does not understand, and consequently cannot elucidate. I beg you will take no notice of him if he writes to you; I have told him your state of health is such that I have taboo'd your application to literature for some time, which I hereby do.

Perhaps James may have greater influence with the Bishop of St. David's than I have, for they possess a wonderful similarity of manners. My Lord never answers letters; if, however, I write to him on your case he *may* vouchsafe me a *verbal* answer on his way down.

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, 22nd April, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

(Letter opens with a reference to the fact that the Commission for the valuation of the profits of Painscastle has arrived).

Our friend Payne and his wife will be our guests during the whole of next week.

One word more. My old friend, the Rev. John Hughes, of Glasbury, died 15th of this month, aged 60, leaving three daughters. He had an ample property, which he neither squandered or hoarded, tho' he placed now and then some money in the funds; he was by no means deficient in talents, and liberal

*almost to a fault to the poor ; for no one was ever turned from his door, consequently he was sometimes imposed upon ; reserved in manner, but of inflexible integrity, I believe never told an untruth in his lifetime ; steady in his attachments and friendships, for several years an active magistrate and an excellent father. Try your hand at an epitaph for a plain oval marble tablet, which I wish to be erected in that church in which for many years, notwithstanding his ample income, he officiated as curate, without receiving any emolument or any benefice in the church until a few years before his death, when he had the prebend of Llansaintfread and the vicarage of Pembroke.*

Yours most sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *June 5, 1809.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On the 15th of this month the subscribers to the Clerical Fund for the relief of the distress'd widows and orphans of the clergy of this Arch-deaconry meet at the Lion. I will venture to put your name down as curate of Painscastle for 10s. 6d. annually to this excellent institution, which actually preserves three or four distressed women from starving and materially relieves others.

I wish you would think of paying a visit to your parishioners at Bishopston as soon as you can find a cloak and trimmings for two or three Sundays. My arms are not long enough to reach to Gower, and the Flemings are confounded rogues ; the last year's receipt was most terribly frittered away. My friend James, the Attorney of Swansea, will show it you ; he is an honest young man and will assist you in increasing the rent of the glebe, which must be done, and I hope in renting out the tythes at a certain annual sum.

¶ When you go down you will also see what state the house is in, and tell them what you would wish to be done.

Mr. Hardinge admires your Dedication to the Bishop of Llandaff, and so should I if you had omitted the word "competence"; he has not given you a competence or anything like it, tho' the public, and among them the Bishop, will think he has, and quote your admission as proof.

I see a catalogue of books to be sold at Gutch's, a bookseller at Bristol, advertised. I should wish to have one (price 1d.) especially if Whitaker's library is among them; but how can you convey it to

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *June* 18, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,

A young friend of mine who is captain in our local Militia was summoned to appear at Bristol on Friday to sit on a Court Martial upon some rioters at Hereford. When they came to Durdham Down they were informed by General Ward, not General Watch, that their attendance at Bristol was not necessary, that they might return to Brecon, and proceed to Hereford to assist at the trial; there is nothing like *method* in business!

My young captain, however, went on to Bristol and during the hour or two he remained there he bought me the catalogue, which he delivered me last night; it is not (as you observe) what I want, tho' I should be glad to get hold of one book it contains, if you can lay hands upon it, No. 1306 Brook's "Discovery of Errors in Camden, &c., with the Answers," price 10s. 6d. If you buy it, send it down with my 2nd sleeping and sleepy volume (intended for Dr. Davies who is properly awake to his own interest), the original Ossian, and the *Appendix* only, containing Whitaker's books; all of which that are valuable, will (I dare say) be snapped up before I can get at them.

I have no doubt of your meeting the approbation of the learned readers of your last work, and you must habituate yourself to the kicks of the jackasses who are turned out by the mob for the same purpose

as "over-driven oxen in the streets of London; their tunes upon the harp, which it seems you considered inharmonious, were, unintentionally on their parts, so many hymns to merit, and the highest eulogy they could pay you. In your conclusion as to your having reached the acmè of your preferment, I trust equally wrong; but I must intreat that to arrive at something nearer the acmè of the value of what you have, you will exert yourself, chase the blue devils out of the chimney corner, and if they return to the charge, see whether the mail coach to Swansea will not distance them; my life on't, you are more certain of success than Captain Barclay. Correspondence will not do; if that could have effected your purpose, the business would have been completed by me ere this; but I have more than once been baffled in my attempts to serve you through the medium of correspondence. However, that you may place matters in a proper train, and settle such preliminaries as may be prudent or necessary, previous to your *visitation*, you may communicate your sentiments to Mr. John James, Attorney, Swansea; tell him of your intention, then "prime and load," "make ready," "present," "wait well or the word." Say I requested you to write.

You see "Nos quoque t̄ila sparsimus," tho' now lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood, and good spirits on getting rid of a confounded corn which plagued me more than the gout, and as to the blues, a fig for them. I laugh at them until I am reminded that they torment my friends, when I feel something like the claw and long nails of one of the imps. I long to see your Ossianomatrix in good birth, after which you may lie upon your oars for some time. Pray can you beg, borrow, hire, or steal from your friends (I'll indemnify you in any case) *Çol de la Motte's* "Principal Historical and Allusive Arms borne by the families of the United Kingdom of Great Britain," &c. (read England). A similar undertaking for Monmouthshire, South Wales, with a brief genealogical history and anecdotes is now the hobby horse of

Your sincere friend,

THEO. JONES.

Received Payne's book and delivered, I believe.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I cannot believe that Gutch's Catalogue contains the whole of Whitaker's books; if it does, tho' they may be more expensive, and more numerous, I would not give mine in exchange for them. Pray get hold of the following if you can, and send them me.

		£	s.	d.
2840	Pillitior (I presume Polontier is meant) Dictionare de la langue Brit. . . . .	0	18	0
2853	Pigge's Archæologia, &c. . . . .	0	10	6
2854	Shaw's Gaelic Dictionary . . . . .	1	4	0
3908	Smith's Gaelic Antiquities . . . . .	0	18	0
		<hr/>		
		£3	10	6
		<hr/>		

Of the first of the four I know nothing; perhaps you do. If it contains nothing more than what may be seen in Llwyd's Archæologia I would not have it; if there is any new or additional matter, I should be glad to possess it.

Mr. John Place, of the Abbey Copper Works, near Neath, tells me he thinks there is fire clay (and I think there is lead also which may be converted into England gold) under the glebe [at Bishopston] for which he offers *most liberally* 6d. per ton. This will never do, but I have promised him that you will consider his proposal; you will do well, therefore, to settle this business also yourself when you come down, and in the meantime desire James to make inquiries with some intelligent person conversant in business of this nature what would be a fair compensation or ground rent to the landlord to a speculator finding and raising this article, and how much he ought to be compellable to raise per week or month, or to pay a certain sum in lieu.

I beg you would not fail come down and give your parishioners a sermon on honesty into the bargain; let me know a day or two before you set off, and if you



come back this way you shall have my account, if not it shall be sent you.

Mr. S. Meyrick, who has just published a history of Caerdiganshire, thus writes to me: "Will you have the goodness to ask your Celtic friend Mr. Davies what Cambrian, Greek, Roman, or other proof there are of the *time* when Britain was first peopled. The Welsh Chronicles, I believe, place it about 1300 years before Christ, Mr. Davies about 1000, Mr. Roberts 700. All that can be advanced about settling the period I should like to have, and also if he knows anything about the first peopling of Ireland. I mean previous to the Belgaid, who were the Lloegrians, termed by the Irish *Fitzbolg*, and the *Damnonians* going there. Was it before peopled from Britain or were the first inhabitants the Nemetas only, who came from Gaul? How long after their arrival does he think the Lloegrians quitted Britain for Ireland?" If you have leisure to answer these queries direct to Mr. S. R. Meyrick (or Meyrick, Esq.) No. 3, Sloan Terrace, Chelsea.

Mind you go to Gower, or you will be excommunicated by

Your friend,  
THE DEPUTY REGISTRAR.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, August 14, 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The Bishop very readily excused your absence at the Visitation, and said he would dispense with the medical certificate, but he says as to the license you must write him, and explain your grounds for requesting it; which letters must remain among the the papers of the Diocese as his justification for granting it. I stated to him that there is no house on Painscastle; that the barn at Bishopston cost between £100 and £200 in repairing, or rather re-building, and that the house the money is laid out upon annually is not yet habitable. I mention this in order that you may know the reasons I have given for your non-residence, and which I firmly believe to be true.

Don't be surprised if I send you a History of the World before the Flood. Mr. Williams, of Ivy Tower, a very learned man, but *Penuhiwish* and book maddish, is extremely delighted with your last book, which I presented to him, and threatened to send you his own if he can convey it. The address to Paul, "too much learning," &c., will unquestionably apply to him, but he means well, and is a zealous Christian, notwithstanding his truly Cambrian irritability, of which you may have seen a very impolitic and rather incoherent specimen in the last Swansea paper, if it reaches you.

I am glad to inform you by command of Booth that your book, which has hitherto been too *shelfish* begins to move. I do all I can to recommend, because I highly admire it and wish to serve you, but the knack or habit of lending and borrowing is become so prevalent, that I fear authors must eat even less than they have been hitherto compelled to starve upon.

It is very extraordinary that my volumes have been reviewed by *all* the gentry of that description, except by the British Critic, a publication which professes to support the Established Church and those writers who are zealous for its honour and the maintenance of its discipline and doctrines. There is something wrong, and I suspect *venal* in this shop. I am totally unknown to them. I have received assistance at the British Museum from one or two of them, and yet my book has lain nearly 6 years upon their shelf, while Meyrick's Caerdiganshire, which has hardly appeared 6 months back, has been reviewed, and what is extraordinary, *commended*; tho' it is already mere waste paper in the principality, being a chain of notorious and egregious blunders from the preface to the index.

Pray let me hear from you, and I hope hear a better account of your health, if you should catch any Jaffers on their way to the Passage.

You shall see the Bishop's charge as soon as it comes out; it is in my mind the most orthodox, the ablest and the soundest that ever was delivered, or at least that has been ever heard or read by

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, *Sept.* 18, 1810.

MY DEAR DAVIES,

Your half-saved, quarter-saved, half-quarter saved, drunken, idle curate, lost a paper delivered him by the Bishop at the Visitation under the direction of a late Act for Augmentation of Small Livings. Seeing your brother at Kington, I desired him to inquire about it, and received an answer from him that it could not be found, whereupon I wrote as the Bishop had instructed me to Richard Burne, Esq., Dean's Yard, Westminster, stating the above fact, and requesting he would send me another, which I would take care should be properly executed; to that letter, tho' post paid, I received no answer; I therefore recommend you to try your hand, informing this Burning man that you have heard of the above circumstances from me, that you are the licensed curate of Llanbedr Painscastle, and requesting he would send one to you, or you may lose a future advantage by *Hwlws's* neglect.

I sent you Mr. Williams's, of Ivy Tower's book a fortnight ago, directed to you at the "Ship" at Olveston. I hope you have received it, tho' I doubt whether it will entertain you, for the author is certainly of the Pen-whiw family.

I don't mean again to deal in County Histories I mean that I don't intend risking the expence of printing, &c., tho' I have no reason to complain of the experiment I have made; but my worthy and excellent friend, Mr. Richard Price, the Member for New Radnor, is very anxious about that county, and I have promised to make collections for him, assisted by Cheese,\* Lewis of Harpton, and one or two more. As Captain of this press gang, I seize you, and insist upon your becoming one of our boat's crew and handling your oar immediately. Heave off—and away we go!

What do you consider to be the meaning of Radnor, and when and by whom was it first adopted?

\* This Cheese was grandfather to Edmund H. Cheese, Esq., Solicitor, of Hay.

What is the meaning of Maelenydd Melenidd, *alias* Elvil Uwch Mynidd, or Ecton ?

What of Elwel or Elfel Is mynidd ?

And of the following parishes :—Llanbister, Nantmel, Llanddewi Ystradenni, Clyrow, Llowes, Disserth, Llanfaredd, Llanellwedd, Llanyri, Glandestry or Gladestry, and Cregrina ?

Who was Saint Wonno to whom Llanono is dedicated, as well as two other churches—one in Monmouthshire and one in Glamorganshire ?

Answer me these questions in *seamanship* as soon as you can, and if you know of any able minded *lad* or *greybeard*, *living* OR DEAD, willing to lend a hand, give notice to the Captain, and you shall have plenty of *ship* for your trouble.

I was very happy to see your last letter, from which it appears that the blues have been blown out of Olveston ; be assured that burying them occasionally in the red sea is a proper remedy, and may be justified in your case, provided it be not too often resorted to.

As for your friend, "whom villainous company hath been the spoil of," who hath tried the experiment and who in consequence hath "cramps"

Side-stitchy that do pin his breath up, urchins  
That for the vast of night while they do work  
All exercise on him, and oft he's pinch'd  
As thick as honey combs, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made them.

And yet, notwithstanding this, I laugh, I laugh, at the imps of gloominess, and have just now discovered, as they tell me, a cure for the gout, or at least I am determined to try it, for I cannot contemplate the loss of the use of my right hand, which must follow repeated attacks for a few winters to come. While, however, I can thus apply it I know not how to do it more agreeably than by assuring you

That I am,

Your very sincere friend,

THEO. JONES.

TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, Nov. 18, 1810.

MY DEAR DAVIES,

I wish to have a seal engraved, *because* I sometimes write to great men. The arms I know; but the motto must be my own:—

“ Me studia delectant domi ”

“ Cás ni charo y wlad a mago ”

“ Cás ni châr y wlad a mag.”

Utrumhorum ?

Give me your opinion.

I shall be at No. 11, Golden Square [London] for the next month, where I beg you will command the services of

Your sincere friend,

THEO. JONES.

Given under our hand and wafer, not having at present a seal, at Brecon, in the County of Brecon, 18th Nov. 1810, tho' meant for Gloucester, Thursday, 20th. T. J.

You know all my propensities, and therefore I leave it to you. I should like (if you prefer the Welsh) to puzzle the English with the appropriate rhyme and jargon: but I cannot make up my mind which of the two mottoes to prefer.

Point out any other mottoe, not such as your friendship may suggest, but which you in sincerity would recommend *me* to adopt—for I have already chopp'd and changed 50 times without satisfying myself at last.

TO THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES.

BRECON, April 6, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,

Vive l'eau Mediunorle! It has done its duty, and if it had failed I should have lain in bed in London until the present fine weather brought me out with other reptiles.

Our Bishop is a nondescript of the class just mentioned; nothing is aimed particularly against you, but inattention to letters is one of his common vagaries; however, you need not apply to him upon the business of the augmentation, as you'll observe the certificate of his Registrar will do, and, indeed, is that which is generally sent. I advise you to write the Sec't for £8, viz., for the two years due Lady Day last, and if they object to it we can send another. Booth will, I dare say, do this for you. I received from him this week your vol. of sermons. No other copy has as yet reached this place, tho' I advise a few to be sent here.

I think you had better write a most *humble address, petition, and remonstrance* to your Diocesan to remind him of the liability to attack to which you are now exposed; tho' you possess no mansion upon the one or habitable dwelling on the other benefice, and tho' you have not the *sine qua non* to provide a sufficiency of soil even for the *semper vivum tectorum*, if he does not attend to you, let me know and I'll prevail upon Charles Morgan to be flapper.

Your information as to the plague and trouble of purchasing for the county is correct; however, you'll do what you can, and so will

Your very sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE REV. MR. DAVIES.

BRECON, July 7, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A Shot for the Blues.

And if I do not scare them, then am I no gunner. You are, I see, at this moment comfortably in their power, and yet I believe they never had so little reason to triumph, for you never were in your life so much in the sunshine of episcopacy as you are at this moment, and I really have sanguine expectations that the next summons to Saint David's will be accompanied with the offer of another living in the diocese. To account for all this, which will appear a marvel to you while you are reading it, know then that upon the 25th of last month your Diocesan was at Brecon, and showed

me your long letter, as well as the Bishop of Gloucester's, upon which followed numerous interrogatories and explanations, and a conversation twice as long as both their letters. He did not seem to understand what you meant by expecting cold comfort or encouragement on your living, nor indeed did he seem to me to know whether you were to be sent to Painscastle or Bishopston; but when I told him what a set of Goths and knaves your parishioners were, how miserable the house was, and how exposed to the weather the situation (tho' this last argument, of course, did not weigh much with the founder of Llanddewi Brefi College) he evidently relented and promised me to write to you. He was, however, so taken up with the controversy with Sir John Nichol upon the case of Wickes for not burying a Dissenter that (knowing the man) I don't wonder he lost sight of the letter. In the course of the day he asked me for your book of sermons, with which I furnished him, and now again he lost sight of Wickes and appeared quite in raptures with your composition. "Why," says he, "if our society had offered £100 to support our institution it could not be more effectually or ably done than by this work of Mr. Davies's. I thought him, Mr. Jones, a mere antiquary or black letter man like yourself, but I find him an orthodox Divine and an admirable writer on theological subjects." You need not trouble yourself about sending a book to him, he has probably had it ere this, for he said he should send for it immediately, which I daresay he did, unless Wickes's case again drove away the sermons. I shall, however, have in the case of next week a parcel from Booth, in which I desired him to send a copy for Payne and half a dozen for sale here, if I can dispose of them. When they arrive it will afford me an opportunity of asking the Bishop whether he has had the book or whether I shall send it him; and at the same time reminding him that the long letter of the curate of Olveston remains unnoticed; which I'll take care shall be done in such a manner as shall not give offence. In the meantime set your heart at rest as to the estimation in which you now stand with him.

I am sorry on both your accounts to hear of your wife's general state of health. *Sed levius fit patientia*

*quicquid corrigere est nefas*, for medicine I fear has very seldom any salutary effects in correcting the evil when long and deeply rooted; persuasives, however, to resignation are unnecessary with you, who have had so many and such impressive lessons that if you have not already learnt to submit, at least without whining or kicking, it would be useless in me to either preach or pray, to lash or to pat you. Still, my good friend, let me remind you without flattering, and I trust without presumption, that in consequence of the hardship of your lot here you may entertain a well founded hope of a far more eternal and exceeding weight of glory hereafter.

Thus sincerely prayeth,  
Your friend,  
THEO. JONES.

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TO THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF "THE  
CAMBRIAN REGISTER."

BRECON, Jan. 10, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

I embrace the first moment the wheel will permit me to thank you for a few hours' agreeable amusement, received in the perusal of your *Register*. The book has much merit, and will, I think, *claim* and deserve the public attention; and as you desire my free thoughts upon it, you shall have them freely and candidly. It has its faults, and I will point out to you what appears to me to be such; not for the purpose of displaying my learning, or indulging an ill-natured, but too prevalent propensity to disparage the labours of others but merely to point out inaccuracies which may be corrected, and some trifling errors or instances of neglect, which, by a very little attention, may be avoided, either in a future edition or volume. You know I wish well to the work, and I am sure you will require no further apology.

You have published a very sensible letter of Mr. Lewis Morris's, about Geoffrey of Monmouth and his giants; and yet I am afraid, that under the title of *History*, you are publishing Geoffrey and not Tyssilio's history; or, at all events, you have



translated Caur, a giant, which is by no means the sole or exclusive meaning of the word. You remember in my MS. review, for my own amusement, of Mr. Williams's History of Monmouthshire, I observed that Choir Gaur (Stone Henge) does not probably mean chorea gigantum, but chorea regum, principum, sacerdotum, legislatorum, or probably of all those characters united. Caur had much the same meaning, or might, at least, be as equivocally applied, as a great man in English, a term which applies equally to size and abilities. How the deuce came Penteulu to be translated patron of the family; a term neither intelligible, nor warranted by the original? The office meant in the original was well known in all, or at least most, monarchical courts, and has existed ever since, though the duties of it may differ in different counties; and I think you anticipate what I can hardly call information, when I say that the master of the household is meant. Gostegur might as well have been translated by Crier as silentiary, as the former is much more easily understood.

As I have pointed out to you all the faults which now occur to me (and believe me I am not as trite to pick out more), let me notice the beauties. The observation upon the language, upon the origin of the Cymri, has much learning, much sound sense, great ingenuity, bordering now and then upon our favourite topic, etymology; (*Pail up and ease us!*) and will, if continued and conducted in the same manner, not disgrace any publication, in however high estimation among the learned, few of whom but condescend to pick up *instruction* as well as amusement from it. Sir Rhys ap Thomas's Life is a precious morceau. As a piece of modern biography, indeed, it would be considered astedious; but as a specimen of the style of the age in which it was written, containing many particulars which cannot be generally known, it is a valuable curiosity. Pray do not omit to continue the Mabinogion; you must endeavour to please all palates, and these have the double chance of amusing the antiquary and the novelist, or, at least, the romance-reader; there are indeed some Welshisms that I could wish were dropped, as "Of all the hounds *in the world* he had ever seen." Of all that he had

ever seen in *conversing* with her, she was most unembarrassed. Perhaps it is presumption in me to say I could better this style, but I cannot help saying I should have been glad to have seen it before it was published, to have suggested my opinion upon it, whatever attention had been paid to it. I am pleased to see a translation of Hywel's Laws, though there is one in Latin, but the book is so scarce that they are little known. Pray continue them, except those as to fornication or adultery, which I am certain neither Mr. Owen's nor your modesty will permit you to read, much less to clothe in an English dress. Your two first statists are men of sense, and valuable correspondents. The parson of Llanrhug has sent you, I really believe, a literal copy of his answer to the Bishop's queries at the last visitation:—"In my parish" is so extremely like that style, that, accustomed to it, as I have been, I could hardly help turning the leaf to see whether I had marked upon it the payment of his visitation fees. More of Lewis Morris's Letters,\* and more of everything that belongs to him, *pour l'amour du bon Dieu*. This part of your work is worth its weight in gold. I did not think Evan Prydydd Hir the poet he was. I knew him well, but I suppose the *Cwrw* had expelled the *Awen* before I became acquainted with him.

Your vignette is elegantly executed, and will not attract the eyes of a street-lounger as he passes by the shop. O'ch! to be sure—no it will not; and you had no idea of its attracting attention.

God bless you! and be as merry and happy as a warm room, a piece of roast beef, mince pies, or good port, an amiable wife, a prattling little one, and a good conscience, will give you leave. Make my compliments to that same rib of yours, and to Owen, when you see him, and believe me to be, dear Williams,

Yours, &c.,

THEOPHILUS JONES.

\* Lewis Morris's Letters are delightful. I hope there is no end to them. Gronwy Owen does not write as well as from his adversary I should have expected. The *History of Pembrokeshire* has much curious and genuine information, but upon the whole hangs heavy. *I trust in God* the tale from "Mabmogion" can be completed; if it cannot, you have only tantalized us.

TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES ("GWALLTER  
MECHAIN") MEIVOD, MONT.

BRECON, Dec. 23, 1799.

DEAR SIR,

You see how important and familiar I am, but it is a professional fault, and tho' perhaps you would not recognise either my hand or my features if I introduced myself to you, I have taken it into my head from reading Lavater and the Cambrian Register that I should instantly know the Rev. Mr. Walter Davies, I believe he is good humour'd as well as learned, and as a proof that I so think of him, I have taken the liberty of informing him that I am at present forming a *Great Evil* and furnishing the world with a proof of my Folly in Folio. Perhaps one of the shelves at Meivod or Yspythy Ifan may hereafter groan under its weight. Now to the purport of this letter, and I proceed without further ceremony to ask (which I am sure with you will have the authority and weight of a command) whether you can give me any assistance or hint how I may obtain any information as to the History of this County. It is necessary I should tell you I have Tanner's *Notitia Monastica*, and that I have, or at least am in a train of procuring all the materials there stated. I have also *officially* some particulars which cannot be elsewhere procured. Do you know where I can get any others? What are become of the Celtic Remains? I think our friend Williams, the bookseller, of the Strand, told me you were about them. That rogue has used me very ill in *our* last volume; he has made me talk nonsensically and ungrammatically *et omne quod exit* in allay, and his excuse after two years' delay was—he had no time!!! You of course know Owen. These dogs the booksellers will kill him. I know it, and hereby testify it will be murder—it is done with malice prepense—poor fellow! It is really hard so able a man should be obliged to fag and starve, for he does little better, but *virtus laudatur et alget*—as it was in the days of Horace, is now and ever shall be. Do favour me with a few lines (if you can be of any service to me, or even if you cannot) in answer to this incoherent epistle. I am much afraid those Appenines, which at this moment might certainly be

H

written Penwin (for the plural would spoil the pun) will prevent our meeting, but if you should surmount and cross them no person will be happier to see you than

Sir,

Yours sincerely,

THEO. JONES.

You'll be good enough to direct to Mr. Jones, Registrar, Brecknock.

Dugdale's M. I have.

I wish Owen had condescended to write his dictionary in the character now used, for tho' he had authority for his letters we have so long accustomed ourselves to a different mode of reading that I am now and then tempted to exclaim as the Frenchman did upon purchasing Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. Begar, I find if I buy Monsr. Owen's Welsh Dictionary I must buy another Dictionaire to explain de lettre of Monsr. Owen. I mentioned this to him before he began; I likewise pointed out to him the impropriety of attempting his quotations in English rhyme. The latter hint he attended, but his v's and his s's, &c., &c., he would not part with. They have hurt the sale of his book here very much.

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TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

MY DEAR SIR,

BRECON, *June 27, 1802.*

Great facts, like great wits, have, I presume, a plentiful stock of absence (to use an Irish phrase). In your descent from our Snowdon the farmer tells me you borrowed a great coat, which you have either mislaid or wrapped up in your own by mistake. If the former be the case, pray tell me where I am to enquire for it, as I hear tis not at the Lion. If you have it, I'll thank you to send it by the coach directed to my house.

Remember (if I have not the pleasure of seeing you again) that you were good enough to promise me the outlines of your labours in Breconshire, and the

obligation shall be always acknowledged in private if you don't wish I should do it publicly by

Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

How can I get at your last Prize Poem? I'll thank you for the printer's name.

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TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

BRECKNOCK, *Nov.* 23, 1806.

DEAR SIR,

When I had last the pleasure of seeing you in Brecknockshire, you gave me hopes of a communication upon the subject of the mineralogy of the county. I have written to you twice by private hands, but not hearing from you I fear they have met with the fate of many letters thus attempted to be conveyed, and under this impression I take the liberty of making one effort more to obtain your assistance before I finish my 2nd vol. of the History of this County, which I hope shortly to send among the devils.

An answer to the following queries will much oblige, but even an answer saying I will not, or I cannot, or I have no leisure, or anything of that nature will be preferred to no answer; for I shall then know what to expect. Mrs. Jones tells me that you have been in Breconshire without calling upon

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

What is the position of the strata in the Vale of Usk in Breconshire?

What in the Vale of Wye?

How do they dip and rise, and are there any remarkable instances of their being thrown out of their courses?

How many different strata do they consist of and their depth ?

What are the component particles of each ?

What are the stones pick'd up on the surface at different places, and be pleased to name the places where stones of peculiar or uncommon substances are found ?

Did you observe the crumbling argillaceous stone in the Vale of Irvon and Hundred of Builth ? What is that called ?

Any other observations in your mineralogical Tour ?

What are the strata of the Beacons ?

If you have any rough draft of your report to the board that is legible and will lend it, send it per post. I don't care for the expence. I only want to pick out a few articles of information, and it shall or shall not be known they came from you—as you please.

---

TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

DEAR SIR,

How are you, and what are you now about ?

I purpose giving an heraldic and genealogic map of Wales in the style and by the way of enlargement of Yorke of Ecdig. Can you, or rather will you assist me with the Arms of the families in N.W. or any of them, their origin, or that of their mottoes ?

Do you publish in N.W. ? I see nothing from thence ; but, alas ! there is a great gulph between thee and me.

Owen Jones' 3rd vol. of the Archa. is a paltry compilation. I expected Owen would have given us the remainder of the Mabinogion and other extracts from the Llyfr Coch and Llyfr Du at Oxford : much of them should be published.

Pray have you seen my friend Davies's Mythology of the Druids (London, 8vo., Booth, 1803) ? If you

have not, I *beseech* you to read it. Bishop Watson in a note to our judge says: "It will be an eternal monument of his learning, his ingenuity and his labours." I can hardly hold my pen, while I assure you that I am

Yours very sincerely,  
THEO. JONES.

Gout! villainous gout,  
Hath been the spoil o' me.

What do you understand by the Eagle of Pengwern and Eli, the Churches of Bassa and the Kini of Edeirnon in Llywrc'h hen's Elegy to Cynddylan? Pray give me your opinion *per post* letter at your leisure.

I don't approve of my countryman Williams of Ystradteilaw's translation of Cên i Ddewi. See how beautifully, almost literally, the four first lines may be rendered into English verse:—

\*Almighty Pow'r in midnight's shade,  
May balmy sleep my frame pervade,  
And e'en the morning dawn appear  
The Poet's fire my spirit cheer.

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TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

BRECON, Oct. 16, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

May the hour in which you lost your MSS. in my study be the most unfortunate of your life.

If I publish my translation of Budd Cwrc, I should wish to say something about Ellis Wynne; if, therefore, you know or can procure any anecdotes relative to him, pray communicate them when you send the pedigrees and the copy of your poem, which perhaps may be conveyed by the Receiver, who will not be here until next month. At present you are, I presume, in your Perihelion, as I believe Crickhowel was your Aphelion. When your return into our more southern

\* Not creative pow'r.

skies will be I have not yet been able to calculate, but instead of dreading it, as we have been taught to do those other luminous but inexplicable appearances, depend upon it your approach will always be greeted with pleasure by

Your sincere friend,  
THEO. JONES.

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The following undated letter, belonging to the Rev. M. Powell Williams, Rector of Llansantffread, shows that Mr. Jones's conscientious anxiety for the welfare of his friends and clients was not limited to that of his old schoolfellow, the Rev. Edward Davies :—

TO MR. WALTER PRICE, GLYNLECH, IN  
YSTRADGUNLAIS.

DEAR SIR,

As I find Mr. Bishop in my absence drew Mr. Jones, of Blarngwrthyd's Will (which I am happy to hear is in favour of you and yours), I could not when I heard of it (which was not till this evening) but be uneasy at my not seeing it, and as no person has your interest more at heart than myself, I was much more so when I found that the real estate was devised with remainders over, which I am afraid Mr. Bishop, or indeed any other Clerk is hardly capable of doing with propriety; if therefore you can either send me a copy of it, or if you think I can with propriety wait upon you at Blarngwrthyd, or if you can bring the Will to Brecon, it will make my mind easy, as I should be exceedingly hurt, if hereafter any dispute should arise from the ignorance or inadvertence of any person connected with me, where you are concerned. However, if you are satisfied that the present Will needs no revisal, or if (for this may be the case) you may think that it may be hazardous or improper to make any bustle or stir in the business by bringing up the business afresh, let me hear from you and I shall acquiese.

I am, Dear Sir,  
Your obliged humble servant,  
THEO. JONES.

Wednesday, past 11 at night.



TO NICHOLAS CARLISLE, Esq., SECRETARY TO  
THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

BRECON, Oct. 28, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I send you a sketch and a letter which I lately received from a young but intelligent and zealous antiquary; you will be pleased to communicate them to the Society, if you think them worthy of their attention.

The great camp and *station* at Cwm, in the parish of Llanfihangel-Helygen, is the same that is mentioned by Mr. Strange, in a paper read to the Society in May and June, 1774, and I believe published in the *Archæologia*. He is inclined to fix the *Magnis* of Antoninus (he says) at Cwm; but I must take leave to differ from him here: later antiquaries have, I think, correctly placed *Magna* or *Magnis* at Kenchester, in Herefordshire. Certain I am that this station (for such it appears to have been) lies very much out of the road from Gobannium, or Abergavenny, to Uriconium, or Wroxeter. It is forty-four miles from the first-mentioned place; and a traveller from the first station to the latter by Cwm, would describe nearly the same angle as one starting from Guildford, in Surrey, through Reading to London.

Cwm was, I apprehend, the next station on the south-west to *Caer-sws* in Montgomeryshire, and situated on the *Via Helena*, or more correctly, in my opinion, *Via Leona*, the Chester road; that city being called *Caer-Lleon-Gawr*. At Cwm, this road bifurcated; one branch proceeding through the Hundred of Builth, near Llandovery, and along the north side of the Towy to *Muridumum*, or Carmarthen; the other branch led to the station at Gaer, near Brecon; soon after which it again formed two lines, one proceeding to *Nidum*, or Neath, and the other directing its course more westwardly to *Trecastle*, *Talysarn*, and along the south side of Towy, until it united again with the road just above mentioned at *Muridumum*.

I fear we seek in vain for either the Roman or most ancient British name of the station at Cwm:

for Castell Coll-llwyn, the castle of the brake, only describes its dilapidated state, when even its ruins were over-run with underwood. It is remarkable, that though this castle (as the Welsh call it) is situated in the Hundred of Melenydd, its name should be similar, and indeed the same, though differently pronounced, as a hundred lower down the Wye, called Coll-wyn, correctly Coll-llwyn, for the same reason as the site of the fortress is now so denominated; because that district was also anciently overgrown with underwood.

If I should hereafter discover anything further as to the name of this place, which may amount to somewhat more than conjecture, if I may hope to meet with their approbation, it shall be communicated to the Society, by

Dear Sir,  
 Their and your obedient humble servant,  
 THEO. JONES.

[The sketch referred to is by Thomas Price, clerk, curate of Llanyre, "Carnhuanawc."—*Editor.*]







## HOWEL HARRIS.

Howel Harris was born at Trevecka, in the parish of Talgarth, in the county of Brecknock, on the 23rd of January, 1714; his parents were of Caermarthenshire extraction, in low circumstances; they, however, contrived to give him a classical education, and he was kept at school until he was 18 years of age, at which time his father dying, he was obliged to employ himself in instructing a few boys in the neighbourhood in reading and writing, in which situation he supported himself for some time, intending at a proper age to take holy orders.

In November, 1735, he went to Oxford, and entered at St. Mary's Hall, under the tuition of a Mr. Hart, but here he did not remain long, as we find him in the following year keeping a school at Trevecka, which he afterwards removed to the parish church; he now seems to have given up every idea of the Established Church, and to have adopted the opinion of a sect since called Methodists, and which were then in their infancy.

About this time a man went about the country instructing young persons to sing psalms; on these occasions he first appeared as a preacher, in which he met with no opposition, but being sent for by a gentleman in Radnorshire, who had heard of his rising fame, to preach before a large congregation, either his doctrines or his conduct gave offence to some of the clergy or magistrates of the county, and he was turned out of his school. This, however, did not discourage him, and he continued from thenceforward to preach publicly, sometimes twice or thrice a day, being supported by several who became converts to his opinion.

In 1739, while Mr. Harris was in exercise of what he no doubt conceived to be his duty, and holding

forth to a congregation in Merionethshire, he was charged by some magistrates with a breach of the Conventicle Act (a law made in the reign of Charles II. for the suppression of *seditions assemblies*). Mr. Harris observed upon this occasion with great propriety, that he was not within the purview of this Statute, that he was a Conformist, and that neither he nor his hearers entertained any seditious intentions; upon which, and upon consulting some lawyers, the prosecution was dropped; but notwithstanding this he met with considerable opposition in some places; et Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, a pistol was fired at him; at Pontypool, in Monmouthshire, his congregation was dispersed by a magistrate, who read the Riot Act to them, and Mr. Harris was bound over to appear at the Assizes, where, however, upon further consideration, it was not thought expedient to pursue the business. He also met with very rough treatment in several other places, and once or twice narrowly escaped with his life from the fury of a bigotted and ungovernable populace.

In the month of March, 1739, he first became personally acquainted with Mr. Whitfield, though he had previously received a letter from him, approving of his conduct, and encouraging him to proceed in his itinerant exhortations. Mr. Whitfield in his Journal describes the pleasure he received in the interview with his *brother* Howel Harris, at Caerdiff; he says that "he generally discoursed in a field, from a wall, or table, but at other times in a house, or anything else; and that he had established near thirty societies in Wales." The friendship formed between these two extraordinary characters, from the unanimity of their sentiments upon religious subjects, and particularly as to free grace and election, in which they differed in some points from the followers of Mr. Wesley, continued during their lives.

In 1744 he married Anne, daughter of John Williams, of Skreen, in the county of Radnor, Esq., by whom he left issue only one daughter, Elizabeth, who married Charles Prichard, of Brecon, Esq., by whom she has several children.

After preaching in different parts of Wales and England for upwards of seventeen years, a wish probably to enjoy a home occasionally, and domestic felicity, induced him to lay the foundation of the present building of Trevecka, which was begun in April, 1752. At this time the funds were very inadequate to the undertaking, but the subscriptions of many who wished well to the undertaking, and of some who being fond of Mr. Harris's manner and style of preaching, desired to reside in what was afterwards called the *Family* of Trevecka, enabled him to complete the work. Here he established a small manufactory in wool, and in 1754 there were settled under the same roof with him 100 persons, the profits of whose labours were applied towards a general fund for their support. The community, or family, still continues, but since his death the numbers have considerably decreased.

Soon after the breaking out of the war with France, in the reign of George II. the Breconshire Agricultural Society offered to form themselves into a troop of horse to serve in any part of Great Britain, without pay; on this occasion Mr. Harris engaged to furnish ten men and horses, with their accoutrements, to attend them at his own expence; for some reasons, which do not now appear, Government did not think it expedient to accept their services, but on his recommendation five young men, who were settled at Trevecka, entered into the 58th Regiment of Foot, and fought for their King and country at the Sieges of Louisbourg, Quebec, and the Havannah.

In the year 1759 the loyalty of Mr. Harris becoming generally known and approved of, he was solicited to accept of an Ensign's commission in the Breconshire Militia; this, after some consideration, he agreed to do, and having taken with him from Trevecka twenty-four men, twelve of them at his own expence, as to clothing and arms, he joined the regiment in 1760, and some time afterwards he was advanced to the rank of Captain in that Corps. The first year of their services they were ordered to Yarmouth, whither Mr. Harris accompanied them, sometimes joining his men on their march, in singing hymns and psalms; and at other times, and in most towns through

which they passed, preaching to them in his regimentals, a sight at that time perfectly novel, and not very common at this day.

In 1762 he returned from Plymouth, upon the conclusion of the war, to Trevecka, after having served three years in the Militia. In 1767, Selina, the late Countess Dowager of Huntingdon, came to reside at Trevecka, where she established what was called a college, for the education of young men of this persuasion who were intended for preaching, to which several resorted during her life time, but it is now nearly, if not totally, deserted.

In the year 1770 he lost his wife, and in the year 1773, upon the 21st of July, an attack of the stone and gravel, to which he had been then lately subject, put a period to his existence. He was buried at Talgarth, and over his grave in the church there is a long epitaph, on the merits of which readers will probably differ.

His character, like most of those who have made warm friends and bitter enemies, has been variously represented, with one set he was an angel, with another a knave. Charity, though it may not inspire us with the raptures of his admirers, will induce us to hesitate before we admit either his hypocrisy or roguery; to his only daughter he was hardly just, and by his will it appears that he was extremely anxious that the whole of his property should go in the first place in the discharge of his debts, and the remainder to those whom he conceived himself obliged for assistance, in money or otherwise. He was a strong robust man, though not tall, his voice was loud, and by some thought sonorous. He was, when preaching, always completely cloathed in sulphur, fire, and brimstone, which he dealt out liberally and with no inconsiderable effect. The terrors of hell, which he painted with almost a poet's fire, contributed, no doubt, frequently to frighten men from their vices; but it is submitted (without the least idea of blaming those who may differ with the writer in opinion), though it would be much more conducive to the cause of Christianity, and consequently to the advance of virtue and true religion,



to address the reason, rather than the passions of mankind. The old gentleman with his horns and hoofs sometimes terrifies, but like the scare-crow in the garden, the intended effect is lost by his frequent introduction and atheism sometimes follows; whereas if a man can be convinced that it is his *interest* in this, as well as in a future world, to lead a virtuous life, he will feel benefits more immediately, and yet they will certainly be more enduring.

T. J.

[This Biography appeared in the second vol. of *The Cambrian Register*, and was written by Theophilus Jones.—*Editor*].



## REMARKS ON WELSH TOURS.

The Article opens with a reference to the alleged practise of Courtship in Bed by the Welsh, and Theo. Jones most emphatically declares that there was no such custom in general. He then proceeds :—

I am happy in confirming the account of strewing flowers upon the grave, a practice frequently observed in some of the country churchyards, and has truly the becoming appearance of veneration for the dead at the same time that it produces a sentiment of pleasing melancholy in the living. Yet, in this, our pleasant traveller cannot help bellishing and adorning his tale when he informs us that the woman with whom he was in conversation, told him “ that if a nettle or a weed was to be seen to-morrow (meaning on a Sunday) in the churchyard—the living party to whom *it* (the grave I presume, on which it grew) *would be hooted after divine service by the whole congregation !* ” Sad jade, to impose thus upon a stranger. “ Hooting ! ”—hoot awa, mon, it’s nae sic a thing !

The Welsh weddings are pritty much as described by this author : noisy, riotous, and dedicated by the guests drinking and singing. He might have added that they are frequently preceded, on the evening before marriage, by presents of provisions, and articles of household furniture, to the bride and bridegroom ; on the wedding day as many as can be collected together, accompany them to the church and from thence home, where a collection is made in money from each of the guests, according to their inclination or ability, which sometimes supplies a considerable aid in establishing the newly-married couple, and in enabling them to “ begin the world,” as they call it, with more comfort ; but it is at the same time considered as a debt to be paid hereafter, if called upon, at any future wedding of the contributors,

or their friends, or their children, in similar circumstances. Some time previous to these weddings, where they mean to receive contributions, a herald with a crook or wand, adorned with ribbons, makes the circuit of the neighbourhood, and makes his "bidding" or invitation, in a prescribed form. The knight errant cavalcade on horseback—the carrying off of the bride—the rescue—the wordy war in rhythm between the parties, &c., which formerly formed a singular spectacle of mock contest at the celebration of the nuptials, I believe to be now almost, if not altogether, laid aside everywhere throughout the principality.

It cannot be denied that the Welsh have much superstition amongst them, though it is wearing off very fast. But the instance adduced here, that of their predicting a storm by the roaring of the sea, is a curious kind of proof of their superstition. Their predictions, if they may be so called, are commonly justified by the event; and may, I apprehend, be accounted for from causes as natural as the forebodings of shepherds; for they have rules and data as well known to themselves, and, perhaps as liable to error, as any of those established by the more enlightened philosophers of the present day. That, among the lower class of people, there is a general belief in the existence of apparitions is unquestionable: but as to the lighted candle, springing up upon the errand of love, I believe that no person in Wales has ever heard of it. The traveller has probably confounded it with a very commonly received opinion, that *within the diocese of St. David's*, a short space before death, a light is seen proceeding from the house, and sometimes, as has been asserted, from the very bed where the sick person lies; and pursues its way to the church, where he or she is to be interred, precisely in the same track in which the funeral is afterwards to follow. This light is called *canwyll corph*, or the corpse-candle.

The extravagant ravings of Methodism, which the author very truly and properly represents as exceeding everything which can be seen or heard in any civilized country, are certainly a reproach to the

good sense and understanding of the inhabitants. Between 30 and 40 years ago a branch of the sect of Mr. Whitfield's persuasion began to exhibit certain enthusiastic extravagancies from which they are sometimes denominated *Jumpers*. Persuading themselves that they are involuntarily actuated by a divine impulse, they become intoxicated with this imagined inspiration, and utter their rapture and their triumph with such wildness and incoherence — with such gesticulation and vociferation—as set all reason and decorum at defiance. This presumption, seizing chiefly the young and sanguine, and, as it seems, like hysteric affections, partly spreading through the crowd by sympathy; its operation and effects extremely varying according to the different degrees of constitutional temperament, mock all description. Among their preachers, who are also very various in their character (illiterate and conceited, or well meaning and sensible, or, too frequently, I fear, crafty and hypocritical), some are more distinguished by their success in exciting those *stravaganzas*. . . . The Gleaner next . . . . tells us that in Wales the belief in Fairies is general. That there are silly weak people in all countries every man who has travelled must be convinced; and that there may be many of the lowest kind of people in Wales, as well as in England, who believe in ghosts, goblins, and fairies, I know full well: but that there is a greater proportion of the credulous in the former than in the latter [Glamorganshire and Pontypool] though I have seen a great deal of the manners of all ranks in both, I have found no reason to affirm. . . . .

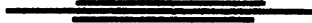
I wish we could admit, as a fact, that there is a harper in every village, and a bard to every mountain in Wales. The truth is some of the villages of North Wales have their harpers; in South Wales there are few. As to the bards, alas! they may be said to be no more. The *Awen*—the Welsh *vis poetica*, seems nearly extinguished; and though some few scintillations may still sparkle in two or three of the bards of North Wales, I am much afraid that like the faint and transient blaze of a nearly wasted candle, they only forbode its approaching extinction. . . . .

## PRICES IN BRECON, 1796.

s. d.		s. d.	
Salmon, per lb. . . . .	0 6	Bacon, per lb. . . . .	1 0
Turbot, per lb. . . . .	1 0	Beef, per lb. . . . .	0 6
Cod, per lb. . . . .	0 6	Mutton, per lb. . . . .	0 6
Eggs, 3 a penny		Pork, per lb. . . . .	0 6
Couple of fat ducks . . . . .	2 6	Veal, per lb. . . . .	0 6
Chicken, per couple . . . . .	1 0	Coals, per bushel . . . . .	0 6
Goose . . . . .	2 0	Wheat, per bushel . . . . .	7 0

Rents in retired places for a tolerable house and a few acres of land are given as £25 per annum. In populous counties, a gent's house with a dozen acres of land, £40 or £50 was the rent.

[This criticism by Theophilus Jones was written for and published in *The Cambrian Register*, vol. 2; it was signed "Cymro."—*Editor*.



## SALE OF THEO. JONES'S BOOKS.

There were 430 lots at the sale and 1,220 volumes. The title page of the Catalogue read as follows:—  
“Catalogue of the Valuable Library, Prints, Microscopes, Globes, Library Table, Book Cases, and other effects of the late Theophilus Jones, Esq. (deceased) to be sold by auction by Mr. Wise, of Bath, on the premises at Brecon, Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, and two following days [1812]. Sale to commence each morning at eleven. Price one shilling. George North, Printer, Brecon.” Size of catalogue, large post 8vo., 23 pages.

The whole of the Catalogue is not here given, but included in the sale were:—

1 Fenton's "Pembrokeshire."

1 Meyrick's "Cardiganshire."

6 Jones's "Brecknockshire."

1 Williams's "Monmouthshire."

Maps of Breconshire and seven prints.

14 small Ditto Ditto

1 Duncombe's "Herefordshire."

"A very curious Black Letter Bible before the division into verses, and undoubtedly one of the earliest copies printed." (Lot 225).

A Black Letter Edition of Fox's "Martyrology."

Sir Richard Hoare's "Wiltshire," the 1st and 2nd Parts, folio (2 vols.)

Fenton's "Pembrokeshire," fine paper elegant.

Plot's "History of Staffordshire" (very scarce).

Plot's "History of Oxfordshire."

Worsley's "Isle of Wight."

Millar's "History of Doncaster."

Whitaker's "Manchester" (very rare).

Reynold's on God's Revenge against murder and adultery (the scarce edition, 1640, plates, folio).

Deering's "Nottinghamshire," 1751 (scarce).

Enfield's "History of Liverpool."

Price's "Leominster, Ludlow," &c., 1795.

North's "Dial of Princes," 1557, very rare, black letter, and an extra fine copy.

- Smith's "History of Cork, Kerry, and Waterford" (very rare).  
 Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book, curious wood cuts, black letter, 1608 (rare).  
 Wit's "Common Wealth" (very scarce).  
 The Life of Sir Francis Drake (scarce).  
 Life of Sir Philip Sydney (very rare).  
 Hogarth's Works.  
 The Valuable Copper Plates belonging to Jones's History of Brecknockshire, about 24 copies of the work complete, and a quantity of the Second Vol. in quires.  
 Edmonson's Baronagium Genealogicum or Pedigrees of English Peers, the plates coloured, according to the Blazonry of the Arms, and enriched with additional MS., folio, calf gilt, 6 vols.

## LOT

- 290 Cambrian Biography, Owen's, and History of the Gwedis Family 2 vols.  
 291 Itinerarii Cambriæ, the original edition of Giraldus, 1585, and Ware's Antiquitatis Hibernia, 1654, (both scarce) 2 vols.  
 292 Dafydd ap Gwilym and Edwards's Welsh Songs 2 vols.  
 293 Fitzroy's Antiquities of the Gauls and Milton's History of Britain (both scarce) 2 vols.  
 294 Heylin's Help to History, British Antiquities, Tracts, &c., 4 vols.  
 295 Warner's Albion's England, 1602 (scarce) 1 vol.  
 296 Stowe's Survey of London, 1618 (scarce)  
 297 Camden's Remains and Ridley's Civil and Ecclesiastical Law 2 vols.  
 298 Carolau Duwiol, Worthies of Wales, &c. 2 vols.  
 299 Welch Common Prayer Book, Grammar, &c 5 vols.  
 300 Powell's History of Wales (scarce) 1 vol.  
 301 Mercurius Rusticus, 1685 (scarce) and Howell's Familiar Letters 2 vols.  
 302 Whitaker's History of the Antient Britons and Two Welsh Tours 3 vols.  
 303 Linden's Treatise on the Waters of Llan-drindod and History of Wales 2 vols.  
 304 Welsh Bible, Richards's Welsh Dictionary, &c. 4 vols.

LOT		
305	Barter's Glossarum Antiquitatum and Jeffrey of Monmouth's History of Britain	2 vols.
306	Pritchard's Welsh Poems, Vicar of Llandovery, and Williams's ditto	2 vols.
307	Evans's History of Britannic and Welsh History of the World	2 vols.
308	Three Vols. of Selections of Welsh Poetry	
309	Miscellaneous Welsh Books	12 vols.
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321	Cambrian Register	2 vols.
322	Quantity of Welsh Tracts, Pamphlets, &c.	
323	History of the Gwedir Family, the original MS.	1 vol.
324	Glamorganshire Pedigrees in MS.	1 vol.
325	Quantity of MS relating to the History and Pedigrees of Brecknockshire.	
326	Well Springe of Welch Nobilitée. By G. Owen, Harrie and others, curious MS. of Welsh Pedigrees.	
327	Miscellaneous Welsh MSS.	
328	Powell's Historie of Wales, the old Black Letter Edition of 1584 (very rare)	1 vol.
329	T. Richard's Welsh Dictionary and Grammar	1 vol.
330	Davis's Welsh Dictionary, folio	1 vol.
331	J. David Rhees's Welch Grammar, folio	1 vol.
332	Jones's Collection of Welch Poetry	1 vol.
333	Walters's English and Welsh Dictionary, Russia, quarto, 1794	1 vol.
334	Ditto in numbers, the edition of 1788	1 vol.



LOT		
335	Matth. Paris Historia, 1571, folio	1 vol.
336	Matth. Westr. Flores, Historiarum, 1750	8 vols.
337	Pryme's Histrio Matrix Welsh Hd., 1633, 4to	1 vol.
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## EXTRACTS FROM RICHARD FENTON'S DIARY.

The distinguished Author of *A Tour Through Pembrokeshire*, first published in 1811, and recently re-printed under my supervision, left in MS. some account, in the form of a diary, of a tour through parts of Wales which he made in company with his friend and patron, Sir Richard Colt Hoare. Those MS. notes are now in the Cardiff Library, and I have copied therefrom Fenton's references to his visit to Breconshire and some portions of Radnorshire. They are here given because of the frequent mention made of Theophilus Jones and his friend Archdeacon Payne and others. It should be stated that Fenton had an idea of writing a History of Wales, and his tour appears to have been taken with that object in view.

THE EDITOR.

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MAY 19, 1804.—A fine day. We set off from Builth for the station on the Ithon, and went by Court Llechryd, a farm situated within a large square entrenchment, but on examination, and in the opinion of Sir Richard Hoare, very conversant with such matters, with the corners not sufficiently rounded to pronounce it Roman; yet it puzzles me to determine what it could have been. Probably the Britons finding that the Romans had occupied the spot, and that it was a convenient place for guarding the Ford below it over the Wye, did away with the greater part of the Roman traces. However, it is clear that it had been a place of some consequence, either as the occasional residence of one of the Princes of South Wales or usurping chieftains of the Normans. Powell's *Chronicles* mentions a battle fought there between Rhys ap Tewdwr and Madoc Cadwgan and Ro'syd, sons of Blethyn ap Cynfin, when Madoc and Ro'syd were slain; and there is a field on the farm to this day called Maes Madoc. The farmer at the house told me that a very large human skull had been dug up there,

and some silver small coins, but of what age he could not say. The farm is now the Court House of a large lordship belonging to the daughters of the late Thomas Jones, Esq., of Pencerrig, lately married the same day, the eldest to one Thomas, of Glamorganshire, the youngest to one Capt. Dale. It is finely wooded with venerable and round oak. After riding about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles on the Rhayader road, we turned off over a large common, hoping we might discover some traces of the Roman Road which we had pursued over the hills above Glanbrain, and which, from its bearing, must have crossed the Wy somewhere by the west of Builth, and probably at Llechryd, but by the track of the old Roman Road we fell in with on the western side of Llandrindod Common, it must, after crossing the Wy, struck off rather to the eastward of the place we turned up to out of the Rhayader road. On that common we followed it for about a mile, pointing exactly to the station in question, and within half a mile of it. There can be no doubt of the other road from the Gaer, in Brecknockshire, portions of which are discernable near and on the present road from Builth to Llandrindod, in several places uniting with it before it crossed the Ithon to the station, though we could not discover this union. We crossed the river by a wooden bridge and came to Cwm, the seat, or rather the wretched farm house of a Mr. Williams, a man of large fortune, and a Radnorshire magistrate (a pretty specimen). We rode up to the house, and this rough unbottomed squire appeared, and having asked his permission, we rode on to see the station, which lay a few hundred yards beyond his house. Saw several pieces of brick and the foundations of several stone buildings, the whole circuit without the camp having been built on. Sir R. Hoare, in a ploughed field adjoining, picked up two pots of very fine pottery, with enough of the antient glazing on it to distinguish it.

The Camp, Mr. Williams told us, was called Caer Collen, *i.e.*, the Hazel Camp, as he supposes from the number of hazels growing over the sides of it, but why, more properly, may it not be a corruption of Caer Cae Cên, the Camp of the field of Legion? On our return, rode up to see the wells of Llandrindod, a

miserable place, and by so doing overshot that part of the present road on the common where traces of the Roman appear, having kept too much to the east. Saw a circular camp near Howey, a dingle we crossed, falling into the road in time to distinguish the traces we were in quest of. To the west of which and close to it a very fine tumulus. Riding on towards Pencerrig, found several bits of the road too strong for anything but Roman . . . . .

We dined at Builth, and after dinner walked to the church, an ordinary plain building with a tower at the west and dignified by a town clock; standing in a very large cemetery where, though the town is populous and the parish considerable, few graves are seen, and those that are, all on the south side. In the chancel, on the south side, is the effigy of a warrior of great size, as represented, particularly his head; it is in armour, legs mutilated, of a purplish stone of the country. The inscription belonging to it is one brass plate affixed to a piece of old oak, and shown by the clerk. From thence continued our walk over the bridge on the Irvon, and through pleasant fields and woods to Builth Wells, with an octagon building. There are three pumps not above four feet asunder, the water of each differing from the other. One, a strong sulphurous and saline mixed, another of a weaker sort, and the third only sulphurous. A little way off to the northward another spring and place to bathe in, the water of which was of the sulphurous and saline mixed, but infinitely more brilliant and lively than the other waters. The wells are very inconvenient for invalids, who generally lodge at Builth, at least a mile and a quarter off, there being no accommodation nearer, except some very ordinary ones, at a farm house near. Returned to tea and closed a pleasant day.

MAY 20.—Stopped at Builth. Wrote after breakfast for an hour, then walked to see Builth Castle, or rather the place where the Castle stood, which consists of a very large tommyena in the centre, surrounded with a very deep ditch circular, and that by an outer one, a very small portion of wall here and there appearing. It occupied a considerable space, and of its size very strong. Two or three beautiful and very

picturesque ash trees are growing in the sides of the entrenchments. After dinner strolled as far as the Irvon, and turned to the left at the bridge, where I met Price, of Builth, with his wife and another lady admiring the river in that place rushing rapidly over a bed of slaty rock, the sides of which contain very curious pieces of lean ironstone, almost globular, bedded in the slate. A little above the place was formerly an old bridge which must certainly be the same mentioned in Powell's Chronicles as Pont Orewyn, for Pont ar Irvon, at which pass there was an obstinate encounter between Mortimer and Llewellyn, who was encamped on that singular Peninsular formed by the Irvon called Caerbiris, there being a very antient castelet at the extreme point. Walked on the old turnpike, which forms one of the finest terraces that can be conceived, boldly placed above the river, taking the most romantic bends below, with its banks finely wooded, with all the near and distant scenery producing the most striking effect, but particularly the range of the Ellenith mountains deliciously tinged by the setting sun.

MAY 21.—Left Builth after a shower, which gave freshness to the air and made the roads pleasant. About a mile beyond Llanelwydd Church, descending into a little valley, one of the most beautiful landscapes imaginable presented itself, Sir Richard Hoare observing that he never saw more charming circumstances united. Turning to the left we forsook the Wy and our road became rather uninteresting. At a place called Penybont at the upper end of a small dingle, observed one of the usual round tummens or castelets entrenched, and near it in a field a tumulus and another without on a common. It seems there are some very strong mineral waters at a place called Blân Edw. Our road to Glâscwm then took a turn to the left, leaving Creggrina to the right, marked by a yew tree or two. It seemed nothing but a plain roof, no cross aisle, steeple, or aperture without for a bell. After passing a bridge, we opened the little narrow but beautiful valley of Glâscwm, terminated by the church and village. The church, like the last, but larger, had a porch, and on the south side the remains of windows

that in former days showed handsome stone work, but was stopped up and repaired in various ways. *Vide* Giraldus to account for taking this very out of the way route. Ascending a very steep hill we rode some miles in rain over the summit of the mountain between Gláscwm and the Wy, on several parts of which my eye caught the larger kind of "love and idea," a flower I never saw wild before. The hills passed, we caught a fine view of the rich vale of the Wy, and our place of destination, The Hay, and the lovely country around, backed by Talgarth mountains. Within a mile and half of Hay bridge near a farm house, one of the frequent castelets, and at last got to the Hay through most horrid roads, but a beautiful country, thank God without any accidents, and with only my feet a little damped.

After dinner, walked about the town of Hay. Sir R. Colt Hoare stopped and made a drawing of the only bit of the old Castle now existing, which is a very fine gateway, with the place for the portcullis, and the old oak door from its appearance, thickness, size, and rust of its hinges, and all over studded with bolts which might be coeval with the building; part of the outer wall, finely clad with ivy to the east and a square tower to the west, which, though old, appears less so than the gateway it joins. A large mansion, about the age of Queen Elizabeth, or rather later, belonging to the Wellingtons, who own the site of the Castle, adjoins the old part. The windows are more modern than the other part. Walked to the east of the town for a quarter of a mile without the walls, which there show pretty entire, and once enclosed a very large space. The gateways were taken down in the memories of several now living. The Church, prettily situated, has been loftier in roof and steeple. Nothing worth notice in the Church and nothing without, but a stone with an effigy on it so very much mutilated and worn that even the sex of the figure it represented cannot be correctly ascertained. The common people call her Maud Walby, and say she was a witch.

MAY 22.—Set off from the Hay to Brecon, called at the Rev. Mr. Hughes's, of Glasbury, at whose house we expected to meet Mr. Theo. Jones, of Brecon, but



he was gone from there the day before. Mr. Hughes and a Mr. Ainsworth accompanied us to see a small cromlech near a small farm called Brynygroes, and in a field called Clos y Llechau. We walked to it across a field, and found a pretty large stone resting on one side an old thorn, and on the other an old ash stump, which they say by the strength of vegetative power, have raised the incumbent stone off from the end stones that once supported it, which certainly at present it does not appear to touch, and this is said to be confirmed by people living who remember the progress in the elevation of the stone.

Passed by Gwernyfed Park to the left, formerly the seat of Sir David Williams, one of the 12 Judges in Queen Elizabeth's time, and to whose memory there is a monument in the Priory Church, Brecon. It must have been a charming place in its time, finely wooded, fine in equalities everywhere, and bounded by a fine range of mountains to the east. At a modernish mansion on an eminence in the Park called the Lodge lives a Mr. Allen, a barrister. The old house lies low, at some distance from that. There is something like a Camp in the Park, seen from the road, and of a form that tempted us to think it Roman, but on examination it was doubtful if it had been a Camp or not.

Rode on and came to Porthamal, now a farm house, but formerly the baronial residence of the Vaughan family. The gateway, with a tower over it, is supported by a groined arch, simply elegant, which Leland speaks of, still exists. Thence to Brynllys Castle. While Sir Richard Hoare took a sketch of the only tower now up, I walked to the farm house standing in the midst of the old building. Nothing now discernable of the old Castle but the above tower of considerable size with walls of immense thickness, the lower apartment being arched, and in all likelihood a dungeon or prison. The farmer told me he had opened a tumulus near Talgarth, and found an urn and a flint spear head, an exact drawing of which I saw with Mr. Theo. Jones. The flint was dark in the middle, with sharp edges yellowish. Another tumulus existed on the same spot. In Buck's view of this Castle there is a considerable portion represented, scarce a trace of which now remains.

Thence, through a pleasant country with a fine view in front of the Van, and its retinue of mountains, to Brecon. After dinner, walked out to see the Collegiate Church, the nave and other parts of which are entirely in ruins, the grass having grown over the tombs in the nave and almost over all the pediments of the fine old pillars that supported the roof. The choir and chancel, where the stalls are in a very little better state, though the floor is covered with very antient tomb stones, and its side and walls dignified by many elegant monuments and tablets, such as those to the memory of Bishops Bull, Mainwaring, and Lucy. The neglect of a place of worship so uncommon is shameful, to say nothing as a mausoleum of the respectable dead it contains, is such a reflection on the See of St. David's that language is too weak to represent it properly.

Walked then to the Priory, a most venerable, large building, whose pavement is pregnant with sepulchral history, and whose sides exhibit several curious and antient monuments. I never saw a church-yard so full of graves. The walls of the church, and even the tower, are full of yew trees growing out of the small interstices of the stones.

The Priory walks above the Honddu, though now much neglected, but used as a fashionable promenade, are charming, overhanging and winding above a narrow dingle, steep and magnificently wooded.

The old gateway of the Priory to the north, as well as that to the west, and many other parts of the old building still exist; a wall with embattlements encompass the whole.

In the evening on our return we had the company of Mr. Theo. Jones, and a very sensible divine, Mr. Payne, who sat with us for an hour.

MAY 23.—Set off accompanied by Mr. Payne to see the Station at the Gaer, charmingly situated near the Usk, nor can a finer situation be imagined, whether we consider the aspect, the river, the woods, and the sublime background of mountain seen through a skreen of trees. Observe the Roman Road from Gobannium just entering the Station and a Roman

monument representing a man and his wife with a tablet underneath, on which "CONJUNX EJU——T" may be read distinctly; standing on the edge of the old Road, which falls in at right angles with that towards the Ithon, and that which led to Neath and Llanfair Arybryn, united till they cross the Usk beyond the Church of Aber Eskyr. At the farm house of Aber Eskyr saw a brick about 9 inches square and 2 thick, stamped with

"LEG II AVG."

Went to Llandevaelog Church, after, as we thought, having traced the Ithon branch of the Roman Road almost opposite to Mr. Thos. Watkins' seat called Pennoyar, on the brow of the hill to our left. Saw the long stone on the south side of the church, 7ft. 9½in. long and 15 inches wide, with a very rude figure sculptured in the middle compartment, on the upper a cross with rude ornaments round it, and on the lower compartments rude ornaments, said, but without the least foundation, to be the tomb of Brochmail Yskithog. There is a place near called *Sarnau*, which probably may refer to a Roman Road, but I did not see it. Returned through pleasant lanes enriched with the luxuriancy of bird cherries which grew here, and in some parts of Radnorshire wild, and dined at Mr. Theo. Jones's. The party, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Sir Richard Hoare, and myself. We had an elegant dinner—Welsh antiquities the principal topic.

MAY 24.—Rainy day; bringing up the leeway in my journal. Dined at Mr. Theophilus Jones's, and saw for the first time the Rev. Mr. Watkins, whom I found a pleasant, well informed man and in no way conceited or assuming as he had been represented to me. Passed a pleasant evening. Conversation various. Mr. Watkins enquired politely after my sister, and Mr. C——, and gave me a very cordial invitation to his house.

FRIDAY.—Set off from Brecknock for the Rev. Mr. Payne's, Llanbedr, near Crickhowell, through the beautiful Vale of Uske, which, whether we consider its form, its cheerfulness, its boundaries, is without comparison the prettiest vale in the kingdom; a very

peculiar feature of it is the endless openings into smaller vallies on each side. Pass the Peterstone, and here the monument of the Lady whom Mr. Theo. Jones cannot make out is, but this is Fast Day and service performing we could not see it. On the other side of the river, Penkelly Castle, once the seat of a branch of the Herberts; now shows nothing of the Castle but the knoll on which it stood, or very little more. Before we came to Crickhowell some miles we leave on the right a large comical hill, wooded charmingly and studded with houses almost to the top, which breaks the regularity of the vill and forms a beautiful amphitheatre up to Crickhowell. Saw the course of the new canal to Brecknock for a great way on the north side of the Uske and then on the south side. Crickhowell, the most cheerful looking town I ever saw, left to the right, a narrow ascending road bringing us in about two miles and a half to Mr. Payne's house. On our way to it have views of several beautiful openings into little well wooded and watered vallies bounded by fine mountains. To the left of the road above Crickhowell observe a truncated conical hill, the summit of which is a camp called Crŷg Howel. Arrived at Mr. Payne's, we found a little paradise—the house neat, situated in the churchyard, the north side of which is close shaven and made a lawn of, with a walk all round skirted with shrubbery. In the churchyard are some of the largest old yew trees I ever saw. The church is situated on the summit of the hill overhanging the Gronwy fychan, a beautiful mountain stream full of trout, that flows and foams at the bottom of a narrow dingle, the sides of which are charmingly wooded, particularly with oak, beech, and wych elm, through which Mr. Payne has made walks with great taste, extending for a considerable way between two bridges of a single arch most remarkably clad with ivy. The garden behind the house, a mixture of kitchen, fruit and flower garden, exhibits a scene at once comfortable, picturesque, and cheerful.

Mr. Theo. Jones accompanied us to Mr. Payne's, and indulged in the evening's conversation, anticipating the business of the cromlech meant to be examined the following day.

**SATURDAY.**—This great, this most important day, rose most favourably for our plan; we breakfasted early, and were on horseback soon after, and a pleasant ride brought us, to the scene of action, about a mile the Brecon side of Crickhowell. We found the incumbent stone, after being split in two, removed from off the supporters, and the small area within was soon cleared till we got below the bottom of the supporters, and found nothing but small bits of charcoal and several small bones. There was a piece of dry wall, regularly built, between two of the upright stones, which appeared coeval with the cromlech, what I never saw before in any. In short, from what appeared, there was nothing turned up that would favour the supposition of these being sepulchral. The company present were our own party, Admiral Gell, Sir William Ouseley, and a Mr. Everest. This grand ceremony over, we looked at the old gateway at Crickhowell, the remains of the Castle, and the Church, in which there were some old monuments, particularly of the Pauncefoot, very much mutilated, who appeared to have been a Crusader. The effigy is of stone, and the shield bears three lions, as in the Arms of the Herberts, but without the distinction of *party per pale*. The Pauncefoots were owners formerly of the Castle. After dinner we rambled through the charming walks at Llanbedr above mentioned, from which it was with difficulty I could tear myself, and of which I talked with unabated rapture the whole evening.

**SUNDAY.**—Breakfasted early, being engaged to attend Mr. Payne to the church of Partrico, a chapel annexed to Llanbedr, where I saw the most elegant and perfect rood loft perhaps now extant in the Kingdom, of seemingly Irish oak, which fortunately has escaped either whitewashing or painting. In a mansion not a great way from the church lived a Herbert, and to that family may in all probability be ascribed this curious relic. Below the church saw the sainted well of Ishaw, being a very scanty oozing of water, to which, however, was formerly attributed great virtue, as within the building that encloses it there are little niches to hold the vessels visitors drank out of and the offerings they left behind. The road to Partrico is

through steep, stony, narrow lanes arched with wood. Observed the Sugar Loaf on my return from this church like a small ridge, in no way like its appearance from Llanbedr. Saw to the left, returning, Coed Gronw (*vide* Giraldus). Dined at Admiral Gell's, a very pretty situation about a mile from Crickhowell, the house an odd looking building by Nash. The Admiral is a very singular character—the rough swearing tar with a most excellent heart. Our dinner good, with good Maderia, the company Sir R. Hoare, Sir W. Ouseley, Mr. Payne, Mr. Theo. Jones, a Mr. Russel (an angling tourist), and myself. At parting, the Admiral gave me a general invitation, and begged I would make an inn of his house, “for d—n me,” says he, “I like that an inn would be made of my house.” Sir William Ouseley distinguished himself as a scholar and a gentleman in the course of the conversation. Returned and passed a pleasant evening in talking of antiquities, &c., and was much pleased with Mr. Payne's account of the Book Club at Crickhowell.

MONDAY.—Imprisoned all day, as it rained so hard, but in a charming cell, viz., Mr. Payne's study; made several extracts. Saw some things with Mr. Payne taken out of MS. by George Owen Harry of Kemes. Will ask Mr. Theo. Jones to borrow it for me of Mr. Bold, of Brecon.

TUESDAY.—Set off after breakfast to see The Gaer, in Cwmdru, a Roman station first discovered by the Rev. Mr. Payne. Beyond the cromlech we opened on Saturday, to the right of the road, pass one of the tombs or castelets, of which there is no history, but that it was used for the view of Frank Pledge in the lordship of Crickhowell. It is now overgrown with trees, and has an yew on it. Went by Tretower Castle, which now consists of a round tower of considerable size, within an outer wall battlements with a larger embattled wall, on each side to small bastions, including a very considerable area. In the great tower there appeared to have been elegant chambers, if we may judge by the remains of the chimney pieces, for that age. Near it are the remains of the old and dignified mansion of the Vaughans, entered from the road by a handsome

gateway with a chamber in a square tower over it. Rode on to see a camp which Mr. Payne took to be the *castrum cistvaen* of The Gaer, just above a wood called Coed y Gâer, but Sir R. Hoare seemed to think from long observation that the Romans never chose any very elevated situations for their camps; besides we found it to be not of the figure they always used, viz., an oblong or a regular square, as the angles rounded, but of a something between a triangle and an oval. We descended from this camp, which occupied a projecting point of land commanding two vallies, and rode on to The Gaer, which occupied a small rising in the vale at the foot of the Myarth. We found the square camp had been enclosed by a wall, in the rubbish of which was seen brick of various shapes and sizes. At one end of the square is nearly a semi-circular elevation supposed to be the Prætorium. In the fields adjoining, several hewn stones, bricks, and pieces of pottery, &c., have been seen at different times, which proves beyond a doubt that this had been a considerable station, as it was called *Tref y Caerau*. In one of the fields near, a stone lies with an inscription that might have been on the side of the Roman Road leading towards Gobannium. Having thoroughly examined the place, returned to Llanbedr to dinner. After dinner ascended Crug Howel, a prodigious height, on the summit of which a camp surrounded with vast entrenchments of loose stones with a very deep foss, entered by an opening to the East or N.E. From this eminence had a most extensive view of the Vale of Uske to the South, but to the North shut up by the higher hill, on the summit of which there is a small vein of lime stone. Descended very gradually, enjoyed a cup of tea, and went to bed perfectly fatigued.

TUESDAY.—Left Llanbedr, Mr. Payne accompanying us, for Hereford, purposing to visit Dôr Abbey and Kilpeck in our way.







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