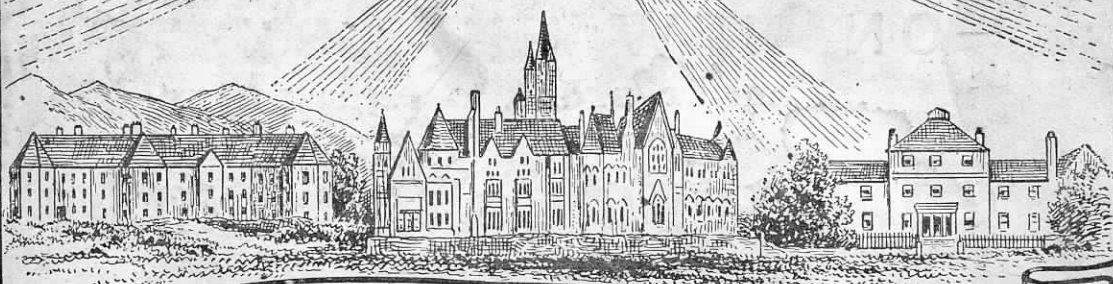


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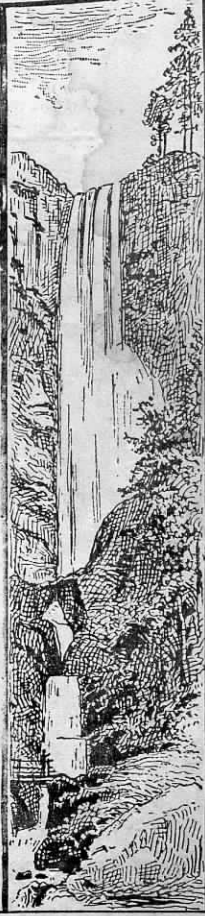
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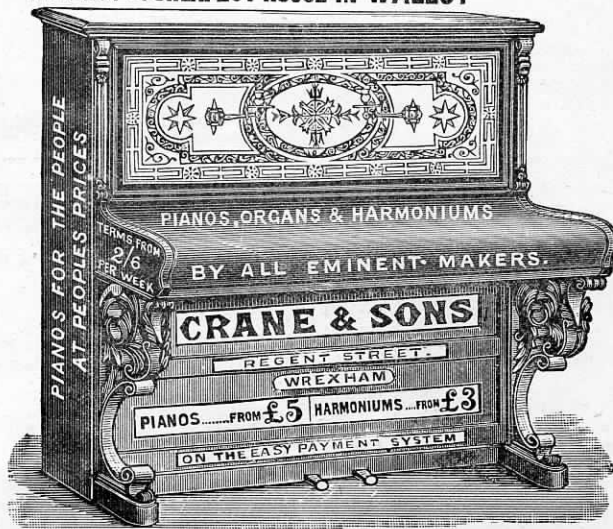
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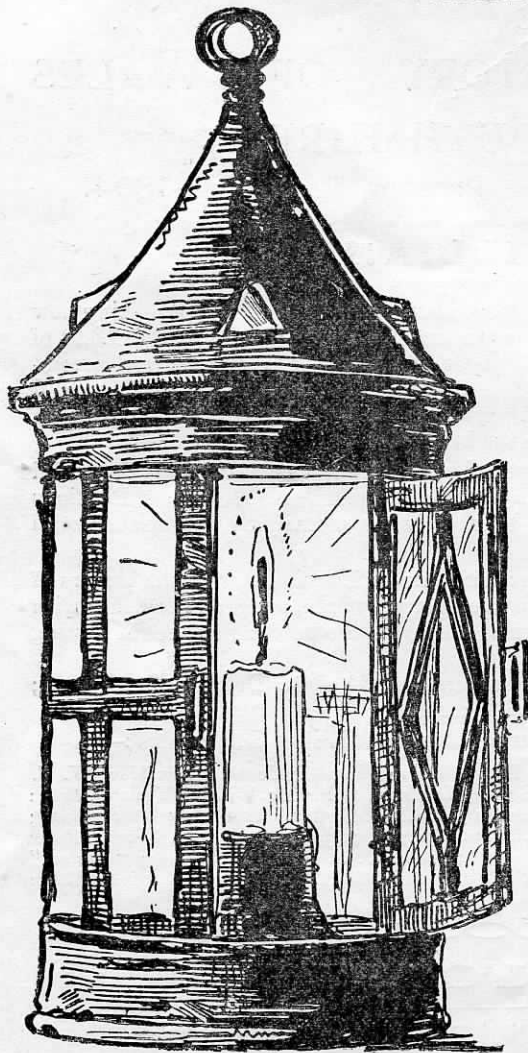
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"Nis gall ein cantorion wneyd yn well na cheisio copi o hono, a'i ddarllen yn fanwl, a chofio y sylwadau, pa rai a roddir o flaen y darlennydd mewn dull rhywyd i'w amgylfred.—*Mr. J. H. ROBERTS, Mus. Bac. (Cantab), yn Y Cerddor.*

"Mewn gair, y mae pob peth sydd yn angenrheidiol i gerddor ymberffeithio yn y gelfyddyd gysegredig i'w gael yn y gyfrol ddestlus hon; * * * y mae tellyngdod y llyfr a'i gymhwysder i lenwi angen presenol Cymru, yn hawlio iddo wvertiant wrth y miloedd."—*"IDRISWYN," yn News of the Week.*

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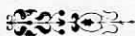
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IN THE LAND OF SONG.

WALES.

VOL. I.]

DECEMBER, 1894.

[No. 8.

WALES AND THE WHITE ROSE.

WHILE the genius of Sir Walter Scott has given an immortality to Scottish Jacobitism, Welsh Jacobitism has been allowed to sink into such utter oblivion that its very existence has been questioned. For this several reasons may be assigned. Although Wales gave to the rebellion of 1715 its bravest heroine, and one of its noblest martyrs to that of 1745, and in 1717 was nearly the scene of another rebellion, accident prevented the people, on all these occasions, from signalling their devotion to the Stuart family, by a repetition of the deeds of their ancestors in the days of the Long Parliament; and sentiments, aspirations, and even conspiracies that end in nothing, tend to be forgotten. Again, even before the White Rose had sunk for the last time on Culloden Moor, the Methodist revival had commenced; and, before the eighteenth century had closed, a complete revolution had been wrought in the Welsh character, so that the old-fashioned religion and loyalty of the Stuart had become unintelligible to a nation inspired by different ideals. Nor has our own time made amends. The literary and national awakening of our own day has, partly, I suspect, for denominational and political reasons, fought shy of Welsh Jacobitism; for one party scarcely cares to recollect that their ancestors huzzaed for Doctor Sacheverell, drank to the "king over the water," and corresponded with my Lord Mar; while the other, for equally good reasons, can hardly appreciate Welsh churchmen who were the constant enemies of the constitution established by the English State.

Welsh Jacobitism, however, in its time may claim to have represented the national spirit, if for no other reason than that the

regime against which it fought was the enemy of all Welsh ideals. On this ground, therefore, the champions of the lost cause may fairly claim some regard from Welsh patriotism; and, were it otherwise, "*sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*"

The heroism with which Lady Nithsdale and her retainers from Powis-land faced death, the heroism with which David Morgan met it, should at least appeal to such lovers of the ideal as the Welsh. And further, Welsh Jacobitism is a landmark in our history. It is the end of the church and loyalist nationalism, to which the Elizabethan age gave birth. The spirit of Welsh Jacobitism may be traced in the poems of Huw Morus; and Huw Morus was the child of the national church policy of Elizabeth. In her treatment of Wales, Elizabeth and her advisers set aside, or at least modified, the Anglicising policy of Thomas Cromwell and the earlier Tudors. Welsh bishops and Welsh officials for the first time since the English rule began, appeared in Wales; the Bible and the Prayer Book were translated into Welsh; and the Eisteddfod was assembled by royal proclamation. In the Court of the Marches at Ludlow Castle, where sat my Lord President, Wales possessed through Tudor and Stuart days a focus of national life. The result of this recognition of Welsh nationalism for a time reconciled Wales to England, and made it, in Churchyard's opinion, the "soundest state," although in the early days of Gloriana the Council had trembled at the thought of sending an army through Wales to attack Irish rebels; and in 1563 certain conspirators, two of whom bore the name of Pole, were condemned to death "for having threatened to come with a power into Wales and proclaim the Scottish

Queen." How far Elizabethan policy reconciled Wales to the Anglican church in the national form that such men as Bishop Morgan or Bishop Parry gave it, is a subject that is difficult to discuss in the pages of a non party periodical. This, however, I think, may be admitted. While Roman Catholicism remained a certain force in the country, and even gained a few aristocratic converts by its Jesuit missionaries, the majority of the gentry conformed and the peasantry followed their example. Catholic ideas, however, survived the legal changes; Puritanism, in spite of Penry and Vicar Pritchard, took slight hold of the country; and the Catholic Anglicanism that finds expression in the poems of George Herbert,—himself a Welsh speaking Welshman,—formed the religion of educated Welshmen. They were Laudian, as Huw Morus's poems show, in their reverence for the fasts and feasts of their church, in their respect for the old Vicar whom the sacrilegious troopers ousted from his pulpit, in their affection for the jovial gaiety of the merry world which the cruel wave of Puritanism overwhelmed, and in their religious veneration for the exiled Shepherd of the people. They lacked, however, the stern bitterness of the English royalists.

One of the earliest champions of religious toleration in the Restoration Parliament was the exile cavalier lawyer,—afterwards Chief Justice,—Vaughan. Nevertheless they loathed the "red foxes" of Puritanism and the Puritan Revolution; and, apart from politics, they had fair reason for their loathing. The oppression of the English evangelicalism, which warred on everything Welsh, struck a blow at Welsh national development from which it has not yet recovered. Many, perhaps the majority, of the old Welsh families were ruined by the terrible confiscations of the Parliamentary Commissioners, and sank into the ranks of the farmers and peasantry; education declined, and there came no more Herberts of Cherbury from the aristocracy of Wales; and the land lost its educated clergy, for under the Commonwealth Welshmen went not to Oxford. Wales naturally welcomed the Restoration, which brought with it the old worship, the old Court, and once more tolerated the Eis-

teddfod. Although in the days of the later Stuarts, there were one or two scandalous church appointments, and although education no longer flourished as in the days before the troubles, yet in the main the Elizabethan tradition was preserved, and Welshmen were ruled in church and state by those who did their best to understand them and their needs. So long as the Stuarts stood by the church, the national sentiment of Welsh politicians stood by them, and Huw Morus exults with savage glee at the death of the Whig martyr Algernon Sidney.

But 1688 introduced a keen division into Welsh politics. From the first a certain party held to James II, and one of the companions of the monarch's flight was the Lord of Powis whom England made an outlaw, and St. Germain's a duke. But Lord Powis held the Roman faith; and the generality of the Welsh gentry, like their poet Huw Morus, seemed prepared to accept the revolutionary settlement as the best alternative in an evil choice, provided always the church was safe. For even in those days Welshmen hated Irishmen with a deadly hatred; and, if they were Catholics at heart, they would have no Pope. For the subsequent hostility of Wales, the revolutionary government has only itself to thank. The author of the massacre of Glencoe was, unfortunately, the last man to appreciate nationalism. In the opinion of Lord Bute,* the abolition of the Court of the Marches which followed the revolution was a legislative attempt to obliterate any legal recognition of Welsh nationalism. The design to Anglicise Wales through the church is attributed by so high an authority as Judge Johnes to the same monarch. We know also that only the indignant protests of Welsh nationalists, chief of whom was the bold Briton, Price, who sat for Pembrokeshire, prevented the alienation of the crown lands of Denbighshire to a foreign favourite, whom he desired to set up, Welshmen said, as a Dutch Prince of Wales. Still when William died, and a high church Stuart again sat on the throne in the person of good Queen Anne, Welsh loyalty flowed in its ancient channel. Welsh squires voted

* Speech at the Rhyl Eisteddfod, 1892.

for Harley and St. John, and Welsh mobs huzzaed for High Church and Doctor Sacheverell; and Huw Morus passed away before the glory had all departed from the bard, or the crown from the Stuarts, or the national character from the ancient church of the Cymry.

But with the accession of the House of Hanover begins a black chapter in the history of Wales. The new rulers commenced to treat Wales both as a "conquered,"—I quote the words of one of their own lawyers,—and a disaffected country. Their first acts, the appointment of the Socinian Hoadley,—who never set foot in his diocese,—and the demolition of Ludlow Castle, were a declaration of war on Welsh national sentiment. For such acts marked the final abnegation of the Elizabethan policy, and the reversion to the Anglicising traditions of Henry IV. and Thomas Cromwell. For a generation Welshmen were utterly alien to the government of England, and a generation of Welsh noblemen and gentlemen never graced the court of the electors, whose Whig royal chaplains drew the incomes of sees and livings they never saw. It is oppression that drives wise men mad, and far more so hunting squires. The Welsh squires of the eighteenth century could show among their ranks no more such polished and educated cavaliers and scholars as the Vaughans and Herberts of the century before; but hard, narrow, and fierce as they were, they had at least a better understanding of, and a truer affection for their countrymen than the Russells, Cavendishes, or Walpoles, who misgoverned them from London. The men who fought, and not altogether unsuccessfully, in the English law courts, to save the altars of the parish churches in Wales from the mockery of a clergy ignorant of the language of the peasantry who worshipped there before them, the men whose foundation of the Cymmrodorion Society proves that they had still a love for the language and traditions of their race, the men who fought successfully to save Wales from the clutches of Dutch soldiers of fortune, deserve, with all their faults and errors, the respect of their patriotic descendants.

Of the feeling entertained towards them by the Welsh the new Court soon received an inkling. One of the heartiest of the old Welsh squires was Sir Charles Kemys, of Cefn Mabli. He is said to have taught the Elector George, when on the Continent, to smoke pipes and drink beer. When the Elector came over in pudding time, and the moderate men and the trimmers "looked big" at St. James', the Elector missed his stout Welsh friend. King George sent and bade him come and smoke a pipe, but the Welshman remained obdurate and absent. He would smoke with George, Elector of Hanover, not with George, King of England. Whatever benefit King George's good humour on this occasion may have won him among the Welsh people was speedily removed by his brutal treatment of the unhappy daughter of the house of Powis, who went to St. James' to beg her husband's life. I am not now concerned with the details of the '15, and must therefore postpone to a future occasion the story of Lady Winifred Herbert, afterwards Countess of Nithsdale, who, with the aid of her family retainers, Mistress Evans and Mistress Morgan, saved her husband from death, and afterwards went forth from her native land to live and die with him in exile.

It may be that, for the edification of the Jacobite miners of Rhos, or perchance to effect the conversion of the stout old Jacobite farmer of Pen Graig Fargoed, in Gelligaer, Glamorganshire, who, for the following verses, let off a bard the payment of a borrowed guinea,—

"Tri pheth 'rwy yn ei archi,—
Cael echwyn am y gini,
A chael Pretendwr ar y fainc,
A chael bath Ffrainc i dalu,"

that the Whig government went to the expense of having a translation made into the Welsh language of a sermon preached in Ely Church, Holborn, at their thanksgiving service for the suppression of the "bloody and unnatural rebellion." The translation was made by one of their few Welsh supporters,—Iago ab Dewi.

The effect of the publication on Welsh sentiment may be measured by the fact that the Old Chevalier,—James III. of

Jacobite history, — determined, at the advice of his council, to repeat the tactics of Henry VII., and to land with the Duke of Ormond at Milford Haven, and to march with the Welshmen who had so loyally fought for his grandfather, it might be, to a second Bosworth field. Strangely enough, the cavalier signalled out for the honour of preparing this enterprise came of a stock that, in the former generation, had not been over famous for its loyalty to the Stuart cause. But times were changed, and it was to Mr. Lewis Price, of Gogerddan, that Earl Mar wrote from Innsbruck on the 7th April, 1717, —

“By permission of the King, who arrived incognito on the 3rd, I am ordered to acquaint you and other loyal men that the last push for a restoration in old England is to commence at or about 30th October next. The advice is to be conveyed by a bark bound to England, who is to resign his charge to a conscientious persecuted clergyman, who is to dispense his Majesty’s pleasure to all honest bonny lads in the Principality of Wales. The expedition is to be regulated by our march from Milford to the West, under command of Lord Ormond, at the same juncture as I have to be at the like station in North Britain as in last year.”*

This proposed invasion of Wales must have formed a forgotten link in the chain of elaborate conspiracies in which Alberoni, the great Italian minister of Spain, and the adventurous Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, the Cœur de Lion of modern days, sought to reverse the Treaty of Utrecht, to crush Orleans in France, and to ruin the House of Brunswick and its Imperial ally. Unfortunately for the Stuarts, the arrest of the Swedish minister, and the seizure of his papers, had probably given Stanhope and his colleagues a view of their adversaries’ hand, and prompt measures probably nipped the 1717 growth in the bud. In any event, the death of the great soldier of the north, and the fall of the great priest intriguer of Madrid, removed all such dreams from practical politics.

Still, however, the evils that had marked the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty in Wales grew heavier as the years went on, and Jacobitism smouldered on alike in hall and parsonage and cottage, waiting

for the opportunity to burst into flame. In various clubs the gentry secretly met and drank the health of the king over the water. One of those centres of disaffection existed in the Cycle Club at Wrexham. The club, in 1829, when it still existed,* was merely a social meeting of country gentlemen living in the neighbourhood of Wrexham. I have been informed, however, that the custom of drinking to the king over the water was kept up to the last. In 1723 it was a powerful political organisation, and for that reason its rules and list of members, — which also, by the way, throw a curious light on the customs of the aristocracy of primitive Wales, — form an interesting study, —

“We, whose names are under-written, do promise at the time and place to our names respectively affixed, to observe the rules following, viz., —

I. Every member of this society shall, for default of his appearance, submit to be censured, and shall thereupon be censured by the judgment of the society.

II. Every member that cannot come shall be obliged to send notice of his non-appearance by 12 of the clock at noon, together with his reasons in writing, otherwise his plea shall not excuse him, if within the compass of 15 miles from the place of meeting.

III. Each member obliges himself to have dinner upon the table by 12 o’clock at noon from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and from Lady Day to Michaelmas at 1 of the clock.

IV. The respective masters of the places of meeting oblige themselves to take down in writing each default, and to deliver in the same at the general meeting.

V. Every member shall keep a copy of these articles by him, to prevent plea of mistake.

VI. It is agreed that a general meeting shall be held by all the subscribers at the house of Daniel Porter, jun., holden in Wrexham on the 1st day of May, 1727, by 11 of the clock, there to dine, and to determine upon all points relating to and according to the sense and meaning of these articles.

1723. (Signed)

THOS. PULESTON, May 21st (eldest son of Sir Roger Puleston, of Emral).

RICHARD CLAYTON, June 11th.

EUBULE LLOYD (of Penyllan), July 2nd.

ROBERT ELLIS, July 23rd.

W. WILLIAMS WYNN (of Wynnstay), August 13th.

JOHN PULESTON (of Pickhill), September 3rd.

THOS. EYTON (of Leeswood), September 24th.

WM. EDWARDS, October 15th.

* This letter exists in manuscript in the Peniarth collection. The above is an analysis in the appendix to the third report of the History MSS. Commission.

* *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine* for 1829, Vol. I., p 212.

THOS. HOLLAND, November 6th.
 KENY. EYTON (of Eyton), November 26th.
 PHIL. EGERTON (of Oulton), December 17th.
 JOHN ROBINSON (of Gwersyllt), January 8th.
 GEO. SHACKERLY (of Gwersyllt), January 29th.
 ROBERT DAVIES (of Gwyssany), February 19th.
 JNO. PULESTON (of Havod y Wern), March 13th.
 BROUGHTON WHITEHALL (of Broughton), April
 3rd.
 WM. HANMER, April 24th, 1724.

It will be observed that these rules disclose nothing of the political character of the club. It is stated that the more recent lists of the society are drawn out in the form of a round robin, the object being to prevent any one of its members from being indicted as the head of a treasonable assembly. The story runs that, when the tables were cleared, and the bottles of claret and the jorums of ale and the silver punch bowl stood on the table, and the guests called for a song, the accompaniment was played on the Welsh harp* by the greyhaired harper of the mansion.

At the head of the Welsh squires stood he whom contemporaries called the knight of Wales, the first of the house of Williams who bore the name of Wynn,—which he took from his mother, who was of the house of the Wynns of Gwydir,—and ruled at Wynnstay. Traditionally he was bound to the Stuart cause, for his family owed their position in no small measure to the second Charles. And this Sir Watkin had a further tie to the White Rose, for his first bride, Anne Vaughan of Llwydiarth, came of the stock of the old cavalier bard of *Caer Gai*. This Sir Watkin was, moreover, the ablest of all his house. Darkened and sad as is the tale of his declining years, which has stamped him through his persecution of Peter Williams and the early Methodists as the Claverhouse of Wales without the glory of Killiecrankie, he was known once as the most eloquent and able champion of the Tory party in the House of Commons in the dark days of the Whig domination that lasted until Chatham arose. The bards, who still kept alive the flame of the old loyalty of the Civil Wars, and

dreaded as things grew blacker the return of the Puritan tyranny, looked to the knight of Wales, so powerful alike in his own land and far off London, as the support of his country amid the turmoils of revolution,—

“Duw, cadw'r marchog, enwog un,
 Y glân Syr Watkin Williams Wynn,
 A'i ffrindiau tirion yn gytun,
 Dyr edyn y Roundiaid.”*

In the long attack on the great enemy of the Stuarts and Wales, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir Watkin played a prominent part; and after the resignation of the prime engineer of eighteenth century corruption, no man more eloquently and savagely pressed for an impeachment than the lord of Wynnstay. The fall of Walpole raised to the highest pitch the hopes of the Jacobites. The '15 had somewhat discredited the old Pretender, but Prince Charles Edward, who was growing into manhood, seemed to Sir Watkin of fact, as to the Waverley of fiction, a prince for whom to live and die. Many had fondly believed that the Hanoverian dynasty could not survive Walpole's fall. When it became clear that the Brunswicks remained in their seats, and the interests of the nation were more and more sacrificed to the beggarly electorate, plots and conspiracies again became rife. In 1744, Prince Charles received an invitation from Sir Watkin and other leading Jacobites to reclaim the throne, but making support conditional on the assistance of a French army. At the same time Sir Watkin was busy working with success outside Wales to win prominent members of the London Corporation to the Stuart interest. When the year 1745 commenced, it was noticed that the knight of Wales' keen interest in the Parliamentary struggle had ceased. The outsiders were puzzled, and the Government was alarmed. But Wales in the rebellion of 1745 I must leave to another chapter.

J. ARTHUR PRICE.

* There are two English Jacobite songs said to have been sung at the Cycle Club given in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, Vol II., pp. 658, 9.

* “God keep our famous knight
 The good Sir Watkin Williams Wynn,
 And with his kind friends
 He'll crop the wings of the Roundheads.”



WORDSWORTH AND WALES.

IT is a curious point, and one which I do not remember to have seen noticed by commentators upon Wordsworth's poetry, that,—in spite of the poet's well known love for mountains, and his enthusiastic poems in honour of Cumberland, Scotland, Switzerland, and Italy,—the beautiful scenery of Wales has been passed over by him almost without mention. On two several occasions at least, we know that Wales was visited by him. He came once in 1791, when at the close of his college career he paid a visit to his friend Jones, and the two made a pedestrian tour in North Wales,—the very condition, one would think, to favour the inspiration of the poetic muse. He came again in 1824, of which visit only two or three poems, and these of no very high order, remain as the memorials.

Whether the beauty of Welsh scenery did not impress him after his native county and his foreign travels, or whether the visits befell unhappily at times when inspiration was lacking, it is impossible to say. But of the few poems which deal at all with Wales, only a few lines are given to description of the country, and these are by no means in tones of enthusiastic admiration; not such as flowed from him by the banks of the Wye above Tintern Abbey, or on the cliffs of Winander, or in the Simplon Pass.

He seems to look upon the inhabitants of Wales as a race "whose glory is departed." Thus in the "Sonnet on Old Bangor," he says,—

"Mark! how all things swerve
From their known course, or vanish like a dream.
Another language spreads from coast to coast;
Only perchance some melancholy stream,
And some indignant hills old names preserve
When laws and creeds and people all are lost."

The incident alluded to in the first part of the sonnet,—the mourning over the "unarmed host" and the destruction of "aboriginal and Roman love," is the destruction by Ethelfrith of the monastery of Bangor with all its records,—some of them the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons.

The "unarmed host" was the body of monks seen by Ethelfrith in prayer for the victory of the soldiers on their side. "If they are praying against us, they are fighting against us," he exclaimed, and ordered them to be first attacked. They were massacred, and their fate striking terror into Brocmail, he fled from the field, leaving the army to defeat and the town to destruction.

The feeling of veneration for its past and of luxurious regret over the work of time seem to be the most prominent features in Wordsworth's attitude towards Wales. The sonnet composed "among the ruins of a castle in North Wales" deserves quotation,—

"Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,
Wandering with timid footstep oft betrayed,
The stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid
Old time, though he, gentlest among the thralls
Of destiny, upon these wounds hath laid
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,
From the wan moon, upon the towers and walls,
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.
Relic of kings! wreck of forgotten wars,
To winds abandoned and the prying stars,
Time loves thee! at his call the seasons twine
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar;
And, though past pomp no changes can restore,
A soothing recompense, his gift, is thine!"

On the religious side of his nature too, Wordsworth seems to find some point of contact. The venerable aspect of the Druids appeals to him, though the romantic feeling that might be expected to hover round them when seen through the dim vista of ages, is overpowered in his mind by the sense of pity for the errors of their creed.

In one sonnet he describes with considerable dignity,—the effect being largely due to the ponderous words employed,—the scene of consulting the omens,—

"Screams round the arch-druid's brow the seamew
—white
As Menai's foam; and towards the mystic ring
Where augurs stand, the future questioning,
Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,
That, in the lapse of ages hath crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal love."

In another sonnet, in the same tone

of somewhat unnecessary regret, he says,—

“Still mid yon thick woods, the primal truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious form
That fills the soul with unavailing truth.”

On another side of his nature, his strong feeling for liberty, Wordsworth is in sympathy with the old inhabitants of Wales. There is more fire in this sonnet on the “Struggle of the Britons” than in any of the others,—

“Rise! they *have* risen; of brave Aneurin ask
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious
The spirit of Caractacus defends [friends;
The patriots, animates their glorious task,—
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The Virgin sculptured on his Christian shield . . .
. From Cambrian wood and moss
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;
Bards nursed on blue Plinlimmon’s still abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words!”

But in other respects the Celtic temperament, with its quick transitions of feeling, its keen thirst for beauty, its unrestrained emotions and impulses, does not seem to appeal to Wordsworth. It is indeed too remote from his ideal of a life lived in strict accordance with rules of duty and self-control, and in one calm level of feeling undisturbed by exciting causes from within or without. The susceptible artistic nature would seem reprehensible to the author of the “Happy Warrior” and the “Ode to Duty.”

“Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought,
Me this uncharted freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires,
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.”

The wild grace and volatile charm of the Celtic lyrics would not meet with appreciation in the poet who took refuge in the sonnet from irregularities of his own fancy.

“To me
In sundry moods, ’twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet’s scanty plot of ground:
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have *felt the weight of too much liberty*
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.”

Two of the old Celtic romances seem to

have had some fascination for him; and these he relates in stanza form at some length,—“Artegal and Elidure” and “The Egyptian Maid.”

The choice of subject is very characteristic. With the same feeling that led him to prefer the “homely tale” of the stockdove to the “piercing” notes of the nightingale “with fiery heart,” Wordsworth passes over the stories of Arthur, Lear, and Merlin related by Geoffrey of Monmouth, to settle upon one quiet incident of brotherly affection, hitherto neglected.

“What wonder, then, if in such ample field
Of old tradition, one particular flower
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,
And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour?
Now, gentle muses, your assistance grant,
While I this flower transplant
Into a garden stored with poesy;
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some
weeds be,
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all
mischief free!”

Artegal, the son of wise Gorbonian, King of Britain, having been deposed for his cruelty, is succeeded by his brother Elidure and banished. He returns, meaning to use force to recover the kingdom, but, meeting his brother, is recognised and welcomed by him and restored to his rights by Elidure’s generosity. Though the poem is an early one, there are yet many touches of Wordsworth’s later style in it. Elidure’s persuasions to virtue have all the characteristic ring in them,—

“Believe it not,” said Elidure; “respect
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most
Attends on goodness with dominion decked,
Which stands the universal empire’s boast.”

And so too the conclusion,—

“Thus was a brother by a brother saved;
With whom a crown (temptation that hath set
Discords in hearts of men till they have braved
Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)
’Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem
A thing of no esteem.”

The other tale of the “Egyptian Maid” is drawn from the “History of Prince Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table.” A beautiful maid of Egypt on her way to Caerleon is wrecked on the Cornwall coast by the arts of Merlin. Nina appears to rebuke the enchanter and

compel him to send the damsel peerless in haste to Arthur's court,—

"Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever."

There the knights approached her one by one, touching her cold hand, until the fated knight Sir Galahad approaches, at whose touch,—

"A tender twilight streak
Of colour dawned upon the damsel's cheek;
And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,
Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow."

Arthur, gazing upon the signs, "eases his soul" by "praise of God and Heaven's pure queen," then bids Galahad take her to his heart,—

"A treasure that God giveth
Bound by indissoluble ties to thee
Through mortal change and immortality."

The poem, though marred by an anticlimax in the account of the nuptials, has in it much of Wordsworth's best manner and many beautiful stanzas. The following are good instances,—

"The turmoil hushed, celestial springs
Of music opened, and there came a blending
Of fragrance underived from earth,
With gleams that owed not to the Sun their birth,
And that soft rustling of invisible wings
Which angels make, on works of love descending."

..... "But if unchangeable her doom,
If life departed be for ever gone,
Some blessed assurance, from this cloud emerging,
May teach him to bewail his loss;
Not with a grief, that, like a vapour, rises
And melts; but grief devout that shall endure
And a perpetual growth secure
Of purposes which no false thought shall cross,
A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises."

In passing to Wordsworth's three sonnets descriptive of Welsh scenery, it may be said that they illustrate well his characteristic excellences and defects. We have in them musical lines as,—

"His lenient touches soft as light that falls,"
"Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade,"
or "Pomp that fades not, everlasting snows,
And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose,"

THE INFLUENCE OF WORDSWORTH ON WALES has been very great. It is true that this poet, next to Shakespeare and Milton the greatest in English literature, has not described Wales, with the exception of the valley of the Wye, as he has described Cumberland; but the thought of the Welsh mountaineer is the same as that of the Cumbrian

but we have also terrible descents into prose and pieces of raw and undigested observation, as,—

"Such power possess the family of floods
Over the minds of poets, young or old."

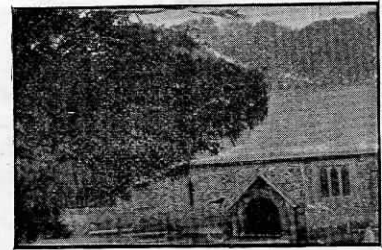
And in the sonnet addressed to the "Lady E. B.," we have an instance of the building raised upon too slight and insignificant a basis.

On the whole, the effect of Wordsworth's Welsh poems is somewhat unsatisfactory; more should have been made of such a noble source of inspiration. It is true that two of the Lyrical Ballads are associated with well known places in Wales,—*"Simon Lee, the huntsman of Cardigan,"* and *"We are Seven."*

But of the first,—

"My gentle reader I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related,"—

fewest words are best. Of the second, in which we have Wordsworth at his purest and simplest, no words are needed.



NEAR CONWAY.
The scene of "We are Seven."

Perhaps there are few people to be found who can hear Conway spoken of without an involuntary momentary recollection of the "two of us" dwelling there, in the immortal words of the little cottage heroine of "We are Seven."

B. E. BOONE.

mountaineer, and his appealed to in the same way. The Welsh school of Islwyn is a Wordsworthian school; Wordsworth appealed as strongly to Islwyn as Burns appealed to Ceiriog. On the other hand, Wordsworth's own thought is due partly to the influence of two Welshmen,—Henry Vaughan and John Dyer.

MARY'S FIRST VICTORY.

I.

"YOUR grandfather really ought to let you have music lessons. 'Tis too bad of him to refuse. With your beautiful voice and passion for music you are bound,—if you are given the chance,—to excel."

"I am sure that I love music, though I'm not sure that I have a beautiful voice."

"Not a beautiful voice! Why, everybody knows you have, even your grandfather; only he does not understand that it is a talent given you to cultivate. That is what I must try to make him understand."

"I am afraid you will not succeed. He thinks there are but two talents,—one given a man to enable him to pay his way, the other to enable him to preach. And as he does not believe that women should preach, I shall have no opportunity of exercising my voice even in that direction. There only remains for me the other talent to use. I must help to make things pay."

"Ah, I've got it. I'll show him that it will pay to have your voice trained. I'll appeal to his greed,—pardon me,—to save him from his prejudice."

And Edward Miles slapped his thigh as if he had made no small discovery, so glad was he to think that he had at last found an argument which might influence Mary Lloyd's grandfather. But Mary herself remained sceptical. She had already exhausted every means of persuasion in vain. The old man remained obdurate. And no great marvel either. Old Thomas Lloyd had been born at Twyn y Graig seventy-three years before. Fifty years before he had brought his wife Marget there, a young and handsome bride. And for these fifty years this worthy couple had been engrossed, rising early and late taking rest, in persuading an arid mountain farm to be generous. And they did this to but little purpose; for when the rent and taxes had been paid it would puzzle an economist to find the margin of profit. Twyn y Graig was disposed to escape from the domain of political economy as it certainly had from that of

society. There it stood, weather-beaten, grim, and solitary, on the rocky brow of the hill. Behind it stretched rough, stony fields into the open mountain; in front of it very modest pastures sloped to the valley beneath. And in the valley, nearly a mile away, was Rhywle, bustling with activity and importance.

Rhywle was quite a civic infant, being only some fifteen years old, the offspring of a pair of colliery shafts; but communities, like individuals, that are young and inexperienced, are much in evidence. Old Twyn y Graig despised the upstart and all its ways. It looked down upon it with contempt; though sometimes one saw the little window of the parlour give a slightly hilarious wink—a prophetic one; and the purport of it we thought was,—“I will outlast that braggart yet.”

Now old John Lloyd and his wife Marget had not escaped the influence of their surroundings. They were no more prodigal than Twyn y Graig itself. It required, indeed, almost as much artifice to persuade them to yield that which they had so hardly acquired as they themselves had found necessary in coaxing a miserly farm to yield them a little sustenance. And having endured more than a little hardness, living not only without luxuries, but also without those necessaries of culture which should be deemed as part of our daily bread,—without leisure, without books,—they had little sympathy with anything that did not come directly into the schedule of payment. Life had been to them too stern a struggle to allow them any leisure to cultivate the graces of life; it had not been a sufficiently remunerative business to encourage them to attend to anything that did not pay. It is not surprising, therefore, that John Lloyd and his wife were neither over-generous nor tolerant when they thought of what seemed to them to be the fopperies of life. When their young grand-daughter,—fond as they were of her,—pleaded for music lessons, they had but scant patience with

so frivolous a request; her knowledge of music could never help to make Twyn y Graig pay.

They were as unsympathetic as the rock on which their dwelling place stood; nay, more so. For when Mary fetched the cows of a morning, the bedewed Graig, glistening in the morning sun, encouraged her song. Here she would sing, song after song, encored by the silences of the morning and of the Graig. She had, however, more vocal if not more eloquent sympathisers than these. The youths of Zoar choir were loud in their admiration; even the girls were fain to confess that she was not altogether a bad singer. It is doubtful whether she was, despite her excellent voice, an acquisition to that choir. For she made all the girls envy her and all the youths envy each other. But one there was who stood first in Mary's eyes. He was Edward Miles, a young collier of Rhywle. And he was worthy of finding favour in the eyes of any bright and sensible girl; for he was one of those who availed themselves of the opportunities of self-improvement and self-culture which were to be found at Rhywle. He attended the science and art classes, and had won several first class certificates. He was also a reader of some of the best literature, and an appreciative musician. No wonder, then, that he was keen in urging Mary to obtain music lessons from a capable teacher. Mary, herself, would indeed rejoice to obtain them, but the old people ever blocked the way. Edward now believed he had found a way of removing their ban. He would show John and Marget Lloyd that singing and music could be made profitable. And it was agreed between Edward and Mary that they should never praise music again, but always enlarge upon the princely earnings of singers.

When Edward and Mary entered Twyn y Graig that evening, old Lloyd asked, as was his wont,—

"What is the great matter you people in Rhywle have in hand now?"

"The greatest, at present, is the approaching concert, at which Joe Griffith is to sing."

"Joe Griffith; that's the great tenor?"

You people are always spending your money on concerts. Pity you haven't fitter use for it."

"Well, if we are always spending, some are always making money on concerts, and putting it to good use, too."

"I never heard of anyone making money by concerts or by singing."

"Haven't you heard that Joe Griffith gets forty guineas for every engagement?"

"Forty guineas! The price of eight or nine heifers. Fools must be plentiful in Rhywle."

"And elsewhere, too. He is engaged more than once every week."

"Well, he sha'n't make anything on me. I think it wrong to waste money like that."

"But if you could make money like Joe, wouldn't you think yourself foolish not to do so?"

"Perhaps; only I doubt if these singing people make money even if they get it. 'Tis easily got and easily spent."

"They make as well as earn money, I assure you. There's Margery Vaughan,—she has bought Harddfryn, old lawyer Driver's little estate, and has placed her parents there."

"Well, well, if she can follow in old lawyer Driver's footsteps she'll make money."

"She does; only she makes a wiser and a nobler use of her money than old Driver ever did. What nobler use can she make of her money than in supporting her parents in some comfort?"

"That's true. But how many of those stage people do anything like that?"

"As many,—in proportion,—as do it in any other class. For you don't believe that everyone who is not on the stage is a devoted son or daughter, do you?"

"No, I don't do that."

"I should think not. For it is not a question of place but of person; it is not what is the stage you tread, but what are you. If you were to put Mary here on the stage, and she were to earn her twenty guineas a night, don't you think she would help you?"

"I am sure our Mary would," said Mrs. Lloyd. Mary was now getting the supper milk from the dairy.

"O," said old Lloyd, "I dare say she

would; only it is very certain that she never could earn that money."

"You don't know that. Her voice is acknowledged to be one of exquisite quality. It only requires training. The best judges say so."

"O the judges are always flattering young people in order that they may pick up jobs."

"But even they can't judge all to be best. If they put some before the others, they must, in some degree, be honest, or, at least, no flatterers."

"Eisteddfodic talk! and there's no talk in the world so idle."

"Tis more, or at least it may become more. If Mary is given the opportunity she'll turn the talk into reality. Look here, Mr. Lloyd, let her compete in the contralto solo at the eisteddfod which is to take place at Rhywle in some months, and you'll see what she can do. Mr. Alf Williams, the organist, will give her lessons gratuitously. And you shall hear what the adjudicators,—men of the highest standing,—say. Only mind, if she win the prize you must let her have it to buy music."

"No great harm can come of that," said old Mrs. Lloyd. "Indeed I think she might be allowed to try."

"Well, well, we'll talk the matter over," John replied.

And as he had now finished his basin of bread and milk, and was ready to start for bed, the subject was dropped. Bidding the old people a good night, Edward started for home. In the porch he encountered Mary. They stood at the entrance, and looked at the valley beneath that was silent with the silence of virgin modesty, bathing in the silver light of the moon. Standing there, Edward and Mary whispered each to the other words of passionate sympathy, of victorious anticipation. Mary permitted herself to taste of the nectar of hope.

II.

THE day of Rhywle eisteddfod was at hand. The rosettes of the committee men were made; they had been tried to see how they would look. Bards for miles

around were on their tip-toes awaiting time to announce,—if the adjudicators be just,—its profoundest secret. Choirs and soloists were embellishing with final touches their several test pieces. These, too, felt that time was big with momentous issues, if adjudicators were only just. None, however, anticipated the coming day with such surging emotions as Edward and Mary. The old people of Twyn y Graig had consented,—John rather reluctantly,—to allow Mary to compete on the contralto solo. The prize offered by the eisteddfod committee was one guinea. But Edward, in order to increase the glory of victory which he anticipated for Mary, had anonymously added three guineas thereto. A four guinea solo prize, being a very unusual one, had an effect which Edward had not foreseen. It not only increased public interest in that competition, but it greatly increased the number of competitors. Competitors from far and near,—many of them veterans of the eisteddfod platform,—entered into the competition. Edward now saw that he had made the task of winning far more arduous for Mary, and began to regret his action. But daring not to confess what he had done, he had to keep his reproaches to himself; and they were keen when Mary spoke hopelessly of her chance of victory.

"I can never hope," she told him, "to excel Eos y Fforest or Eos y Llwyn. And there are a dozen other 'eoses' at least."

And many felt as Mary felt. It was thought that a mere Mary could have no chance against an "eos." Many of her friends were therefore urgent that she should assume an eisteddfodic name. But Mary thought her own name quite as pretty and much more convenient than any possible eisteddfodic name, while Edward insisted that there was no name on earth to equal it. Both were, in fact, eisteddfodic heretics, believing,—on the principle that a rose would smell as sweet by any other name,—that a voice would sound as sweet though it have but a Christian name. But as most of Mary's friends and acquaintances were strictly orthodox, she seemed to them as one tempting Providence and courting failure in entering the lists without a name.

The day arrives. Rhywle, whose normal colour is sober dun, is flecked with colours. Flags and banners of diverse colours and designs adorn the Public Hall and the principal streets. In this mottled garb Rhywle scarcely knows itself. Scarcely, too, can it restrain its excitement. Were you abroad, even early, you might know that something stirring was afoot. You would see groups of men in animated conversation standing here and there with unfinished toilet. And when you see the men of Rhywle in their best boots and trousers, with unbuttoned vests and with no coats and collars, you may be sure that it is the morning of a Sunday or of a gala day. But what was even more indicative of something unwonted was the fact that all the girls of Rhywle had their hair in curling papers or curling pins that morning. From these indications you might infallibly conclude that Rhywle was about to be engaged in something other than business. And this becomes, if possible, still more evident when the trains bring a host of bardic and musical contestants and a large and eager audience.

And now the hour has arrived. The Public Hall is filled; and slowly the programme is proceeded with. The audience finds it interesting; but most of the contestants find it wearisome. To these last there is generally but one interesting item in the programme. Edward, certainly, thought the proceedings intolerably dull; and it was quite a relief to him to hear the conductor announce that the competitors on the contralto solo being so numerous,—thirty-two in number,—it had been decided to hold a preliminary contest in Bethania for the selection of the best four, who alone were to sing in the Hall. He immediately left the Hall and went to Bethania. Here 'twas wearisome enough to have to listen to some twenty six singers before Mary's turn came. Indeed, by the time the twenty sixth had finished "Ye that love the Lord," he was doubtful whether he loved anybody, and he was certain he hated all eisteddfodic competitors. Then Mary sang, and he changed his mind. Before she had finished he felt kindly towards her rivals; and when she was selected one of the four for the final

contest he was fain to confess that this world was not so badly arranged after all. But he was in a minority at Bethania on this point. And as the point could not be finally settled till the afternoon, when the final contest was to take place, Edward took Mary home to his mother to have that bountiful mid-day tea which distinguishes the anniversary or eisteddfod day. Edward and Mary dallied over their tea cup.

"I am glad," said Edward, "you have passed through one contest, you will not be so nervous in the next."

"I hope not. I found it hard to sing before the cold eyes of my rivals."

"Yet you sang splendidly."

"'Twas in spite of myself, then."

"In spite of yourself; why, you seemed to try more than usual."

"That was what I disliked. It was only by a severe effort that I could sing at all. I did this to please you, perhaps,—perhaps to triumph over my rivals, perhaps for both reasons."

"Yet, you would rather please me than beat the others," said Edward, appealingly. He was in that stage of courtship when a man demands that his loved one shall have no thought or wish apart from him. 'Tis later on that he discovers that in these things the half is much better and much greater than the whole.

"Perhaps," said Mary.

"You are not in earnest."

"Perhaps," archly.

Edward was mystified. Since the days of their avowed courtship, they had lived such earnest days in discussing musical and eisteddfodic matters that Mary had shewn no signs of roguishness. But already she was beginning to feel some reaction and creamed this midday tea with playfulness. Edward, after a little time, acquired a taste for it, thinking it delicious. He got avid of it; and in his greediness was in some danger of forgetting the afternoon session of the eisteddfod. His mother had to remind him of it—though she did so half an hour before it was necessary.

They started. Edward was now full of suppressed excitement, Mary strangely calm. In the hall Edward found it quite a task to sit down, and quite impossible to sit still. And when the conductor called

upon the contralto competitors to get ready, Edward's heart beat violently; but Mary moved with cold, mechanical precision. She felt, indeed, as if she were no more than a piece of mechanism,—or that her usual self had taken flight, giving place to some unmentioned mechanical self. She marvelled. Even when the singer whom she was to follow had nearly finished, she was only wondering where her old self had gone. At last her name is called. And even now this mechanical self seems to be going. What is coming over her? Is it annihilation? She reaches the front of the stage. She grasps at her vanishing consciousness. Now, she sees faces, faces upon faces, indistinct, shifting, shimmering. Some grew distinct,—Edward's pale, eager; her grandfather's, wondering whether this sort of nonsense will pay; her grannie's, proudly sympathetic. She hears the introduction to the song struck upon the piano,—how distant it sounds! She seeks her voice,—it hesitates; she struggles,—will it never come? Hush. What voice is that floating through the hall? Her own? She marvels at its volume and tone.

So, she perceives, does the audience. She has taken them captive. Her heart dilates with the joy of power. She pours out her soul. Her audience is spell-bound; 'tis not a voice but a soul that sings. The spell holds them even when she had finished. No flippant applause is heard. She leaves the stage before the audience recovers itself, then is there such a burst of applause as is not often heard even in Welsh assemblies.

When Mary returns to the hall, she finds her grandfather secretly and sheepishly wiping some unbidden tears from his eyes. The old man had been so carried by the power of a great emotion that he had forgotten to calculate whether song paid or not. And proudly and affectionately does he place his hand upon Mary's shoulder, tearfully whispering,—

"You shall have lessons, and I don't want you to earn anything for me, only to sing to me."

This was Mary's first triumph. She cared little now whether she won the eisteddfod prize or not, though that also fell to her lot.

R. DAVID.

THE WELSH IN AMERICA.

I HAVE often been struck by the fact that, while Welsh papers published in America devote considerable attention to the affairs of the old country, Welshmen on this side of the water hear comparatively little of the doings of their kinsfolk in America. It occurs to me, therefore, that a few notes of a recent visit to America, during which I saw something of the Welsh communities in that country, may not be without interest to the readers of WALES.

The oldest considerable settlement of Welshmen in America was, as is well known, that of the Welsh Quakers who followed William Penn to Pennsylvania. These Quaker settlements then formed a nucleus, round which the immigration from Wales tended for a long time to gather;* and in particular, a large number of Welsh

Baptists settled in the district round Philadelphia in the early part of last century. Abundant traces of these early Welsh settlements are to be seen in names such as Brynmawr, Dyffryn Mawr (pronounced locally *Brin-mähr*, *Diffryn-mähr*), Tredyffryn, Uwchlan (pronounced *Yooklän*), Narberth, Radnor, Haverford, St. David's, Berwyn, Merion, and others. Needless to say that all trace of the Welsh language has long since disappeared from these districts; but Welsh names such as Evans, Lewis, Williams, Philipps, Davies, Pierce, &c., abound there, and some of the oldest and most respected families in Pennsylvania trace their descent from a Welsh Quaker or Baptist stock. It was not the least interesting experience of my tour to come into contact with several representatives of these Welsh families, and to find that, though cut off from the land of their forefathers, by language, distance, and the

* As early as 1729 a Welsh Benevolent Society was founded in Philadelphia, with the object (among others) of assisting poor emigrants from Wales.

lapse of over two centuries, they still retained a vivid interest in everything relating to Wales. One of the most interesting people of this kind whom I met was Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, who has an European reputation as joint editor of Lewis and Short's Latin Dictionary, and as author of other learned works. His father, the late Judge Lewis, was the friend of Abraham Lincoln, and Commissioner of Internal Revenue in Lincoln's Administration. I spent a delightful day with Mr. Lewis in Philadelphia; and I have seldom met any man who impressed me more by the brilliancy and variety of his intellectual gifts.

The Welsh immigrants of later times have by no means confined themselves to the State of Pennsylvania. The seventeen persons of Welsh descent who, as I learn from the October number of this magazine, signed the Declaration of Independence, came from all parts of the American Colonies. And at the present time Welsh people are found to a greater or less extent in every state of the Union. Still there are some places, especially in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, in which the Welsh element is much stronger than in others. Of the particular towns where Welsh settlers are numerous, I had the opportunity of visiting Utica and Scranton; and I propose now to describe shortly my visit to these two places.

Utica is in the State of New York, an easy day's journey from New York City. Starting from my hotel in New York about nine in the morning, I caught the Hudson River steamboat for Albany. The journey up the river took about nine hours. The scenery of the Hudson is exceedingly picturesque, and might perhaps remind one of the Rhine, were it not that history and legend have combined to lend to the Rhine a charm which is peculiarly its own. Albany was reached soon after six o'clock, and thence to Utica was a railway journey of some four hours. I had wired to the editor of the *Drych* that I was coming to Utica, and my first object next morning was to find the whereabouts of the *Drych* Office. Arrived there, I was ushered into the editorial sanctum, where I found Messrs. J. C. Roberts and B. F. Lewis,

the editors of the paper. We had a long talk, and I was then introduced to Mr. Thomas H. Griffiths, the proprietor. The two editors gave me, in the course of conversation, some interesting information as to the history and present position of their newspaper. I had long known the *Drych* as an admirably conducted paper, ranking, indeed, among the best Welsh newspapers in the world; but I confess that I was surprised when I was told what its circulation actually is, especially bearing in mind that nearly every one of the thousands of copies sold weekly has to be mailed to the individual subscriber. The high literary merit and the sustained popularity of the *Drych* are striking testimonies to the vitality of Welsh sentiment in America, and to the undying affection with which the Cymry, even after they have left their native hills for ever, still cling to the language and literature of their fathers.

Mr. Roberts was kind enough to take me to the office of lawyer G. H. Humphrey, president of the Cymreigyddion of Utica, under whose guidance I was enabled to see all that was worth seeing in Utica to the best advantage. Mr. Humphrey is a type of the American Welshman, of which I saw several examples during my stay in the country. His Welsh has been wholly acquired in America, but he has so perfect a command of the language that for some years he held the post of editor of the *Drych*. As in the large towns of England, so in America, it is no uncommon thing for Welsh to be spoken in Welsh families to the second and third generations. The Welsh of the American-born Welshman has naturally a flavour of its own; it is a Welsh neither of the North nor of the South, but approaches more nearly to the literary language than does colloquial Welsh in any part of Wales.

I learnt that in Utica itself, which is a town of 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants, there were not more than 3,000 Welsh people, but that Welshmen abounded in the district around. I was assured by one informant that many of the Welsh farmers in the district had little or no acquaintance with English. I had a practical demonstration of the importance of the Welsh population

in Utica when, on returning to my hotel in the afternoon, I found a reporter from a daily paper of the town waiting to interview me on the subject of the Welsh national movement.

Some three weeks later, I was invited to speak at an Eisteddfod held at Scranton, Pa., a town of about 90,000 inhabitants, and the centre of an important coal-mining district, which is largely inhabited by Welsh people. Scranton struck me as being even more Welsh than Utica, but this may partly have been because I arrived there at the time of the great annual Welsh festival. I heard *yr hen iaith* spoken on all hands. Welsh was the first language that greeted my ear when I alighted from the train on my arrival at Scranton; when I took a street car next morning, I found the two people who sat next me conversing in Welsh; the very waitress in the restaurant where in company with Judge Edwards and Dr. Joseph Parry of Cardiff, I lunched on the last day of my visit, chatted gaily with us in Welsh as she ministered to our bodily necessities. As a matter of fact, I learnt that two other nationalities, the German and the Irish, contest with the Welsh the claim to preponderance in Scranton.

The Eisteddfod itself was a decided success, as I believe Eisteddfodau in this district usually are. The audience at some of the meetings was said to number from 3,000 to 4,000. Less use was made of the Welsh language than might have been expected, in view of the strength of the Cymric population in the city. The promoters of the Eisteddfod, wise no doubt in their generation, have evidently striven to give it a cosmopolitan character, which should serve to attract all elements of the heterogeneous population of the district. In this aim they seem to have succeeded, for the Eisteddfod is fast becoming a recognised Scranton institution, in which all good citizens, of whatever nationality, take pride and interest. There was one competition confined to Catholic choirs, and evidently intended for the Irish element in the population. In like manner the German section was provided with a competition in the shape of a glee. The German barber who shaved me on the

morning of the Eisteddfod, divided his attention between me and another son of the Fatherland, to whom he discoursed volubly in his guttural North German on the chances of the prize falling to the choir to which they both belonged. Listening to these enthusiastic foreigners, I felt that a new view of the Eisteddfod's mission was being opened out before me. As far as Wales itself is concerned, I am for the Eisteddfod's being made as Welsh as it is possible to be; but who knows that an Anglicised form of the Eisteddfod might not, to our very great advantage, take root among us in England as it is doing among the various nationalities in Scranton?

The Scranton Eisteddfod gave me an opportunity of meeting several well known and representative American Welshmen, of whom I can only mention here the name of one of the most distinguished,—I mean Judge Edwards, of Scranton. Judge Edwards is a native of Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire. He emigrated to America when about twenty years of age, and was at first a journalist; but afterwards, turning to the study of the law, he raised himself by ability and perseverance to the honourable position he now holds. He is a fluent speaker both in Welsh and English. As he presided over the Eisteddfod meeting which I attended, I was enabled in some measure to appreciate the eloquence, wit, and culture which have given him so high a place in the esteem of his fellow countrymen in America. I learn with pleasure that there is a probability of his paying a visit to the old country next year; and I hope that the people of Wales will then have opportunities of becoming more closely acquainted with him.

The Welsh form an important element in the population of the United States. The tide of emigration from Wales, which is one of the most notable phenomena of modern Welsh history, has set for the most part in the direction of America; and according to a recent article in the *North American Review*, by Mr. John E. Owens, the present number of Welsh settlers in the States, including only first descendants, is close on a million and a quarter. I made a point of ascertaining, so far as I could, the estimation in which the Welsh popula-

tion was held by other Americans. Everywhere I found that the high standard of morality, intelligence, and freedom from crime, which distinguishes the Welsh people at home, is fully maintained by the American Welsh in their adopted country. It will perhaps disappoint some persons, whose peculiar mental bias leads them to suggest that white gloves and white lies are alike characteristic of Wales, to learn that the American Welshman is quite as conspicuous for loyalty to truth as he is for respect for the law. I was assured by one eminently qualified to give an opinion, that in point of honesty as witnesses and jurymen Welshmen compare very favourably with persons of other nationalities in America.

The one objection I heard urged against the Welsh from the American standpoint was based on what most people in this country would consider a merit, and few, surely, would deem a fault. "They make very good citizens," I was told, "but they cling far too stubbornly to their own customs and language." I was struck by the fact that the American is far less tolerant of alien usages in his own country than the Englishman. In the British Empire all languages and all nationalities are recog-

nised and tolerated; we have given up trying to make everybody who comes under our rule conform to our own pattern. The American, on the contrary, alarmed by the flood of alien immigration which has recently overflowed his country, and made it a veritable Babel of different tongues, is above all bent on the speedy welding of these heterogeneous elements into one united whole in point of race, language, and national customs. With characteristic impatience he cannot wait for the slow process of time to bring about the result he desires; his new nation must be born in a day. It is not surprising, therefore, that there should be some disposition to look with jealousy on a race so tenacious of their national peculiarities as the Welsh. But as the national peculiarities of the Welsh consist mainly in a love for poetry and song, a delight in intellectual exercises, and a fondness for the chapel, the Sunday school, and the Eisteddfod, it is a little difficult to see how their usefulness as citizens is impaired by these things; and as far as language is concerned, so long as a Welshman learns English enough to do his duty as a good American citizen, it cannot hurt anybody if he chooses to speak Welsh besides.

THOS. DARLINGTON.

THE MOSS ROSE OF WALES.

THERE blooms one flower more dear than all
That still enslaves my breast,
'Tis the small budding flower that blows
More sweet than all the rest;

Fond rose that smiles with early dew
And greets the rising morn,
Till warblers, wild with matin song,
Forsake its flowering thorn.

Let other blooms exhale their breath
Around where fountains play,
I know of one small pale-pink rose
Far dearer yet than they;

Let other flowers with ruddy lips
Departed dreams recall;
There blooms one rose, one simple rose,—
I love more dearly than all;—

It is my sweet, my lovely flower
That blooms where zephyr blows
And greets me ere the dewdrop's left
My bonny, mossy rose.

When thrilling vespers chime at eve,
Ere summer's twilight gloom,
I see my rapturous lady kiss
That beauteous mossy bloom;

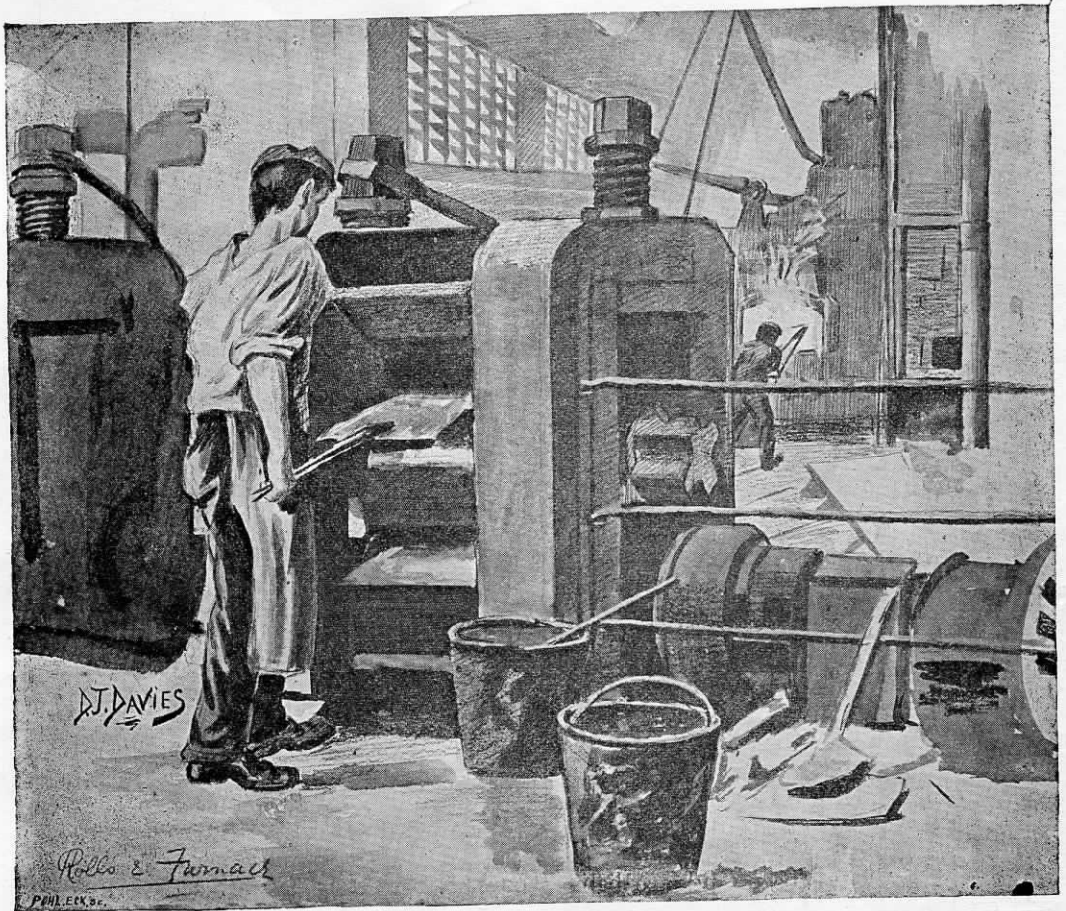
Still lingering near delicious bowers
Unheard she steals along,
And with her trembling fingers plucks
The flower I loved so long.

Though some more fragrant lips than thine
Drop scent on summer gales;
Yet thee I love more dearly than all
My sweet moss rose of Wales.

E. R. OWEN.

chimneys, which continually pour forth a generous supply of smoke. Day and night you can hear the steam engines, the hammers, and the rollers, fulfilling their natural and rightful functions. The streets are full of life, the place full of energy. All that is "keen" in athletics,—the football team beat redoubtable Newport this year, and the volunteers produced the

The fair estuary of the Llwchwr stretches at the feet of the town. Across it we see the lovely undulating contour of the Gower hills. The river Llwchwr starts from the solid rocks near the historic castle of Carreg Cenen. I have often thought that these facts are signs and symbols to those who will read circumstances in the light of nature. As the river has its



ROLLS AND FURNACE.

Queen's Prizeman last year,—yes, all that is "keen" and all that is musical has a home here. I will not refer to the victories of the Town Band, because I might damage our literature by decreasing the circulation of WALES. Human nature is human nature, and envious eyes have been cast on Llanelly from other directions than the tin plate works in America.

source in a quiet, rocky, be-aldered and be-mossed nook far up the hills, and flows to the confines of this busy place, so the youth and strength reared on the barren highlands find work and occupation, and learn skill and science, in our smoky town. The Gower hills tell us that we may have confidence in our own race. We look upon a beautiful country occupied by another

race, and proudly reflect that the artisan of Llanelly is superior to the peasant of Gower. And does not the beauty of nature, surrounding the "din and smoke of this dim spot," whisper to us that Ruskin, like Homer, sometimes has a nap, and that after all it is possible that beauty and skill are one? Physically and literally, Llanelly is a living proof that mercantile and artistic power can co-exist and co-operate.

We all live on the tin plater. Therefore come with us for an hour to the "works." Here we see the process from the beginning. We enter through the big doors and catch sight of a medley collection of steel scraps, pig iron, and "oddments" of every description. If you are English, you had better rely on the manager to explain to you. For we are nearly all Welsh here, and if you have a little of "the old language" about you, you will soon find this to be true. The begrimed, but honest, faces will brighten into what is more celestial than cleanliness at a word in Welsh.

We return, not to our "muttons" but to our "pigs." These remind us of Charles Lamb. They are roasted alive, iron ore of a rough kind being put in the furnace to bring the temperature up to the required melting point. The furnaces are heated by gas made on the premises. This is, if we may use the expression, gas in the rough. It is of no use for ordinary lighting purposes. Having enquired where the tin plater gets his coal, we are informed that it is from the Rhondda,—another home of music and merchandise, of art and hard work.

We are now told that we shall have to endure great heat in viewing the furnaces. Not very many years ago a popular preacher is reported to have caused a revival by informing the people that, if they were wicked, they would go to a place the warmth of which was so great that it would mean capital punishment to its habitual occupant if he were placed for a quarter of an hour in the hottest furnace in Llanelly. He would die of cold. This is doubtless mere report, for I, with an exiguous imagination, can conceive of no sea of fire like that which we view now. The gas plaves over the molten metal and

make it bubble up like a veritable ocean of flame. If Mr. Davies includes an illustration of a furnace, it ought to be specially printed to illustrate the next edition of *Paradise Lost*.

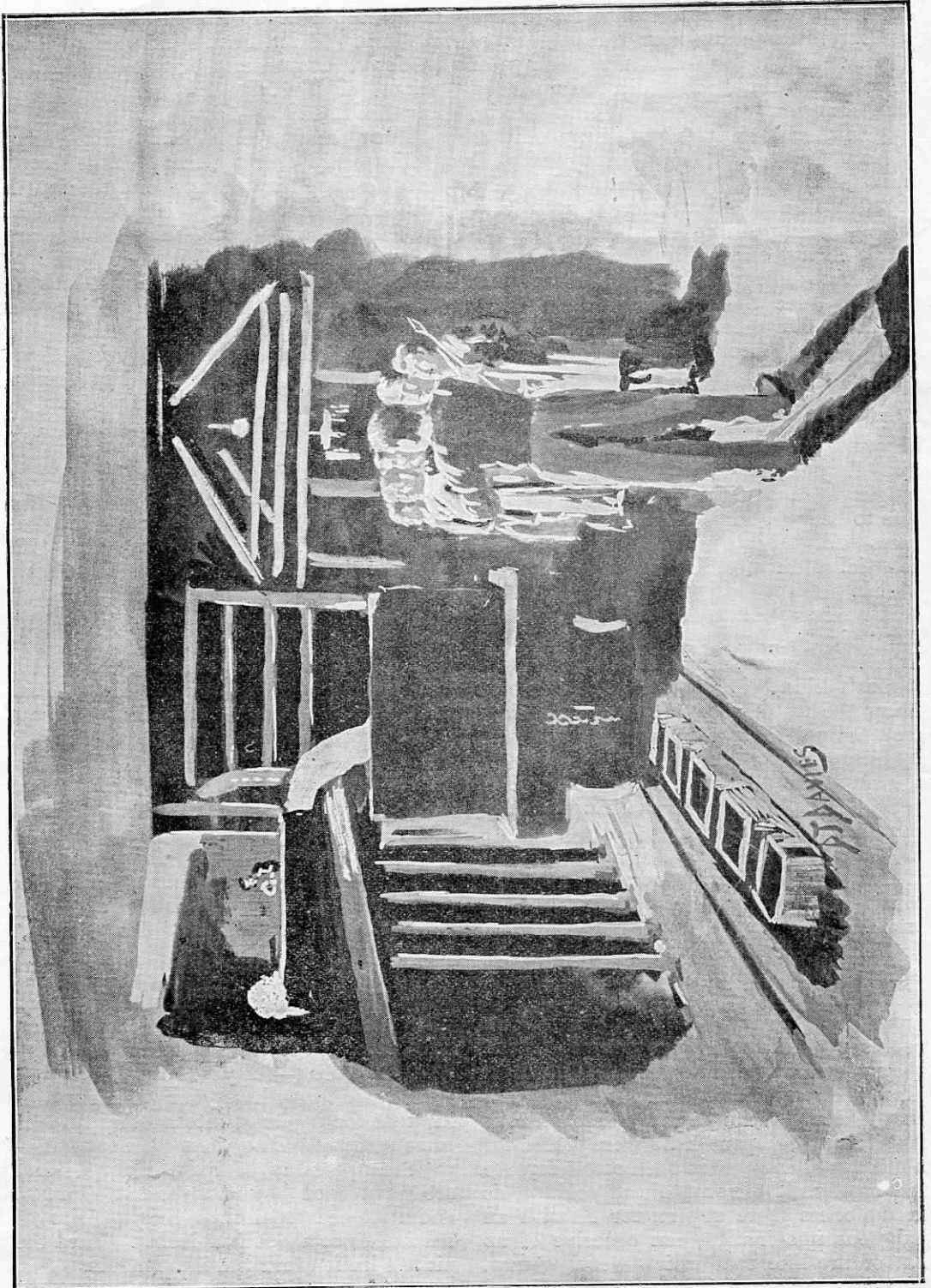
There are four chambers. In the first, gas is passed over the metal. The second and third are air furnaces, and the fourth gas. The air, of course, is introduced to enable the gas to burn. The bubbles are caused by the carbon which is released by the action of the fire. When you look at this conflagration of the element, blue spectacles are necessary to protect the eyesight. "Mae'r tân fel yr haul yn anterth ei nerth,"* remarked a furnace-man to me. He had seen it many times in many years, but familiarity had not bred contempt.

The next thing is to go and see the metal "tapped." In the dusky atmosphere of the shed, with the half clad and unrecognisable forms flitting round you, with the clang of many hammers and the whir of many wheels deafening your ears, you begin to feel heated and dazed. A strange longing presses upon your spirit. You begin to want to go home to the bosom of your family and rest awhile. Then, suddenly, the trap doors open, and the yellow steel, scintillating with silver light, leaps down to the receptacles that transfer it into the cases from which, when cooled, it emerges as "ingots." What an avalanche! It impressed me far more than the Niagara did. It represented nature conquered by man, and the sentiment of the power of man is necessary to crown the sentiment of the power of nature.

Whenever you cut your can of tinned fruit, remember that some men in South Wales have faced a deluge of liquid steel and compelled it to go where it should,—*in optato alveo*,—for you.

You can barely hear your guide explaining that the ingots go into another furnace to be reheated. They then come out hot,—which appears to be quite natural,—and are "put upon" by a seven-ton hammer, and flattened from their original size of ten inches to about four inches. Then the pitiless knife cuts them into lengths.

* "The fire is like the sun in the might of its strength."



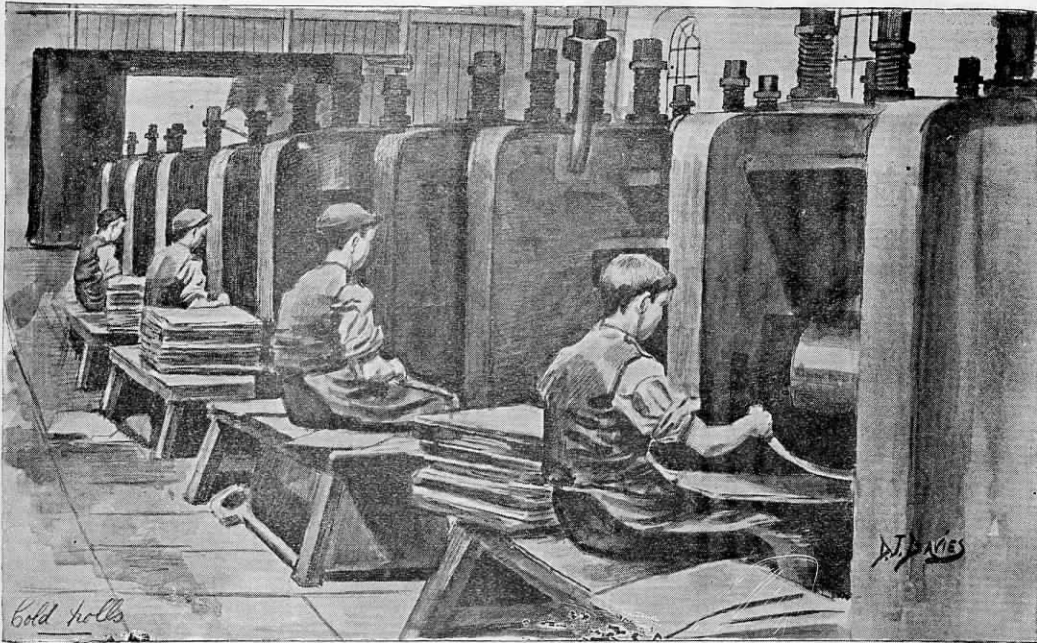
TAPPING THE METAL. Page 355.

What strikes the nervous observer of all this is the ease with which the men use their tongs in dealing with these abused, flattened, decapitated, but still red-hot ingots. They pass them one to another as if they were playing tennis.

You ask about accidents. Very few occur. Some eighteen months ago a hammer-man was killed. The steel ingot slipped while under the hammer, and the weight drove the tongs into his side with a fatal result. Custom had made him careless, and though he was a good workman,

the machinery. Still this music brings bread and children's happy laughter, and man and wife's content to most of the houses. Whenever I go away, either on business or pleasure, my first anxiety, on my return, is to see if our chimneys show signs of life. If the stacks smoke, I know that the little children of Llanelly have their daily food.

We next come to the rolling. Our ingot goes between two broad rollers, and emerges, like a hobbledehoy, much greater in length than in thickness. In short, it



COLD ROLLS.

he was looking round and talking to someone instead of keeping his eyes fixed on his own business.

In reference to the hammer, you will not fail to notice the action of the steam gauger. He regulates the force which is brought to bear on our poor ingot,—neè pig,—and his work, for all the world, resembles that of an organ blower. You almost expect to hear a voluntary. But no; there is nought but the thud! thud! of the hammer, and the grind! grind! of

now resembles a flat fiery serpent, about half an inch thick, and it is, as should be done in all such cases, at once plunged into a "bosh." Ordinary people denominate this a bath, but the tin plater allows his phraseology to suffer no sea change.

In certain works, I should explain, there is no hammering. The steel goes straight away from the furnace to the roller. But the discipline of the hammer is good, though it is doubtful whether civilization will tolerate the better article at the higher

price. The tendency of the market appears to be towards the least expensive output.

After the "bosh" comes the cutting machine. The lengths are passed through, and come out in shorter pieces. Then comes the cold rolling, the separating of the now still thinner sheets. The reader will understand that a doubling process

comes in between the two rolling processes. An application of vitriol clears off the spots and by this time our pig has been converted into accurate sizes of black plates. We thus come to the end of the general process which fits iron to be the recipient of the tin wash. The processes connected therewith will fill another chapter.

THE DIARY OF A BARD.—(EBEN FARDD).

VI.—GUARDIAN, THIEF, EXAMINER.

1837.

June 28th.—Was called to Plas to see R. Tecwyn, conversed with him awhile; and I drank 1 pint of porter. He said I was his only poetical friend in Wales; admired my letters to him.

30th.—To-day is the Guardians' meeting at Carnarvon to nominate auditors. Mr. Hughes told me yesterday that, from some private observations made to him by some magistrates on the bench in the Quarter Sessions, I might as well retire for this time, as there was no chance of my succeeding, still that he would with great pleasure propose me; though I believe his inclination was to desist. I, however, said that I should most readily acquiesce in any course which he and my other friends at Carnarvon would deem most proper to adopt, but that I did not like to signify my withdrawal to him alone, without a consultation being held by my friends on the occasion, and their decision in respect to my nomination would be in this instance my rule in regard to my competition for the office. Afternoon, 6 o'clock.—Mr. Hughes called, said he had, in accordance with the friendly advice of some gentlemen, withdrawn my name from the list of candidates, at the same time he observed that his motive was not to bring me forward as a means of creating any vexatious opposition to other candidates, but to introduce me into public notice as a person of obscure birth and parentage, possessing considerable talents, and deserving of some higher promotion, said I gained several medals, and at one congress was represented in the chair by Genl. Sir Love Parry, who was present.

Sir L. P.—"Very true sir, the man is a person of superior merit."

Lord N.—"Do you withdraw him or do you not?"

Mr. H.—"I am authorized to do so, my lord."

Lord N.—"That answer seems evasive. Do you withdraw him or not?"

Mr. H.—"I do, my lord."—bah!

My wife went into the private society of the Calvinistic Methodists' meeting at Gyrn Goch Chapel. She has been for the last three weeks greatly embarrassed, and much troubled in her mind on account of her sinful state. I hope this is the hand of God, if so, it will grow and increase into salvation.

July 7th.—David Williams, Esq., Pwllheli, called upon me this morning on his way to Carnarvon to announce the result of my contest for the auditorship at the Pwllheli Union meeting held on the 5th inst. He said that he got Sir Love Parry to propose me, and that 15 voted for me and 22 for Mr. Lloyd of Llwydiarth. Mr. Williams censured the course which my Carnarvon friends had taken, namely, withdrawing my name from the list of candidates; for even if my view was to bring myself to notice by means of this contest, it would have been more in my favour to persevere. This course, however, was not under my control. Mr. Hughes told me that at Carnarvon in the Quarter Sessions and on the bench, Sir Love Parry urged him to withdraw me; so did Mr. Jones, Llanddeiniolen, observing that I should be esteemed a man of rebellious spirit in coming forward at such a palpable and plain disadvantage

against a gentleman who was the favourite of all. Mr. Wynne Williams too, he said, advised him to withdraw me. Under the circumstances, I made up my mind to acquiesce in any course which Mr. Hughes, Mr. Owen Roberts, and my other friends who would meet at Carnarvon would deem most proper and expedient for them to adopt, after holding a consultation and coming to an unanimous decision relative thereto. The result of this was my withdrawal, but I cannot say how far I may rely on Mr. Hughes' statements respecting this affair; he is wavering and unsteady, I know, in some matters.

8th.—Morning, yesterday and to-day, hitherto, I feel distressed somehow on account of the Pwllheli Union meeting transactions noticed here before. I am convinced of the sincerity and unflinching fidelity of Mr. D. Williams, and I find myself utterly inadequate to discharge my obligations to him as I ought and as he deserves. I do feel most grateful, but I know not how to express my gratitude with sufficient ardour and fluency to render him aware of the exquisite feeling which pervades me on this occasion. To Sir L. Parry too I should wish to return my most heartfelt thanks, as well as to all those old and new friends who supported me on this occasion in my dear old town of Pwllheli, the scene of my youthful pleasures and enjoyments. All I can do here is to pray that my God, who on this, as well as many occasions stood on my right hand to defend and protect me,—to pray, I say, that he will reward those kind-hearted friends with prosperity, health, comfort, and eternal life; Amen. 10 o'clock,—A young man, Mr. Matthews' son of Carnarvon, called to say he intended to come to my school next week.

9th.—Sunday,—David Williams, Maesog, dined at my house.

10th.—Tithe letting. Wrote notices of claims to vote for Dr. Foulkes and Wm. Parry, Ynysowa; the latter gave me A. in consideration thereof, the former nothing! Of all men I ever did any service thereunto, gentlemen are the most ungrateful, they never acknowledge a kind assistance or tender even the smallest recompence for the same,—Ffei honyn!! Tithe notices,

postage of their letters,—all falling on a poor man.

11th.—Feel very dejected, nothing pleases me, I am much inclined to live in solitary retirement unheeded by, and unheeding the world. I don't wish to see or hear any human companion or acquaintance come to talk to me. I want quiet.

12th.—My old pupil Hannah called, she is apprenticed dressmaker at Carnarvon. About 3 o'clock the Rev. Morris Williams called, and stayed for about half an hour. He did not appear so ruddy and strong as usual, complained of the hard and oppressive duties he had to go through at Holywell, which, he said, nearly affected his health. He is now going to be one of the masters of the Bangor school.

17th.—Attended Mr. Hughes at his request to Ty'n y Coed, to take down the depositions of the master and servants relative to a thief they had caught, and to write his commitment. We found the thief in the loft of the stable in one of the servants' hold. A table and two chairs were brought there, and the witnesses examined, with their evidence taken down. I wrote the commitment, which was wrongly worded, though I submitted to Mr. Hughes the propriety of wording it otherwise. He took no notice of the matter then, but after coming home he found we were wrong in adopting the word burglariously, which denoted breaking into a house in the night, whereas this breaking in was in the day time. I was extremely ill after being there, on account of seeing the thief and the process of securing him, which rendered me very nervous and apprehensive. My headache arose partly too from my racking my brains for some proper expressions in the commitment, while Mr. Hughes did not tender the least assistance.

18th.—To-day, thank my God, I am pretty well recovered.

22nd.—Wrote a note to thank Sir L. Parry, which I forwarded to him by the hand of Mr. Pughe. Went to Carnarvon this day, very early. After buying a quantity of shop goods, I went to Mr. Rees' shop to buy a newspaper. Found Messrs. Hughes, Vaynol House, T. P. Jones, and others there, who all shook hands with me, and eagerly enquired about the progress of

the election. I said I hoped Sir Love Parry would gain it, but they appeared rather indifferent,—apparently vexed because they had no candidate. One gentleman said I had a vote. I said,—“Who? I?” “Aye,” said he. “I believe not,” said I. “I have a leasehold house, but it is not worth £10 a year.” He said £2 was the required value. “Yes,” said I, “for freehold.” “Aye,” said he, “and for leasehold too.” “The £10 is a borough qualification,” said I, “however I am not registered, and therefore I cannot vote now.” This terminated the dialogue; it is singular that such well informed persons are so unknowing about a voter’s qualification.

24th.—Assizes at Carnarvon. To-day the thief whose commitment and depositions of witnesses I assisted Mr. Hughes to write at Ty’n y Coed this day sennight, was sentenced to be transported for seven years by Judge Alderson, though not for his

offence committed at Ty’n y Coed, but for a felony elsewhere. This is a desperate fellow, I think of the hellfire that glared in his infernal eye when I saw him at Ty’n y Coed, he had a fiendish wink in the left eye, and his looks were particularly forbidding and repulsive. In other respects he was generally well made.

25th.—Members for the boroughs nominated at Carnarvon to-day, the candidates are Mr. Bulkeley Hughes and Captain Charles Paget. Assizes terminated to-day.

September 26th.—Rev. Mr. Cotton this day examined my school, and said the children were much improved since last year. Commenced with singing and prayer, which one of the boys read. The same order was observed at the conclusion of the examination. He and the children on parting sang “God save the Queen,” and gave two or three hearty cheers.

THE ENGLISH LAWS RELATING TO WALES.

THE “STATUTES OF WALES” (*continued.*)

On page 204 will be found the first part of the “Statutes of Wales,” translated entire. The following is a summary of the remainder of those statutes. In the next volume will be given the more interesting statutes relating to commerce, bards, rebellions, &c.

Of the Sheriff. If anyone complains to the sheriff of trespass done to him, of cattle stolen, of debt, &c., let him take the complainant’s oath that he will prosecute his claim, or pledges. Let him summon the defendant to the next county court; if he comes not, summon him again to the next court; if he comes not then, summon him the third time. If he comes not to the third court let the case be proceeded with; let him be fined for default according to the laws of Wales, and punished according to his offence.

The county court is to be held from month to month,—on Mondays in one county, on Tuesdays in another, &c.

In case of homicide, the men of the four townships next to the place of the manslaughter are to appear in the next county court before the sheriff, and coroner, and suitors, bringing him who found the dead body and the kindred of the slain (the Welshery). If any one is accused, and is

present, let him be safely kept in prison until the Justice comes. If the accused is not present, and appears not at the next county court, let his lands and chattels be granted by the king to the custody of the townships; if the accused comes not to the fourth county court, let him be outlawed.

And so in cases of wounding, maihem, rape, arson, and robbery. If the accused appear, with six sureties, they are to be bailed until the Justice comes.

The sheriff is to make his turn in the commotes twice a year, once after the feast of St. Michael and once after Easter. To meet him must come all freeholders, and all others holding land or dwelling in the commote, except men of religion, clerks, and women. The sheriff, by the oath of twelve or more of the most discreet and lawful men, shall inquire concerning the following,—traitors; murderers, thieves, burners; those who buy and sell stolen meat; those who whiten

stolen hides of oxen and horses; those who turn stolen cloth into a new shape: returned outlaws and those who disappear during the visits of the justices; ravishers of maids and nuns and matrons of good repute; of treasure trove; of those who turn water courses and narrow the highway; of forgers; of breakers of gaol; of those who trespass in parks, steal pigeons flying from dove cotes, steal impounded animals; of those who break into houses, take the law into their own hands, imprison others; of those who remove land-marks, have false weights and measure, do not observe the assize of bread and beer; of those who harbour unknown persons for more than two nights; of those who shear sheep by night in the folds, or flay them; of those that take and collect by night the ears of corn in autumn, and carry them away.

Let there be inquiry also into any usurpations of the king's rights,—wardship, marriage, fees, presentations to livings, &c.

Let the whole commote come together; let them be sworn that they will conceal nothing from the jury, or say aught that is false; let them be charged to make diligent inquiry; if they find any man ought to lose life or limb, let them tell the sheriff secretly, lest he escape; any other accusation is to be made publicly in court. After consultation apart by themselves, the jury will render their verdict. The sheriff shall thereupon imprison or discharge those indicted of offences deserving the loss of life or limb, and shall do due correction and execution in other matters.

In every commote there must be Of the
Coroner. at least one coroner, chosen in the county court, and sworn. When required he must come to see a dead man, killed, drowned, or otherwise dead,—or a man grievously wounded so that his life is despaired of. He shall summon the men of the township and the men of the four adjoining townships, and make diligent in-

quiry by their oaths,—faithfully, cautiously secretly. He shall write distinctly the name of the finder of the body, the names of the accused, and the value of their possessions, the names of the kindred of the dead man (the Welshery) on the father or the mother's side, for the sheriff and the justice.

When a thief or a malefactor flees into sanctuary, let the coroner cause the bailiff of the commote to summon the good and lawful men of the neighbourhood. Then the felon is to be brought out to the church door, and a sea port shall be assigned him by the coroner. In journeying to that port the felon must carry a cross in his hand; and he must not turn to the right or to the left from the king's highway, but go straight along it until he leaves the realm.

Here follow the forms of king's writs to the sheriff,—to tell him to prepare, for the coming of the justice, parties to disputes about freehold, common pasture, nuisance, inheritance, dower, debt, covenants, &c. Then come the methods of conducting trials.

Dower. Women had no dower in Wales before, now they are to have a dower,—the third part of all the land that belonged to their husbands. When it is objected that they were never espoused in lawful matrimony, the bishop is to inquire and decide.

Succession. In Wales, otherwise than in England, an inheritance is to be divided among male heirs. Let the old custom stand except in two cases,—bastards are not to inherit with lawful heirs, and women may inherit on the failure of heirs male.

Trials. Trials concerning lands and tenements are to be tried by a sworn jury; trials concerning contracts, debts, trespasses, chattels, &c., by Welsh law, that is by witnesses or by compurgation. In crimes, the law of England is to be used.

It should be remembered that the "Statutes of Wales" of 1284 refer to the lands of Llywelyn and his supporters only. They brought into immediate dependence upon the English central organization the modern counties of Anglesey, Carnarvon, Merioneth (except the lordship of Mawddwy), Flint, Cardigan (except Tregaron and

some other districts), and Carmarthen (except the Vale of Towy). From 1284 to 1536 Wales was divided into the shire-ground of the west, governed like an ordinary English shire, and the march lordships of the east and south, from which seven new shires were eventually formed.

THE DIOCESE OF BANGOR IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WE must be on our guard against taking Nonconformist records as the only material of our history during the last century. Much light can be thrown on the political, social, religious, and economic condition of the country from vestry books, reports of rural deans, accounts of episcopal visitations, and such sources. To begin with, I give the answers given by clergymen in the bishopric of Bangor to the following four questions, handed in at the episcopal visitation of 1776,—

1. What number of communicants have you, generally, in your parish? In particular, what was the number which communicated at Easter last? Was it greater or less than usual?

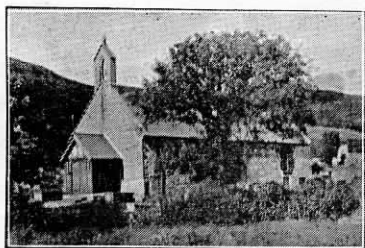
2. Are there any persons in your parish or chapelry who are Papists, or reputed to be such?

Have they any priest, or any place there where they assemble for divine worship?

3. Are there any Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in your parish or chapelry? And of what rank? Are there any other places made use of for divine worship than such as are used by the above mentioned sects? What are the names of their teachers; and are they, and the houses wherein they assemble, licensed as the law directs? Is their number greater or less of late years than formerly, according to your observation, and by what means?

4. Are there any who call themselves Methodists in your parish or chapelry? How many are there, and who are their teachers? Do their number increase or decrease, and to what do you impute the alteration?

DEANERY OF LLEYN.



LLANGIAN CHURCH, LLEYN.

ABERDARON.

1. Upon the two Easter days some number above 300 communicants; Christmas Day and Whit-Sunday 50 to 60 on each; the first Sundays in Lent and October from 30 to 40; the communicants last Easter much less than usual. I should have observed to your lordship that the communicants at Easter, both of the church and chapel, are reckoned together, as they mind not at which they then communicate.

2. There is not one Papist in this parish.

3. No Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in this parish, and but one family of Presbyterians, who have no meeting house in this parish. There is a chapel built by the Methodists in this parish about two years ago, and a family house where they have their constant meetings, by night as well as by day, but not any constant settled teachers.

4. More than half of the families in the

parish are inclined to Methodism, though but two or three profess it openly. The number of Methodists rather increases here every year, and I cannot but impute it to the number of itinerant preachers daily sent here from other parts.

JOHN ROBERTS.

LLANFAELRHYS.

1. The inhabitants of this chapelry and of Aberdaron, the mother church, communicate at Easter promiscuously, and are, in general, above 300. What was the number at last Easter in particular I cannot well ascertain, as I was not able to attend myself, but can find that it was less than usual. Communicants here at Christmas and Whitsuntide, about 20.

2. There are no Papists or reputed Papists here, or in this neighbourhood.

3. There are no Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers here, nor any other place of divine worship than the chapel itself.

4. There are in this chapelry three families that follow the Methodists, but I can't find that they increase or decrease here of late.

JOHN ROBERTS.

BODVEAN.

1. We have generally from three to four score communicants in our parish, which, as far as I recollect, is near the number that communicated at Easter last.

2. No.

3. No.

4. Some few attend their meetings, though they disclaim the name of Methodists. Their teachers are itinerants and strangers.

WILLIAM OWEN,
Curate of Bodvean.

ABERERCH.

1. About five hundred, nor can I think that the number is much greater or less than usual.

2. No.

3. No, excepting five Presbyterians in the small parish or chapelry of Penrhos.

4. There are some that are reputed Methodists, but I know of none that entirely absent themselves from church. Neither is there at this time a teacher or a place of meeting within my parish. The Methodists are not now so violent as they have been some years ago, and I think that their number is decreasing, which I can impute to no other cause than the present moderation of the clergy, as the Methodists glory in persecution; wherever they are resisted, they collect their whole force and make the greatest opposition in their power.

ROBERT OWEN,
Curate of Abererch.

CEIDIO.

1. The parish being small, I generally have about five and twenty, which was the number at Easter day last, not less than usual.

2. No.

3. No.

4. There are none that are zealous in that opinion, nor have they any teacher.

J. ROBERTS, *Curate.*

NEVIN.

1. We have generally from eight to nine score communicants in our parish, which, as far as I recollect, is near the number that communicated at Easter.

2. No.

3. No. There is in our parish an unlicensed house called Cae Rhûg, though not entirely set apart for that purpose, where the Methodists frequently assemble.

4. Most of my parishioners attend their meetings at times, though they disclaim the name of Methodists. Their teachers

are itinerants and strangers. I don't believe that their numbers decrease, though they are not such zealots as they have been.

WILLIAM OWEN,
Curate of Nevin.

EDERN.

1. From forty to fifty, less than usual.

2. There are none.

3. There are but two Presbyterians in the parish of Edern. There is a Methodists' chapel in the parish of Edern without a license.

4. There are many reputed Methodists; more than I can inform your lordship,—common strollers. They rather increase than decrease.

JOHN JONES,
Curate of Edern.

PISTYLL.

1. Between seventy and eighty last Easter as usual.

2. There are no Papists in the parish of Pistyll.

3. There are no Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in the parish of Pistyll.

4. There are a few who are called Methodists. They have no licensed teacher. They rather decrease than increase.

JOHN JONES,
Curate of Pistyll.

CARNGUWCH.

1. From thirty to forty in general. Last Easter,—the same as usual.

2. I have not in my parish any reputed Papists.

3. I have no Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, &c., in the parish of Carnguwch.

4. There are none in the said parish.

JOHN JONES,
Curate of Carnguwch.

LLANGWNADLE.

1. There are generally about thirty; at Easter there were upwards of forty, which was about the usual number.

2. There are no Papists.

3. There are none, neither have they a place of worship in the parish.

4. There are only one family, neither do they absent themselves wilfully from church. They have no resident teachers.

They decrease, in my opinion, in this neighbourhood. The reason,—the country folk are, in general, fond of novelty.

J. ROBERTS, *Curate*.

TYDWEILIOG.

1. I have generally about thirty; at Easter eight and thirty, which was more than usual.

2. There are none.

3. There are two Presbyterians who are householders, but their family are of the Church of England. There was a congregation of Methodists that assembled every Sunday morning some time ago in an unlicensed house, but at present they have no such meeting. I know not the reason.

4. There are a few still. I know that they are decreasing, for what reason I know not. Their teachers most commonly are from South Wales, but stay for a short time.

T. ROBERTS, *Curate*.

BRYNCROES.

1. The number of communicants in general here is about sixty; Easter last about seventy, and there about every Easter, but at Christmas and Whit Sunday some few less.

2. No Papists or reputed Papists in this parish, nor any priest or place of their assembling.

3. No Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in this parish. There is a Methodist Chapel in the parish, called Tŷ Mawr, where they assemble every Sunday and several days in the week, never licensed, nor have they any settled teachers.

4. Above one half of the parishioners are Methodists. I can't find that their number increases or decreases since I know the parish. Itinerant preachers come here from all parts.

JAMES DAVIES,
Curate of Bryncroes.

LLANBEDROG.

1. Generally about 40, and at the three days of Easter about 80, which is our usual number.

2. We have no Papists.

3. We have only one Presbyterian, no Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers; we have no place of divine worship for any sect.

4. There are few Methodists, only one rigid; they have no teacher, and in this state the parish hath been for many years.

EVAN REES, *Curate*.

LIANGIAN.

1. Generally about 60, and at the three days of Easter about 140, which is our usual number.

2. We have no Papists.

3. We have 4 Presbyterians, no Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers; we have a Presbyterian meeting house, and no place of divine worship for any other sect.

4. We have some Methodists, but no teacher, they are much the same number as a few years ago.

EVAN REES, *Curate*.

LIANFIHANGEL BACHALLETH.

1. Generally about 30, and at the three days of Easter about 60, which is our usual number.

2. We have no Papists.

3. We have only two Presbyterians, no Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers; we have no place of divine worship for any sect. We have had only the two above mentioned Presbyterians for many years past.

4. There are four Methodists, no more than one family who are rigid, they have no teacher, and in this state the chapelry hath been for many years.

EVAN REES, *Curate*.

LLANNOR.

1. I have generally about three hundred communicants at Easter, of whom very few were absent last Easter.

2. There are no Papists or reputed Papists in this parish, to the best of my knowledge or belief.

3. There are many pretended Presbyterians of the lower rank, but few or none of them qualified by the Toleration Act, excepting their teacher Mr. Price Harris, who has a licensed meeting house as asserted at Pwllheli, in the parish of Denio. Their numbers increase by his pretending to baptize many young infants in these parts. There are no Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in this parish.

4. There are many who call themselves

Methodists in this parish, their teachers or holders-forth are numerous, of different occupations,—particularly one John Pierce of the parish of Pistyll, labourer, and one David Morris, a bankrupt drover, from some part of South Wales. They are sometimes very numerous, at other times they decrease, just as the spirit of enthusiasm moves them. Their illicit conventicles are connived at by magistrates and peace officers.

WILLIAM JONES,
Vicar of Llannor.

DENIO.

1. I have generally about three hundred communicants in this Church, of which number few were absent at Easter week.

2. There are no Papists or reputed Papists in this parish to the best of my knowledge or belief.

3. There are many pretended Presbyterians of the lower rank, but few, or none of them qualified according to the Toleration Act, excepting their teacher Mr. Price Harries, who has a licensed meeting house, as is asserted. Their numbers increase by reason of his pretending to christen some young infants in these parts. There are no Anabaptists or Quakers in this parish.

4. There are many who call themselves Methodists in this parish. Their teachers or holders-forth are numerous, of different occupations,—particularly one John Pierce of the parish of Pistyll, labourer, and one David Morris, a bankrupt drover, from some part of South Wales. They are sometimes very numerous, at other times decrease, just as the spirit of enthusiasm moves them. Their illicit conventicles are connived at by magistrates and peace officers.

WILLIAM JONES,
Vicar of Denio.

LIANIESTYN.

1. The number of communicants in this parish at Easter last amounted to two hundred and thirteen, and since my residence here, it has not been more or less by above ten.

2. There are in my parish no Papists or persons reputed to be such.

3. There are here none of the sectaries

mentioned in the query. There is in this parish a Methodist meeting house which is not licensed according to law.

4. There are in my parish many who call themselves Methodists, indeed, the major part of my parishioners attend Methodist meetings. Their teachers come from all countries, but mostly from South Wales. Their numbers are much the same as I found them eleven years ago. But I observe that they meet much more seldom, and in other respects are much less rigid and violent than they were some years ago.

JOHN JONES,
Rector of Llaniestyn.

PENLLECH.

1. The number of communicants in this parish, generally, is from thirty two to thirty six; last Easter it was thirty four.

2. There are no Papists or persons reputed to be such.

3. There are no such sectaries as are mentioned in the query, nor any places of worship, nor any meeting house.

4. There are many who call themselves Methodists. Their teachers are numerous, and come from all counties of Wales, but mostly from South Wales.

J. JONES,
Rector of Penllech.

LLANDEGWNING.

1. Generally from twenty five to thirty. Last Easter the number was neither greater nor less than usual.

2. There are none.

3. There are none.

4. There are several who are called Methodists, about fifteen. Their teachers are strangers. Their numbers neither increase nor diminish.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, *Curate.*

MEYLLTYRN.

1. About thirty five. There were about thirty five last Easter, the number rather greater than usual.

2. None.

3. One Presbyterian.

4. Most attend Methodist meetings. Their numbers neither increase nor diminish.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Rector of Meylltyn.

BOTTWNOG.

1. About 46. There were that number last Easter, their number was neither greater nor less than usual.

2. None.

3. One Presbyterian.

4. All of them attend Methodist meetings. Their number neither increase nor diminish.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, *Minister.*

RHIW.

1. From forty to forty five. Last Easter forty, rather less than usual.

2. No Papists or reputed Papists in this parish, nor priest or place of their assembling.

3. There are no Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents, or Quakers in this parish, nor any meeting place of any other sect.

4. A great many that follow them, but none that preach. Nor do I know that they increase or decrease since I am here.

JAMES DAVIES,

Rector of Rhiv.

HOW MAURICE KYFFIN LED ME INTO TROUBLE.

CHAPTER II.

WAS MAURICE KYFFIN THE APOLOGIST OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH?

1. I OBSERVED that the work was such as might have been expected from an author in the second half of the sixteenth century, and particularly from a man who, like Kyffin, had already in all probability studied the "Apology for the Church of England," and had been powerfully influenced by it. The translation of Jewel's book, it is true, appeared seven or eight years later, but it is possible that the translation had been effected as early as 1587. The method of the Defence is the method of Jewel, not of Hooker. Jewel appeals to the Fathers, and relies upon the authority of the early Councils. Hooker uses both Fathers and Councils for purposes of illustration, but his appeal is to reason and expediency. Intellectually he stands mid-way between Jewel and Chillingworth. The writer of the defence, as we have seen, draws a close parallel between the offences of other sovereigns and that of Mary Stuart, and bases the justification of her execution,—in the main, though not wholly,—upon precedents gathered from the history of Europe in ancient and in modern times, the enactments of the civil and of the canon law, and the policy generally pursued by sovereign states. In a certain way and to some extent the Defence is in advance of the Apology.

2. I saw what seemed to be an undesigned coincidence between Kyffin's letter to Meredith in the translation of the Apology and a fact which may be inferred from one of the chapters of the Defence. In the Apology Kyffin refers to his knowledge of the Italian language. In the Defence he cites the case of the Queen of Naples. That he was well read in contemporary Italian literature may be gathered from the fact that he is the author of commendatory verses prefixed in 1599 to a translation of Cardinal Gaspar Contarini's *De Magistratibus et Republica Venetorum*.

3. The author of the Defence is careful to refer to the treasons, including the attempted assassinations of Elizabeth, of William Parry and Thomas Morgan. Their cases were of course matters of common knowledge at the time, but they were scarcely worthy of a passing thought in face of the numerous and far greater troubles of the reign; but it was natural in the circumstances that a Welshman should mention the political offences of his own countrymen, both possibly well known to him.

4. It was not without interest that I observed that John Windet, who published the Defence in 1587, was the printer of the 1586 edition of the Welsh Prayer Book.

These are each and all of them very small points, but still they fit in very well with the idea that Kyffin was the author of the Defence, and that therefore the

ascription of the Defence to him in the British Museum catalogue was based upon sufficient authority.

But I confess I did not feel quite easy in my mind, and at the earliest opportunity I turned to the article "Kyffin," by Mr. Goodwin, in the "Dictionary of National Biography." This is what Mr. Goodwin says,—

"An anonymous tract, entitled 'A Defence of the Honourable Sentence and Execution of the Queen of Scots,' quarto, London, 1587, has been wrongly assigned to Kyffin. (J. P. Collier, 'Bibliographical and Critical Account,' ii., p. 2078)."

For the moment I derived very little consolation from my knowledge of Mr. J. P. Collier's unscrupulous literary character. He was a very industrious and brilliant writer, who has done great service, but his critical judgment was untrustworthy. He was always an inaccurate editor, and his literary frauds were many. From Mr. Goodwin I appealed to Collier himself. This is what he says,—

"Herbert assigns this work to Maurice Kyffin (ii.—1226), mistakenly coupling it with the 'Blessedness of Britaine,' quarto, 1587, which was unquestionably by that author. Lowndes also assigns it to Kyffin, but the work itself, in no part of it, proves that it was his authorship."

These oddly expressed sentences are all that Collier has to say respecting the authorship of the book. From Collier I went to Herbert.* This is what Herbert says in his account of books printed by Windet under the year 1587,—

A Defence of the Execution of
Mary, Queen of Scots.
"The Blessedness of Brytaine or a
celebration of the Queen's
holyday ect., by Maurice Kyffin
1587." In verse, Licensed, Quarto.

That is the entry exactly as it stands, inverted commas and all, down to the word quarto. Herbert unfortunately gives no references, and the whole thing looks like a blunder, as Herbert appears to have meant only one book by this entry, which is the last of five separate entries, each headed with the date 1587; and, with this single exception, each referring to one book only. As, however, the two books might

have been registered on the same day at the Stationers' Company, I thought it well to refer to Arber's copy of the Company's Registers, and there I found, under the date February 11th, 1587,—

John Wyndet, Lyncenced unto him under the Bishop of London's hand and Master Denham, an analogie or resemblance between Johane, Queen of Naples and Mary, Queen of Scotland, VI. d.

The "Blessedness of Brytaine" appears under the 10th of November, 1587. In neither case is there any mention of an author.

To make the matter quite clear to the reader who has no technical knowledge of bibliography, let me say that, assuming that Herbert meant to describe two books by different authors, the entries should have appeared thus,—

1587. A Defence of the Honourable Sentence and Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. 1587.

1587. The Blessedness of Brytaine, etc., by Maurice Kyffin. 1587.

The question, of course, is,—did Herbert intend to make two entries? Or was the blunder, if blunder it be, his or the printer's; or, is the entry only a blundering way of intimating that the two books were by one and the same author?

My troubles were not ended. I asked myself the question,—had the Museum authorities good grounds, not yet discovered by me, for their entry in their Working Catalogue? The catalogue was commenced and substantially completed many years ago, but additions and corrections are made from time to time, for the authorities aim at perfection, and the catalogue in its way is the nearest approach to perfection ever attained. In order to secure perfection, attention is given to every suggestion, and the suggestions made by the readers are extremely numerous. "The Defence" was entered at a comparatively recent date. Still more recently it was determined to print and publish the catalogue itself. I examined the printed volume "K." Under Kyffin, the Defence does not appear, and I inferred that the compiler had concluded that the ascription of the book to Kyffin in the Manuscript Catalogue was an error. But on referring to the volume "M," I

* The reference is to Herbert's edition of Ames' "Typographical Antiquities," Volume II., page 1126.

found the entry of Kyffin once more. The librarian, who had excluded him under the letter "K," had, it seemed, on further enquiry seen good reason to restore him when he came to publish the volume "M." But it occurred to me that "M" might have been printed off before "K." I therefore consulted the title pages and saw that "K" was published in 1890, and "M" in 1892. The restoration of Kyffin to his old place at last appeared to be the expression of a final judgment in the case. In order, however, to remove all doubt, I communicated with an accomplished Museum official, who replied thus,—

"The explanation of the discrepancy in our catalogues is as follows. Our only copy of the Mary Queen of Scots' book is in the Grenville Library. The books in this library have a separate catalogue, completed before they came to the Museum, and they were not entered in the General Catalogue until we began to print. The re-cataloguing of the books in the Grenville Library was then taken in hand, the books being catalogued in their alphabetical order, and the new slips were inserted in the Manuscript Volumes when they were sent to the printers. The book in question, being anonymous, is entered under the heading "Mary," with a cross reference to the supposed author, so that the entry for Kyffin for this book did not come up for printing until Mary was reached, when of course letter "K" was already

printed. The gentleman who did this portion of the Grenville Library is dead, but he no doubt followed what he found in Lowndes."

My hope for Kyffin in the case is now pretty nearly extinguished. I say pretty nearly, but not quite. The very faint spark of hope still surviving is based on the consideration that, after all, it is just possible that Herbert meant to ascribe the book to Kyffin. I have witnessed stranger things. Time may tell. If such was Herbert's intention, we may feel satisfied that he had some good authority for what he proposed to do. He was not, like J. P. Collier, a brilliant writer, but he was accurate and conscientious. We owe very much to Dibdin, Lowndes, and others, not excluding Collier; but Herbert's great work, the result of many years of anxious, arduous, honest labour in the great libraries of the country, remains to this day the firm foundation of a very great deal of our knowledge of ancient English books.

I fear the foregoing story is rather dry, but it may save further workers a little trouble; and it may also serve to give a new point to an old moral,—verify your references.

IVOR JAMES.

University College, Cardiff.

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. E. CYNFFIG DAVIES, M.A., MENAI BRIDGE.

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

PERPLEXITY AND LOVE.

"I HAVE been much struck, Gabriel, by your quotations of the Bible, particularly of the New Testament, because they are so close a rendering of the original, and yet strikingly precise in diction. Do you know the Greek Testament?"

"The little Greek I learnt is nearly forgotten, and the verses I quote from Scripture are translated from the Welsh I have stored in memory. It is a good usage in Wales to learn a great deal of the Word by heart; but the Welsh Bible, it

appears, is one of the most literal and graceful translations of Scripture ever achieved."

"As far as I am given to understand, the literary excellence of the Welsh Bible is far in advance of the English one, notwithstanding the music, fine rhythm, and the pleasing smoothness of the latter."

"The difference between the two translations," said Gabriel, "does not lie altogether in the undoubted fact you specify. In the Englishman's Bible there are many scores of words which an illiterate reader does not understand, on account of the composite structure of the English tongue; but for the ordinary

Welsh reader the case is totally different, thanks to the self-explaining nature of his language; all its rich resources being derived from primitive words, he is able to comprehend with ease the meaning of his much beloved sacred book."

"That is tantamount to saying that your Bible meets the masses; and who can say how great a blessing to a nation is signified thereby?"

Then Mrs. Riley gave a slight turn to the conversation by saying,—

"Wales, I find, has been favoured with extraordinary religious revivals. Have you ever seen one?"

"I shall never be able," replied Gabriel, "to forget the only one I was privileged to witness and to feel. Music and prayer were prominent factors in fanning the flame when once lighted; and they also serve the purpose of giving any religious outburst a popular vehicle of expression, as well as warmth and coherence."

"Consequently," added May, "it amounts to this,—that the spread of revivals in Wales is largely due to your national fondness for music."

"That is true to some extent," remarked the pastor, "of most revivals. Those of Luther, for instance, were closely connected with the religious songs he gave the people; and the popular airs to which he applied the words wafted the spirit of the movement all over Germany."

"We should enjoy hearing you describe one of the revival meetings you attended," said Mrs. Riley, "and shall reserve the favour until to-morrow evening, but for the present let us sing together a translation of one of the hymns of musical Wales, composed by Williams of Pantycelyn,—

' Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.'

I like to hear the three stanzas on the tune Sicilian Mariners, for the tune breathes an aroma of trustfulness which matches well with the spirit of the hymn."

On the following evening Gabriel called at the Manse, intimating to the servant at

the door that he desired to go to Mr. Riley to his study, where he might introduce a subject brought under his notice during the day by those who had been invited a few days before to hear the report of the deputation to Tasmania to enquire concerning missionary work among the natives of that country. It was suggested that Jason Penrith, who had just been released for good conduct, should be appointed missionary to the Tasmanian aborigines, inasmuch as he had been doing much useful work in that direction since the time Gabriel had taken the initiative in mission duties at the penal settlement. Around the hearth, later on in the evening, the scheme was discussed and reduced to form, Gabriel undertaking to defray half the expense of appointing one missionary for five years if Mr. Riley could persuade the neighbouring churches to meet the other half, the donor's name to remain undivulged. The evening being taken up with the discussion of Tasmanian missions, it was suggested by Gabriel that he should tell them something about the religious revivals of Wales some other time.

The preparations for the wedding were advancing apace, and the happy event was close at hand. Gabriel begged of Mr. Riley to bring under May's notice ostensibly the formalities and the stipulations connected with her marriage settlement, while in reality the point to smooth over was the question of Gabriel's surname. An hour or two was devoted by Mr. Riley with his daughter, so that she continued acquiring much sound knowledge with her father in theology, philosophy, English literature, and devotional reading, after she had finished her education at Melbourne. Most profitable to both was the time thus spent, and very often the subject of their study in the morning became the topic of their conversation later on in the day. In exemplifying the Roman usage of adding, on special occasions, to their surname another name called agnomen, he referred to a Celtic custom which Gabriel had followed in taking the Christian name of his father as his own surname.

"I spoke to his solicitor on this point," the father added, "and I was informed

that Gabriel should sign his name as Gabriel Yoreth, seeing he would otherwise exclude his issue, should he have any, from possessing the property which he owns in Wales."

"Our marriage will be so quiet that this item in our signature will call forth no notice. Yoreth is a more common name in Wales than I would have thought."

"How do you make it to be so, my child?"

"Here are two within our knowledge called by the surname Yoreth, that is Gabriel and the convict of whom my cousin wrote to us."

May's mind was naturally healthful, childlike, and ingenuous, and she therefore

gave but little thought to what seemed to be a mere coincidence, and her leisure hours were so much occupied in sharing her parent's pastoral and philanthropic activity that little time was left her for any useless speculation.

On their return from their wedding tour, the young couple received information concerning Gabriel's grandfather's death. All the property, with the exception of five hundred pounds to be paid to a distant relative who had superintended over his grandfather's house, was left to Gabriel. Being taught in the school of adversity, he knew how to use, without abusing, the wealth that was quickly accumulating around him.

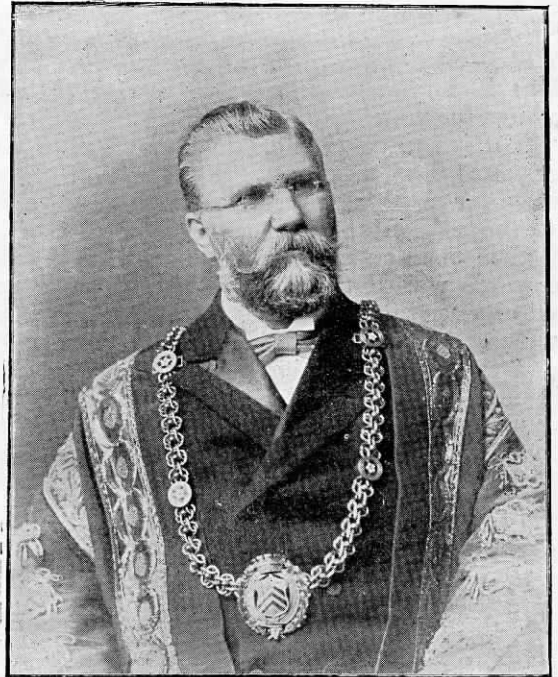
EDITOR'S NOTES.

CARDIFF has begun to attract the attention of Englishmen, and many are beginning to ask where it is. So far, the articles on it in the English magazines are not very successful; though so young among the gigantic towns of Britain, Cardiff certainly has a few characteristics, some of them Welsh.

The vacant shelves devoted by libraries to books on Welsh history are gradually filling. I see that Mr. Charles Wilkins is publishing a book on the steel industries of South Wales, and that Mr. W. R. Williams, of Talybont, Breconshire, is issuing to subscribers "The Parliamentary History of Wales and Monmouthshire."

Mr. Stephen Evans is to have his portrait presented to him. It may safely be said that no man has worked harder for his country. "For more than 40 years he has spent without stint time and money in promoting every movement that had for its object the advancement of Wales and of its people." The work is to be entrusted to Mr. William Oliver. Some time or other the University College of Wales ought to have a portrait of Mr. Stephen Evans.

"Welsh members of Parliament, 1894," is something new in Wales. It contains full length portraits of the 34 Welsh members, with a short racy article on each. It is published at the *Western Mail* office, and it is impossible to give too much praise to the letterpress or to the way in which the illustrations have been reproduced. The portraits are excellent,—the face, the pose, all peculiarities



THE EX-MAYOR OF CARDIFF.

of expression and of dress,—and the members of 1894 are brought very vividly before the mind of anyone who has happened to see them. There is an occasional dash of the caricaturist,—for example, Mr. Herbert Lewis,—who is

described in the letterpress as a "very very good young man," and who is really one of the best representatives Wales has ever had,—is made to look more like Mephistophiles than Machiavelli. But, undoubtedly, this collection of portraits will be a delight for many a day, and Will Morgan has given himself a lasting place in Welsh history.

Mr. Marchant Williams has a way of saying things. His style is pithy and forcible; if he has to choose between making an enemy and holding his tongue when he has a good thing to say, he generally says the good thing. It would be a great mistake if Mr. Marchant Williams claimed accuracy as one of his virtues; but this, I believe, is not one of his mistakes. He cannot be expected to know everything about the immortalized thirty four; but what he says, accurate or inaccurate, is highly entertaining,—except, of course, to the thirty four themselves. There is too much in the book about the late Montgomeryshire election; and one is made to remember quite well the exact number of the thirty four who totally abstain from intoxicating matter and who can not speak Welsh. I found the descriptions very interesting; but came to the conclusion that, rather than have a niche in this temple of fame, I am content with being, like the author himself, out of Parliament and out of a certain "set" he denounces so freely. My friends, when they see the book, say they will buy it.

Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, is preparing a volume on horn books. He would be glad to hear from anyone in possession of any wood or horn books used for the education of children. I hope Mr. Tuer will be supplied with many Welsh horn books.

PRINCE LLYWELYN'S MEMORIAL.—The movement will certainly succeed, as the Marquis of Bute is taking much interest in it.

H. R. D. sends me a long article full of enthusiastic praise of the "philosophy" of Thomas Carlyle, saying that I ought to print the article

because "the Welsh youth, poor imbecilities and dumb potentialities" do not read and admire "the sage of Chelsea." The essay is much more absurd than anything Carlyle ever wrote, and this is saying a great deal. I hope I have other grounds for my dislike for Carlyle than his insolent sneers at Welshmen. Mr. Swinburne once asked Jowett why he disliked Carlyle. "He replied that his enmity was grounded on the belief that no writer had done or was doing so much harm to young men as the preacher of tyranny and the apologist of cruelty."

The fifth volume of "Cambrian Minstrelsie," the new national collection of Welsh songs published by Messrs. Jack of Edinburgh, has made its appearance. It contains, among twenty four others, *Blodau'r Cwm*, *Cwynfan Prydain*, *Distyll y Don*, *Ffanni Blodau'r Ffair*, *Mel Gusan*, and *Ymdaith y Mwne*. And very pretty the names of most of these airs are.

In the next volume of WALES special attention will be given to local history, to the history of industries, and to the history of education. In the first two numbers there will be illustrated articles on Cardiff, Holyhead, and Pwllheli, by scholars who have made a special study of these towns. In the same numbers there will be profusely illustrated articles on the steel, iron, coal, and tin industries of South Wales. In the numbers of the next volume, it is intended to give an interesting and trustworthy account of the fight for intermediate education in every shire in Wales. The same volume will, it is hoped, by means of powerful articles, help the development of technical education in Wales.

The Rev. W. Glynne Williams, M.A., Headmaster of the Bangor County School,—the old Friars' School,—is preparing an edition of his father Nicander's works. It is the duty of every Welshman who can do so to help Mr. Williams in making the volume as complete as possible.

QUERIES AND REPLIES.

QUERIES.

XIII. RICHARD WILSON.

What are the best authorities on the life of Richard Wilson, and in what estimation is he held by the art critics of these days? OLD MAN.

XIV. CROMWELL.

What connection, if any, had Thomas Cromwell and Oliver Cromwell with Wales? Carlyle seems to me to dismiss the subject rather contemptuously, when he refers to "the little hill beyond Cardiff," which is claimed as the original home of the Cromwell family.

Cardiff.

J. W.

XV. Can Maurice Kyffin's "Blessedness of Britain," be obtained without much difficulty?

ASAPH.

ANSWERS.

8. RADNORSHIRE.—So much interesting matter has been sent me about Radnorshire and its borders, by Mr. Darlington and others, that I hold it over until the next number, hoping to be able to give two or three full pages to it. EDITOR.

3. CATHOLICS.—The Catholic missions of Holywell, Brecon, Carmarthen, Monmouth, and Welsh Bicknor date from the old penal days, and have

had a resident clergy since the early part of the last century. The old mission of Raglan is now continued at Llanarth, the seat of the Herberts. The Catholics of the sturdily "Popish" Darren district of east Monmouthshire were ministered to by itinerant priests, until the Powells of Perthyr established the Franciscan novitiate there, circa 1750. Soon after its removal a church was built for the Darren Catholics at Skenfrith. Many old Catholic gravestones are to be seen clustered round the churchyard crosses of Rockfield and Welsh Newton. My wife, who was a Hughes, is a Monmouth Catholic, and the great grand-daughter of one of the numerous Watkinses who cherished the ancient faith in many a farmhouse between Abergavenny and Hereford.

Cardiff.

JOHN HOBSON MATTHEWS.

12. SUBSIDIES.—I copy the following from an old record. W. L. Anwyl was high sheriff of Merioneth in 1611 and 1624, he died in 1642. Morris Williams, Hafod Garegog, the successor of Rhys Goch Eryri, was sheriff in 1649, his wife was Lowry, daughter of Morys Prydderch, of Blaen y Pennant, Eifionnydd. Griffith ab Rees was of the family of the Prices of Rhiwlas, near Bala; half of the parish of Llanfrothen belonged to them in 1798, when it was sold.

"MERIONETHSHIRE.—The extracte of the third and last entire subsedy of the three subsidies granted by the Laytye, anno tertio Jacobi nuper Regis anno regis Caroli nunc Angliae duodecimo, 1636.

Comot Arduwy.

Llanfrothen and Nanmor.

William Lewis Anwyl, Esquire, in Terr. VI., XXs.

Morris Williams, do. in Terr. XXs. iiiis.

Griffith ap Rees, in Terr. XXs. iiiis.

The names of the Commissioners.

H. Pryse of Ynys y Maengwyn.

James Pryse, Esgarwydden of Taltreuddyn.

Jo. Davies, D.D. (Mallwyd).

Hugh Nanney, of Nannau."

ALLTUD EIFION.

Tremadoc.

11. A WELSH ARTIST.—Much can be known about Hugh Hughes, the Welsh artist. He has

left a diary, now in the possession of J. H. Davies, Esq., B.A., of Cwrt Mawr. Mr. Davies informs me that Hughes was the "Amicus" who wrote the answer to Judge Johnes' "Causes of Dissent in Wales." Those who knew him said he was careless, in debt, and obstinate. Perhaps his best literary work was the "Hanesion," printed at Carmarthen in 1823.

(Hugh Hughes' diary, and a good number of his sketches, will be found in the second volume of WALES. ED.)

13. WILLIAM JONES.—William Jones, referred to by your correspondent Map, was the father of the celebrated Sir William Jones. He was the son of a small farmer in the parish of Llanfihangel Tre'r Beirdd, Anglesey, where he was born in the year 1680. He displayed early an extraordinary taste for mathematical studies, and he began his career as a teacher of mathematics on board of a man-of-war, and here he obtained the friendship of Lord Anson. When twenty two years of age he published "A New Compendium on the whole Art of Navigation." On the return of the fleet to England he settled in London as teacher of mathematics, and in the year 1706 he published his "Synopsis Palmariorum Matheseos, or New Introduction to the Mathematics," which, like his previous work, displayed his profound knowledge of the sciences. He enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished men of the day, in science and literature, such as Chief Justice Hardwicke, to whom he acted as secretary, Lord Parker, Sir Isaac Newton, Halley, Mead, and Dr. Johnson. He was elected a member, and afterwards a vice-president, of the Royal Society. He is said to have possessed the best mathematical library in England, which, by a bequest in his will, he left to the Earl of Macclesfield, in whose household he spent the latter part of his life. His death took place July, 1749.

The Bible referred to, of which 15,000 copies were issued, was printed at Cambridge, in the year 1746, by the S.P.C.K., and was edited by Mr. Richard Morris, of the Navy office, brother of Mr. Lewis Morris, who was also a native of the same parish as W. Jones. For further particulars see Lord Teignmouth's Memoirs of Sir William Jones.

GLAN MENAI.

THE WELSH DRAMA.

WALES, *September, '94.*

"WHY do the poets not hasten the development of the drama in Wales? The drama seems always on the point of appearing, and it never does. Once it begins I venture to prophesy that its development will be wonderful."

These words are of very great interest to the writer of this article. And he will

tell you why. When at school and college he developed a great liking for amateur theatricals. As a comedian he was unusually successful. A learned scholar,—now deservedly one of the best known bishops,—said he "possessed a remarkable talent for acting." So enthusiastic did he become that he determined to adopt the stage as a calling. And directly he

took his degree he went into the matter. He found he would require a large sum to be paid as a premium when joining a respectable company, would have to serve a long term for a nominal salary, and to undergo certain indignities that would render his new life anything but tempting. His aspirations and hopes went to the four winds of heaven. Under the present system the stage is not an outlet for such young men as the Universities turn out. It would be a precarious living for a young man who would have to rely upon, not his pocket, but his brains. The writer fell back upon the profession his gentle mother and dear old Rector had called him to. He is in it now, and steadily doing his duty too. But his heart is on the stage.

During the last five years he has read nearly everything from Euripides and Sophocles down to Oscar Wilde and Arthur Pinero. And to illustrate the extent to which he carries his hobby he will mention one instance out of many. One evening, in the Parish Room, he saw in the *Graphic* a glowing account of "Charlie's Aunt." Next evening he was at the Globe theatre witnessing the antics of the dear old girl. Next morning he was back in his Welsh parish, without anyone being any the wiser as to his little bit of dissipation. His sides ached for some time.

Now, readers, would you like to know what an enthusiast thinks of the Welsh drama. For certain reasons of his own he went this year into all the details of the matter.

The Welsh people have always been, in their relations to the stage, very Puritanical. Many, many, years ago, the stage and most of those connected with it were steeped in vice and immorality,—a characteristic that has now happily all but disappeared. The stage is now as pure as any other similar body of men and women. But, partial as we may be to the stage, we dare not say it is, even now, in that respect, perfect. But is there a church or a chapel we could say so much of? The cause of it being now removed, I believe the Welsh Puritanical spirit of bigotry against the stage is also dying,—may I not even say, dead?

Then there is the language difficulty, as it would affect both the company and

the audience. If you were to collect all the existing Welsh actors and actresses together they would be hardly sufficient in point of number to form a company. But there is no reason, certainly, why an entirely new company should not be trained. It would have to be a duoglot one. The population of Wales is something over two millions,—a little less than half that of London. A very large proportion of the two millions is entirely English, especially in the large centres of population,—Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, &c. The Welsh colonies in the large English towns could hardly be counted upon for purposes of a Welsh drama. The Welsh population of Wales is too small and too scattered to maintain a monoglot Welsh company going, all through the year. Only let the company be a duoglot one that could give representations in English as well as Welsh, and it would have all the theatrical world before it,—as well as Wales.

A much more serious difficulty, however, is the non-existence of dramas. True there never has been any demand for them. There have been no rewards, pecuniary or otherwise, to induce men to write. And, possibly, playwrights,—like poets,—are born, not made. There is not at present, to my knowledge, anything that we could seriously designate a drama. Some attempts,—praiseworthy attempts,—have certainly been made, but of quite an amateurish kind. But really this is not an insurmountable difficulty either; for we might get adaptations and translations of all kinds of English and foreign master-pieces.

The Eisteddfod Association goes out of its way to offer a substantial prize, and make all the fuss in the world over a piece of poetry that ninety-five per cent. of Welshmen,—including probably the Eisteddfod Association,—never afterwards see; and, even if they did see it, would not,—any more than yours truly,—understand one half of it. What is a paltry sum of £10 for a drama,—offered at Carnarvon; and three reverend adjudicators, forsooth, who would not have dared to darken the doors of a theatre, unless,—and tell it not in Gath,—on the sly, when up in town.

The Eisteddfod Association must offer a

grand prize, leave the subject open, and give one Eisteddfod night to have the prize drama staged and acted. Before another Eisteddfod came round the whole of Wales would have seen and appreciated it. And the successful author as well as some of the unsuccessful ones would have pocketed good round sums in the shape of acting fees for their dramas.

The last point to mention is the want of theatres, and even of suitable halls in Wales. This difficulty might be got over by taking along with the company a marquee, or, as it would be technically called, a "portable theatre."

Now who wants to form a Welsh Theatrical Company? If it is to be a respectable one and to succeed, the following must be the estimate. It is not a random one, but correct, and based upon details carefully gone into.

| | <i>Original Cost.</i> | £ |
|---|-----------------------|-------------|
| Cost of marquee to hold 1,000 | | 176 |
| " " 150 folding forms | | 90 |
| " " Stage, scenery, &c. | | 100 |
| " " 3 vans for travelling | | 150 |
| " " 6 horses (say £30 each) | | 180 |
| | | <u>£696</u> |

| | <i>Weekly Expenditure.</i> | £ |
|---|----------------------------|------------|
| Salary of 12 actors at £3 each | | 36 |
| " " 2 harpists at £3 each | | 6 |
| Wages of 6 baggage men at £1 10s. each | | 9 |
| Salary and expenses of agent in advance | | 5 |
| Advertisements | | 10 |
| Ground for marquee at £1 per night | | 6 |
| Keep of 6 horses at £1 10s. per day | | 9 |
| Sundries (say) | | 4 |
| | | <u>£85</u> |

TOM JONES.

N I G H T.

(From the Welsh of Tegany.)

THE sun lies low within his western tomb ;
 All nature is attired in mourning deep,
 Like some pale widow-queen that, clothed with
 gloom,
 Sits by the grave wherein her lord doth sleep.
 Winds moan their dirge ; stars watch the Almighty
 spread
 A sombre raiment o'er the ocean's bed.

Beauteous night ! God's manifestations grand,
 Where myriad suns swim in the ethereal sea ;
 And stars fresh-lit by the Creator's hand
 O'er that celestial deep smile gloriously.
 Beacons that burn through all time's period
 Guiding, each one, our faltering minds to God !

Nurse of the world that givest peace,
 Thy children hush upon thy vast dim breast,
 The fiery wheels of commerce make to cease,
 And bring with thee the better boon of rest,
 While to thy soft sphere-harmonies that unfold
 The nightingale doth tune its flute of gold.

Unto halls fast by thy shadowy shore
 Comes Mercury leading Venus, snowy fair
 As when all mortals did her power adore ;
 And Saturn with his golden belts is there ;
 And that lone star anchored by God for aye,
 To guide the mariner on his mystic way.

Benificent night, that in yon garden sad
 Did'st veil my Saviour in his sufferings,
 Whose groaning pierced thy heart, His anguish
 made
 A gloom like thine, which even deepening
 Closed round his soul till in the cavernous height
 Rang forth that cry that haunts thee yet, O
 night !

Ancient night ! Thou wert ere day was born
 At the imperious summons " Let there be !"
 And when the last sun wakes on the last morn
 To sink in slumber of Eternity,
 Lo ! thou shalt brood as now above his sleep
 And o'er his veiled tomb for ever weep.

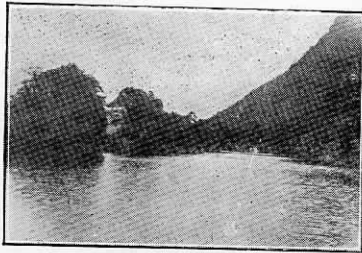
WALES.

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE ENGLISH SPEAKING
PARTS OF WALES.

EDITED BY

OWEN M. EDWARDS, M.A.

VOL. I.

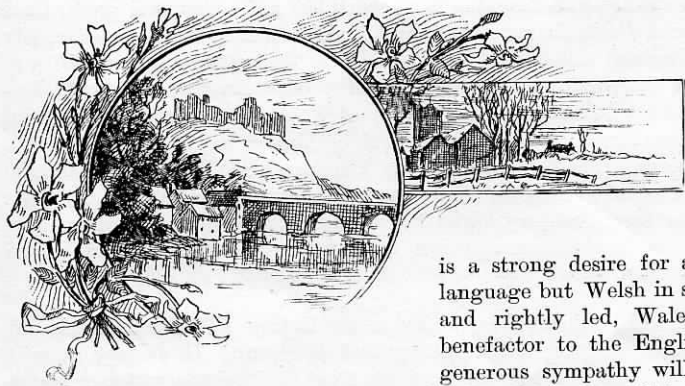


ON THE CONWAY.

1894.

WREXHAM: HUGHES AND SON, 56, HOPE STREET.

INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME I.



WHILE preparing the first number of WALES during the early part of the year, I had not fully realized what a great and what an important work can be done by means of a non-political magazine. There is, undoubtedly, something like a literary awakening among English-speaking Welshmen; there

is a strong desire for a literature that will be English in language but Welsh in spirit. If this desire can be fostered and rightly led, Wales will gain much, and will be a benefactor to the English-speaking world; a broad and a generous sympathy will enable Welshmen of all creeds and

parties to see each other's point of view; and Welshmen will become a thoughtful people, tempering their religious creeds and political opinions by a love for literature and a sound knowledge of history. The desire for knowledge is gaining strength every day; the question for us is this,—must this desire rest content with the nonsense of would-be antiquarians, with selected bits about the daily habits of a pugilist, with the enervating and unhealthy “short story,” with the spirit-rapping inanities that have none of the charm of our weird old superstitions? In English Wales, there is an aroused spirit crying for education. It can brutalize and weaken, it can refine and strengthen. It is asking us to-day which of the two kinds of work we wish it to do.

The absorbing question in Wales at the present time is education. The Welsh people may be divided into two classes,—those who are striving to give their countrymen the best education, and those who are striving to get it. As far as the first class is concerned, there is no great difference between English and Welsh Wales. To it belong the enlightened aristocracy and squirearchy, clergymen and ministers of religion, doctors, bankers, the leaders of the various industries, tradesmen who travel. All these know English, most of them know Welsh, all take an interest in Welsh literature. As far as my Welsh magazines are concerned, I owe much to the generous co-operation of this class; as far as WALES is concerned, I owe everything.

The other class is composed of Welshmen who are confined by their occupations to one place, and who see little of the world,—farmers, farm labourers, quarrymen, tin-platemers, small tradesmen and artisans. As far as this class is concerned there is the greatest difference between the English and the Welsh parts of Wales. As far as culture and thoughtfulness are concerned, even in these days of rapid progress it is not too much to say that English Wales is at least half a century behind Welsh Wales. By means of CYMRU I have been in close touch with the Welsh reading public during the last three years and a half, and I find that, among Welsh working men, there is a demand for longer and more thoughtful articles than the historical and literature articles of that magazine. So, in addition to the numerous Welsh magazines already in existence, I have to edit a new quarterly, containing exhaustive articles on the latest philosophical theories, on the most recent discoveries in Egypt and Palestine, on the latest developments of political science and economics. In English Wales this thoughtful lower class is almost entirely wanting. The peasant poet, the agricultural labourer with a well-stocked library, the farmer who writes local history as if he had been trained in a Modern History school, the stone-breaker who knows how much Islwyn owes to Wordsworth, and Glasynys to Byron,—these are all in Welsh Wales.

One aim of WALES is to foster the literary awakening which is evidently spreading to English Wales. It is to be hoped that, some day, the Radnorshire farmer will be as fond of reading as the Lleyn farmer, the working man of the Montgomery borders will be as intelligent as the working man of Cardigan or Merioneth, that the peasant of eastern Monmouth will be as intelligent as the peasant of Arvon or the Vale of Towy. Why should the land of Henry Vaughan and George Herbert be less fond of literature than the land of Islwyn and Ceiriog?

Another aim of WALES is to bring the influence of Welsh literature to act upon the thought of English Wales. It is a purifying, ennobling, strengthening influence. My ambition is, before my working day is over, to give English Wales translations of the hundred best Welsh prose works. Why should not the English literature of Wales have characteristics of its own,—like Scotch literature or American literature? It is not by slavishly imitating the most worthless and ephemeral productions of an English period of decadence that a Welsh literature is to be formed. It must be characteristically Welsh before it will be of value to England and to the world. To give the best thought of Wales to other nations is a noble work, to ape the shallowest manners of the poorest English thinkers is despicable. We could undoubtedly produce a luxurious hothouse crop of W. T. Steads and Conan Doyles,—but has not England too many of these already? Our aim should be higher, to give to the world a Sir Walter Scott or a Nathaniel Hawthorne. The Scotchman or the American gives his own contribution to English literature, and not a weak echo. Mediæval Wales has as rich and as picturesque materials as the Scotland of Sir Walter Scott, eighteenth century Wales has a life as attractive as that of the New England of Hawthorne. Let us give the Englishman our own, not a feeble imitation of what he has already.

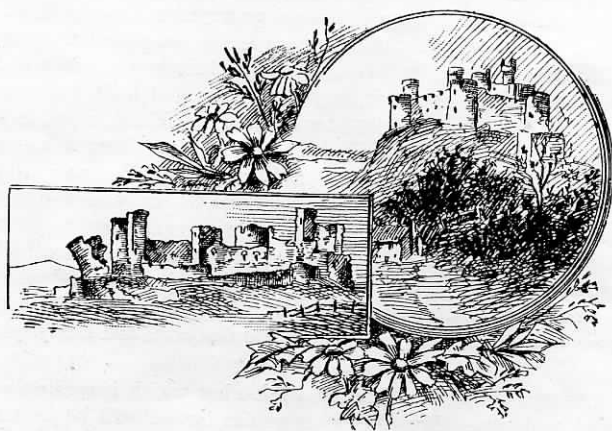
The second volume of WALES will be devoted especially to the history of Welsh industries, to the development of technical education, and to Welsh history and literature. In history, it will contain all the laws relating to Wales from the beginning of the English Parliament, facsimiles of important documents, sketches of great movements, accounts of the friar and the Jesuit and the Jacobite and the revivalist. In literature, it will contain translations of Welsh poems and prose works, original poetry, and articles on Welshmen who have a lasting place in English literature. There will be stories illustrative of the various phases of Welsh life, and an occasional play on a Welsh subject. The struggle for intermediate education in each county will be fully described, and it is intended that WALES shall be of standard authority to the future historian of Welsh education.

As far as illustrations and printing are concerned, the editor and publishers are determined to make WALES a credit to Welsh printing.

If WALES is to succeed, I must have the continued support of those,—of all classes and of all parties,—who have so generously helped me. No poor expression of gratitude from me is necessary, the love and the labour are all for Wales.

Lincoln College, Oxford.

OWEN M. EDWARDS.



CAERPHILLY AND HARLECH CASTLES.

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ENOCH HUGHES.

BY DANIEL OWEN,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwyn Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the HON. CLAUD VIVIAN.

CHAPTER XI.

ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE FENCE.

AS has been said, someone knocked at the door of the Cross Shop, which put a stop to Enoch Hughes' soliloquy. In a minute Enoch heard Margaret dragging herself along the lobby, and grumbling. He listened attentively, expecting to hear her laying down the law to Mrs. Bennet, or old Murphy, for bothering after closing time. Instead of this he heard her say "Come in," and then Margaret flung open the office door, in her usual manner, without knocking, and said,—

"Come in, my girl. Master,—oh lawks!—you have been smoking unconscionably; you are sure to kill yourself one of these days. Here's a letter from Captain Trevor, and the girl wants an answer."

It was lucky for Enoch that he had a sprinkling of flour over his face, for, but for that, Margaret and the girl would have been able to see that he turned white the moment Captain Trevor's name was mentioned. With shaking hands Enoch opened the letter and read it. It only contained a few words,—

"*Tynnyrardd.*

"Dear Sir,

If not too late, and if you are not too tired after your numerous duties, and have not company that you can conveniently leave, I should be much obliged to you if you would walk as far as here, as I want to talk to you on a matter of importance to you and me. I shall expect word by the bearer.

Yours truly,

RICHARD TREVOR."

It was with considerable difficulty that Enoch was able to write a line to send back by the bearer, saying that he would come to Ty'nyrardd in half an hour's time. He had presence of mind enough to think of naming "half an hour," in order to have time to wash and dress himself. Enoch asked Margaret for a candle.

"What does the Captain want with you, master?" asked Margaret, with her usual freedom.

"Business," said Enoch quickly; which word usually acted as a talisman on Margaret. But its

effect this time was not entirely successful, and she said,—

"Business, at this time of night? What business have you got to do now?"

"The Fly Wheel Company has got out of its latitude, and there is something the matter with the bramoke," said Enoch, quite seriously.

Margaret of course had nothing to say against this, and the candle was fetched at once. But Enoch's mind was much disturbed, his heart was beating quickly, and his nerves working like a factory. After washing, he had a great job in putting on his best clothes, and when he tried to put a clean collar round his neck, he thought he never would manage it, so violently did his hands shake. He thought, more than once, that he would have to call Margaret to help him. He succeeded at last, but not before the sweat was oozing out of his forehead like beads. After tidying himself as best he could, he hastened downstairs, and to his surprise the first thing he saw was Margaret with Captain Trevor's note in her hands, thumbing it as if trying to read it, though she didn't know a letter of the alphabet. It would have been a pleasure to Enoch to have given her a box on the ears, but he restrained himself, as he had done hundreds of times before.

"I should like to be a scholar, master, to be able to understand business," said Margaret, unconcernedly putting the note on the table and leaving the room.

"You are enough of a scholar for me, you old bag," said Enoch to himself, putting on his boots.

Before starting out Enoch read Captain Trevor's letter over again, and when he came to the words,—which he had not taken particular notice of before,—"I want to talk to you on a matter of importance to you and me," he blushed to the roots of his hair. What could be the meaning of these words? asked Enoch. Could it be possible that his thoughts about Miss Trevor, through some means he knew nothing of, had become known to the Captain? Enoch felt sure he had not spoken a word about it to any living soul. And yet, he thought, the Captain must have got to know all. Had his face or his conduct betrayed him? Or had someone read his inmost thoughts, and

informed the Captain about them? The Captain himself was a very clever man, and, perhaps, a bit of a thought reader. Was it possible that he had found him out, and that he was inviting him to Ty'nyrardd to rebuke him for his presumption? Had he himself been talking in his sleep, had Margaret heard him, and had she been jabbering about it? And so Enoch went on asking himself a hundred and more questions, the one more silly than the other, and he heartily repented within himself of his promise to go to Ty'nyrardd. He thought of inventing an excuse for breaking his promise, and of sending a note to that effect by Margaret. But he at once remembered that she would not be able to get her boots on, because her feet were in the habit of swelling at nights, and did not come to their natural size till the morning. The half hour was up, and he must either go or stay away. He looked in the small glass he had in the office, and perceived that his face looked lean and white, and would be likely to make the impression on anyone who saw it that its proprietor was not likely to live long. He rubbed his cheeks, summoned all the courage he possessed, and set out for Ty'nyrardd. Enoch hoped that, no matter what else happened, he would not be seen by Miss Trevor that night. He felt that this was the greatest struggle he had ever made, and that his future happiness depended entirely on this his first visit to Ty'nyrardd. Between himself and the post, he had been accustomed to call himself "a weak cat," but he never imagined that he was really like one till this night. When he knocked at the door of Ty'nyrardd he felt his legs giving way under him, and he had to lean against the wall to prevent himself from falling, whilst he was waiting for the door to be opened. He was led into a room, which was called the "smoking room," by Captain Trevor, and it was not displeasing to Enoch to perceive that there was no one there but the Captain and Mr. Denman. Mr. Denman had no doubt been brought there, Enoch thought, as a witness; and he felt that the matter had taken an important aspect in the Captain's mind, and he never in his life was more glad of a chair to sit down in than the one which was handed to him, cheerfully and hospitably, by the Captain himself.

"The Captain," reflected Enoch, "must look favourably on the matter, else he is acting the hypocrite in order to find out the truth."

"I hope, Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, "that you are well, though I must say,—it is not complimentary, I know,—that I have seen you looking better. You work too hard, I am sure. You people who are doing well, I am afraid, take too much out of your bodies. The body must have rest, or the penalty will have to be paid somehow,

you know. You must look, as the saying goes, after number one. Your business, I know, is large, and it is necessary for someone to look after it. But take care, Mr. Hughes. I always say that making money is not everything in this old world, and though it is necessary to have it,"—"He wants to find out how much I am worth," said Enoch to himself),—"we must always remember that there is another world after this, musn't we, Mr. Denman? Whilst it is our duty to make the best we can of the two worlds, we must take care of the body, as I have said, and not fall, when the sun is shining smilingly on us, into an untimely grave. I think, Mr. Hughes,—forgive my boldness,—that that is your danger. The world is smiling on you,"—"He is trying to pump me," thought Enoch),—"but remember that your nature will only stand a certain amount of weight, and if you put too much strain on the machinery it is sure to break."

"I have—have—have hurried—a little,—because I didn't—want—to keep you, Captain Trevor,—waiting for me. To tell—the truth—I have—lost my breath—blown—as they say—and I am not—a Samson style of a man," said Enoch, with difficulty.

"You were foolish, Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, "for half an hour is neither here nor there at this time of night. There was no need for you to hurry in the least; indeed it was I who ought really to have gone to you, Mr. Hughes; for the matter about which I wish to talk to you has more to do with me,—at my time of life,—than with you. Next spring, please God, I shall,—well, a man of my age ought to know a thing or two; his mind is made up, and no small thing will turn it."—"It is looking very black for me," whispered Enoch in his heart).

"The matter, Mr. Hughes," repeated the Captain, "that I want to talk to you seriously about, is one very near my heart, as Mr. Denman knows. It is, so to speak, my only child, and whatever your determination about it may be, I am not going to let go of it."—"It's all up with me," thought Enoch).—Mr. Denman is, as you know, a father of children, and he must, as I must, take the future and the comfort of his family into consideration, and he is of exactly the same opinion as I am about this subject. The matter I want to speak to you about, Mr. Hughes, is not a new thing to me; it is not a thing of yesterday or the day before."—"That's true enough," thought Enoch, "but how in the world did he get to know of it?"—"No, I have lost many a night's sleep in consequence of it, although I have never hinted a word about it up to the present even to Mrs. Trevor, to whom I ought to have made it known

first of all, for she is as much connected with it as I am myself, so far as the comfort of the family is in question. But you know, Mr. Hughes, though you are an old bachelor,—I beg your pardon, you are not an old bachelor yet, nor intend to be one, I should think,—but, though you are unmarried, you know women don't look at things in the same way as men do. Women look at things through their hearts,—everything is sentiment,—but we men have to look at things through the eye of common sense. 'How do I feel about it?' is what a woman asks; but 'How ought it to be?' is what a man asks."—"I should like him to come to the point and have done with it," said Enoch in his bosom).—"But what I was saying is that the matter I want to talk to you about is not a new matter to me, and Mr. Denman is the only man that I have mentioned a word about it to,—is it not so, Mr. Denman?"

"Yes," said Mr. Denman, "and I must say the Captain is a very sharp man. I could scarcely believe the thing at first, but the Captain is serious and determined with regard to the matter, and I advised him to send for you here to-night. I thought it was better to see you on the matter, Mr. Hughes, than to write a letter to you."

"Just so," said the Captain, "we both agreed that it was better for us to come face to face, so as to get a proper understanding on the point. It may be indeed, Mr. Hughes, and doubtlessly it will be necessary for us,—even if you fall in with our project,—to have some one else in, such as Mr. Lloyd, the attorney, in this business, though we wish to narrow it to the smallest possible limit."—"He means the marriage settlement, I expect," said Enoch in his bosom, and his heart beat more quickly).—"I have, with some little craftiness," continued the Captain, "already secured the 'virgin ground,' as the saying goes,"—"Thanks, if she is agreeable, but I am just fainting," said Enoch in himself),—"but the question is will you, Mr. Hughes, be willing to join in the venture, that is, if I succeed in showing you the advantage of the thing?"

Enoch was just about to say,—"I'm sure I shall be willing," when the Captain continued,—"I am afraid, Mr. Hughes, that you don't feel well; your looks show so, clearly. Come here, sir, and lie down on the sofa for a minute. You have over-worked yourself, and your digestion, perhaps, is out of order. Lie down, Mr. Hughes, I will get something to restore you."

Enoch felt himself quite powerless, and obeyed the Captain's invitation. Though he was furious with himself for being such a "weak cat," he felt sure that he was going fo faint. The Captain opened the door of the room and shouted loudly,—

"Susie, bring a little brandy here at once."

"No, no," said Enoch, for he had not fainted, "I shall be all right directly."

"You must take something, Mr. Hughes, to restore yourself. You have over-worked yourself," said the Captain.

Thinking that it was for her father that the brandy was wanted, Susie came hastily into the room with the usual quantum, which, to say the least, was "stiff." Susie was much astonished when she saw Enoch Hughes lying on the sofa, with his face as white as chalk, and her heart was stirred,—for even Miss Trevor had a heart,—and she said tenderly,—

"Oh, dear Mr. Hughes, you are ill! Oh, I am sorry, really I am. Take this, dear Mr. Hughes, do," and she put her arm round his neck to help him to raise his head.

Enoch had been a teetotaller from birth, but how could he refuse? His hand shook so much that he could not hold the glass steady, and Susie took the glass in her own hand, and placed it to his lips. The spirit was so hot, and Enoch so utterly unaccustomed to it, that tears sprang to his eyes when he swallowed it.

"Don't cry, dear Mr. Hughes, you will soon be better. Come, take it all," said Susie, either kindly, or perhaps to make fun of him.

And take it he did; and if the contents of the glass had been deadly poison, and he had known it, he could not have refused it from that fair and tender hand.

"Lie down, now, dear Mr. Hughes, and you will be better in a minute," said Miss Trevor.

"Thank you," said Enoch, falteringly. All at once he felt extremely happy all over. After a few minutes he felt desirous to sing a song, and half expected someone to ask him to do so, and he began to suck his memory as to which song he knew best, and he fixed on "Y Deryn du Pigfelyn" if he was asked. As no one asked him to sing, he did not think it correct to offer to do so on his own account. After a long pause, a sort of stupor came over him, but he was afraid to close his eyes lest he should go to sleep, for he remembered that he was a snorer, and he would not, for a thousand pounds, have had Susie know that he belonged to that class of animals. At one time he thought that he was in a fever, and at another that he was dreaming. But he could not be dreaming, for he was quite certain that Susie, Captain Trevor, and Mr. Denman were looking at him. At times they seemed far away from him, and very small, at another time alongside of him,—painfully near,—more especially the Captain and Mr. Denman. He felt desirous of speaking to Susie, and of telling his whole mind to her, and he knew he

could have done this quite fearlessly and confidently, if it had not been that he saw her father and Mr. Denman before his eyes. He was perfectly confident in his mind that he was on good terms with everybody in the world, and that he could make an *ex tempore* speech on any subject. For how long he was like this he never could find out, and he did not like to recall the circumstance to mind. He was carefully watched by the Captain, Susie, and Mr. Denman, and when they saw signs that he was coming to himself the Captain said,—

“How do you feel now, Mr. Hughes?”

“All right,” said Enoch.

“I knew,” said the Captain, “that a drop would do you good. Well, as it has done Mr. Hughes good, Susie, why shouldn’t it do me good? And when you have brought it me, Susie, you can go, and leave us to finish our business,—that is, if Mr. Hughes feels ready to go on.”

“Certainly,” said Enoch, vivaciously, “I am ready to enter into any reasonable arrangement, and I promise you, Captain Trevor, when I come into nearer relationship with you, if ever I do, that you shall not have the trouble with me that you have had to-night. I never felt like it before. Usually I am a strong enough man, and work as hard as anyone almost, but I couldn’t help somehow”——

“That’s your fault, Mr. Hughes,” said the Captain, before Enoch finished the sentence. “You work too hard, and that’s why a man like you ought to—(thank you, Susie, you can go now)—yes, that’s why a man like you ought to have someone to share in your load and cares, and to look after your comforts. That is your great want, Mr. Hughes, and if you would only fill up that want you would be a happy man. What would have become of me, sir, if it had not been for Mrs. Trevor? I should have been in my grave many a day ago. Pardon me, Mr. Hughes, but a man who has reached his,—well, say my age,—ought to be a bit of a philosopher. I don’t see any object or aim worthy of a man in a single life. You know, Mr. Hughes,—for you are, like myself, one who has read a lot,—when a man simply

thinks of himself in his search for happiness he always fails to get it; but when he directs his endeavours towards making others happy, then he gains his own happiness. For example,—for there’s nothing better than an example,—if I had made my own happiness the chief aim of my life, and if Mrs. Trevor had done the same, we should both of us have been bound to have failed. But, as the great aim of Mrs. Trevor’s and of my life has been for each to make the other happy, we have gained our happiness together. And this is entirely in accordance with the teaching of our Lord on self denial, no matter how loth the world is to believe such teaching. Is it not so, Mr. Denman?”

“I never heard anyone put the thing more neatly. You are a sharp’un, Captain,” said Mr. Denman, though he had for some time been thinking of the sort of reception he would get from Mrs. Denman when he got home.

“No,” said the Captain, “it is not necessary for a man to be a sharp one to discover such a truth as that, and I very much expect that Mr. Hughes will have gained experience in the matter before many more months.”—(“He is hurrying on the wedding; but the sooner the better so far as I am concerned,” said Enoch to himself).—“But it is time for me to come to the point,” continued the Captain.

“Yes,” said Enoch, “and I am quite ready. The sooner we come to an understanding with each other the better.”

“Well,” said the Captain, “I have been beating about the bush for a good long time before coming to the point,—(“Dreadfully so,” said Enoch in his breast),—“but I should have come to it before if it had not been,—well, there is no need to talk of that again. But this is the point, Mr. Hughes.”—(Enoch held his breath).—“You know,—no one knows better except Mr. Denman and myself, perhaps,—that Pwlygywynt mine has been, and still is, a great support to the neighbourhood in which Providence has thought fit to let your and my lines fall. And, perhaps,”—and here the Captain allowed himself to fall a-talking.

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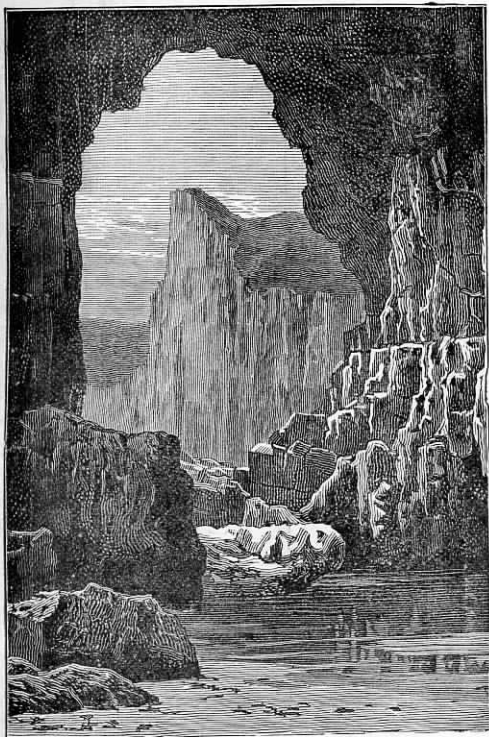
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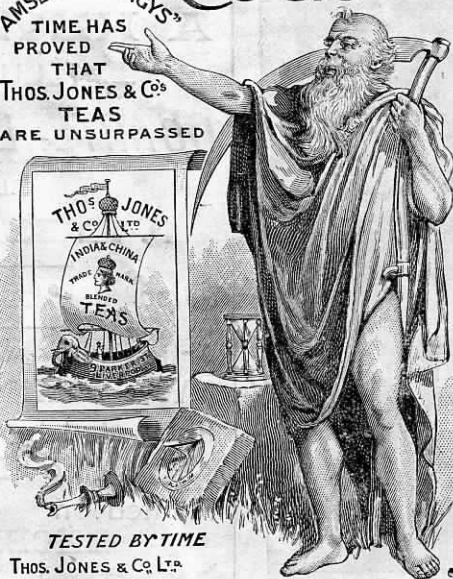
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