MORAY:

A Fragment.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

BY MESSRS. WILSON, &c., &c.

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TO

MRS. JAMES MACDONALD,
GLENELG MANSE,
WHOSE RICH SYMPATHY
AND TENDERNESSES
ARE TREASURED AS PRICELESS GIFTS,
THIS FRAGMENT
IS
DEDICATED
WITH FEELINGS OF DEEP AFFECTION
AND GRATITUDE.
PREFACE.

Strangers in Wales can gather but little of its early history from the conversation of its inhabitants. The vestiges which exist of Cambria's traditions and history must be searched for in scarce books and manuscripts. There is a great charm in opening up those by-gone records, even if they differ from authentic English Authors.

The collecting of the following Notes from the works of Caradoc of Llancarvan, &c., has been a relaxation during some months of illness—encouraged by the hope that places already endeared by associations might gain increased interest to absent friends when invested with the national anecdotes, &c., peculiar to their locality.
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Y happy game dog is now eleven years old, and still beautiful—I think he is more beautiful than ever. He has a long curly silky coat of black and white, tan eyebrows, tan tips to his toes, some regular tan marks on his upper lip, long white hair down his legs, and such bright loving dark eyes, which shine like gold in the sun, that it melts one's heart to look at them. Naturally clean, he presents himself to be brushed and combed, and shakes himself afterwards with an air of consequence. He has a grand bark for outsiders, but greets and welcomes visitors so heartily that I have been often asked his history.*

Dear Moray's birthplace was in that particular part of the Highlands called its garden, not far from the wooded and rocky heights of Craigellachie,† on the winding Spey, on the one side, and Elgin's ruined Cathedral‡ and Gordon Castle, at equal distances, on the other; Aberdeen.§ with its granite rocks, being easily reached by rail. Our house was sheltered by forests of pine stretching right and left, and at the back of it the little squirrels could be seen from our windows jumping from bough to bough, destroying the young shoots; and in those woods, as well as amongst the adjoining hills of heather and gorse, game of every kind could conceal themselves, and wild birds sport merrily.

* Note 1.  † Note 2.  ‡ Note 3.  § Note 4.
Moray, however, cannot remember his early home, for he left his mother and the Highlands and travelled to "Little England beyond Wales," as Pembrokeshire is called, before he was three months old, in January, 1876. We had many pets in Morayshire before Moray was born.

First, there was the golden-pencilled Hamburg cock and his ladies—his dignity increased and his pride satisfied by having gained the prize at Sydenham. With him was also the sparkling, industrious, silver spangled dame* with rosy comb and ruby eyes—his chief favourite, and my own especially.

Next, there was to be seen in another walk the Chinese Silky Lord, with crested head and crimped tail almost concealing his pliable negro toes, with knightly gallantry escorting his ladies, who, like himself, had mulberry combs and emerald ear-lobes, ever ready to draw his sword in their defence.

These had travelled with us from Somersetshire in 1872. We started by starlight in the early morning for the Western Highlands, to gain their soft yet bracing air for my invalid, and they were attached to the top of our carriage, in their baskets, on leaving the steamer at Ardrishaig to drive through the Melfort Pass (the ground being covered with snow) on our way to Soroba,† opposite Kerrara and the hills of Morven.

The buff-laced Sebrights from Lathockar were also at Auchinroath before Moray was born. Also gentle Highland Quey and the Cheviot, both in their second summer, and Mr. and Miss Bell.

It was in the month of May, 1874, that we moved from Argyleshire to Morayshire, when nature was dressed in her prettiest colours, the double Mays and fruit trees being in full bloom and beauty. The garden at Auchinroath, sloping down from the heather bank, was laden with fruit blossom, such flavoured fruit as can only be found amongst the Highlands. Possibly the thick coverlet of snow during the winter might increase that exquisite flavour. Certainly the severity and

* Note 5.  † Note 6.
grandeur of our first winter in Morayshire took us by surprise. We were prisoners for at least four months in our own grounds. When hope buoyed us up that a thaw was coming, it was quickly crushed by fall after fall of snow and intenser relays of frost. Gladly we hailed a genial change in April, and escaped for a visit to Strathpeffer, in Ross-shire, passing the Sunday en route at Dingwall—it was Easter day.

Towards autumn another trip was planned for my invalid to Braemar. The place proved too full for enjoyment, and after one drive to the fall of Garawalt, we returned for the Sunday to Aberdeen, and from thence by train, via Strome Ferry, for Gairloch. My memory is still fresh with the delight and awe we felt when steaming through Loch Carron and the Skye mountains came in sight, and especially as we passed out of the loch and on the south-east saw Siour Ouram amongst the pointed mountains of Kintail. The "Five Sisters" seemed to look down from their majestic heights on the placid depths of Loch Duich. To the left, one looks down the narrow strait of Kyle Akin towards Loch Alsh, beyond which the beautiful bay of Glenelg* opens out, and Raasay, with its flattened hills, appears rising to the right. As we entered the sound of Raasay the motion of the vessel and increasing storm proved a source of enjoyment to my invalid, but it overcame me too much and made me too giddy to notice the remaining beauties of the voyage; and the delight of the home journey through Loch Maree, Auchnasheen, Loch Garve, Strathpeffer, and Nairn, was also much marred. At the last-mentioned place we were unexpectedly detained by the train till the following Monday. The hotel being full, the only accommodation was a kind of Observatory at the tip-top of the house with windows on three sides overlooking the sea, which was foaming and tossing with equinoctial impetuosity.

Knowing how much relaxation was still needed, we chose a delightful spot, for a lengthened sojourn, on the banks of

* Note 7.
the Findhorn, which might vie even with Switzerland in romantic beauty. A young friend who was then staying with us writes to me, "as I look back on that delightful visit, where everything was so new and so charming, it is scarcely possible to separate one scene of enjoyment from another." The woods throughout the county, intermingling with the river, afforded us no end of amusement with their innumerable windings and labyrinths. Day after day they brought us some new source of interest. I remember more than once our lovely drive through the woods of Altyre, belonging to the Gordon Cummings; and I am sure we drove through the Hartmuir woods, the classic ground where the witches met Macbeth and Banquo.* But there is one especial evening drive that is fixed on my memory, and that also of the young friend who accompanied us. When emerging from the dark forest shade into the rich gleam of the setting sun we toiled up a steep ascent on the edge of the splendid cliffs overhanging the Findhorn. Suddenly, on gaining the summit, the grand panorama of the distant landscape burst upon us, and we found ourselves standing just above where the river, far down below, appeared to divide. It seemed to us to come down over rocks, falls, and boulders, some 150 feet, and then, forking off right and left, to go on between the most magnificent red cliffs, clothed in patches of both bright and sombre green, and tinged with the rich reflections of the autumnal sun on the various foliage and fringes of fern.

About the same period we witnessed the excessive rise of the river. On the previous day it was flowing down clearly and quietly about 25 feet wide, and only a few inches deep near the hotel we stayed at, and the next morning, before approaching or being able to see it, one heard the most mysterious and unaccountable roaring sound, which, on getting nearer, proved to be proceeding from the river. During the night its width had increased to 300 feet, and it now came tumbling and dashing madly in its

* Note 8.
course, and carrying down with it trees, portions of hay stacks, and carcasses of sheep and calves, whilst, of course, consternation seized the inhabitants of the valleys lest it might burst its banks and flood the country as it did in 1829. This grand sight, which was over in a few days, was lost to my dear invalid, who was absent on a visit to his kind friend and physician on the banks of the Usk in Monmouthshire, but we were glad a dear old friend arrived from Denbighshire just in time to enjoy the Findhorn in its glory.

We were still lingering in that lovely spot when stern winter once more set in; and we listened anxiously for the post to bring tidings from Auchinrooth. It was not old Fan that we were thinking of (though connoisseurs praised her beauty), but we feared for the silky birds, and especially for the sprightly dame with the ruby eyes, whose lively nature had suffered by last season’s confinement, and we took train to see them. We were prepared to find the garden covered with snow and hardened with frost, but the sun’s mid-day brilliancy gave a sense of beauty and cheeriness, and nature seemed to glitter in loveliness. The silkies actually basked in the sunbeams. The droll chattering dame was bright and happy; Quey, too, walked with her usual grace and dignity—those bright, intelligent eyes so different to what one sees in lowland cattle. Everything gave us pleasure, and a slight hesitancy came over us whether we should not yet return to spend some little time there before the painful moment arrived to arrange to leave for good. It was at the very last moment, before stepping into the carriage to meet the train, that our invalid went by accident near old Fan’s kennel and heard a cry. Our servant man was there too—he looked confounded, for he had concealed the birth of the puppy! No questions were asked— the sight of the little beauty charmed the invalid, and he called him “Moray.”

We brought the little fellow with us to N. S. Pembrokeshire,*

* Notes 9 and 10.
S. Wales. At first he was so full of mischief that we thought it advisable not to give him too much liberty. To see him scampering about and rushing recklessly among our little feathered family caused us, indeed, great anxiety for their safety; and more than once, during our drives, he slipped into a cottage garden and was severely punished for his cruelty in those young days. But when he was old enough to be tied he was honoured with a house of his own in the shrubbery. This was placed opposite the breakfast room window, where we could see him and he could be amused with all that was going on. He soon tried his best to guard us, and was not long in showing his sagacity and keenness of observation by making friends with the pet birds and sitting composedly whilst they stole his daily portion of porridge. It is needless to say how he enlivened our walks and drives and made up for his partial confinement by his vivacity, fun, and gaiety, and how joyfully he watched some sign of accompanying his master, and wandering with him amongst all kinds of ruins which tell of past republican fury, or, especially latterly, the praise he has gained for waiting so patiently and lovingly whilst the sick or the dying were cared for.

Another great delight to Moray was to be admitted to sit with us in our pleasant summer-house—made by dear hands—our resort for reading aloud, or studying, or resting, and of receiving afternoon visitors to tea and orchard-house luxuries.

Such was his happy life until, in 1884, a change came and Moray once more became a traveller.
Merionethshire,  
January 28th, 1887.

My hand trembles to write it—Moray* is dead. He has left his mark behind him. None could see him without respecting him. Every visitor expressed as much. Every servant also was amazed at his devotion since he had been an indoor companion to myself. That bright and happy face acted as a charm throughout the house. Possibly his devotedness to me shortened his life.

On returning home last autumn, after a few weeks' absence, it was clear that he had pined for me; he could only leave me for a few moments, returning eagerly to my side, bowing and bounding with joy and with a little silent motion in his throat, like the effort for speech, accompanied with a quick beating of the heart whenever I patted or even spoke to him. About the 20th of January that beating of the heart developed into palpitations. In great exhaustion, after a restless night, he lay down as we thought to die; indeed, the maid left the room to escape the pain of seeing him. Fearing the worst, I leant down close to him and called his name, when instantly those eyes opened and turned to me, and he made the effort and sat up and afterwards went with me to the garden. On the 27th he followed me very slowly to the lawn; the snow had melted and the sun shone brightly. I fed him, and, thinking he would rest there, I opened the little iron gate leading to the meadow in front and walked some little distance, when, looking back, to my astonishment I saw he had made his way (as he had often done before) through the holly hedge and over the ditch into the meadow, and was sitting down apparently exhausted. On seeing me look back he tried to get up and come nearer, but he could not. I sighed to see that sweet, gentle, plaintive longing look for help, and went

*Note 11.
back to him. He looked first at me and afterwards to the field beyond. The place he sat on was about 60 yards from the holly hedge, on a bank sloping perhaps 30 or 40 feet towards a narrow lane, well-known to him for its stream of water which he loved to drink from, and for the many rabbit holes on the banks on either side of the lane. On the top of the opposite bank was the field towards which he gazed, where the sheep were feeding, amongst them the old cheviot in her thirteenth year, and a daughter and grand-daughter of beautiful Miss Bell. Not far beyond was grand Wee, aged nearly ten years, that gentle Quey had left to us. Below, in the valley flowed the broad stream of the Dee, and on the background were seen the grand range of the Berwyn mountains, stretching on the right side throughout the entire length of the vales of Llangollen and Endeyrmion, both vales celebrated in the history of the fifteenth century as the country of Owen Glendower,* and presenting the most exquisite scenery in the whole course of the Dee. Between the river and those Berwyn mountains from the spot where Moray was sitting, he could see the town of the white choir, or white stone, which, with its ancient church, was dear to his master in the early days of his ministry, and who ever remembered, in his admiring imagination, the surroundings of those everlasting hills.

Moray could not walk back, he was too heavy for me to carry. I brought a kind of shawl to him, he understood my meaning and moved on to it, and so I gently drew him to the gate. The next morning was again sunny. He was disinclined to get out, but let me help him into his basket, and so I placed him in the shelter of the drawing-room window and sat near to him. In the early morning he gave me his hearty greeting, wagging his tail and fixing those speaking eyes on me—oh! so earnestly—though he could not bound to meet me. Now he still kept looking, turning to look again and again, but the look was

*Go back to Note 9 for Life of Glyndwr—last part.
languid. Suddenly, I saw him get up with energy and spring out of his basket on to the lawn, and then easily and gracefully lay down in one of his usual attitudes, but his head fell. I ran to him and heard one gentle deep cry as I came close to him, and I took that helpless head (those expressive eyes still un- closed) and laid it on his fore-feet, and as he lay then in all his beauty none could believe him dead, for he still seemed “Watching.”

"Not one shall fall to the ground without your Father."

"O Lord how manifold are thy works, In wisdom hast thou made them all."
NOTES.

Note 1.—Moray.

No one who ever saw Moray's winning ways could forget them—his constant station at my door, if upstairs (never venturing inside without an invitation)—sometimes peeping in to see all was right, or to beg for a drink of water from the pitcher, or his waking up at any moment at the least sound of my voice, or his great delight at whatever was given to him, such as his goat-skin mats upstairs or downstairs, which he would appropriate thoroughly as his own.

Note 2.—Craigellachie.

The slogan or war-cry of the powerful Grant Clan is "Stand fast, Craigellachie!" Both the railway and the road bridges here cross the Spey. The road bridge is the most remarkable in Scotland, built by Telford in 1815 for £8,000. It consists of a single arch 150 feet in span. Above it on the north side is a precipitous cliff called the Cone Rock—the trees growing out of its crevices, and rising one above another add greatly to the singular appearance. It is a matter of dispute, if the Grants' war cry applies to this rock or to one at the other extremity of the Grants' country. The Fiddoch joins the Spey at Craigellachie. The small Episcopal Church is shown in some of the photographs—we rarely attended it. During the fishing and deer-stalking season it was a pleasure to attend the chapel, belonging to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, at Fochabers, where we saw familiar faces.

Baddeley.

Note 3.—Elgin Cathedral.

How completely the Scottish civilization of the middle ages was self-acquired, and how little it depended on the influence of England is
strikingly shown in the fact that we must go two hundred miles from the border, and far across the wild Grampians, to see at once the most stately and most beautifully decorated of all the ecclesiastical edifices of the country. **Elgin Cathedral** must have been, as its lovely and majestic fragments still indicate, quite unmatched in character. History supposes the building no older than the fifteenth century, but the style of architecture speaks unequivocally of a higher antiquity bringing it back to the time of the early English. There are later features in the remains of the aisle windows like the Flamboyant School of France.

Few places impress, in what remains, so deep a regret for what is gone.

*The Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland.* R. W. Billings.

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**Note 4.**—**Aberdeen—Slains Castle.**

The **Granite Rocks at Aberdeen** are grey. Going north towards Peterhead the colour changes to flesh colour.

**Old Slains Castle,** 12 miles from Aberdeen, was destroyed by James VI. The new castle is four miles further. It is the seat of the Earl of Erroll, High Constable of Scotland. Two miles beyond the castle are the famous **Bullers** (boilers) of **Buchan.** Between the **Bullers** and Peterhead are the granite quarries.

As soon as the terms of the treaty to settle the Crown of the United Kingdom on the Princess Sophia of Hanover and her heirs was known in Scotland, a shout of indignation was set up throughout the kingdom. The Court of St. Germains was aware of it, and in concert with the French King sent one Hooke to Scotland to obtain intelligence. He had been one of the Duke of Monmouth's chaplains when he invaded England, but had since turned Roman Catholic. Hooke landed in February or March, 1707, and took up his temporary residence at **Slains Castle.**

*Highland Clans.*

**The Chevalier de St. George.**

With sixty followers the Earl of Mar proclaimed the Chevalier at Castletown in Braemar, September, 6, 1715. The Chevalier must have had very little idea of the winter climate of Peterhead or the eastern Highlands to think of arriving there in December (22, 1715) to join his army then in possession of Perth, and to be crowned at Scone.
He landed at Peterhead attended by five persons dressed in French costume. As soon as the signal on the vessel made known that he was on board, intelligence was conveyed to Perth, and received with immense delight. The day after his arrival he proceeded to Newburgh, the seat of the Earl Marischal, and on the 24th he passed incognito through Aberdeen to Fetteresso, the principal seat of the Earl Marischal, and stayed there. Meanwhile Lieutenant Cameron having carried the news of the Chevalier's arrival to Perth, thirty gentlemen immediately set out to meet him and to kiss hands, and proclaim his title as King at the gates of Fetteresso. Unhappily he was detained there some time longer by two successive fits of ague; however, on February the 3rd he reached Brechin, and went on next day to Kinnaird, and on the 4th came to Glamis Castle, and on the 6th to Dundee, which city he entered on horseback amidst great acclamations—the Earl of Mar and Earl Marischal riding on either side of him, and followed by 300 adherents on horseback also. Going on he proceeded to the house of Stuart of Grantully, again on to Castle Lyon, thence to Fingask, and on Sunday took up his abode at Scone for his coronation. The Monday following he made his public appearance at Perth, but received there a cold reception, and he returned at night to Scone dejected and discouraged. Tidings came that the Duke of Argyll was approaching, and the army in Perth were prepared for the struggle, and broke out into general discontent and confusion at receiving orders for a retreat. The winter was one of extraordinary severity, and to proceed in their retreat to Montrose the Tay had to be crossed, covered with ice of great thickness. Orders were further given to proceed on to Aberdeen, whilst the Chevalier secretly lingered at Montrose, and embarked on the night of the 4th February, with the Earl of Mar, Lord Melville, and others, on board a French vessel waiting in readiness, and they arrived at Waldam in French Flanders in five days—February 9, 1716.

Keltic Highland Clans, Div. 3.

Note 5.—The industrious little Dame was the Queen of the Golden House.

She had a joyful spirit. Her voice was the oftenest heard. Sometimes a lively exclamation of surprise, at others in alarm to call Goldey to her side, and if he delayed she would take a long flight to join him. Occasionally the voice would be in deep minor chords of
wonderful plaintiveness and exquisite beauty. The small door of the
golden house was left purposely open late for her; she would return from
wandering for her slug oysters when the others were half asleep. She care-
fully selected some romantic spot for her eggs, sometimes in an ivy bank,
under a sheltered walk by fir trees, or latterly in a hydrangea tree.
Only about three times in nine years did she propose to sit, and then
she would allow herself to be lifted out of her nest into a moss lined
box and put in a place of safety, and wait each morning to be fed
and cared for. She taught her chicks perpetual industry, and her
devotion to them was brave and striking. We saw her fly on Moray's
back when he approached too near; and we once surprised a hawk
hovering over her and saw her springing up in an attitude to combat
him.

Note 6.—Argyleshire.

Kerrera, extending north and south of Oban, and leaving a
channel of about half-a-mile to a mile in width, is the making of the
place as a harbour. It lies low opposite Oban, but attains a height
of 617 feet towards the south end. There is an old ruin on the island
called Gylen Castle—an old Macdougal fortress.

Dunollie Castle

Is one mile north of the town. Ivy and situation combine to make
it the most effective ruin in Scotland. It belongs to the Macdougal
family, descendants of the Lords of Lorn, by whom the castle was
built.

Soraba

Also belongs to the same Macdougal family. It stands high on the
Melfort Pass side of Oban bay. We remember receiving a basket
containing forty varieties of ferns from Soraba grounds before its re-
novation in 1871; and even during our sojourn there in 1872, the
fragile oak fern would bid us step gently as we opened the old garden
gate by the Rookery which led to the shady bank of the burn.

Dunstaffnage

Is four miles from Oban. The view from it up Loch Etive to the
peaks of Ben Cruachan is remarkably fine, and the well authenticated
traditions which associate the site with the earliest records of Scotch history, give an additional zest to seeing it. Of the original building a fire in 1715 caused the last remnant to disappear, but the present one is still many centuries old. For more than three centuries, commencing about A.D. 300, Dunstaffnage was the seat of the Scottish Government, and contained the coronation stone, afterwards removed to Scone, and now in Westminster Abbey. The present ruin was a stronghold of the Lords of Lorne.

Baddeley.

**The Pass of Melfort.**

It is extremely beautiful. A deep narrow ravine finely flanked by rock and wood with a stream and falls, &c. Baddeley.

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*Note 7.—Inverness—Glenelg.*

Macleod of Harris, originally designated “de Glenelg” (that being the first and original possession of the family), seems to have been the proper chief of the clan Leod. Alexander (the hump-back) got a charter, under the great seal, of all his lands in the isles from James IV., dated June 15, 1463. He had also a charter from James V. of the lands of Glenelg, dated February 13, 1539.

Glenelg proper, in which the manse is situated, is truly beautiful, and the “little glen,” in which are the remains of two round towers, is still more lovely. These towers are unique and so ancient that there is no written record nor authentic tradition as to what purpose they served. There were four of them, but now only two remain, and only one side of each of them is to be seen. They are about a mile distant the one from the other. The towers are perfectly circular, sloping towards the summit, and are formed of dry stone without lime. The walls are hollow and divided into partitions so small that one cannot walk upright in them. Every attempt is now made to preserve them as relics of an age long since gone by.

It is curious to find that the old manse and glebe had to make way for military defences about the year 1728 so as to overawe the disaffected clans, and the site of the present manse, less than a mile off, which was then farm land, was exchanged by Government. Those Bernera barracks are now simply a picturesque ruin.

The old coach road from Skye to Inverness passes a point of the
present glebe, and for six miles gradually ascends to a very great height, indeed, and crosses a hill called the Ballach where the view is of indescribable grandeur, you look down from a giddy height of 1,070 feet upon Loch Duich, Glenshiel and Kintail being on either side of it. The road there descends for a distance of three miles, winding backwards and forwards over the knolls of the mountain, it therefore requires nerves to attempt the descent, still it is an excellent road, engineered by Telford at the same time as the Caledonian Canal. On a still summer day Loch Duich seems smooth as glass, with the reflection of those tall mountains casting a cloud-like gloom, over the water. Bordering the Loch are then seen beautiful green fields of uncut hay, corn, or crops, and on the north-east side are two farms surrounded with trees. On the opposite side, below a steep hill and close to the water, is a shooting box—Inverinate House. The mountains shown in the photograph belong to the Ben Attow range and are about 3,000 feet in height.

On the southern side of Glenelg is Loch Hourn (hell). It is famous for its herring fishery. The little fishing village of Arnisdale on the side of the loch is only a narrow strip of ground at the foot of Ben Serial, the mountain from rising strait from the edge of the water looks higher than it is. The villagers of Arnisdale are very poor and depend entirely on the fishing season. Hundreds of boats of all sizes may be seen going to the head of the loch, which is about eight miles distant, to let down their nets for a night's fishing. Knoydart, by Loch Nevis (heaven), used to be included in the parish of Glenelg, but was detached from it (quoad sacra) some years ago. In Knoydart the population is about half Roman Catholic; in North Morar it is nearly all Roman Catholic, and there are a few in the Glenelg district.

Kyle Akin, one of the nearest approaches between Skye and Glenelg, is named after Haco, a Norwegian king, who met with some catastrophe in its waters. There is a keen sense of romance about it, even in the dark. The light-house, which is at the extremity of the reefs abutting from the mainland, presents in turns its different lights, it is an object, the full effect of which is lost in the day time. Yet, however much or little visible, Kyle Akin affords one of the most picturesque groupings of natural and artificial objects in Scotland. This strait connects Loch Alsh with the wider waters north of it, between Skye and the mainland.

Letters from the Manse.

Baddeley.
Glenelg.

We steam into this sheltered bay, and as we pass among the distant heights, where hills over hills in sweet succession rise, we fix our attention on the highest peak, and soon a panoramic view of exceeding beauty spreads itself before us. A gossamer-white cloud infolds that peak, and gradually spreads like a mantle over all the tall cliffs. It seemed as if the wizard spirit was sending nature's majesty to sleep. However, we lost the "aspiring heights" till morning, and were welcomed with hearty and thoughtful hospitality at the manse.

Next day at early morn we visit the sea again, and saw the merry little "Elg" bearing its last burden to the ocean. We quicken our step and come to the narrow Kyle Rhea. As we stand on the terrace rock on the margin of the briny thread, which separates the mainland from Skye, we were held in wonderment at the view. The lofty peaks of Skye, and the precipitous rocks hanging over the wayside houses, suggesting to us the thought of insecurity and danger. But as we beheld the sprightly goats dancing among the brackens and wild herbage it was a relief to think that these glorious sights were profitable as well as phenominal. We retrace our steps a little, and close to the mouth of the Elg saw the grey ruins of the old Bernera Barracks. We entered, and the neatly dressed cottagers told us with bated breath that it was built to "keep down rebellion among the Highlanders" Evidently it seemed to be "an odious memorial."

Tours in 1885. T. D. J.

Prince Charles Stuart.

When Prince Charles determined to venture his fortune in Scotland he chose the very best season of the year (June 21, 1745). He embarked from St. Nazaire with few attendants and without troops. These gentlemen were styled the seven men of Moidart, viz:—

The Marquis of Tullibardine,
Sir John Sheridan,
Sir John Macdonald,
Frances Strickland,
George Kelly—a clergyman,
Angus Macdonald (brother of Kinlochmoidart),
O. Sullivan.

There were a few others including Duncan Cameron, to descry Long Island. The Doutelle, with Charles and his party, cast anchor at Eriska,
by South Uist, July 23, but the chief of Clanranald and his brother Boisdale declined to join him. He then went on towards Lochannagh (or Loch-nan-namh) between Arisaig and Moidart, and finding young Clanranald and Kinlochmoidart, prevailed on them to unsheathe their swords for his cause. Charles landed at Boradale, a farm of Clanranald, and with his body-guard of 100 men (collected by order of the two chiefs) he took up his abode with the tenant of the farm who hospitably entertained them. No situation could have been better selected for the circumstances and designs of Charles—being so remote and inaccessible—surrounded on all sides by the territories of the most devoted adherents of the house of Stuart, and by the descendents of the heroes of Kilsyth and Killiecrankie, in whose breasts the spirit of revenge had taken deep root for the horrors of 1715. The mountainers sighed for an opportunity of retaliation, and they thought the time for vengeance was at hand. They came at once to Boradale to see Charles, and feasted their eyes on him and were charmed with his genial manner and appearance. Leaving Boradale he went to the house of Kinlochmoidart, seven miles further, and next day by water to Glenallandale, belonging to Alexander Macdonald of Lochshiel, thence in three boats they proceeded up the loch to Glenfinnan and landed on the east side where the river falls into the lake. Glenfinnan is a narrow vale bounded on both sides by high and rocky mountains with the Finnan flowing through. It forms the inlet from Moidart to Lochabar and is about five miles from Fort William. Here, on landing, the Prince was received by the laird of Morar at the head of 150 men. Soon the Camerons of between 700 and 800 men with Lochiel their chief appeared, and without waiting for more the Prince resolved at once to raise his standard and declare open war against the Elector of Hanover, as he styled the King of England, August 19, 1745.

Highland Clans.

"On September 17th, 1745, Charles received intelligence of the capture of Edinburgh, sanguine though he was, he could scarcely have believed that within the short time since he raised his standard at Glenfinnan, the proud capital of Scotland should submit to him."

In person Charles appeared to great advantage, his figure and presence, as described by an eye witness, was not ill suited to his lofty pretensions. His face, which in its contour exhibited a perfect oval, was remarkable for the regularity of his features. His forehead was full and high and characteristic of his family. His eyes, which were large and of a light blue colour, were shaded by beautifully arched
eye-brows. His nose approached nearer to the Roman than the Grecian Model. On the whole he was extremely prepossessing, so that few persons could resist his attractions. The dress he wore on his entrance to the capital was calculated to set off his person to great advantage. He had a light-coloured peruke with his hair combed over the front. This was surmounted by a blue velvet bonnet encircled with a band of gold lace and ornamented at the top by a Jacobite badge of white satin cockade. He wore a tartan short coat, and on his breast the star of the Order of St. Andrew. Instead of a plaid, which would have covered the star, he had a blue sash wrought with gold. His small clothes were of red velvet. To complete the costume he wore military boots and a silver hilted broadsword.

As he mounted his horse and rode towards Holyrood Palace, everyone was in admiration of his splendid appearance and a simultaneous huzza arose from the vast crowd. The Jacobites compared him to King Robert Bruce, whom, they said, they hoped he would resemble in fortune.

Charles was advised to defend himself against the English armies which would be sent against him without attempting to extend his conquest to England. The chief object of his ambition, however, was to obtain the crown of England, but he determined to remain in Edinburgh until the army should be reinforced. Letters were dispatched to the Highlands and other parts of Scotland containing the news of the victory and urging immediate aid, and messengers were sent to France to represent the state of affairs and solicit succours from that Court. The principal person selected by Charles to go to the Highlands was Mr. Alexander Macleod, a gentleman of the Scottish bar, who carried along with him a paper of instructions dated September 24 and signed by secretary Murray. By these instructions Macleod was directed forthwith to proceed to the Isle of Skye to assure Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod and other gentlemen, that the Prince did not impute their not having hitherto joined him to any failure of loyalty on their part for his father's cause, but to the private manner in which he had arrived in Scotland, which was from a desire to restore his royal father without foreign assistance, and that he was ready still to receive them with the same affection he would have welcomed them had they joined him on his landing, &c., &c. Macleod was directed to require of these chiefs to repair with their men with all possible speed to Edinburgh. In case they were found refractory, Macleod was directed to use all means with the gentlemen of their different families to bring them to the field with as many followers as possible. In conclusion, Macleod was ordered to assure
these gentlemen of the encouragement and favour which would be shown to those who joined the Prince's standard in proportion to their loyalty and the backwardness of their chiefs. He was directed also to send for the chief Mackinnon and to tell him of the Prince's surprise that one who had given such strong assurances had failed in his promise. And to Macleod of Swordland, Glenelg, the messenger was instructed to ask why he had not fulfilled the engagement he had made when he visited the Prince at Glenfinnan (when the silk banner of red, white, and blue was unfurled by the Marquis of Tullibardine), which was to seize the fort of Bernera and to join Charles with a hundred men whether his chief joined or not.

See Highland Clans, part 3, pages 549 to 561.

Among others who appear to have vacillated between two opinions, and alternately to change their minds, was Macleod of Macleod. The chief, influenced probably by the solicitations of his clansmen, attended a meeting of gentlemen of the name of Fraser, convened by Lord Lovat at Beaufort or Castle Downie on 4th of October, and was despatched the following day to Skye, having engaged to join the Frasers with his men at Corriecarrick on the 15th, but on advising with his friend, Sir Alexander Macdonald, he resolved to stay at home.

Ibid, page 573.

Swordland, Glenelg, is now occupied by a shepherd. It is about five miles from the Manse, and is a small slated house built on or near the site of what was once occupied by Macleod.

Letter from the Manse.

**The Prince at Inverness.**

Abounding, as the Prince's enterprise did, in many brilliant points, there is unquestionably no part of it more deserving of admiration than that which presented itself near the end of his short but eventful history. He then projected a number of expeditions, attacks, and sieges, and conducted them with an energy which astonished the Government.

The Duke of Cumberland left Aberdeen on April 8, and by the 12th arrived at Arradoul, five miles from the Spey. About this time the weather had become favourable, and although still cold the snow had disappeared, and a dry wind had prevailed and rendered the river fordable—thus this formidable obstacle was removed.

The Duke of Perth, who was with the Highland forces appointed
to defend the Spey, has received censure for not disputing the passage, which he might have done (aided by the swollen state of the river) had the royal army appeared in the month of March; but by this time the quantity of water in the river had been so reduced that at two places a whole battalion might have crossed marching abreast.

After passing the Spey the Duke of Cumberland halted his army and encamped opposite Fochabers. Early the next morning he passed through Elgin and encamped on the Moor of Alves, midway between Elgin and Forres. The Duke of Perth having passed the previous night at Forres retired to Nairn. The Duke of Cumberland renewed his march on the 14th and came to Nairn, where the Duke of Perth remained until the royal army came in sight and then began his retreat.

The royal army encamped on a plain to the west of Nairn. Charles was taken by surprise. He had had no thought of risking an immediate battle. But whatever his anterior intentions had been the present circumstances alone made him determine to make the attack without delay. Accordingly the Prince mounted his horse on the 14th, and putting himself at the head of some of his troops, led them out to within six miles of Nairn to support the Duke of Perth, but finding him out of danger, returned to Culloden and summoned a council of war.

According to Charles's own statement, he had formed the plan—bold and desperate as it was—of surprising the English army by a night attack, but, desirous of knowing the views of his officers before divulging it, he allowed all the members of the council to speak before himself.

This plan was unquestionably the best had the army been in a position to sustain the fatigue, but since their arrival in Inverness the troops, instead of receiving money, had been only allowed a weekly portion of oatmeal; and this, from some unaccountable oversight on the part of the persons who had the charge of the commissariat department, had been also neglected, and the army was in a state bordering on starvation. There was a quantity of meal in Inverness and its neighbourhood, but no care had been taken to supply the men, and for two days very few of them had tasted a particle of food. The sequel to the attempted night attack, and subsequent fatality at Culloden, needs no detail.

After the disastrous defeat at Culloden Prince Charles seemed to lose much of his former self-possession. It was contrary to the
counsels of his best advisers that he not only deserted his army, but left the mainland for the Western Isles, where his troubles only increased; and he owed his escape to the heroism of Flora MacDonald, who conducted him to Portree, in Skye, and left him in July in the protection of the two young Raasays of the Isle of Raasay, and their enthusiastic cousin, Malcolm Macleod, who had been a captain in the Prince's service, and remained with him throughout his wanderings, both at Raasay and returning to Trotternish, until they reached Ellagot, near Hilmarree, where lived his brother-in-law, John Mackinnon, who soon told the old Laird Mackinnon of his arrival; and the two without delay prepared the vessel, and set out to sea with Charles to bring him to Littie Mallet, on the south coast of Loch Nevis, between Morar and Knoydart. It was a sad leave-taking at their departure between Malcolm Macleod and Prince Charles, who twice embraced his faithful friend and blessed him.

The perils and escapes are too multiplied to detail during the time he was waiting for the French frigate to conduct him back to France. He wandered in disguise about Loch Quoich, Loch Arkaig, Glengarry, Strathglass, Glenallanadale, and a place called Corris-corridill, on the Glenelg side of Loch Hourn. Several small vessels had from time to time arrived on the west coast to carry him off to France, but the persons in charge of them not knowing where to find him had returned home. For some time Captain Warren of Dillon's regiment had exerted himself with the French Government to induce them to send an expedition to rescue Charles, and at last succeeded in obtaining two vessels of war—L'Heureux and la Princesse de Conti—with which he departed from St. Malo in the end of August. These vessels arrived in Lochmnaugh in September, and Captain Sheridan landed, and waited on Glenaladale to know where to find Charles, who was concealed in a very rough high mountain called Letternillich, in Benalder, whither a messenger was sent to find him; and on September 13 he reached Boradale, and joined by about 100 friends, including Lochgarry, John Roy Stuart, and Dr. Cameron, he bid adieu to the land of his fathers.

The Chevalier de St. George had promised to bestow the title of Knight-baronet on Colonel Warren if he succeeded in bringing back the Prince, which promise he kept. The party landed at Morlaix in Brittany on the 29th of September, 1746.

Keltic's Highland Clans.
Lochnanaugh on the Coast of South Morar.

(Lake of the Cave).

It is a broad arm of the sea. The cave, which originated the name, is on the right, and then the road bends almost back round the rocky height of Druim Fiarlach, "the back-tooth ridge." A marshy hollow succeeds, round which the road bends again to the left (pedestrians may cross the stream of Glen Biasdale by stepping-stones and so cut off a corner), and soon after a lovely peep is afforded (looking towards the left over the Mansion of Boradale and Lochnanaugh) to the Ardnish Hills.

Loch Hourn.

From Torndoun a road follows the course of the Garry to Loch Quoich and Loch Hourn head, a distance of 16 or 17 miles. The watershed is reached between Loch Quoich and Loch Hourn, and is 691 feet above sea level.

The scenery about Loch Hourn is amongst the finest in Scotland. Lofty and steep mountains encompass the water, their bases beautifully feathered with trees.

Glen Shiel.

The mountains close in rapidly, with slopes of dark green and peaks of pyramidal outline. The Glen is long and narrow, and apt from its lack of rock scenery to disappoint the tourist. Scour Ouran is seen on its northern side, 3,505 feet. Shiel Inn is near the head of Loch Duich. By the Inn is a deep black pool, called the "Ink Pot." The road, proceeding straight on past the Inn, climbs in 3 miles to the summit of its zigzag course, during which it presents grand views of Loch Duich.

The Isle of Skye.

The same wild region which had seen the Prince Charles Edward's wandering by the Cuchullins, and near to Loch Scavaig, had formerly given the same shelter to the Bruce and Lord Ronald of the Isles when they encountered the Pirate Cormac Dool. The same rocky hills echoed with the lament for Allan the heir of Donagaile, and heard the shouts of Edward Bruce that

"Scotland wants her king;"

and

"Edward, the deadliest of our foes,"
As with the host he northward passed,
Hath on the border breathed his last.

"'Twas then that warlike signal wake
Dunscaith's dark towers and Eisord's lake,
A summons these of war and wrath
To the brave men of Sleat and Strath,
   And ready at the sight.
Each warrior to his weapon sprung,
   And targe upon his shoulder flung,
   Impatient for the fight.
Mackinnon's chief, in warfare grey,
   Had charge to muster their array,
   And guide their barks to Brodick Bay."

Lord of the Isles, Canto 4, Part 7.

In Strath-Kirk is an old burial-place, and amongst other monuments is an elaborate screen, erected to the memory of members of the Mackinnon family. It is between Broadford and Torrin, South Skye.

**Loch Scavaig, Loch Cornisk, and the Cuchullins.**

Loch Scavaig is approached by the open sea, and approximates as nearly to the sublime in scenery as anything in Britain. Though many of the details belong equally to Loch Cornisk, which is only a quarter of a mile distant, and occupies the same basin, so distinct a character is imparted to Scavaig by its more open position, and the constant motion of the sea waves, that the mind receives quite a different impression from the two lakes. The purity and brightness of the yellow sand which forms the bed of Scavaig causes its waters in sunny weather to assume a rich green hue, while the constant breaking of the sea waves on the rocky shore gives it an air of life and vigour which contrasts strikingly with the unbroken repose of the waters of Loch Cornisk, grimly dark or softly blue, according as the Cuchullin peaks above are draped in cloud or sunshine. In other respects we may conveniently include the two lakes in the same description.

Cornisk occupies, as it were, a deep recess in this beautiful chamber of nature. Scavaig forms the threshold. The Cuchullins shoot up in all manner of shapes, and together form the most fantastic skyline in the country.

Baddeley.
Loch Scavaig, &c.

"Some of us landed and walked about 600 feet to see Loch Coruisk. What a sight! A calm, placid sheet of silvery water at the foot of the rugged, lofty Cuchullin mountains. It seemed to us like some fairy scene, so rich in speech and majesty."

*August, 1885—Private Letter from a Friend.*

The grand description in the "Lord of the Isles" must be true of the scene in time of storm and hurricane:—

"With these rude seas a weary plight
They strove the livelong day and night,
Nor till the dawning had a sight
Of Skye's romantic shore.
Where Coolin stoops him to the west
They saw upon his shiver'd crest
The sun's arising gleam;
But such the labour and delay
Ere they were moor'd in Scabuig's bay
(For calmer heaven compell'd to stay)
He shot a western beam.
Then Ronald said, 'If true mine eye,
These are the savage wilds that lie
North of Strathnardill and Dunskye—
No human foot comes here.'

And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound,
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumber'd track;
For from the mountains hoar
Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,
When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;
And some chance-poised and balanced lay,
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
On its precarious base.
The evening mists with ceaseless change
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare;
And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,
Or on the sable waters curl'd,
Or on the eddying breezes whirl'd,
Dispersed in middle air."
And oft condensed at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down;
And when returned the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
From old Cuchullin, chief of fame."

Answered the Bruce—

"May they not mark a monarch's fate,
Raised high 'mid storms of strife and state,
Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed,
His soul a rock, his heart a waste;
O'er hope and love and fear aloft
High rears his crowned head."

Canto 3, Part 15-17.

Note 8.—Bancho, Thane of Lathockar, Fifeshire.—About 1054.

Nest was the only child of Gruffeth ap Lhewlyn, Prince of Wales, to whose court Fleance fled after the murder of his father, Bancho, by Macbeth. Walter, the son of Fleance and Nest, became Lord Steward of Scotland. This was the origin of the royal line of Stewart.

Caradoc's History.

Witch on the Heath.—"All hail, Macbeth and Banquo! All hail, Macbeth! Thou shalt be king hereafter. Hail, Banquo! Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none."

Shakespeare—Act i., Scene 3.

Many of the following Notes are gathered from the old History of Wales, written originally in British. Printed for T. Evans, and dedicated to Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Bart. 1774.

Caradoc of Llancarvan began his History of Wales at the period where Geoffrey of Monmouth concluded his History of Britain, viz.: at the close of the reign of Cadwalader, and he continued his account of
the Welsh Princes until A.D. 1157. Subsequent historical events were recorded in the Abbeys of Conway in North Wales and Ystratflur in South Wales until A.D. 1280—about two years previous to the death of the last British Prince of Wales near Builth. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the Welsh history was carried on by a gentleman (Humphrey Lloyd), who also translated the whole into English, but died before it was printed. Several copies called Caradoc's History, without distinction of name from those who continued it, were dispersed throughout the Principality—agreeing in matter but differing in phraseology, and possibly written on vellum at different periods.

Note 9.—Britain and the British.

The conquest of Britain by Brutus has of late years been set down as absolutely false and unhistorical. The like may be urged of the history of Æneas, which is equally fabulous and uncertain. Although many particular circumstances regarding the account of Brutus landing in this island with a company of Trojans may be partly poetical and fabulous, yet it does not follow that the whole story is without foundation.

A history of this conquest was written by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and dedicated to Robert Earl of Gloster, son of Henry I. Whether true or otherwise, it affirms that the whole British island was by Brutus divided between his three sons. Locrinus (the elder son) had the part including Severn, Dec, and Humber, called Lhoyger; Albanactus (the second son) had from the Humber to the sea of Orkney, called Mor Werydh; Camber (the third son) had the remainder, separated from the rest by Severn and Dec, called Cambria.

The name of Wales or Welsh-men was given by the Saxons, meaning strangers to their language. The Saxons having overcome and vanquished the Britains, they were forced to retire beyond the rivers Severn and Dec, some also retreated to Cornwall, and some to Little Britain or Armorica (in France). Careticus, the last British king of much account, was vanquished, and Cadwalader's title was simply superficial as King of Britain.

Armorica, Llydaw, or Bretagne.

Cadwalader, surnamed Bhendiged or "the blessed," was the last king of the British race that enjoyed the title of King of Britain; and
after him the Welsh, who were the most numerous remains of the Britons, disclaiming to own any subjection to the opposing Saxons, set up a new government amongst themselves, and altered the title of British Kings to that of "Princes of Wales." Whilst Cadwalader ruled, a very severe famine and raging pestilence happened, the result doubtless of the continued war, which occasioned a most lamentable mortality amongst his subjects, so that he (together with a great number of his nobility) was compelled to retire for refuge to his cousin Alan, King of Llydaw (or Little Britain), in France. There he was sure to meet with civility, because of his near relationship and consanguinity to Alan, who, with his subjects, was originally of one and the same origin; for the Bretons of France came from Britain a.d. 384, at the command of Conan, Lord of Meriadoc, to the aid of Maximus against the Emperor Gratianus. For this service Maximus granted to Conan and to his heirs the country of Armorica, where the Bretons, having driven out the former inhabitants, seated themselves and erected a kingdom, which lasted many years under several kings, whose names and successors are as follow:

1. Conan Meriadoc.
2. Gradlonæ.
4. Auldranus.
5. Budicus.
6. Howelus Magnus.
7. Howelus II.
8. Alanus.
9. Howelus III.
10. Gilquellus.
11. Salomon II.
12. Alanus II.
13. Conobertus.
14. Budicus II.
15. Theordiores.
16. Ruhalhonus.
17. Daniel Dremroost.
18. Aregstanus.
19. Maconus.
22. Salomon III.

Alan the Second reigned in "Little Britain" when Cadwalader sought refuge there. He was descended from Rune, the son of Mailgon Gwyneth, King of Great Britain, by a daughter married to Howel the Second. The kingdom of Armorica remained firm till Salomon Third, who was treacherously slain, and the kingdom was converted into an earldom. Britain had been governed down to the reign of Cadwalader, for the space of 1827 years, by British kings. He died 688 (A.D.)

After a time, having studied the prophecies of Merlin, Alan, King of "Little Britain," determined to send over his son Ivor and his nephew Ynyr with a considerable army of Britons, which came over with Cadwalader, to endeavour to reconquer some part of Great Britain. They safely landed in Cornwall,* and although somewhat

* Cornwall was formerly called Cornwales, i.e., "the horn occupied by the refugees."
fatigued gave battle to the Saxons with great slaughter, and possessed themselves of Cornwall, Devon, and Somersetshire. Ivor founded the Abbey of Glastonbury (i.e., Ynys Afallen), in commemoration of his victories over the Saxons, A.D. 712, where there had been a Christian church before; for Joseph of Arimathea being sent by Philip, the Apostle, in the year A.D. 55 to preach the Gospel in Britain, seated himself there, and built the first church in Britain, which was afterwards turned into an abbey by Ivor of Armorica. He vanquished the kings of the West Saxons and Mercia in several battles, and at length retired, leaving the western part of Britain, called Wales, to the care of Roderick Molwynoc, grandson of Cadwalader and son of Edwal Ywrch, who when a child was left in care of Alan. This Roderick reigned from A.D. 720 to A.D. 755, his successor was his son, Conan Tindaythwy, who was also succeeded by his son, Merfyn Frych, and he again succeeded by his son, "Roderick the Great," (last British Prince of All Wales) A.D. 843.

**Roderic the Great, British Prince of All Wales. 843.**

Roderic the Great divided Wales (Cambria) between his three sons as Brutus had divided Britain. The three sons were called Y Tri Tywysoe Talaethog, i.e., the Three Crowned Princes. Each of them wore on his helmet a coronet of gold, being a broad head-band indented upwards, set and wrought with precious stones, called in British, Talaeth. For each Prince, Roderic built a royal seat.

For *Arnarawd*, Prince of Gwyneth (N. Wales), at Aberffraw.
For *Cadelh*, Prince of Deheubarth (S. Wales), at Dinefawr.
For *Merfyn*, Prince of Powisland, at Mathrafel.

**Offa's Dyke. 796.**

Offa was King of Mercia, and Brictrich, of the West Saxons, and daily encroached on the lands and territory of the Welsh beyond the river Severn, but more especially towards the south part of the country. These encroachments the Welsh could not endure, and they therefore resolved to recover their own, and to drive the Saxons out of the country. The Britons of South Wales, as receiving the greatest injury and disadvantage from the Saxons, presently took up arms and entered into the country of Mercia, which they ravaged and destroyed by fire and sword. Shortly after, the Britons of North and South Wales joined their forces together, fell upon the Saxons, and forced them to retire beyond the Severn, and then returned home with a very con-
siderable spoil of English cattle; and finding the advantage of this last incursion, and how that by these means they galled and vexed the Saxons, frequently practised the same, and entering the country by stealth, killed and destroyed all before them, and driving their cattle beyond the river ravaged and laid waste the whole country. Offa not being able to endure all this, entered into a league with the rest of the Saxon kings to bend their whole force against the Britons, who were too weak to oppose so great an army, and retired into their own mountains and rocks. But as soon as the Saxons decamped the Britons again returned from their strong and natural fortifications, and made inroads on the Saxons as before. These bo-peeping ravagers nettled and wearied the Saxons, who durst not follow the invaders to their holes in the mountains lest they should be entrapped by such as defended the straits and passages into the rocks.

To defend his kingdom from these ravages, King Offa made a deep ditch, extending from one sea to the other, called Clawdh Offa or Offa’s Dyke.

**North Wales or Gwynedd.**

From this you must understand that North Wales hath been a great while the chiefest state of the last kings of Britain. It is full of high mountains, craggy rocks, great woods, deep valleys, and swift rivers: "as Dyfi, which springeth in the hills of Merionyth, and Dourdwy (or Dee) springing on the other side of the same hills, and runneth east through Penthyn and through the lake called Lhyn-Tegyd, but mingleth not with the water. From here the river flows through Edeyrnion and Corwen, and Glyndourdwy and Llangolhen, and between Chirkland and Bromfield, then it boweth northward towards Bangor and Holt and Chester, and so towards Flint Castle and to the sea."

"In this part is one of the fairest valleys within the isle, 18 miles in length, and 4, 5, or 6 in breadth, as the hills either draw inward together or backward asunder, which high hills do, inclose it on the east, west, and south parts and towards the sea. It is plentiful of cattle, fish, fowl, corn, hay, grass, and wood, and divided along in the midst with the river Clwyd, to whom runneth a great many other rivers. Near here is the See of St. Asaph, called sometimes the See of Llan Egwest; and four miles off thence is the Castle of Denbigh. Also near here is the fair Castle of Ruthin. In this shire are Snowdon Hills, called Eryri—neither in height, fertility of the ground, wood, cattle, fish, and fowl giving place to the famous Alps, and without controversy the strongest country within Britain."
South Wales or Deheubarth.

The second division is South Wales, which although the greatest was not the best, being infested with Flemings and Normans. It has in it a great number of castles, and Lhanbadarn Fawr, which was a great sanctuary and a place of religious and learned men in times past. In this part is Dyfed or Pembrokeshire. Here are divers havens, as Pembroke, Tenby, St. David's (which was also the Metropolitan See), and the fair haven of Milford, besides Fiscard and Newport. In this part, too, are divers castles, as Pembroke, Lhanragaden Arberth, Hereford-West, and others.

In about 1090, Arnulph, a younger son of Roger Montgomery (who by the Conqueror William of Normandy was created Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury), took possession of Dyfed, and built the Castle of Pembroke. The Normans or Flemings remain to this day, who can not yet speak good Welsh nor good English.

In South Wales there be also many fair plains and valleys, for corn, thick woods, and forests for red deer and fallow, deep rivers full of fish, of which Severn is the chiefest, which, with Wye and Rheidol, spring out of a high mountain, called Pymlhymon, in the edge of Cardiganshire, and are commonly called the Three Sisters. In the river Teifi (says Giraldus) there were a number of castors or bevers. He that would learn what strong nests they build upon the face of the water with great boughs, which they cut with their teeth whilst they lie on their backs holding the wood with their fore feet, which the other draweth with a cross stick which he holdeth in his mouth, let him read the topography of Wales by Giraldus, who attended Baldwyn, Archbishop of Canterbury, in a progress through Wales in 1187, which visitation is recorded by Giraldus in his “Itinerarium Cambrie.”

Powys—the Third Division.

It will not be amiss to give an account of this Principality, how it came to be divided into so many shares and portions, and by this means was so irrecoverably broken and weakened that it was made subject to the Normans before the rest of Wales. For before King Offa's time Powys reached eastwards to the river Severn and Dee in a right line from the end of Brecon Hills to Salop, and comprehended all the country between the Wye and Severn, which was anciently the estate of Brochwel Yscithroc. But after the making of Offa's Dyke, Powys was contained in a narrower compass. This principality Roderic the Great left to his son Merfyn, and afterwards it was subdivided by his descendants, yet it came undivided to Madoc ap
Meredith ap Blethyn, who died about 1158. He was a man of piety, but too much inclined to take part with the English. This prince broke the union of Powysland by dividing it between his two sons, but his eldest son, Gruffyth Maelor (Lord of Bromfield), had for his part both the Maelors with Morchmann in Raydar, and married Angharad, daughter of Owen Gwyneth, Prince of North Wales; she had issue one son Madawc, who held the inheritance entire, and left it to his son Gruffydh, called Lord of Dinas Brân. Madawc was buried, 1236, in the beautiful Abbey of Lhan Egwest, which he built in 1201. The Abbey is situated near to Castle Dinas Brân, and very near to the church and village of Lchantysilio in the vale of Lhangolben.

Gruffyth ap Madawc (together with his father-in-law, James Lord Audley) took part with Henry the Third and his son Edward against the Prince of North Wales. He died about 1268, and was also buried in the Abbey of Lhan Egwest. After the death of this Gruffyth, Lord of Castle Dinas Brân, and after the fatal battle of Lhandeilo Fawr, and subsequent death of Prince Llhowelyn and Prince David his brother, and the submission of Rhys Fychan of Ystratwy, South Wales, the whole country appeared to be in the power of the King of England, who at once began to bestow whole lordships upon his English nobles. Forgetting what signal services he had received from Gruffyth ap Madawc, King Edward caused his two eldest sons to be made away with, and bestowed the Lordships of Bromfield and Yale, and the reversion of their mother's jointure, on John Earl of Warren, and the Wardship of Chirke and Nanhefwy to Roger, third son of Roger Mortimer, who was son of Ralph Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. The fourth son of Madawc being dead, his only surviving son, Gruffyth, had left for his portion Glyndwryd. This was the ancestor of the renowned Owen Glyndwr Fychan. To Reginald Grey was bestowed at the same time (viz., 1290) the Lordship of Ruthyn, and to Henry Lacy Earl of Lincoln the Lordship of Denbigh.

The name of Mortimer appears in history immediately after the conquest of England by William of Normandy, who bestowed upon Ralph Mortimer the Estate of Eluel in South Wales, and received homage for the same (in 1088). The same name of Sir Ralph Mortimer is found as son-in-law of Prince Llhowelyn ap Iorwerth of North Wales, who married Gladys, his only daughter by Joan, daughter of King John of England.

The Norman Era, 1066.

The Norman character was the reverse of the Saxon. Of Kymric
origin its martial temperament was rendered yet more energetic by
the large infusion it received in France of Breton blood. The Norman
of British history being in fact a Cimbro-Breton or Breton-Dane, he
idolized Arthur as the hero of his race and creed, and framed himself
upon him as the mirror and ideal of chivalry, claimed Britain as his
inheritance, and regarded the victory at Hastings rather as the re-
covery of his ancient dominion from German usurpers, than as the con-
quest of a foreign country.

With few exceptions, the Saxon proprietors were deprived of their
estates and reduced to vassalage. The feudal system, or the system
of victorious lord over conquered serf, was established in all its rigour
as the constitution of England in a convention of all the Barons and
Clergy, held at Winchester, A.D. 1088. The Norman or Franco-Latin
was constituted the language of the Government, of the Courts of Law,
and the Public Offices. The Saxon tongue was proscribed, a military
survey of the kingdom, and of every fief in it held by the conqueror’s
sword, was made out. This work, the most complete and humiliating
conditions ever imposed upon a land to show its total subjugation,
was called by the unhappy Saxons “Doomsday Book.” The curfew
bell tolling every night at dusk, signalled the whole serfdom to ex-
tinguish fires and lights in their houses, and to retire to the cold,
damp, and hopeless couch of the slave. No intermarriages were
allowed between Norman and Saxon. Whilst the Norman might
have two names (the latter designating his fief), the Saxon might
only have one name. This state of servility lasted in England for
three hundred years. We may well feel overwhelmed with astonish-
ment that a people naturally so brave as the Saxons should submit to
groan for centuries in such a state of shame and bondage.

On the line of the Severn, however, the Norman came in contact
with a cognate race, with whose history and traditions he was in a
great measure identified. With these—like himself acknowledging
no superior—he could unite his stock, and treat on equal terms. The
frontiers between England and Wales were confided to the most trusted
Barons. Cheshire was made an Earldom, royal or palatine, with its
own sovereign, mint, and parliament. It was the bulwark of England
against the furious invasions of the Venedotian princes, and always
under martial law. The constable De Lacy (under the Earl Hugh de
Wolf) held his high office under the tenure of leading the Norman
van into, and the Norman rearward out of, Wales. His crest was a
serpent, with his fangs fastened on the breast of the Red Dragon—
the cognizance of Cambria. With a view to the same system which
was to form the Norman military organisation for the protection of the western frontiers, and (if possible) to effect the incorporation of the Principality, the office of High Constable of England was attached to the Gloucester, and that of Earl Marshall to the Pembroke March. A line of fortresses was drawn from Chester to Chepstow, and thence to Pembroke, each of them representing the domain and sword of a Lord Marcher—that is, a Baron who has received leave and licence from his feudal superior to conquer land in Wales, and to hold it as freely by the sword as the Norman King himself held England. These Lord Marchers, however, marrying with the daughters of the Kymric princes and nobility, became themselves as much Kymric as Norman in some cases; hence we find them often in arms against the Norman sovereigns, and at other times taking part with the Normans against the Kymry. To these matrimonial alliances may be traced the complicated nature of the Cambrian annals during this era.

Passing over many reigns of the Welsh princes since the period of the Norman Conquest, it is interesting to give some little attention to the reign of

**Llewyn ap Iorwerth,**

*From a.d. 1194 to a.d. 1240, called “The Great.”* Llewelyn deserves especial mention, as the stability of the country during his reign of nearly fifty years was essentially conducive to its literary eminence. The reins of government were no longer in the hands of incapable rulers; turbulent vassals learnt their true position with respect to the princes of commanding talent, and the power of Llewyn ap Iorwerth was acknowledged by the princes of South Wales, and even by the refractory princes of Powys; according to the law of Howd Dhá and Roderic the Great, that the Prince of North Wales should be arbiter of the whole principality. Llewelyn was only sixteen when he was crowned, and in a.d. 1203 he married Joan, daughter of John, the king of England. It would seem strange that this alliance did not ensure peace between the neighbouring countries. However, Llewelyn's vigorous defence against the frequent attacks of his father-in-law, add lustre to his title of “The Great.”

In a.d. 1211 it is said that King John collected all his English forces, and, with them, some of the rebellious Welsh nobility, including Gruffydh Maylor, Lord of Bromfield (who had married Emma, daughter of Janes, Lord Audley), and the Lord of Powis, and the sons of Prince Rhys of South Wales. With this formidable army he came to Chester, and marched his army along the sea-coast to Ruth-
Ian, and there, passing the River Clwyd, thence led his army to the Castle of Teganwy, near the River Conway, where he encamped for some time to recruit and refresh himself after his long marches. Llewelyn, meanwhile, unable to resist so formidable an army, prudently retreated, and ordered the inhabitants of Flintshire, Denbighshire, and Anglesea to remove their goods and cattle to the vicinities of Snowdon. The English army, again marching, reached the country of Snowdon, where they remained for some time. It was then the wise policy of Llewelyn was felt by the English. The Welsh prince cut off all their communication with England, and, infesting the roads with his light parties, reduced the aggressor and his forces to the greatest difficulties. If the soldiers stirred from the camp they were liable to be cut to pieces. The Welsh, being posted on the eminences, saw their every movement, and, from the suddenness of their attacks, and their better knowledge of the country, Llewelyn’s men had the advantage in nearly every skirmish. John’s situation thus became daily more intolerable; eggs in the camp sold for three halfpence each, in a year when four hens could be had for twopence, and a sheep for six, and so scarce had provisions become that the flesh of horses was deemed a luxury. Cooped up in this way the king had no alternative but flight, and, stung to the heart, he returned home, vowing bitter revenge.

In the following August, with a terrible army, King John once more resolved to attack Llewelyn, and on this occasion he entered Wales by Blanch Monastery (Oswestry), in the Lordship of William Fitzalan. He passed the River Conway, and again encamped opposite Snowdon, whence sending some of his followers (conducted by guides) to Bangor, by his order they burnt the cathedral, and made the bishop prisoner in the church. Prince Llewelyn, finding it impossible to contend with so large a force, thought it the wisest thing to send his wife Joan to intercede with her father, that hostilities might cease.

The troubles between King John and his barons occupied the latter part of his reign, and a confederacy was made between the barons and Llewelyn, who, marching to Shrewsbury, was received there without opposition, and afterwards successfully overran and subdued all Carmarthen, taking the castle in five days, and razing it to the ground, and then laying siege to Llanstephan, St. Cleare, and Talacharn, with the same result. From thence, going to Cardigan, he took Emlyn Castle, and subdued Cemmaes and Treidraeth (Newport), and at length returned triumphantly to North Wales, attended by those nobles who had previously taken part in the war with King
John, viz., the Princes of South Wales, Gwenwynwyn Lord of Powis, and Gruffydh Maylor, Lord of Bromfield, Chirke, and Yale.

Not long before his death, the English king sent for his son-in-law, imploring his aid against the French, A.D. 1216. Llewelyn, however, was in no humour to change his policy or accept any negotiations on the subject.

Henry the Third, being only nine years old when his father died, William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, was constituted Protector, and he guided the political affairs in England with such wisdom that the Dauphin and his French army were glad to submit to his conditions and retire to France.

The barons after a time, headed by the Protector, came unexpectedly upon the Welsh, and young Rhys, Prince of South Wales (from some cause of discontent), joined the English standard against Prince Llewelyn, but nothing of great importance occurred beyond skirmishing during that season. In A.D. 1228 the king was resolved to raise a large army and to enter Wales in person with the Earl of Pembroke; eventually he found himself worsted, and was glad to make terms of peace. The year A.D. 1231 brought a great loss to King Henry in the death of his devoted friend the Earl Protector, still he was resolved to endeavour to retrieve the honour he had lost during former reverses. Llewelyn's strength had meanwhile increased, for Richard, the new Earl Marshall of Pembroke, had joined him against the English king (with whom he was at variance), and the new Earl of Chester had married one of his daughters; thus feeling his increased power he made a descent upon England, committing considerable waste and destruction, and returned with rich booty of cattle and men to North Wales. And at last King Henry, being weary of incessant repulses, thought it prudent to come to some honourable agreement with Llewelyn, and for that purpose he deputed Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Rochester, Coventry, Lichfield, and Chester to treat with the Prince of Wales. So anxious was the king to receive the report they would bring back; that he went to meet them, and whilst waiting their arrival, the news reached him of the Earl Marshall's death in Ireland, when he melted into tears, and openly declared "there was not his second left in the kingdom." The reply of Llewelyn was presented to the king at Glo'ster, A.D. 1235, who accepted the terms, and recalled his outlawed nobility who had joined Llewelyn's standard, requiring them to appear upon the Sunday next before Ascension Day at Glo'ster, when they should receive their pardon and be restored to their estates. At this time the marriage
was arranged beteen Sir Ralph Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore and Ludlow, and the Princess Gladys, only daughter of Llewelyn the Great by the Princess Joan of England—hence arose the Mortimer title to the Princedom of Wales. In 1237 the Princess Joan died, and at her own desire was buried on the seashore at Llanfaes in Anglesey, where a religious house was founded to her memory. Llewelyn was interred with great pomp in the Abbey of Conway, 1240.

Rex Omnibus, &c.

Sciatis quod cum Lewelinus Princess de Aberffraw et dominus Snauderden, nobis concesserit et firmiter promiserit, quod stabit provisioni venerabilium patrum Redulphi Cicestrensis episcopi et cancellari nostri et Alexandri Conventrensis et Lichfield episcopi, et directorum et fidelium nostrorum Richardi Mareschalli comitus Pembroch, Joannis de Lascy comitus Lincolnie et constarbularri Cestiae, Stephani de Segrave Justiciarrii Nostrir Angliæ et Ridulphi filii Nicholai Seneschalli Nostri, una cum Idavet Seneschallo ipsius Lewelini et Werrenor fratre ejus, Imano Vachan et David clerico, quan ipsi facturi sunt super congruis emendis nobis faciendis, de omnibus excessibus nobis et nostris, ab eo et suis factis et de restitutione nobis et hominibus nostris facienda de omnibus terris et possessionibus nostris et nostrorum per ipsum Lewelinum et Wallensis occupatis occasione Werræ internos et ipsum motæ; simul etiam de recipienda restitutione a nobis et nostris, de omnibus terris ipsius Lewelini et hominum sworum per nos et nostros, occupatis occasione Werræ prædicta et de assignando David filio ipsius Lewelini et Isabellæ uxori ejus primogetæ fiâs et haroredis. Gullielmi de Brues, rationabili portione ipsum Isabellum contigente, de terris quæ feurent prædicti Gullielmi partis sui, et de refusione pecuniae nobis, faciendæ pro prædictis excessibus congrue emendandis et portione prædictæ assignanda; proviso tamen super hoc ab eisdem sufficiente securitate de fideli scrutinio nobis prestando et de traquilitate nobis regno nostro Angliæ observanda. Ita quod dampnum vel periculum, nec nobis nec regna nostro indepossit evenire. Et si pendente provisione prædicta aliquid de novo emsererit emandandum idem Lewelinus voluerit et concesserit quod per prædictus provisores emendetur. Nos provisionem eorundem quam facturi sunt super omninus præmissis, grantam habemus et acceptam pro nobis, et nostris sicut præ prefatus Lewelinus pro se et suis et in hujus rei testimonium has litteras patentes inde fieri fecimus. Teste me ipso apud Salop seprimo die Decembris et decimo septimo anno regni nostri.

See Caradoc's Appendix to History of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth.
It is said, in a literary point of view, the letters addressed by Llewelyn to the English Monarch excel those addressed by King Henry to the Court in Snowdon.

**David ap Llewelyn a.d. 1240 to 1246.**

Llewelyn "the Great" was succeeded by his second son David (the only son of Princess Joan). The first act of his reign was against his half-brother, Gruffydh, whom he seized and imprisoned in the Castle of Criccieth, and, through treachery, he was afterwards conveyed to London and confined in the Tower. David was the true representative of his uncle, King John. After degrading himself by cruelty and treachery, he summed up his perfidiousness by proposing to hold his kingdom as a fief of the Roman Pontiff in order to gain absolution from his false oaths and promises. He died 1246.

**Llewelyn ap Gruffydh (1246 to 1282), last British Prince of Wales.**

Sir Ralph Mortimer, in right of his wife Gladys, and Prince Edward of England, by the Pope's mandate, and by the gift of his father (as feudal suzerain and heir of his nephew, Prince David), put in their claims for the princedom of Wales, as David had left no male heir. But the Welsh people and nobility, being assembled together, unanimously agreed they would not have a stranger or a foreigner to rule over them, but they would rather have the children of Gruffydh, the son of their beloved Prince Llewelyn the Great, whom they sent for, and on the same occasion did them homage as of the blood royal of Cambria.

Llewelyn, the eldest son of Gruffydh, was of much the same age as Edward of England. They now entered into that rivalry which lasted for twenty-eight years. Though in many respects different characters, they were animated by the same martial ardour and ambition; and on Edward's accession to the throne after his return from the crusades, a war policy was renewed towards Wales, commencing with a summons to Llewelyn ap Gruffydh (in common with the Duke de Bretagne and the King of Scotland) to appear in London and do homage for his dominions.

To this demand Llewelyn returned to the King a firm but courteous refusal. Five times the same demand was repeated with the same results, until love, at last, effected what force of arms and menaces could not accomplish.
It happened that King Edward became acquainted that the fiancée of Llewelyn (whom he deeply loved) was on her way from a convent in France en route for Carnarvon, accompanied by her brother, a priest named Amaury, and, with the most cruel baseness, he sent out four vessels to intercept her passage by the Scilly Isles, and to convey her to the English court. The lady was Eleanor de Montfort, daughter of the late Simon Earl of Leicester, and Eleanor, daughter of King John; she was, therefore, first cousin to King Edward. The betrothal to Llewelyn had taken place in a.d. 1263, when an alliance was made, both offensive and defensive, between Llewelyn and the Earl of Leicester against King Henry the Third.

Knowing now that Llewelyn was in his power, Edward pressed his advantage on his rival as dishonestly as he had obtained it, and at last the captivated prince consented to the humiliation, in order to forward the nuptial ceremony, and, coming to England, he did homage for the Principality in London, and after some delay the marriage was performed at Worcester with great magnificence in the presence of the English court and nobility, a.d. 1278.

But the charms of domestic life were brief. At the end of two years Eleanor expired in giving birth to her second daughter, Gwenllian. The elder daughter was named Catherine, and from her were descended the families of Tudor and Glyndwr.

The love-spell being broken, King Edward expected the consequences. Llewelyn was again summoned to Glastonbury to the fictitious tomb of the hero Prince Arthur and his queen Ginevra, to do fealty to the English king, and, on Llewelyn’s refusal to appear, preparations for war were made on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. This prince was a man of great intelligence and ability; in Edward he had to contend with gigantic force, supported by superior numbers and revenues. Indeed, it is marvellous to imagine the indomitable self-reliance of the Kymry at this period—struggling in wasting wars without any resources excepting their mountain asylums, and with nothing to fall back upon but the ocean, when pressed by the overwhelming armies of their English neighbours.

In the year a.d. 1282, the King of England published the following extraordinary edict:—“Because, with the advice of our barons and of all the community of England, we have determined to subdue our enemy Llewelyn, son of Gruffydh—a very great charge and difficult undertaking. Let every landowner of £20 per annum or upwards to the field, and assemble, January 20, a.d. 1283, at York or Northampton.”
Edward was in Anglesey when this edict was issued; Llewelyn was in Snowdon. Being winter, he thought the position in North Wales was safe at that period of the year, and, leaving it to the care of his brother David, he proceeded to Radnorshire to meet some Cambrian partizans and English lords who had entered into a confederacy against Edward the First. The place of meeting was near Builth, and not far from the Welsh Prince’s favourite castle of Aberedwy. This last place takes its name from its situation near the confluence of the little river Edwy with the Wye. It is one of the most enchanting spots in the principality; nothing can exceed it in grandeur and picturesque beauty. Some ruins still remain of the castle, which was the last retreat of Llewelyn ap Gruffyd. The other Castle of Builth is some few miles distant; it had belonged to the English until A.D. 1260, when Llewelyn took it from Sir Roger or Sir Ralph Mortimer, who held it for the Crown, and the loss had been considered so great that Mortimer had been tried, but acquitted on that account. This then is the spot where the Welsh army was posted, on mountain ground, i.e., between the surroundings of these two castles, but Llewelyn’s design was betrayed in some mysterious manner—the Prince was suddenly surrounded, and, in endeavouring to escape back to his friends, he was speared when almost unarmed; and whilst he was dying, a furious battle continued for three hours between the troops of Sir Edmund Mortimer and the Cambrian army, who knew not the position of their prince. After the battle was over, De Francton (who speared him) returned, and discovered the wounded man to be no less a person than Llewelyn. The head was cut off and sent to Edward, who was then at Conway, and, as is well known, it was ornamented with a silver circle, placed in the pillory at Cheapside, and afterwards encircled with an ivy wreath, carried through the streets by a horseman, and then placed upon the highest turret in the tower of London.

Morgan’s Cambrian History.

AN ODE

To Lleuelyn ap Gruffyd, last British Prince of Wales. By Llygad Gwr—1270. Translated by Ieuwn Brydydd Hir.

I address myself to God, the source of joy,
The fountain of all good gifts, of transcendent majesty!
Let the song proceed to pay its tribute of praise,
To extol my hero, the Prince of Arllechwedd,
Who is stained with blood—a prince descended from renowned kings!
Like the great Cæsar, renowned for warlike deeds,
In the rapid progress of the arms of Gruffyd'h's heir;
His valour and bravery are matchless,
His crimson lance is stained with gore!
It is natural and customary with him to invade the lands of his enemies.
He is generous—the pillar of princes—
I never return empty-handed from the north.
My successful and glorious prince I would not exchange on any conditions!
I have a renowned prince, who ravages England,
He is descended from noble ancestors—Llewelyn, the destroyer of his foes!
The mild and prosperous Governor of Gwynedd—
Britain's honour in the field!
With his sceptred hand extended on the throne
And a golden sword by his side,
The lion of Cemais,* fierce in the outset,
When the army rusheth to be bathed in red!
Our defence, who slighteth alliance with strangers.
He impetuously rages through his enemies' country;
His just cause will be prosperous at last.
About Tyganwy† he has extended his dominions,
And his enemies fly from him with maimed limbs,
And the blood flows over the soles of men's feet!
Thou dragon of Arvon of resistless fury,
With thy beautiful, skilfully trimmed, and well made steeds,
No Englishman will get one foot of thy country!
There is no Kymro thy equal.

There is none equal to my prince,
With his numerous troops, in the conflict of war;
He is a generous Kymro, descended from Beli Hir,
If you inquire about his lineage.
He generously distributed gold and riches—
The heroic war-wolf of Eryri! ‡
An eagle amongst his nobles of matchless prowess,
It is our duty to extol him,

* Place in Anglesey.
† An old castle near the mouth of the river Conway.
‡ Snowdon.
Clad in golden vesture.
With his army he setteth castles on fire,
He is the bulwark of the battle, with Greidiawl's * courage;
He is a hero that with fury breaketh whole ranks,
And fighteth manfully;
His war march is rapid,
His generosity overflowing.
He is the strength of armies arrayed in gold;
He is a brave prince, whose territories extend to the Teivi!
He is a noble lion descended from a race of kings—
Thou art the king of the mighty!
He never avoids danger in the storm of the battle,
He is undaunted in the midst of hardships;
The bards prophecy that he shall have government and sove-
reign power.
Every prediction is at last to be fulfilled.

THE ELEGY

On Llewelyn ap Gruffydh. By Gruffyd ap yr Ynad Coch.

Frequent is heard the voice of woe,
Frequent the tears of sorrows flow;
Such sounds as erst in Camlan heard,
Roused to wrath old Arthur's bard;
Cambria's warrior we deplore,
Our Llewelyn is no more.
Who, like Llewelyn, now remains
To shield from wrong his native plains?
My soul with piercing grief is filled,
My vital blood with horror chilled;
Nature herself is changed, and lo!
Now all things sympathise below.
Hark! how the howling wind and rain
In loudest symphony complain:
Hark! how the consecrated oaks,
Unconscious of the woodman's strokes,
With thundering crash proclaim—he's gone!
Fall in each other’s arms and groan.
Hark! how the sullen tempests roar;
See! how the white waves lash the shore;

* A hero mentioned in Aneurin's Gododin.
See! now eclipsed, the sun appears;
See! now the stars fall from their spheres.
Each awful, heaven-sent prodigy,
Ye sons of infidelity
Believe and tremble. Guilty land,
Lo! thy destruction is at hand.
Thou great Creator of the world,
Why are not Thy red lightnings hurled?
Will not the sea at Thy command
Swallow up this guilty land?
Why are we left to mourn in vain
The guardian of our country slain?
No place, no refuge for us left—
Of homes, of liberty bereft,
Where shall we flee! to whom complain?
Since our dear Llewelyn’s slain.

Head of proud princes, of the blunted sword;
Head of wolf-like rulers, loving the battle front;
Head of Christian sovereigns—may heaven be his lot:
Blessed sovereign, leader of a splendid army,
A blessed host, conquering as far as Brittany;
True and rightful King of Aberffraw,
May he inherit the blessed land of heaven.

See T. Stephen's Literature of the Kymry.


Though Llewelyn was slain, and his brother David afterwards shared the same fate, yet the difficulties which stood in King Edward’s way to gain the Principality of Wales were not over. The Welsh people demanded a ruler of their own nation and their own language, and when the English King, by way of reconciliation, offered his own infant son who should reside amongst them and who should learn their language, yet, in the popular opinion, that compact of allegiance was annulled when, on the death of his elder brother (Alphonses), Prince Edward became heir apparent to the English throne. The national spirit found expression in various ways, and insurrections broke out in many parts of Wales under different leaders. The people’s favourite, and who they desired for their Prince, was young Madoc, an illegitimate son of Prince Llewelyn, under whom the men of Snowdon took the field. In A.D.
1294 he manfully faced the English army under the walls of Denbigh, and left no expedient untried to bring his father's murderer face to face with him in the field, but the Castle being in a state of despair through famine, Edward remained inside; just at the last extremity the banners of the Earl of Warwick announced the approach of reinforcements, and Madoc retired to Snowdon. Again, in 1295, the English army, under Warwick, was routed by Madoc at Oswestry, and the combined forces of the Marchers, under Mortimer, shared the same fate under Roughton Castle. Still continuing his devastation, Madoc arrived at Shrewsbury and engaged with the troops of Mortimer, Warwick, and Lancaster, without decided gain on either side until nightfall, when one, Enyr Vychan, left Madoc's camp and proposed to deliver him up to Warwick whilst defencelessly reposing in his tent, which infamous proposal was accepted. Warwick, with his soldiers dressed as Snowdon spearmen, entered the tent and carried off young Madoc in chains. The after life and death of this gallant Prince are shrouded in mystery. A conqueror, almost in his boyhood, he fought in repeated fields of action against veteran and well equipped armies to claim his father's crown, and in his adventures one is in a measure reminded of the spirited early career of Charles Stuart in A.D. 1746. A tomb, bearing the almost obliterated inscription "Hic jacet Madoc ap Llewelyn ap Gruff, A.D., 1331," is seen in Gresford churchyard, near Wrexham. The monument consists of a knight in complete armour, his feet reposing on a lion (the Llewelyn crest).

During the conquest of Wales Edward the First was absent from England three years. On his return he brought with him the regalia of the ancient kings of Britain.

This comprised— "The diadema Britannia," i.e., the crown which the monarchs of all Britain alone were entitled to assume, and which had not been worn since the death of Cadwalader Sanctus. "The croes Enych" or portion of the true cross, sent by the Empress Helena to her brother Leoline (Llewelyn) of Cambria, and on which (with the gospel of St. John) the Cambrian Princes were sworn on the day of their coronation. "The Prince coronets of Venedotia and Powys." "The globe and cross." "The sceptre of mercy and sword of justice of King Arthur." "A model in solid gold of the round table," &c.

It was on January 18, 1286, that Edward made his solemn entry into his capital after the victories in Wales. He was attended by a great multitude, including the nobility and the dignitaries of the church, and when arriving in sight of St. Peter's, Westminster, he dis-
mounted and received the Croes Enych from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He then entered the abbey and placed it, with the jewels in which it was enshrined, on the high altar of the Cathedral.

See Cambrian History by Morgan.

The Mabinogion or Juvenile Tales.

We may conclude that the long and barren period which intervened between the death of Cadwalader, A.D. 688, and the reign of Gruffydd ap Conon, A.D. 1079, could not have been wholly unproductive. The bards were employed in recording the actions of their countrymen which, becoming more and more known, appeared more and more glorious. Plain facts were embellished into glorious fictions, brave warriors became great heroes, and Arthur, an insignificant chieftain of the sixth century grew into a valorous warrior in the eighth, and, by the twelfth, had become Emperor of the civilized world.

It is not easy to fix a date for the Mabinogion Tales. Perhaps, in their present form they are not older than the twelfth century, but they were evidently in existence and circulation for years, if not centuries before.

Arthur is confessedly a Kymric hero, but there is no trace of him in the early poetry of Wales.

It is from Geoffrey of Monmouth we learn there was a close connection between the Britons in Wales and those who lived in Armorica in the time of Arthur; and from the Liber Landavensis we gather that the Bishops Samson and Teilo went too and fro between the two countries. We must, therefore, seek the first traces of the Arthur of romance amongst the Kymry of Lydaw or Armorica. It appears there were three settlements of Britons in that country, and possibly more than that. Geoffrey asserts that, at the close of the reign of Careticus, a great fleet of Britons went there. On each occasion they must have carried with them the histories of their ancestors, and would naturally magnify the power of their forefathers and exaggerate the exploits of their countryman, Arthur. Alances de Insulis relates, towards the end of the twelfth century, that the Breton people would have stoned any one who dared to deny the fact that Arthur had really existed; and a striking argument presents itself in favour of this conclusion, viz.:—Rhys ap Tudor (or Theodore), during a period of usurpation in Wales, had resided in "little Britain" for many years, and, in A.D. 1077, he is reported to have imported to Wales the bardic system of the Round Table, which the writer naively admits "had been for-
gotten." Indeed, all the names of the heroes in the Arthurian cycle are of Kymric origin, though the romance was never developed in Wales to the extent it assumed in other countries.

In the Mabinogion, we notice the influence of the religious element, and find them replete with theological expressions. They bear evidence of being the effusion of the monks, for we have, in general, no such fine and high-toned sentiments amongst the bardic poetry; and the fact that Arthur was reported to bear the image of the Virgin Mary on his shield, affords a proof that the monks gave a religious colouring to popular traditions, and in that way exercised a powerful influence over the people. The story of the Greal dates its origin from Provence. It was written in the twelfth century by Chrestien de Troyes, and is a mixture of Breton chivalry and sacred history. The cup out of which the Messiah is said to have drunk during his crucifixion was known to romance writers under the name of "St. Greal." The romance is simply a recital of the adventures of the Knights of the Round Table in search of the blessed cup, which, it was stated, was carried to Britain (some fix the exact locality in Cornwall), and embellish the story by naming Lancelot, Peredur, and other knights, as ultimately gaining possession of the holy Greal.

There is an interesting poem written about A.D. 1500, relating to the story of St. Greal. It appears at that date only one copy existed in the Principality, and was in the possession of the Abbot of Neath Abbey. At that time it was customary to send bards on important messages, and the request was usually couched in verse. This poem is extremely interesting, not only that it describes the nature of St. Greal, but it shows the intense interest which the story excited, so that a dignitary of the Church became curious to peruse the adventures of the Arthurian Knight.

A POEM.

*From the bard Gutor Glyn, who was sent from Denbighshire, N.W., to the extreme end of Glamorganshire, S.W., to borrow the Book of the Greal for David, Abbot of Valle Crucis Abbey.*

The ages of three men be to thee, Tryhaearn,  
Patron of the bard, in giving judgment,  
Son of Ieuan, the chief of Pourhos,  
The son of Menric, the object of my address,  
The second from Howel Gam,  
And the third of the race of Adam.
A royal race of the kingly stock
Of Kynwyn and Bleddyn and Blaidd
Is thy lineage, from the Usk to the vale of Neath;
The kindred is of South and North Wales.
Noble is thy blood, Tryhaecarn;
May thy end in this world be the day of judgment.
Strong as the yoked ox, thy frame has
Traversed the Gwents and southern lands,
The eye of Gwaenllwg art thou entirely,
The hand and the book of others also;
The offerings of science hast thou
Truly distributed, as Arthur did.
The hand of Nudd to Caerlleon wast thou,
And its people assemble where thou art.
The mouth of the learning of the bards of Glamorgan,
The mouth of all the literature of the land of Gwaenllwg,
The mouth of all the excellencies of Gwynedd,
From Edeynion to the land of Neath,
And the skilful tongue of our language;
The father who cherishes it art thou that knowest it.
Let us go to the Court, there shall we find thee,
At Haverford, like in a high fair,
Eight hundred thousand extol thee—
From Aberfflaw to the vale of Pembroke.
Well art thou styled the wise countenance
Of all the sciences of Dyved,
From the fair Harbour, where boils the wave,
Of Dangleddaun* to Caledonia;
One of the heroes of Earl Herbert of Narberth
Art thou, and his lance and his might,
Possessing a name above that
In the dwelling of thy own eight territories;
The name of the teacher and director of every learning,
In a measure like unto the name of Moses.

The Abbot of Valle Crucis will make our land
Altogether an entire feast;
At his own charge shall wine and meat be free
For the entertainment of you and Davydd,†

* Milford Haven.
† Gwent.
‡ The Abbot of Valle Crucis.
In the same manner as thou in the Dwgalit,
Excepting his vestments and his tonsure.
Like as all Cambrians assemble in thy house
From all the Gwents, so shall it be with him—
He by his order is distinguished,
You by the science of the world.
All Gwnedd shall assemble here,
Like as the eight districts of Gwent at the fair mansion.

The science and endowments of knowledge
Assuredly does Davydd love,
For one book he doth call out
That he loves more than gold and gems,
And implores you to send
The goodly Greal to this land.
The book of the blood—the book of the heroes,
Where they fell in the Court of King Arthur;
The book of the renowned knights;
The book of the fair Order of the Round Table—
A book still in the Briton's hand,
Which the race of Horsa cannot read.
The loan of this doth Davydd, principal of the choir,
Request from the bountiful Ivor—
The kingly book, which should the venerable chief obtain,
He would be content to live without other food.
The holy monks also do desire to have
The sacred Greal in yonder land of Yale.
Nevertheless it will not tarry there;
From the land of Yale it will return again,
Your old blind Guto, he and his chattels,
Will be your surety for its return,
And gracious Providence, as from the dwelling of St. David,
Will doubtless grant thee thy reward.

Addressing Lewis ab Davydd Dhu, the Abbot of Glen Neath, he says—
Let this book, therefore, be courteously sent
To us from the Court of Neath by the worthy Lewis,
Who is exemplary in rebuking the ungodly,
And of true propriety in prayer to God.
And if I shall obtain from Davydd's son
The book of the Greal without delay,
And readily against Lent,
Its proud leaves will be worth its weight (in gold),
We will observe the supreme law of St. Gregory;
We shall have matins in the choir,
And after vespers manifold will be
The uttering of praise to Mary.

*Stephen's Literature of the Kymry.*

**English Princes of Wales.**

A.D. 1322. In a Parliament held at York, Edward, son of Edward the Second, and born at Windsor, was created Prince of Wales, Duke of Aquitaine, and Earl of Chester.

A.D. 1343. Edward, born at Woodstock, heir to Edward the Third, was created Prince of Wales.

A.D. 1377. Richard, born at Bordeaux, son of the Black Prince, was created Prince of Wales.

A.D. 1400. Henry, born at Monmouth, heir to Henry the Fourth, was created Prince of Wales.

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**Continuation of Note 9.**

**The History of Owen Glyndwr.**

"Cambria's princely eagle hail,
Of Gryffydd Fychan's noble blood,
Thy high renown shall never fail,
Owain Glyndwr, great and good."

1401. *From the chief bard, Gryffydd Lhwyd. Englished, 1773.*

"Whilst Richard the Second reigned, one Owen ap Gryffydd Fychan, descended from a younger son from Madoc, Lord of Bromfield, was not a little famous. This Owen had his education in one of the Inns of Court, where he became barrister-at-law, and afterwards was in very great favour with King Richard, and continued with him at Flint Castle till at length the king was taken prisoner by Henry Duke of Lancaster."

This is the introduction in an old history to the story of the lawsuit between Owen and Lord Reginald de Grey of Rhuthyn, and it seems so probable that every little detail tallies with what we may gather from the knowledge of his family history and descent. The other story told of his capture of the Earl of March is less credible,
and as the Mortimer family are so much mixed up with King Richard's reign, we must digress for a moment and open a page of English history to throw light upon the troubles which prefaced the aggressive movement headed by Owen Glyndwr.

The Earl of March had recently died in Ireland. He was not only son of the late Edmund, Earl of March, and Philippa of Clarence, but he was the most beloved friend of his first cousin the king, heir presumptive to the throne, and declared to be so, by Act of Parliament, and he had married Alienora, daughter of Thomas de Holand, Earl of Kent, grand-daughter to the dowager Princess, i.e., mother of King Richard (who had been widow also of the late Earl of Kent). On the occasion of the marriage the king himself had given the bride away, and the event is described as accompanied with royal magnificence.

Before the young earl was of age he was appointed the King's Viceroy in Ireland. The king went there a few months beforehand, whose appearance and courtesy soon restoring order, the four Irish kings submitting themselves, were knighted in 1395 in the Cathedral of St. Patrick, Dublin.

The next year we find the Earl of March wintering at Kilkenny. On that occasion he had purposely left England to escape from the duplicity of Gloucester, who concealed his treasonable purposes towards King Richard with flattery and insinuations to the heir to the throne. In A.D. 1398 the Earl arrives again at Trim Castle with his children, his fickle Countess remained in England; and on July 20 of that same date "he was killed in a skirmish at Kenles whilst adventuring himself before his army in an Irish habit." Humanly speaking, nothing could have been more disastrous for the king than the death of Roger Earl of March. Queen Anne had died of the black death in A.D. 1394. The Princess Dowager had died sooner, in A.D. 1385. Each of these, so true to him, had been in favour of the Lollards. His little Queen Isabella, who loved him deeply, was only a child, and on all sides he was watched by enemies. It was in deep grief for his loss, and with the desire to discover the cause of the Viceroy's somewhat mysterious death, that King Richard embarked for Ireland, and entrusted the care of the Principality during his absence to Owen Glyndwr.

No sooner was the king's departure known than it was followed by the arrival of Henry of Lancaster (A.D. 1399) and, descrying the coming danger, the Earl of Salisbury appeared at Conway, North Wales, and in four days assembled an army of 40,000 Kymry, ready to serve their monarch to the last. During two weeks the troops waited in vain for the king's arrival amongst them, and then, believing him to be
dead, they lost heart, disbanded, and returned to their own homes. Meanwhile Richard had disembarked at Milford, and, disguising himself as a Franciscan Friar, made northwards for Conway.

Holt Castle had already surrendered to Henry; it was garrisoned by picked men, and contained a treasury of £100,000 sterling in gold. Flint Castle, too, surrendered to Northumberland; Rhuddlan had accepted a Lancastrian garrison. Northumberland was now despatched to secure the king's person, either by fraud or force; he advanced therefore towards Conway, and forming his men under the projection of a defile in the rocks rode on with a herald to the castle, and requested an interview with King Richard. After an interview, and not suspecting the Earl's intentions, Richard requested him to go forward and order dinner at Rhuddlan, and that he himself would follow. Northumberland then rode on till he came near to his men, and the king (who refused to listen to the warnings and remonstrances of Glyndwr, advising him to escape by sea), proceeding up the rocky ascent, was surrounded by the troops concealed there and led to Flint Castle. During this time of the king's seizure Henry's army was quartered round Chester. On August 22, A.D. 1399, the trumpet sounded, and the whole force of that army proceeded to Flint Castle. The sound and roar of their instruments as they marched in battle array along the seashore came with the wind (states De la Marque) to the ramparts of the castle, where stood King Richard observing their approach. The spectacle was magnificent. Led by Hotspur as Commander-in-Chief (and son of Northumberland—oh, how galling to the injured monarch!—Henry Percy was brother-in-law to the beloved Earl of March), the host drew on even to the sea, entirely surrounding the castle in admirable array. In the return journey to Chester, with the king on one miserable nag and Salisbury on another (De la Marque observes), it would have been difficult to have heard the thunder of heaven for the loud clarions and music of all the instruments, which made the whole length of the sea strand echo again and again.

Glyndwr was witness of this. On the dissolution of King Richard's household he retired, full of resentment for his sovereign's wrongs, to his patrimony in Wales, and is not again heard of in history until he appeared in Parliament against Lord de Grey of Rhuthyn, and afterwards, writhing under the combined injuries heaped upon him in consequence of his loyal attachment to his deceased sovereign, he was roused to seek privately for that retribution denied to him by public authority.
We turn back now to the story of the capture of the Earl of March as recorded by the old Welsh history. Considering all the circumstances of the death of Roger Earl of March, there is little probability of Owen Glyndwr coming into hostile conflict with his son and heir, whom the usurper had kept in "honourable custody." The Lord Mortimer who was taken prisoner by Glyndwr must have been brother to the late Earl, as well as brother to Elizabeth Mortimer, who had married Hotspur (Henry Percy). Whatever at the first was the cause of this capture it became at last a voluntary one, and this belief urged King Henry to express his indignation in the words to Hotspur:—

"The foolish Mortimer hath wilfully betrayed
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician—Glyndwr,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married.
He never did encounter with Glyndwr,
I tell thee!
He might as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glyndwr for an enemy!
Art not ashamed?
Shall our coffers then be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason?
No! on the barren mountain let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny's cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer."

Brighter days seemed now gleaming in the political horizon for Glyndwr. The refusal of the king to ransom Mortimer was used as the pretext for Hotspur to join the standard of revolt. So day by day Glyndwr's position was strengthened. Now, Mortimer and Percy—representatives of the legitimacy and power of England's throne—were his allies, and the bards of his native land were not slow to translate into his favour the prophetic words of their own Merlin, and, like Uther of old, he assumes the name "Dragon;" Percy, from his crest, becomes the "Lion;" and Mortimer, possibly from the same reason, is styled the "Wolf." Thus reading Merlin's prophecy they joined against King Henry, who was easily believed to represent the "Moldwarp," or assured of God's mouth. Disaster came, indeed, on the ambitious scheme of the three confederates—Shrewsbury's fatal field, where Percy fell, and King Henry achieved a decisive victory. Yet Owen's determination for independence was not diminished, and this strengthened the enthusiasm of the Welsh people, who subse-
quently in due style placed Cambria’s crown upon the brow of their dauntless hero. The Court of France recognised Owen as Prince of Wales, and sent him aid, whilst they refused to own Henry as other than a usurper. The treaty between Owen Glyndwr and Charles the Sixth, King of France, took place in A.D. 1404—the documents being drawn up in true regal form. The ambassadors chosen by Owen to transact the important affair were his Chancellor, Griffith Yonge, and his kinsman, John Hanmer, and the deed appointing them ambassadors is dated “Dolgelly” in a style worthy of a Prince of Wales. Owen’s ambassadors signed their part on the 14th July—the French having previously signed the league in Paris on the 14th June—and the treaty was ratified by Owen on the 12th January, 1405, at Llanbadarn, near Aberystwith, in Cardigan. The secret of the French alliance must have been from natural resentment in the French Court against Henry the Fourth, and through the intercession of Isabella, whose agony Shakespeare so vividly describes, as she hears the gardener's forebodings, exclaiming:—

“Oh, I am pressed to death for want of speaking!”

Her father, Charles Sixth, would hear from her of the honours bestowed upon Glyndwr in King Richard’s time, and of the service and devoted loyalty of the valiant Welshman to that English Monarch.

We cannot wonder that in those days of superstition so eminent a character should have been regarded as the “Wizard of the Dee Waters,” who by his art magic caused such tempests of rain, snow, wind, and hail, that the like had in no age ever been heard of.” Glyndwr’s brilliant attainments as a scholar, as well as a general, raised him to be not “pupil,” but “master on the banks of England and of Wales,” “and few could hold him pace in deep experiments.”

But there were others who formed a different estimate of the intellectual powers and cultivated mind of Owen Glyndwr; the thrill and astonishment which struck through the audience when listening to his “surpassing eloquence” in the English courts of justice, as well as before Parliament, when he pleaded his cause in the celebrated lawsuit with Reginald Lord the Grey, was not forgotten. Jeffrey Chancer, who was Glyndwr’s fellow-student at Gray’s Inn, was also his dearest friend, and Chief-Justice Gascoigne was not afraid or ashamed to acknowledge to King Henry—“I know the mighty spirit which dwells in Owen Glyndwr, having once owned his friendship when in the Temple.”
There is a Kymric edition of Petrarch from Glyndwr's pen, which remains as a lasting memorial of his love of literature.

As to the stories about the death of Owen Glyndwr being in "extreme misery," they are to be traced to the MSS. of histories derived from the Monks placed by the usurper in Welsh religious houses when the Cambrian Monks were expelled. Such statements bear no mark of probability, for Henry the Fifth would certainly not have humbled or degraded himself to offer pardon or ask terms of peace from a man in abject poverty. In the dim haze which hangs over such a distant period much doubt must of necessity linger after our best endeavours. One interesting incident has been mentioned explaining Henry of Monmouth's kind feelings for Owen, viz:—that his father, the English King, seeing the undaunted persistence of Glyndwr, sent him when Prince of Wales, to propose terms of submission, and that accidentally the young Prince met Margaret, the youngest daughter of Owen, and was so astonished at her retiring piety and beauty in the house of her parents, that he tried more than once to overcome her resistance to be united to the House of Lancaster. So when the time came for his return he was no longer an enemy, but a sympathiser with the sorrows of Cambria, and an opponent of King Henry's unjust government. It was in A.D. 1415, just as he was on the point of starting for France, that a document issued from the Castle of Porchester, and was intrusted to Sir Gilbert Talbot (son of the late Earl of Shrewbury), containing an offer of peace and a free pardon, from King Henry the Fifth to Owen Glyndwr (David Holpelch, Deputy-Steward of the Lordship of Bromfield, being intercessor), the result of which proffered act of grace is not recorded. A veil is cast over that last offer by death. Henry received the news at Harfleur, it is said, with deep grief. The event happened September 30, A.D 1415, at Mornington, in Herefordshire, at the house of his youngest daughter, Margaret, who with her children cheered the last moments of her illustrious parent.

The birth of Owen Glyndwr Fychan (Vaughan) was about A.D. 1354—some authors fix it earlier. By his mother, Elen, he was descended from Catherine, daughter of Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, last Prince of North Wales. That a spirited, thorough born Welshman should have laid aside the ancient codes and systems of Moelmuthius and Howel Ddá, and enter the Inns of Court and apply himself to master the English laws, seems a paradox. In early life he married Margaret, daughter of Sir David Hammer, of Bettisfield, Hammer, Flintshire, who by Richard the Second was appointed Justice of the King's Bench in A.D. 1383, and
knighted in A.D. 1837. Most of Owen’s sons fell in battle, one survived—Mereddydd ap Owen—to whom the treaty for peace is said to have been renewed, and probably accepted, February 24, A.D. 1416.

There is a M.S. in the library at Eton Hall relating to a trial in the reign of Richard II. between Sir Robert le Grosvenor and Sir Richard le Scope. This trial was about armorial bearings, and lasted three years. Amongst the signatures of witnesses appear the names of Henry Percy, John of Gaunt, Geoffrey, Chaucer, and Owen Glyndwr.

Isabel, the eldest daughter of Glyndwr, married Adda Iorwerth Dhû; Alicia or Elizabeth, his second daughter, married Sir John Scudamore of Ewyas and Holme Lacy, Herefordshire; Janet married John Crofts of Croft Castle, Herefordshire; Jane married Lord Reginald de Grey of Rhuthyn; Katherine married Lord Edmund Mortimer, 1402, died prisoner in London, buried in St. Swithin’s Church, 1413 ; Margaret married Roger Mornington of Mornington, Herefordshire.

See Caradoc’s History of Wales; Cambrian History (R. W. Morgan); The Lord of the Marches, by E. S. Holt, &c., &c.

Postscript in connection with Owen Glyndwr.

At the time of the Norman Conquest Edric the Saxon, Lord or Earl of Shrewsbury, and several other Lords, submitted to the Conqueror, but afterwards rebelled. All except Edric were slain or taken prisoners—he, however, fled to his Castle of Wigmore, and there sustained a long siege against the forces of Ralph Mortimer and Roger Montgomery. He was at last compelled to surrender, and was sent prisoner to King William, and Mortimer was rewarded with the gift of Wigmore Castle and its appendages, on the borders of Herefordshire and Radnorshire, which remained in the possession of the Mortimer family for generations. During the civil wars the castle was attacked and burned by the rebels.

It is said the Mortimers were descended from Gonora, wife of Richard Duke of Normandy. It was in A.D. 1240 that a Lord Mortimer, named Ralph, married Gwladys, daughter of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, whose queen Joan was daughter of King John of England. Some English historians make out that Joan d’Acres (daughter of Edward the First), took a Lord Ralph Mortimer for a second husband; this might be a relative of the Lord Ralph, whose great grandson Roger was made Earl of March by Edward the Third, and afterwards condemned as
a traitor and executed, and his son Edmund deprived of his title and estates. The family estates were restored to the next heir, his son Roger, who in A.D. 1354 married Philippa, daughter of William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who met his death whilst commanding the English forces in Burgundy, 1360.

Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March, born 1352, married Philippa, only child of Lionel Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward the third by Elizabeth de Burgh (daughter of the Earl of Ulster and heiress to the Irish estates); he died at Cork 1381. Was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The issue of this marriage was Roger, fourth Earl of March, also made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Richard the Second, married Alianora (daughter of the Earl of Kent); died 1388. His mottoes—

"Fais ce que droit, advienne que pourra,"
and
"Un Dieu, un Foi, servir le droit."

Elizabeth, married Henry Lord Percy; died 1420.
Philippa, married John Hastings, third and last Earl of Pembroke and Lord of Abergavenny, &c.; died 1400.
Edmund, married Katherine, daughter of Owen Glyndwr; she died a prisoner in 1413. His history is uncertain after the Battle of Shrewsbury.

It was very quickly after the death of Earl Roger that his widow, Alianora, married Edward de Charlton, Lord Powis, a Lancastrian. The four children were taken into captivity by Henry the Fourth until the death of the second son Roger, A.D. 1404, when they were released. Edmund the Earl of March was married to Anne, daughter of Earl of Stafford and Princess Anne of Glo'ster; he died without issue at Trim Castle, A.D. 1425.

Anne (consequently the heiress) was most strangely allowed to marry, according to her choice, Richard of Conisborough, younger son of the Duke of York, and usually styled Earl of Cambridge. It was to her a short dream of happiness—she married A.D. 1407, she died A.D. 1410.

By this alliance the schemes of Henry the Fourth were frustrated in regard to the succession—the House of Clarence thus allied to the House of York gave a fresh thorn to prick the Lancastrian rose.

Ibid, and Timb's "Ancient Castles."
Note 10.—Pembrokeshire, S.W.

St. David's Cathedral.

The nave is finely proportioned yet simple. The architecture of this portion of the building is chiefly Saxon, when beginning to be lost, in the early pointed or English order. Some of the arches of the gallery are Saxon, but the greater number are Norman or Gothic. The age of the nave may be referred to the time of John, but the roof bespeaks the era of Edward the Third, and is a very fine specimen of this part of an ancient cathedral. The Bishop's throne is unequalled in workmanship amongst our home cathedrals except in that of Exeter. Beyond the screen, separating the choir from the chancel, and exactly opposite the entrance to it, is an altar tomb (like Prince Arthur's at Worcester) of Edmund Tudor, eldest son of Owen Tudor by Queen Catherine, dowager Queen of Henry V. On the north side of this tomb is the shrine of St. David, of simple construction; its ornaments consist of four quatrefoil openings in a row upon a plain tomb. Towards the middle of the chancel, under plain recesses, backed with elegant woodwork screens, are the monuments of Rhys ap Gryffydd, Prince of South Wales, and his son Rhys Grug, with effigies in freestone spiritedly sculptured.

The collegiate chantry was founded by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; Blanch, his wife, and Bishop Adam Hoton, conjointly.

Gasteneau.

A.D. 1085. William the Conqueror, after a repulse in his own dominions of Normandy, entered Wales with a large army in manner of pilgrimage, and offered devotions at the shrine of St. David; he then received homage from the Welsh Princes.

A.D. 1112. To the grief of the Welsh Princes, Henry the First of England appointed Bernard, a Norman, to the See of St. David's, which before was the Metropolitan See and independent of the English Church.

A.D. 1172. King Henry Second went on pilgrimage to St. David's, and dined with the Bishop, David Fitz Gerald.

A.D. 1188. Balwyn, Archbishop of Canterbury (attended by Giraldus Cambrensis) visited Wales, whose authority the people stiffly opposed, alleging the privileges of their Metropolitan See.

Caradoc.

A.D. 1199. Giraldus Cambrensis (Gerald of Wales), grandson of
Rhys ap Tewdor, Prince of South Wales, was born at Manorbeer Castle in Pembrokeshire, and educated at St. David's and Paris. On the death of his uncle, David Fitz Gerald, Bishop of Menevia, A.D. 1176 (i.e. St. David's), he was elected to the Episcopate by the Canons—but King Henry objecting to the appointment, a Cluniac monk was elected instead. However, Giraldus was made bishop in A.D. 1180 for four years, until the king appointed him tutor to Prince John. In A.D. 1199 he was again chosen bishop by the Chapter of St. David's, but at the end of five years he retired on account of the opposition of the English Archbishop and the Pope, who accused him of favouring the independence of the Welsh Sees from Roman supremacy.

Giraldus died at St. David's A.D. 1220.

The British Church was believed by the Welsh people to be founded by St. Joseph of Aramathea, and not to have been corrupted by the Church of Rome. Augustine's mission to the Anglo-Saxons was supposed to be far more recent, and his doctrines were thought to be heretical. This caused the resentment against interference from the English hierarchy.

Caradoc.

NARBERTH

Is situated on a rivulet running into the Cheddau. The ruins of the castle are small but interesting. From the outline of its walls it seems to have been a large pile of buildings, extending upon a ridge towards the town. There are other vestiges of military works in the neighbourhood, and the Republican army is supposed to have caused the present state of débris.

Flemings were introduced into Pembrokeshire in A.D. 1108, and a Norman garrison was placed in Narberth Castle by Sir Andrew Perrott. King Henry First had, as early as A.D. 1102, bestowed several lordships and castles in Wales on Englishmen or Normans, for the purpose of breaking the high spirit of the Cambrians, and gave them the name of Lords Marchers—the old English word March—meaning a boundary. Thus was the last asylum of the Britons broken into on every side and invested by their enemies. Anglesea, Carnarvon, Merioneth, and parts of the counties of Denbigh and Cardigan alone preserved their national character and independence, and withstood the efforts of the Marchers to achieve fresh conquests. In the reign of Edward the Third the Earl of March had possession of Narberth Castle, afterwards it belonged to Richard Duke of York, heir to Roger Earl of March.
The Stack Rocks.

Driving from the town of Pembroke towards the Stack Rocks the scenery is highly romantic, presenting some rocky cliffs of great sublimity, interspersed with natural caverns of vast extent and curiosity. One of the most remarkable is called Bosherton Moor. In stormy weather, when the sea beats with great vigour against the rock, the noise emitted from its small aperture is tremendous, and occasionally immense columns of spray are forced through it to a great height. The ebbing of so strong a current of air is often dangerous, drawing in with it into this Acherontic gulf whatever animals chance to stand near the margin. These rocks are thought to resemble the Bullers of Buchan, near Aberdeen.

Carew Castle.

Is a most conspicuous feature in this county. It was one of the royal demesnes belonging to the Princes of South Wales, and was with seven others given as a dowry to Nesta, daughter of Rees ap Tewdwr, on her marriage with Gerard de Windsor, Lieutenant in those parts for Henry First.

Henry Seventh is said to have been entertained here, on his way to Bosworth field, by Rhys ap Thomas.

Pembroke Castle.

The Castle was a place of great strength as late as the civil wars in the seventeenth century, and held out for a considerable time against the forces of the Parliament. Even in its present state of dilapidation it is a most magnificent building. It occupies an elevated rocky point of land at the west end of the town, where its walls and towers rise majestically from the shore of the two branches into which the creek is divided by its promontory. The view from the water is not surpassed by any of a similar description in the kingdom. Leland describes the edifice as he saw it in the reign of Henry Eighth, and says—"On the outer ward I saw the chamber wher King Henry Seventh was borne."

Major-General Langharne, in conjunction with Colonels Powell and Poyer, seized this fortress and made it his head-quarters and rendezvous, and retiring there after the Battle of St. Fagans, he was quickly followed by Cromwell, who on arriving commenced operations for the reduction of the place, which, however, did not sur-
render until he found means to destroy the mills and cut off the water supply.

Gastencou.

The House of Tudor.

How startling would the intelligence have been to Henry the Fifth of England had any bard or seer whispered to him the results that would follow the arrival of "Katherine the Fair" on the English shore! Her eldest sister, Isabella, had returned to France a dethroned and widowed queen; but there was in store for Katherine the honour of becoming mother to one king, and grandmother to another king of a different dynasty; through whose birth and through whose marriage would be silenced forever the long-disputed claims to the British throne.

The victor of Agincourt expired in A.D. 1422. His funeral obsequies were solemnised in London with a pomp never before witnessed. In A.D. 1428, Katherine was again united in marriage to Owen of the Welsh House of Tudor, cousin to Glyndwr, and like him descended from Llewelyn the last Prince of Wales. Owen Tudor was remarkable for his extraordinary strength and great beauty of person; and during the Queen's lifetime it appears they enjoyed perfect tranquility and escaped the usual jealousies of court intrigue.

On Katherine's demise, A.D. 1437, the English Government let loose its anger without restraint against Owen, but he defended himself before his step-son, King Henry, with such spirit and manliness that he was granted unconditional liberty, and retired to his ancestral estate of Penmynydd in Anglesea, and was shortly afterwards appointed Castellan of the royal parks and fortresses on the Venedotian frontier with an annual allowance assigned him out of King Henry's privy purse. Thus for twenty years he led a life of easy and honourable retirement until he joined his son Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, in the Lancastrian cause and was with him in the battle at Mortimer's Cross, when no persuasion would induce him to leave the field. Then, in his 70th year he was overpowered and brought before Edward, Duke of York, who condemned him to be executed in Hereford market-place on the following morning, A.D. 1481.

Of the four children which were the issue of the marriage between Katherine the Fair and Owen Tudor, two only have a place in history. The third son, Owen, took holy orders, and Margaret died in childhood. The eldest son, Edmund, when at the age of 19, married Margaret Beaufort, heiress of the baronial house of Somerset; and on the very day of the nuptials, King Henry created him Earl of Richmond, and
at the same time Jasper, the second son, was created Earl of Pembroke. In her 15th year Margaret gave birth to a son (Harry Tudor) and only five months afterwards (1456) she was left a widow amidst all the horrors of civil war. The date of her second marriage with Lord Stanley of Hawarden Castle is uncertain, but history states that, in his third year, young Henry, now Earl of Richmond, was taken by the Countess to his royal uncle, who solemnly blessed him, saying—"This pretty child will wear in peace the garland for which we impiously contend in war," and afterwards placed under the care of his uncle Jasper, in Pembroke Castle, and that "never was trust discharged with greater valour, fidelity, or ability." After the defeat at Mortimer’s Cross, Sir William Herbert of Raglan Castle and his brother Risiart besieged and took Pembroke Castle, and young Henry with Philip ap Howel, his body-guard, fell into their hands. They were removed, and for the next three years were domiciled with Lady Anne Herbert at Raglan Castle. This was not Henry’s first visit there, for before the war he had enjoyed the hospitality and literary advantages to be found in the splendid Kymric library of the Ap Gwylyms at Raglan, and had met under the same roof, and as his playmates, the two sons (his after rivals) of the House of York. During this latter visit a youthful attachment sprung up between Henry Richmond and Maud Herbert, which neither exile nor elevation to the throne could efface. After the capture of Pembroke Castle, Sir William Herbert joined Edward in London and signally contributed to the great victory of Touton in which 28,000 Lancastrians fell, and at Hexham, A.D. 1463, Queen Margaret and the Lancastrians sustained another defeat. From this date to A.D. 1470, Edward was absolute master of the whole kingdom, three fortresses excepted, of which Harlech Castle* was the most formidable. Sir William Herbert and Risiart were at last ordered to effect its capture at all cost. Their marches for this purpose through the gorges and defiles of Venedotia, one of the strongest countries, occupied by the active and intrepid partizans of Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, is one of the finest studies of military skill and perseverance on record. After a defence of eighteen months, David ap Einion and the garrison surrendered on honourable terms to the two brothers; and, in guerdon of their many and important services, Sir William Herbert was created Earl of Pembroke, May 27, 1469 (for Jasper was attainted of high treason and all his titles forfeited), and Risiart was

* It stands on a lofty rock overhanging the sea in Merionethshire. The courageous defence of David ap Einion gave rise to the Welsh March, "Men of Harlech."
made Warden of Montgomery Castle and the Ludlow Marshes. In A.D. 1470, however, another turn in the tide took place from the quarrel occasioned between Edward the Fourth and the Earl of Warwick about his marriage with Elizabeth Woodville. An engagement took place at Banbury in which the new Earl of Pembroke, and his brother, and Sir Roger Vaughan were taken prisoners and executed, and 5,000 left dead on the field of battle. King Edward was compelled to leave his kingdom, and for a time fled to Holland.

The indefatigable Jasper now made his appearance in the Severn Channel, and, presenting himself before Raglan Castle, received Henry Tudor from the hands of the noble widow of him who had been his rival, both in title and in the field.

Jasper had been absent from his own Castle of Pembroke when it was captured, and, having now secured his nephew, he shortly after took him to London to see the old king, who was once more at liberty (the scene is described by Holinshed and versified by Shakespeare—Play, Henry VI., part 3, act 4, scene 6); and then, knowing the uncertainty of the times, and fearing some calamity might overtake his youthful charge, the two set sail for France, January, 1471.

And here it is interesting to notice how the prophecies of the Welsh bards gradually became concentrated on this scion of the united Houses of the Llewelyns and Plantagenets who should at last sit upon the British Throne.

Morgan's Cambrian History, &c.

Bosworth Field.

Enter Radcliff—Most mighty sovereign, on the western seas
Rideth a puissant navy; to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And that they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

Enter Lord Stanley.

King Richard—Stanley, what news?

Stanley—None good, my liege. Richmond is on the seas,
Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

Enter Catesby—My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news; That the Earl of Richmond
Is with mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

* * * * *
Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier; 
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley, 
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt, 
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew 
Resort to him. . . . . . .


The dark mysterious pythonic prophecies of the poet and herald, 
David ap Llwyd, Lord of Mathafarn, had so wrought on the valor of 
his countrymen that many thousands enlisted under the banner of 
Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who met the Earl of Richmond and his uncle, 
when they arrived in 1485 at Milford Haven, with 2,000 troops 
furnished by the Duke of Bretagne.

Immediately on landing (10th August, 1485), they marched to 
Dale and Haverfordwest and were joined by Arnold Butler, Richard 
Gryffydd, John Morgan, Sir George Talbot (with his ward the young 
Earl of Shrewsbury), Sir William Stanley (Lord of Bromfield, Yale, 
and Chirkland), &c., &c. The Earl of Richmond, after accepting the 
hospitality of Carew Castle on his arrival at Pembrokeshire, 
proceeded through central Wales towards Shrewsbury.

On every conspicuous hill the Red Dragon banner was uphoisted 
and Jasper was everywhere received with the greeting:—

"Thou at least hast taken noble care of thy nephew."

Shrewsbury threw open its gates and the Kymric army, under 
Jasper, struck at once into the heart of England—Stafford and Lich- 
field submitted—and being joined by Sir Gilbert Talbot and Sir 
Richard Corbett of Shropshire they proceeded, on August 20, to 
Bosworth, Leicestershire, and encamped in sight of the English army.

Five miles from Bosworth Lord Stanley was drawn up with his 
retainers, about 7,000 picked men—he was then Justice of Chester. 
No entreaties of the Countess of Richmond, whom he had married, 
could induce him to declare openly in favour of Henry. Even the 
visit of his stepson at midnight on the evening proceeding the battle 
was unavailing. Shakespeare partly accounts for this vacillation by 
the circumstances of his own son, George Stanley, being in Richard's 
power as a hostage for his father's fidelity.

Military genius and personal chivalry were part of the nature of 
the Plantagenet sovereigns. King Richard appeared at the head of his 
brilliant cavalry. He was mounted on a magnificent white charger 
and clad in the same suit of burnished steel armour he wore at 
Tewkesbury. Never was so young a monarch feared as he was, being
only in his 33rd year. None ever loved him. Henry Tudor wore on his head a steel basnet with the Lion (Llewelyn's crest) in front. King Richard wore his crown, Each harangued their respective armies.

The battle began at one o'clock with no advantage on either side for an hour and a-half, then the Duke of Norfolk and many of the best Yorkist officers fell. Richard and his cavalry twice charged into the middle of the Kymric lines, but failed to break the impenetrable phalanx of spears there opposed to them. Lord Stanley then declared in favour of Richmond and bore down the Yorkist flank.

Nothing but the death of Richmond could now retrieve the day, and Richard, shouting his war-cry “St. George” and summoning his best men around him, charged a third time into the mêlée round the “Red Dragon,” beneath which banner Henry had taken his stand. Sir William Brandon and Lord Stafford fell by his hand, and he had grasped the staff of the standard, and was about to close with Richmond, when he was struck to the ground by the battle-axe of Sir Rhys ap Thomas and dispatched with countless swords. His crown was immediately picked from the bush into which it had been struck by the violence of the blow, and placed by the same hand on the head of Henry Tudor.

It is delightful to find King Henry afterwards conferring in marriage the grand-daughter of the good Lady Anne Herbert on his cousin, Charles Beaufort, Earl of Somerset.

Thomas, second Baron Stanley, was Lord of Hawarden Castle, in Flintshire; and Lathom, and Knowsley Hall, both in Lancashire. He was Justice of Chester, 1463 to 1485; Steward of the Household, 1474; and Constable of England for life; created Earl of Derby, 1485, for the services he rendered at Bosworth; died 1504.

After the death of Llewelyn, Hawarden was first granted to the house of Salisbury, and afterwards to that of Stanley, in which family it remained until after the execution at Bolton, in a.d. 1651, of James, seventh earl of Derby.

Lathom continued in the Stanley family till a.d. 1714.

Thomas, Baron Stanley, was also Lord of the Isle of Man—it was granted to his ancestor, Sir William Stanley, a.d. 1403. Shakespeare incidentally bears out the possession of the island by the Stanleys, *Henry VI., Part II., Act ii., Scenes 3 and 4.*

It appears that after Henry Tudor left Raglan Castle, in care of his uncle Jasper, for Bretagne, he occasionally came over to Wales,
and spent some of his time at Mostyn Castle, in Flintshire. On one occasion he had a narrow escape. The story is told by Pennant:—

"When the Earl of Richmond was at Mostyn, a party attached to Richard III. arrived there to apprehend him. He was then about to dine, but had just time to leap out of a back window, through a hole which to this day is called 'the King's.' Richard ap Howel was then Lord of Mostyn Castle: he joined Henry at Bosworth Field, and after the victory received from him the belt and sword he wore on that day, as a mark of gratitude for his wonderful preservation. Henry also pressed Richard greatly to follow him to Court, but received in reply the noble answer, 'I dwell among mine own people.'"

Sir Rhys ap Thomas was appointed by King Henry Justiciary and Chief Governor of South Wales.

Sir Rhys afterwards contributed to stifle the rebellions of Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Simnel. He slew Lord Audley, the gallant leader of the insurgents in single combat, and was created, like his ancestor Sir David, a banneret on the field, under the folds of the double standard of the Red Dragon and St. George, made a Knight of the Garter, and put in possession of all the goods of Lord Audley.

In 1507, Sir Rhys held a grand tournament at Carew Castle, open to all Christendom.

The flags and devices of twenty castles, all his own property, waved in the lists.

Morgan's Cambrian History, &c., &c.

HENRY VII. AND THE TUDOR LINE.

Born at Pembroke Castle, June 26, 1456.

The intestine struggles of ambition threw a deep shadow over English history, from the death of the brave Black Prince until the almost extinction of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, when Henry, Earl of Richmond, became conqueror on Bosworth field.

The son of the late Earl, and grandson of Sir Owen Tudor and Queen Katherine (daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, and widow of King Henry the Fifth of England) he had, through his mother, a vein of Lancastrian blood, and prudently married Elizabeth, heiress of the house of York. Of Welsh descent, he naturally claimed sympathy with those who had never willingly surrendered allegiance to the English monarchs.

It might be possibly to gratify his Welsh subjects, as well as to satisfy the sarcasms of the English regarding the birth and quality of his grandfather, that Henry directed a commission to the Abbot of
Lhan-Egwest (i.e., Vale Crucis), the Canon of Hereford, and John, King-herald-at-Arms, to make inquisition concerning the pedigree of the said Owen Tudor. And after making a diligent enquiry into the matter, the said gentlemen, with the assistance of Sir John Leiaf, Gruffyd ap Llewelyn ap Efan Fychan, and others, in the consultation of the British books of pedigree, drew up an exact genealogy, which, upon their return, they presented to the King, concluding—"That Henry the Seventh, King of England, &c., &c., was lineally descended from Brutus, who first inherited this land, in fivescore degrees. This Brutus, having given his name to the country of Britain, and having, by division amongst his three sons, given to his second son Kamber the land beyond Severn, from whom it was called Kambria."

The union of the two nations was made by Act of Parliament, passed in 1536, in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, and another Act of similar purpose in the thirty-fifth year of his reign, which has dispelled those unnatural differences which heretofore were so rife and irreconcilable.

In the early days of the Reformation, Queen Elizabeth was quickly apprehensive of the needs of the Welsh Church for want of a translation of the Scriptures, and, by Act of Parliament, in the eighth year of her reign, she ordered the four Bishops of Wales, viz., St. Davids, St. Asaph, Bangor, and Llandaff, to "take care that the Old and New Testaments, as well as the Book of Common Prayer, be truly and exactly translated into the British tongue, and that such a number be printed as that every Cathedral, Collegiate, and Parish Church might be supplied before the 1st of March, 1566; and that from that time forward the divine service should be used in the British language throughout Wales in the same manner as the said service is used in the English tongue since the Reformation in England."

At first, only the New Testament and Book of Common Prayer were translated, and not until 1588 was the translation of the whole Bible undertaken by Dr. William Morgan, Bishop, first of Llandaff, and afterwards of St. Asaph, by the study of which the British people could understand how the principles of the Reformation were grounded on the Holy Scriptures.

Caradoc.

Note 11.—MERIONETHSHIRE, N.W.

Caer Drewyn.

Crowning the summit of a hill opposite Corwen are the ruins of an ancient British fort, called Caer Drewyn—the round tower in the
centre is nothing but débris. Littleton supposed Owen Gwynedd occupied it when Henry Second was encamped on the opposite side of the vale. The king had assembled all his choice forces on the Berwyns, and strongly entrenched them by felling the woods, and taking every possible precaution against ambush or surprise.

Both armies for a considerable time lay in sight of each other, but the Welsh, being well acquainted with the country, with their light troops cut off the king's supply of forage and ammunition, and so harassed them by skirmishing that the monarch was glad to withdraw to England in chagrin and disgrace without ever striking a single blow. The place of encampment may still be seen extending towards Cunwyd.

This spot was afterwards the retreat of Owen Glyndwr.

Gasteneau.

Moray's Grave.

With Caer Drewyn on the north, the vale of Edeyrnion on the south, and the Berwyns and Rûg estate on either side, John (the good gardener) and kind Sarah helped gently to lay our faithful friend deep under the lawn by the double cherry tree; where now rose-trees from Aberdeen are planted, and the gladiolus spikes of magenta and variegated straw-colour are encircled with luxuriant mignonette.

Sept., 1887.

Edeyrnion and the Dee.

Of all valley of valleys give me that of Edeyrnion, in whose bosom runs the brightest, purest, and loveliest of rivers—the

"Dee which Britons long bygone
Did call divine."

From the "Town of the White Choir" two roads run down the valley, one on either side of the Dee; both are beautiful—that on the right, however, giving the finest view of the wild romantic Berwyns, the western boundary and guard of Edeyrnion. At first a mere range of heather-covered hills, they gradually single themselves out, every fern-crowned crest, every rocky face and bush-grown ravine identifies itself, and is an index of the inexhaustible traditionary lore of the Cymric fathers and the later historical legends of the Llewelyns. The Palace of Owen Glyndwr overlooked Edeyrnion, of which the
The moat may yet be traced to the left of the road near Carrog, the next village to the "Town of the White Choir."  

Lady Aylmer.

The Dee or Deva of N. Wales had another name, which appears in Welsh literature as Aerven, or the genius of war; and so late as the time of Giraldus it retained some of its ancient prestige; it was still supposed to indicate beforehand the event of the frequent wars between the Welsh and the English by eating away its banks on the Welsh or the English side, as the case might be.

The Welsh word "Dyfrdwy" means goddess water.

See Celtic Britain, by J. Rhys, M.A.
# ERRATA.

Endeyrnion instead of *Edeyrnion*, on page 8, line 14 from top.

Assured, "accursed," 52, 5 from bottom.

Hammer, "Hammer," 54, 2 from bottom.

Gwynedd - *Gwynedd* - 48 - 7 - Top