

111
C. J. Smith
to
Robert



The Figures drawn by Thomson and the Landscape by J. Smith.

Engraved by R. Smith

*The Muse we oft her silver Harp has strung,
 That not a Mountain rears his head arising —
 And many an amorous, many a humorous Lay,
 Which many a Bard had Chanted many a Day.*

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THE
BARDIC MUSEUM,

OF
PRIMITIVE BRITISH LITERATURE;
AND OTHER ADMIRABLE RARITIES;

FORMING THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE
Musical, Poetical, and Historical Relicks
OF
The Welsh Bards and Druids:

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS OF REMOTE ANTIQUITY;
(WITH GREAT PAINS NOW RESCUED FROM OBLIVION,
AND NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED:

CONTAINING,
THE BARDIC TRIADS; HISTORIC ODES; EULOGIES; SONGS; ELEGIES; MEMORIALS OF
THE TOMBS OF THE WARRIORS; OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS; REGALIAS;
THE WONDERS OF WALES, *ET CÆTERA:*

WITH
ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS AND HISTORIC ILLUSTRATIONS:

LIKEWISE,
THE ANCIENT WAR-TUNES OF THE BARDS; *Viz.*
The *Tribanau*; *Erddiganau*; *Blodau*; *Lalardonau*; *Doffeddbau*; *Tlyrau*; *Opyneddau*; Hymns;
Pastorals; Jigs; and Delights:

TO THESE NATIONAL MELODIES ARE ADDED

NEW BASSES; WITH VARIATIONS,
FOR

THE HARP, OR HARPSICHORD;
VIOLIN, OR FLUTE;

(DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,)

BY EDWARD JONES,
BARD TO THE PRINCE.

oo

Let us now praise famous men.
The Lord hath wrought great glory by them, through his great power from the beginning.
Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their
understanding, and declaring prophecies:
Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise,
and eloquent in their instructions.
Such as found out Musical Tunes, and recited Verses in writing.
All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.
ECCLESIASTICUS, Chap. xlv. ver. 1, &c.

*" Pæleri dies testes sunt Sapientia Antiquorum:
" Inquirens, invenies non Rubum, sed Rosam."*

oo

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INTRODUCTION

TO

The Bardic Relicks.

THE primitive *British Bards* constituted one of the most respected order of men in the ancient British states¹: they were the *Fathers of Sciences*²; the national instructors, musicians, legislators, priests, prophets, and often princes. They assuaged savage men to knowledge, with their oratory, and polished human nature by their *Music and Poetry*³.

These *Beirdd*, or Bards, were afterwards a branch of the Druidical institution in Britain, and in ancient Gaul; and were called *Derwyddveirdd*, or Druid-Bards: they also kept an account of the descent of families, and composed *Songs* to commemorate the actions of the worthy and the brave; which they sang and accompanied on the *Harp*, and on the *Crothb*⁴; consequently they were the national chroniclers; and from their *songs* our ancient Annals have been collected; and not only ours, but all ancient histories of all nations were gathered from a similar kind of materials⁵.

According to the testimony of *Cæsar*, the inland parts of Britain were inhabited by those whom fame reports to be natives of the soil: and the institution of the *Druids* is supposed to have originated in Britain, whence it passed into Gaul; and such as were desirous of being perfect in it, travelled thither for instruction. He further says, that the Britons had two orders of men, that were held in high degree of honour and esteem, and with whom all authority and distinctions were lodged; these were the *Druids*, and the nobles: and that the *Druids* presided in all matters of religion, decided controversies, and had the direction and education of the youth, who were taught to repeat a great number of verses by heart, and often spent twenty years upon that institution⁶. The *Druids* were divided into three different classes, who applied to different branches of learning, and performed separate parts in the offices of religion.

These

¹ The *Bards* are justly esteemed the most ancient order of people in *Britain*, and these were before the *Druids*, although in time the latter got the upper hand of the others in great esteem." *Samme's Britannia*, pages 99 and 100. See also the *Bardic Triads*, in the following work.

² "Per hæc loca hominibus paulatim exultis, viguerunt studia laudabilium doctrinarum, inchoata per Bardos, et Eubages, et Druidas." i. e. In these places, among the rude unpolished people grew up the knowledge of Arts and Sciences, begun and set up by *Bards*, *Eubages*, and *Druids*. *Ammianus Marcellinus*, lib. xv. c. 9. *Strabo*, lib. iv. p. 197.

³ *Cæsar's Commentaries*, book vi. c. 13. *Pomponius Mela*, lib. iii. c. 2. *Athenæus*, iib. vi. c. 12. *Tacitus*, lib. xii. c. 34. 7. *Dr. Brown's Dissertation on Poetry and Music*, p. 157. and *Leges Wallicæ*, Lib. i. c. 10. 13.

"And you, old Bards, who made it all your care,

"To sing of war, and men renown'd in war;

"When peace returning rais'd your joyful tongue,

"Secure continu'd your immortal song." LUCAN.

⁴ *Diodorus Siculus*, by Booth, book v. c. 2. p. 189.—Book li. c. 3. p. 77, &c. *Penantius Fortunatus*, lib. vii. *carm.* 2. *Leges Wallicæ*, or *King Howel's Laws*, lib. i. c. 19; 45. and the Preface. *Ammianus Marcellinus*, lib. xv. c. 9.

⁵ *Origin of Law*, &c. by *President de Goguet*, vol. i. book 2, p. 28, &c.

⁶ "The *Druids* (or *Priesthood*) never go to war, they are exempted from taxes and military service, and enjoy all manner of immunities. These mighty encouragements induce multitudes of their own accord to follow that profession; and many are sent by their parents and relations. They are taught to repeat a great number of verses by heart, and often spend twenty years upon

" this

These three classes were, the *Bards*, as before mentioned, who were the national Preceptors, Poets, and Musicians.

The *Ofyddion*, (*Offwyr*, or *Ovates*,) composed and performed sacred and prophetic hymns, and were also natural philosophers, astronomers, and magicians.

The Druids were the priests, moral philosophers, and physiologists; which last name, (Druids,) was frequently given to the whole order, and sometimes appropriated only to a particular class⁶.

From the great affinity in their civil and ecclesiastical rites and customs, the Druids, and the other branches of the sacerdotal order, appear to have been originally a tribe of the first Patriarchs⁷, and descended from *Gomer*, the son of *Japheth*; and that hierarchal custom was continued by the Druids, Bards, and *Ofyddion*, in this island, until about the seventh century; and much later than that, in the island of Bardsey, in the Isle of Man, and in the *Æbudes*, or Hebrides⁸. The Patriarchal was the most ancient form of government amongst mankind; and the foundation of the Monarchical, of the Eremitical, (or British Saints,) and of the Monachal institution in Britain, and among other Celtic nations.

“ Music and poetry were doubtless invented by the sages before the flood. Moses particularly tells us, that *Jubal* was the first inventor of music^{*}; and with respect to poetry, he has given us a short specimen of it, in the speech of *Lamech* to his two wives†. Indeed man could not behold the beauties of nature without admiration; and the sight of the wondrous objects of creation must inspire him to return thanks to the great Author of his being, in the most beautiful and pleasing words his mind could suggest. His raptures would have been but ill expressed, had he used the common language; something more sweet and har-

“ this institution: for it is deemed unlawful to commit their statutes to writing; though in other matters, whether public, or private, they make use of Greek characters. They seem to me to follow this method for two reasons: to hide their mysteries from the knowledge of the vulgar; and to exercise the memory of their scholars. They teach likewise many things relating to the stars and their motions; the magnitude of the world and our earth, the nature of things, and the power and prerogatives of the immortal God.” *Cæsar’s Commentaries*, Book vi. c. 13.

⁶ *Strabo*, lib. iv. *Ammianus Marcellinus*, lib. xv. c. 9. *Pliny*, lib. xvi. c. 44, lib. xxx. c. 1. *Lucan’s Pharsalia*, book 1: 449. *Rowland’s Mona Antiqua*, and *Borlase’s History of Cornwall*.

Beside the Druids, the Britons had *Druidesses*, who assisted in the offices of religion, and shared in the honours and emoluments of the priesthood. The *Druidesses* of Gaul and Britain are said to have been divided into three ranks, or classes.

Those of the first class vowed perpetual virginity, and lived together in sisterhoods, very much sequestered from the world. These venerable vestals were great pretenders to divination, prophecy, and miracles; were highly admired by the people, who consulted them on all important occasions as infallible oracles.

The second class consisted of certain female devotees, who were indeed married, but spent the far greater part of their time in the company of the Druids, and in the offices of religion; and conversed only occasionally with their husbands, who perhaps thought themselves very happy in having such pious wives.

The third class of *Druidesses* was the lowest, and consisted of such as performed the most servile offices about the temples, the sacrifices, and the persons of the Druids.

Mela, lib. iii. c. 2. *Gruttus*, p. 62. *Relig. de Gaul*, lib. i. c. 27. *Tacit. Annal.* lib. xiv. and *Henry’s History of England*.

The spreading oak was held in the highest veneration by the *Derwyddon*, or Oakmen, as well as among the Hebrew Patriarchs, and they never performed any religious ceremony without being adorned with garlands of its leaves; (as *Pliny* informs us, lib. xvi. c. 44, and *Joshua*, c. xxiv. ver. 26.) The Romans likewise wore wreaths of oak in honour of *Ceres*, because she first taught mankind the use of corn, instead of acorns. *Virgil’s Georgics*, lib. 1. 345.

“ ——— Strong knotted trunks of oak stood near,

“ And artless emblems of their gods appear.” *Rowe’s Lucan*, book iii. ver. 412.

“ The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,

“ Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees:

“ Three centuries he grows, and three he stays

“ Supreme in state; and in three more decays.” *Dryden*.

⁷ *Exodus*, c. xxiv. *Ezra*, c. vii. ver. 24. *1 Chronicles*, c. vi. xxv. *2 Chronicles*, c. v.—*Camden* cites *Lanius*, and says that the first speech used in Britain, was supposed to be the Hebrew.

⁸ “ When the religious men of Britain were so miserably harassed and persecuted by the pagan Saxons, they were forced to retire into places of most difficult access for their own security, and there they built churches suitable to their condition, and lived very retired lives.” *Stillingfleet’s Antiquities of British Churches*, c. 1. page 287. See also note 4, in page 2 of this work; and note 2, in page 47.

The *Æbuda* islands acquired that name probably from the class of Druids called *Æbates*, or *Ovates*; as well as *Bardsey* island, from those of the *Bards*.

^{*} *Genesis*, c. iv. ver. 21.

† *Genesis*, c. iv. ver. 23.—*Lamech* was the father of *Noah*, *Genesis*, c. v. ver. 30.

INTRODUCTION.

monious, more lofty and sublime, was wanting to express the ideas he had conceived of his Maker, and the thanks he owed him for so many blessings: and hence he ransacked nature for expressions, and lively images, he formed to himself, as it were, a new language, and adorned it with numbers and cadence. This was undoubtedly the origin of poetry; and it was long applied only to its proper object, the celebrating the greatness of the Almighty, and the magnificence of his works*, which the ancient *Hebrew* bards described in the most pompous, the most majestic, and the most sublime manner that is possible to be conceived. The expressions, the sentiments, the figures, the variety, the actions, every thing is surprising! But this sacred use of poetry and music did not long continue; the Heathens borrowed these arts, and used them first in the service of their false gods, and afterwards, to record the actions of their great men, and the founders of empires."

Bardic Songs, and historic examples of our great and wise progenitors, have always been considered as a most useful and pleasing branch of polite literature. They inform us of the actions, and customs of mankind in former ages, bring the times past into our present view, make us as it were co-eval with the celebrated heroes of former times, and naturally incite us to an emulation with them in glory. Natural affections stir up every one's curiosity to investigate the lives and gallant deeds of his own ancestors; for the virtues and honours of our fore-fathers form the most interesting subject of all others.

I wish I were equal to do adequate justice to so important a subject:

"O, for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
"The brightest Heaven of invention †!"

to delineate the Bardic Lore, and fountain of ancient British music and conviviality in their true light. But, I cannot do better than refer my reader to the original specimens of poetry and music of the bards themselves, in the following sheets:

"These venerable ancient song-enditers
"Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
"With rough majestic force they mov'd the heart,
"And strength, and nature made amends for art."

"Amidst the rude scenes of nature, amidst rocks, and torrents, and whirlwinds, and battles, dwells the sublime. It is the thunder and lightning of genius; it is the offspring of nature, not of art."

"Among the fam'd remains of ancient time,
"Soul-moving poetry shines most sublime."

"The gay and the beautiful will appear to more advantage in the midst of smiling scenery, and pleasurable themes."

The Britons were always famous for three things; namely, handsome Women, brave Warriors, and eminent Bards. Nay, the piety as well as the beauty of our British ladies is too essential to be omitted: that I may have the felicity of gratifying the fair sex, it is with pleasure I observe, that it is taken notice of, not only by the Roman wits, but by Saint *Paul* himself, who, in one of his Epistles, salutes *Claudia Rufina*¹⁰, a British lady, eminent for her extraordinary beauty and learning, and who was commended by *Martial*, in these verses:

*Claudia cæruleis cùm sit Rufina Britannis
Edita, cur Latia pectora plebis habet?
Quale decus formæ Romanam credere matres
Italides possunt, Attides esse suam.*"

"Among the painted Britons, Claudia, born,
"By what strange arts did you to Roman turn?
"What shapes! what heavenly charms! enough to raise
"A noble strife in Italy, and Greece¹¹."

* 1. Chronicles, chap. xxv. ver. 3.—Psalm xcii. and xcvi. † Shakespear's Henry V. ° Rowe's Lucan, and Dr. Blair.

¹⁰ 2. Timothy, c. iv. ver. 21. "Martial, lib. viii. pars. 2. Epig. xvii. et lib. 4. Epig. 13.—Ufferium Eccles. Primordis, p. 10, 11.

¹¹ Gibbon's Camden, 2d edition, Introduction, lxxvii. and Stillingfleet's Antiquities of British Churches, c. 1. p. 44. *Claudia* is said to have been *Caractacus's* daughter and the wife of *Aulus Rufus Pudens*, senator of Rome, and hostess of *St. Paul* when he was there. *Balbus* makes mention of a Book of Epigrams which was written by *Claudia*, and an Elegy upon her husband's death, besides other verses. Also, see *Martial*, lib. i. Epig. 32. and lib. iii. Epig. 20.

For mountains, bridges, rivers, churches, fair
Women, and wool, England is past compare.

Here you have *Claudia*, a British woman, and *Linus* her son, both Christians, in the very dawn of christianity; and *Linus* was ordained bishop of Rome, by the sacred hands of the apostle himself.

Respecting our Warriors, both of the Army, and Navy¹², their fame is too well known from the earliest ages, to need an illustration: and as to the Bards, their history will be found in my first Book of Relicks, and in this volume.

These venerable remains of history, poetry, and music of the aboriginal Britons, are perhaps unparalleled in any other country, in point of authenticity, as well as antiquity; and if there were wanting farther proof to corroborate these ancient relicks, here we have *the record of the tombs of the British Warriors, Bards, Saints, and others*, which are pointed out to us; and many of them still remain to this day, and the very places retain their names: likewise, there is another corresponding proof, in that of the tradition of the country. These are rarities almost unknown to the English historians, and such uncontrovertible documents I conceive would be of more essential consequence in correcting, and illustrating the ancient British history, than all the Monkish legends and romances, which have so frequently been recurred to by the English historians, for want of better. Now I shall beg leave to insert here, the opinion of four of the most respectable English literary characters, relative to the old Britons, in their own words:

“The Britons, or Welsh, were the first possessors of this island, whose names are recorded, and are therefore in civil history always considered as the predecessors of the present inhabitants.”

Dr. Johnson's History of the English Language.

Milton says, “The studies of learning in its deepest sciences have been so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity have been persuaded that even the school of *Pythagoras*, and the *Persian* wisdom, took beginning from the old philosophy of *this Island*.”

“Or if I would delight my private hours
 “With music or with poem, where so soon
 “As in our native language can I find
 “That solace? all our law and story strow'd
 “With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
 “Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,
 “That pleas'd so well our victor's ear, declare
 “That rather *Greece* from us these arts deriv'd †.”

From certain general wise maxims, or principles of truth, fidelity, justice, and equity, in which the Bards and Druids instructed the people in their orations, they made the rules of their decisions when they acted as judges at the *Gorseddau*. An eminent sage of the law hath indeed affirmed, that the ancient Britons, before they were subdued by the Romans, were in possession of that admirable system of jurisprudence, the present common law of England; and that no material changes were made in that system, either by the Romans, the Saxons, Danes, or Normans. His words are these: “The realm of England was first inhabited by the Britons: next after them it was ruled by the Romans; then again by the Britons: after whom the Saxons possessed it, and changed its name from Britain to England ‡: then the Danes for sometime had

¹² This book may by chance fall into the hands of some of our brave tars, therefore, for their amusement, I shall beg leave to mention here, an account of a remarkable entertainment which was given, probably in consequence of some naval victory, in the reign of William and Mary.—“On the fifth of October, 1691, a bowl of punch was made at the house of the Right Honourable Edward Russel, when he was Captain-general, and Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces, in the Mediterranean sea. It was made in a fountain in the garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over head with lemon and orange trees; and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, decked with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were used the following ingredients: Four hogshheads of brandy, 8 hogshheads of water, 25,000 lemons, twenty gallons of lime juice, thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, 200 toasted biscuits, and lastly, a pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain, and there was built on purpose, a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups for the company; and, in all probability, more than 6000 people drank thereof.”

* *Milton*, vol. i. p. 238. 4to.

† *Milton's Paradise Regained*. “*Antiquissimi enim hi (viz. Druidæ) apud Celtas, doctores, et ipsi Græciæ sapientibus excellentiores, qui postea longo temporis decursu secuti sunt Druidarum sectam.*” i. e. The Druids have been famous from the most remote antiquity; long before Greece could boast of her wise men, or philosophers, who were really beholden to the Druids, and copied them in many particulars.

Elias Sched. *De Diis Germanis: and Borlase's Antiquities of Cornwall*, p. 67.

‡ Egbert, king of the West-Saxons, to keep up the memory of his own nation, published an edict; wherein it was ordered that the whole heptarchy which the Saxons had possessed themselves of, should be called *Engleland*, i. e. the Land of the Angles: which was about the year 800; and hence came the name of *England*, and the Latin name *Anglia*.—*Gibson's Camden*.

“ the dominion of it ; then again the Saxons : last of all the Normans, whose posterity govern it at present. Yet, in the times of all these different nations and kings, this kingdom hath always been governed by the same customs by which it is governed at present. If these ancient British customs had not been most excellent, reason, justice, and the love of their country would have induced some of these kings to change, or abolish them ; especially the Romans, who ruled all the rest of the world by the Roman law*.”—And *Sir Philip Sydney, in his Defence of Poesy*, says. “ In Wales, the true remnant of the ancient Britons, as there are good authorities to shew the long time they had poets, which they called *Bards* ; so through all the conquests of *Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans*, some of whom did seek to ruin all memory of learning from among them, yet do their poets, even to this day, last ; so as it is not more notable in the soon beginning, than in long continuing.”

We have no regular account that throws much light on the profession of the Bards, after their separation from the sacerdotal character, and the extinction of the Druids, until the reign of *Howel*, king of Wales ; in whose time, all the ancient records, and laws of the *Britons* were collected together, and he, and his wife men, selected from them, expounded, reformed, added to, and adjusted, according to the exigency of those times ; which were afterwards proclaimed, and confirmed, in A. D. 940 ; and called *Cyfreithieu Hywel Dda, ac eraill* : The Laws of King Howel the Good, and others ; or *Leges Wallicæ*. That code of laws is so very interesting and curious, that I shall extract from it what relates to the Bards, for the information of the reader, as it conveys to us a perfect idea, of the Bardic character, as well as of the stately grandeur of that period.

The *Bardd Teulu*, or Bard of the palace, was, in rank, the eighth officer of the king's household ; he was also one of the royal guests, and sat at his table, next to the heir apparent. On his appointment, the Bard received a harp from the King, and a golden ring from the Queen : (he obtained that pre-eminence by his superior merit in the science of music and poetry, at one of the British Olympics :) The king found him his woollen apparel, and a horse ; and the Queen found him his linen apparel. His lodging was in the house of the heir apparent, who was the controller of the household ; and on the three great festivals in the year, it was the office of that prince to deliver the harp into the hands of the Bard, when he was going to perform ; and for which service, he was entitled to a song (or a tune) from the Bard, whenever he chose †. When the Royal Family desired a song in the great hall, the *Bardd-Cadeiriawg*, or Chaired-Bard was to sing first, a hymn in praise of God ; and another in honour of the King, and of the most worthy of his ancestors ‡, and their exploits. § When those were over, the Bard of the palace was to sing next upon some other subject, in the lower part of the hall : And, if the Queen desired to have music, after she retired from the table to her apartment, he was then to perform three tender and eloquent songs, or pathetic tunes, different from those which he had played in the hall. The Bard accompanied the army when they marched on a warlike expedition into an enemy's country ; and when they were preparing for

* *Sir John Fortescue de Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, published with notes by Mr. Selden, c. xvii. p. 38, 39. *Cæsar de Bel. Gal. lib. vi. c. 13.* *Exodus, c. xxii. ver. 5, 6, 7, &c.* *Job, c. xxiv. ver. 2, &c.* *Dynnwal Moelmud's Laws*, mentioned in *Galfrid Monum. lib. ii. c. 17.* *Leges Wallicæ, lib. ii. cap. x. 12.—Lib. iii. and iv. Strabo, lib. iv.*

† *Leges Wallicæ, Ecclesiasticæ et Civiles Hoeli Boni, et aliorum Walliæ Principum, quas ex variis Codicibus Manuscriptis eruit ; translated into Latin, with notes, by Dr. William Wotton, and Moses Williams ; printed in folio, London, 1730.*

‡ *Leges Wallicæ, p. 8. 16, 17. 35, 36, 37, &c.*

§ *Leges Wallicæ, p. 68, 69, 70. 36, 37, and 14.*

* The following curious relique of our honoured British hero, the father of Chivalry, I think worthy of a place here ; he was the son of *Igren*, Dutchess of Cornwall, by her husband *Uther Pendragon*, King of Britain, a descendant of *Constantine* : this is a letter from the said *King Arthur*, (who was crowned King of Britain, about A. D. 516) to the Senate of Rome, in which he claimed his descent as follows :

“ Undersytand among you of Rome, that I am King Arthun of Britain, and freely it hold, and shall hold ; and at Rome hartly will I be : not to give you trespase, but to have trespase of you ; for Constantine that pay beleof you, and othen of mine ancestory, conquered Rome, and thereof pere Emperory ; and that they had ano held ; I shall have yours, Lobbyr
“ Space.” *Morgan's Sphere of Gentry, Book ii. p. 102.*

King Arthur bore for his arms, “ Our Lady standing by the cross.” But, according to *Holmes*, he bore, “ *Vert, a Cross or in the first quarter, a Madona and Child in the second.*”

The Monk of Malmesbury says of him ; “ This is that Arthur whom the Britons even to this day speak of, a man right worthy to have been celebrated by true story, not by false tales ; seeing it was he that long time upheld his declining country, and even inspired martial courage into his countrymen.”

Of King Arthur's conquests of Norway, &c. about A. D. 517, see *Harkloyt's Account of Navigation, and Voyages, vol. i. fol. Silas Taylor's Hist. of Gavelkind, p. 55. Gibson's Camden, &c.*

battle, he recited and performed to them the animating song, called *Ubeniastb Prydain*, or the Monarchy of Britain; (which probably was to remind them of their ancient right, in praise of their brave ancestors, and to inspire them to heroism;) and for which service he was rewarded with one of the most valuable things of the plunder. If he went with other Bards, upon a musical peregrination, he was entitled to a double portion for his share. He held his land free. If the Bard desired any favour of the King, he was to perform to him one of his own compositions; if of a nobleman, he was to perform to him three; and if of a plebeian, he was to set him to sleep. Whoever slightly injured the Bard, was fined six cows, and a hundred and twenty-pence: and whoever slew a Bard, was fined a hundred and twenty-six cows¹.

When the King rode out of his castle, his royal retinue consisted of thirty-six horsemen; who were his nobles, his family, military officers, and five Bards; besides servants².

In the ancient state of rude magnificence of the British court, there was one officer whose original occupation is now entirely disused; and that was, the *Troediatwg*, or footman, whose office was to support the King's feet, at Banquets; he was the footstool of his throne, and the guard of his person; hence is derived the origin of footman³:

The *Pencerdd*, or *Cadeir-fardd*, the Head of Song, or Chaired-Bard, was one who had achieved his pre-eminence in a musical and poetical contest, in an *Eisteddfod*, or Session of the Bards, which was held triennially in the royal palace; (or in the Hall of the Lord;) this solemnity was decided by the venerable judge of the palace; and as a reward, he received from the victorious Bard a bugle-horn, a gold-ring, and a cushion for his chair of dignity. But if the judge pronounced an unjust sentence, and the accusation was proved; he was then for ever deprived of his office, and condemned to lose his tongue; or to pay a considerable ransom for that member⁴. This Chaired-Bard, according to King *Howel's Laws*, was the Bard of a district, or country, and chief president of music and poetry, within that precinct; and in him was vested the control of all the other Bards within that jurisdiction; he was also a teacher, and at stated periods he prepared the undergraduates to take their degrees; which were ratified by the Sessions of the Bards, every third year: and he also regulated and assigned to each of the other Bards their *Cleris* circuits within his district. This *Pencerdd Gwlad*, or head Bard of the district, had his lands free; his perquisites arose from his scholars, and he was also entitled to a fee from every bride, and the *Amobr*, or marriage fine of the daughters of all the inferior Bards within his district. He was not numbered among the regular officers of the palace, but whenever he attended the king, he sat in the tenth place in the royal hall, next to the judge of the palace. His privilege of protection lasted from the beginning of his first song in the hall of the palace, to the conclusion of the last⁵.

Every *Pencerdd*, or chief Bard that the Lord assigned privileges to, he was to find with musical instruments; that is, a *harp* to one; a *crwth* to another; and *pipes* to the third: and when the Bards died, those instruments were to revert to the Lord⁶.

The chancellor, (or chief magistrate,) on entering into office received from the King a gold-ring, a harp and a chess-board⁷, which he was never to part with. In the beginning of the tenth century, it was the office of the king's domestic chaplain to say grace, before and after meals; to chant the service, and occasionally to be consulted on matter of conscience⁸. He was also secretary to the King: and during the King's absence, his chaplain, the judge, and steward of the household, supported the royal dignity, and exercised the authority annexed to it: in early periods, the duties of those officers were in the province of the Bard, Druid, and Ovydd, as I have before intimated[†].

Prior

¹ *Leges Wallicæ*, 35, &c. and 68, &c.

⁶ *Leges Wallicæ*, c. viii. p. 11.

⁷ *Leges Wallicæ*, p. 58, and 13.

² *Leges Wallicæ*, c. xvi. p. 26. 168, &c.

⁸ *Leges Wallicæ*, and the first vol. of the Relicks of the Bards, p. 27, & 28.

¹⁰ *Leges Wallicæ*, p. 68, & 69.

* There is a very curious and beautiful *Chess-board*, in the King's museum, (or palace,) at Dresden; with men of silver, and gold, and adorned with the heads, or portraits of the elector *Augustus*, and other princes then living. *John Ludgate*, the poet, calls *Cneis*, the *Game Royal*, and compares it to an amorous war; and shews the esteem he had for it, by dedicating one of his poems to the lovers of that game.

¹¹ *Leges Wallicæ*, c. xiii. p. 18, &c. and 52.

† We find, that whoever was raised to the situation of a judge, or chief, was commonly invested not only with the prophetic, but the bard-like character; for we know, that the prophets generally sung their prophetic raptures to the Harp. (1 *Samuel*, c. x. ver. 5, 6.—1 *Chronicles*, c. xxv. ver. 1, 5, 6, 7, &c. In after-times, when Saul was elected king, he also assumed at once the prophetic and musical office. The songs and bard-like powers of David, his kingly successor, are too well known to need an illustration. The

Prior to the year 1100, it was the office of the Bard to praise virtue, and to censure vice: for he was required to possess learning and genius; a skill in pedigrees and arms; metres of poetry; the art of singing, knowledge of harmony, and to be perfect master of an instrument: and according to *Cæsar's* account, the Druid-Bards studied to acquire their profession twenty years. Such a variety of excellences was unattainable by human capacity. The Bards were now therefore distributed into three grand orders, (by prince *Gruffydd ab Cynan*,) of *Musicians, Poets, and Herald*s; each of which, again branched into subordinate distinctions. Neither of these orders, or distinctions was any longer compatible with those with which it had been connected, or with any other profession. According to a more minute arrangement, by this separation, there were of regular Bards, proceeding to degrees in the *Eisteddfod*, or Session of the Bards, six classes: that is to say, three of musicians, and three of poets; which I have already given a particular account of, in the former volume of this work¹.

Although, the poor Bards, were suppressed at different periods in Wales, yet, for honour sake, (to record, and to blazon English achievements, and to marshal and conduct their pageantries,) it was found indispensably necessary to revive a class of them in England, about the year 1340, which was the *Arwydd-veirdd*, or Herald-Bards; who still continue, in a great degree, their primitive occupation, and also retain their dignities and titles. Their business is to register genealogies, adjust ensigns armorial, regulate funerals, coronations, and other solemnities; and anciently, to carry messages between princes, and to proclaim war, and peace. This class of men was principally esteemed among the three orders of Welsh Poets; and the chief of them was called King of the Bards; which title was revived in England by the brave Henry V. of Monmouth, and is still retained by the three principal English heralds: that is, *Garter, principal King at Arms; Clarenceux King at Arms; and North-roy King at Arms*. Besides these, there are six provincial, or county Herald's; viz. the *Chester Herald, York, Lancaster, Windsor, Richmond, and Somerset*; and, four marshals, or *Pursuivants at Arms*; i. e. the *Blue-Mantle, Rouge-croix, Rouge-Dragon, and Portcullis*. Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, was the first who had the title of Marshal in England; after that, Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, of Stryghall, was made hereditary Marshal of England; and whose family held that office until it descended to the predecessors of the present duke of Norfolk, who now is Earl Marshal of England².

same musical and poetical character maintained its union with that of king, in his son Solomon; whose songs, we are told, were no less than a thousand and five. 1 *Kings*, c. i. ver. 34. Chap. viii. and Chap. iv. ver. 29, 30, 32, &c.

¹ See vol. 1. of the Bards, p. 29, &c. And p. 83, &c.

When prince Gruffydd ab Cynan reformed that complex character of the Bard, by simplifying each class of them to one profession only; even then they were obliged to undergo a novitiate of twelve years, and to take regular triennial degrees at the *Eisteddfod*, or Session of the Bards, before any one could be a *Pencrdd*, or master of his art; or that of a *Bardd-Telyn*, (Bard of the Harp,) or doctor of music.

² The Garter principal King at Arms, was first instituted and created among the English, by King Henry the Fifth.—See *Stow's Annals*, p. 584. And Clarenceux King at Arms, was ordained by Edward the Fourth. See *Stat. 14 Carl. 2. cap. 33*, and *H. Spelman*. Sir John Wrothesley, Garter principal King at Arms, had his patent for his creation, the 18th of Edward IV. and lies buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. The Herald's College was instituted in 1340, and incorporated by Edward VI. See *Weever's Monuments*.

“ Among the alteration of names, it may also be remembered how Kings of Arms, Herald's, and Pursuivants are now named with a bowl of wine poured on their heads by the Prince, or Earl Marshal, when they are invested, and the King crowned; as *Garter, Clarenceux, Northroy, Lancaster, York, Richmond, Somerset, &c.* which is as ancient as the time of King Edward the Third. For we read that when news was brought him at *Windsor*, by a Pursuivant, of the victory at the battle of Auroy; he bountifully rewarded him, and immediately created him Herald, by the name of *Windsor*.” *Camden's Remains*; who also quotes *Froissard*. (*Sir G. Makenzie* says, “ The first user of Furr, or Ermine in arms was *Brutus* the son of *Sylvius*.”)

Arms were originally the reward of merit. *Camden* attributes the first invention of *Armories* in this island to the *Ancient Britons*, and *Picts*.—*Stow's Annals*, p. 584.—*Polidore*, lib. 19.—*Spelman's Glossary*.—The *Bardic Triads*, and the first vol. of the *Bardic Relicks*, pages 10. 30. 36. 56. 84, 85, &c. The most curious printed books of Heraldry are by *John Gwilym*, of Herefordshire, *Rouge Croix pursuivant*; entitled *A Display of Heraldry*, fol. 1610, and in 1638.—The *Sphere of Gentry*, historical and genealogical work of Arms and Blazon, by *Sylvanus Morgan*, fol. 1661; and 1666.—Also, his *Armilogia, sive Ars Chromacritica*. The Language of Arms by Colours and Metals, &c. by *Sylvanus Morgan*, 4to. 1666.—*Cambria Triumphans*, or British and Welsh History, by *Percis Enderbie*, fol. 1661.—And, Books by *Lodwick Loyd*, one of Queen Elizabeth's serjeants at Arms. The learned *Sir Henry Spelman* will not allow that any of the Saxon Kings had Arms strictly speaking, as they are commonly depicted on a shield; and very justly finds fault with our Herald's, for describing them in the usual terms of Blazonry. But yet he allows, that they had a banner in time of war; and that the figure in the banner must have been portrayed upon some ground, like that upon White Horse hill in Berkshire, is altogether consistent with reason, and rules of art; and this is what we call the field in an escutcheon. *Spelman, Appilogia*, fol. 1654, p. 41.—See more in *Nic. Upton. de Offic. Milit.* fol. 1654. lib. iv. p. 126, 127, 128. *Cæsar. Com. lib. v. c. 10.*

There are two other occupations resembling the Bardic professions, which are still continued in the English court; and those are, the poet Laureat⁴; and the Master of the king's band of Musicians, who composes the music of the birth-day odes, and the new year's ode⁵. In the reign of King Richard the Second, the chief musician had then the title of King of the Minstrels; similar to that of King of the Bards, their predecessors.

According to the laws of prince Gruffydd ab Cynan, when music, poetry, heraldry, &c. were separated, and each of them made a distinct profession of, it was the office of the vocal songster at the nuptials of any of the princely blood, to assist the illustrious bride at the entertainment, and he was required to carve dexterously every kind of fowl that might come before him. There was also a similar occupation formerly in the English court, called the carver; Sir Gabriel Silvius was the carver to the queen of Charles the Second, in the year 1669: that knight was afterwards ambassador to the court of Denmark.

There was another officer in the English court which is now obsolete, that was very similar to that of the Welsh poetic, or domestic Bard of the middle ages, which formerly was kept in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses; whose occupation was to solace, and to enliven the leisure of his patron with wit and pleasantry, and to instil sentiments of liberality; and that was, the Jester: to convey some idea respecting this noted character, I shall beg leave to quote here, the account given of several of them by Lord Orford, which is as follows:

"Hans Holbein drew Will Somers*, king Henry VIII's. jester, from which there is a print. It is perhaps a little drawback on the fame of heroes and statesmen, that such persons who shared at least an equal portion of royal favour formerly, continue to occupy a place even in the records of time—at least, we antiquaries, who hold every thing worth preserving, merely because it has been preserved, have with the names of Henry, Charles, Elizabeth, Francis I. Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, &c. treasured up those of Will Somers, Saxton, Tom Derry, (Queen Ann's jester;) Tarlton, (Queen Elizabeth's;) Pace, another fool in that reign; Archee, the disturber of Laud's greatness; Muckle John, who succeeded Patch, Wolsey's fool; Harry Patenson, Sir Thomas More's; and of Bisquet, and Amaril, the jesters of Francis I. not to mention Hitard†, king Edmund's buffoon; Stone‡, and Jeffery Hudson, the dwarf of Henrietta Maria⁶."

Pace,

⁴ I shall mention here the form of the creation of three poets laureat, by the Chancellor of the University of Strasburgh, in the year 1621.

"I create you, being placed in a chair of state, crowned with laurel and ivy, and wearing a ring of gold, and the same do pronounce and constitute, poets laureate, in the name of the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

Warton's History of English Poetry, Second Vol.

This seems to be somewhat similar to the ancient ceremony of chairing the chief Bard, among the Welsh; but instead of laurel wreaths, the Britons used those of oak, (or ever-green oak,) which was the emblem of valour, and virtue; also, we find the birch was in great estimation among the Bards, in the time of Davydd ab Gwilym, about A. D. 1380; there is a tradition that he wore a chaplet, made of birch twigs, ornamented with silver rings, and braided by his sweetheart.

"Eisteddawn lle i gwetwun gerdd,

"Dan lwyfswych Fedwen laswerdd."——H. Machno.

As early as the reign of Henry III. there was a court poet; Henry de Avranches; "Magistro Henrico Versificator," or Master Henry the Versifier; who is mentioned in Madox's History of the Exchequer. Also it appears by a pipe-roll, Ann. 36, of Henry III. Richard, the King's harper, was allowed annually a pipe of wine, and another for his wife, Beatrice.

Sir John Gower, a native of Gower, or Gowerland in Glamorganhire, was poet laureat to King Richard II. to whom he dedicated his works, about the year 1380. Dr. Johnson, in his Introduction to the English language, says, "The first of our authors, who can be properly said to have written English was Sir John Gower, who, in his Confession of a Lover, calls Chaucer his disciple, and may therefore be considered as the Father of English Poetry." After Gower, his pupil Chaucer, succeeded him as laureat.

"For chief to poets such respect belongs,

"By rival nations courted for their songs;

"These, states invite, and mighty kings admire

"Wide as the sun displays his vital fire."

Od. b. 17.

⁵ Henry James Pys, Esq. is the present Poet Laureat. And Sir William Parsons is the Master of the King's Band of Music.

There was formerly another officer belonging to the court, whose office I believe is now extinct: and that was, the Master of the Revels. In the reign of George II. Mr. Wollaston occupied that situation.

* There is a burlesque figure of him among the armory in the Tower.

† See Dart's Antiquities of Canterbury, p. 6.

‡ A fool mentioned in Seldon's Table Talk.

⁶ Of some of these personages I have found the following anecdotes: Saxton is the first person recorded to have worn a wig: In an account of the treasurer of the chambers in the reign of Henry VIII. there is entered, "Paid for Saxton, the King's fool, for a wig,

Pace, Queen Elizabeth's jester, was so bitter in his retorts upon her, that he was forbid her presence. But at one time, some one entreated the Queen that he might come to her, answering for him, that he would be more careful in his discourse. So he was brought to her, and the Queen said, "Come on *Pace*, "now we shall bear of our faults." "No," said *Pace*, "I never talk of what is discoursed by all the world."

" True wit is like the brilliant stone,
 " Dug from the Indian mine ;
 " Which boasts two various pow'rs in one,
 " To cut as well as shine.
 " Genius like that, if polish'd right,
 " With the same gift abounds,
 " Appears at once both keen and bright,
 " And sparkles while it wounds'."

I thought it necessary thus far, to give my reader a just idea of the ancient British oracles, or primitive Bards; as well as a comparative sketch of their successors among the English; both of whom in reality, are now but imperfectly known*.

" Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
 " Deep, Majestic, Smooth, and Strong."

Something now remains to be said respecting the national Music of the aboriginal Britons, or Welsh, which has been transmitted down to us by tradition from time immemorial, and is still, the favourite amusement of the natives. Some few of these Tunes have been taken from manuscripts; but all the original Welsh poems are transcribed, and translated from ancient manuscripts. The following tunes, songs, poems, and history, are the result of some years research and labour, collected, and adjusted at intervals. The greatest part of these melodies I have committed to writing from hearing them sung by the old people, and from their being played by the most venerable Harpers, in North Wales; and it is very fortunate that I did so, because most of them are since dead. Being a native of Meirionydd, where our national customs are best retained, and where I generally used to pass my summers; being also well acquainted with most of the popular Welsh airs from my infancy, from having been brought up in the musical profession, and having always had a predilection for native customs; I may perhaps, have the advantage of my contemporaries on this subject, or at least I hope I shall be found adequate to the task which I have undertaken, in rescuing some of the Bardic lore from being irretrievably lost.

I have given these native Melodies as genuine as possible; and have added new Basses, and Composed Variations to several of them: those Tunes to which I have not given Variations, are arranged two or three together, in the same key, so that they may be played to follow each other, as little Lessons.

a wig, 20s." In the accounts of the Lord Harrington, who was in the same office under James I. there is, "Paid to T. Mawt for the diet and lodging of Tom Derry, her Majesty's jester, 13 weeks, 10l. 18s. 6d." *PATCH*, and *ARCHEE* were political characters. The former, who had been *Wolsey's* fool, and who, like wiser men, had lived in favour through all the changes of religion and folly with which four successive courts had amused themselves, or tormented every body else, was employed by Sir Francis Knollys to break down the crucifix, which queen Elizabeth still retained in her chapel; and the latter, I suppose on some such instigation, demolished that which *Laud* erected at St. James's, and which was probably the true cause of that prelate engaging the king and council in his quarrel, though abusive words were the pretence." *Lord Orford's Anecdotes of Painting in England*, vol. i.

According to another account, the following is said to have been the cause. King Charles I. going to dinner when the chaplain was out of the way, told *Archee*, his jester, to say grace; which he immediately performed thus: "All glory be to God on high, and little *Laud* to the devil!" At which all the courtiers smiled, because it reflected on *Laud*, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was a little man: the king told *Archee* he would give an account of him to his Grace the Archbishop; "and what would you do then?" said the King. "O," said *Archee*. "I'll hide myself where he shall never find me." "Where's that?" asked the King. "In his pulpit," said *Archee*, "for I am sure he never goes there."

* See more of jesters, in *Jeffrey of Monmouth*, book iii. p. 93—*Silas Taylor's Hist. of Gavelkind*, p. 9, &c. *Selden's Titles of Honour*, p. 524. And the words, *Geliardus*, *Bulfoon*, *Jester*, or *Gesticulari*, in the Law Dictionaries, and, in *Shakespear's King Lear*, &c.

* " Count the proofs I have collected,
 " To have my writings well protected;
 " These I lay by for time of need,
 " And thou may'st at thy leisure read." *Prier's Alma.*

These

These old *Airs* differ much in structure from the modern music, and I found it very difficult to adapt regular *Basses* to them, according to the strict rule of counterpoint, as their fundamental harmonies are often ambiguous, and even the keys are sometimes but obscurely indicated by the wild modulation. However, as melody is the soul of music, and harmony a secondary consideration, or an assistant*; I have generally preferred steering by the original melody, and to aid it with a characteristic harmony, in its own native manner, and the conveniency of the Harp, in preference to that of a complicated modern *bass*, too regularly managed; because, that uneven transition, and abrupt simplicity, seem best calculated to convey their original bold character.

“ Britain, whose genius is in Song express’d,
“ Bold and sublime, but negligently dress’d.”

Where grandeur and simplicity are united, either in sight, sense, or sound, it naturally makes a most awful, and pleasing impression on the mind†. Shakespear seems to have felt a similar impulse, by the following lines:

“ Now, good Cefaro, but that piece of Song,
“ That old, and antique song we heard last night,
“ Methought it did relieve my passion much;
“ More than light airs, and recollected terms
“ Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.”

Several of these national Songs, and Tunes breathe the high spirit of Lyric enthusiasm, and I think are more interesting than any other, because each of them records, or refers to some particular event, and also conveys to us the genuine taste, customs, and manners of our brave ancestors, as well as historical facts. They were the impulse of nature, composed by the Bards, at the very time when each circumstance happened; and sung, or performed by them on the various occasions which they refer to. Anciently no Bard described any battle, unless he had been an eye-witness thereof: for, some of the chief Bards were marshals of battles; they sat in council in the field; and were the king’s, or general’s intelligencers, how the action went on*. Besides this, the authenticity of these ancient songs and poems renders them the more valuable. For the Welsh laws strictly forbade the Bards to introduce any fable, or perversion of truth into their works; and if they did so, they were severely punished with fines, long imprisonment, and loss of dignity‡.

Tacitus himself † confesses, the ancient Britons zealously kept their language unmixed; and that their history and annals, as well as those of other Celtic nations, were composed in verse, and sung to the music of the harp. *Dr. Davies* also says, that the law of the Britons expressly forbade the Bards to introduce any new words into their rhymes‡.

It may not be amiss likewise to mention here, how the Welsh songs, and poems are so well remembered; it is, because they are so admirably constructed, and braided in such alliterative harmony by the Bards, that if any part of a song be remembered, it is almost impossible but that the rest of it must naturally occur, by the concatenation of the poetry, somewhat analogous to the following famous couplet of Shakespear, on Cardinal Wolsey:

“ Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,
“ How high his highness holds his haughty head.”

Or to such as this;—

“ As o’er th’ ærial Alps sublimely spread
“ Some aged Oak uprears his reverend head.” *Pitt’s Æneid.*

This art is called *Cyfrinach y Beirdd*, or Poetic Secret of the Bards‡.

* See the Rev. Mr. Mason’s *Essays on English Church Music*, p. 81, and 87. Also Mr. William Jackson’s *Observation on the present State of Music in London*, p. 9, &c.

† “ Poetry if applied to its true ends, adds a thousand charms to those sentiments of religion, virtue, generosity, and delicate tenderness, by which the human soul is exalted and refined.” *Chapone’s Letters.*

‡ Manuscript in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, marked *K K K*, page 207, &c.

§ The laws of Prince Gruffydd ab Cynan, M.S.

¶ In *Vit. Agric. cap. 21.*

‡ *Dr. Davies’s* preface to his *British Grammar*; and Nicholson’s *English Historical Library*, p. 24.

* See *Carte’s History of England*, vol. i. p. 33.

“ Some Beauties yet, no precepts can declare,
 “ For there’s a happiness as well as care.
 “ Music resembles Poetry, in each
 “ Are nameless *graces* which no method teach,
 “ And which a *Master-band* alone can reach.”

} Pope.

The immortal *Milton* likewise describes the melody of Music in a similar elegant manner, thus ;

“ In notes, with many a winding bout
 “ Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 “ With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 “ The melting voice through mazes running,
 “ Untwisting all the chains that tie
 “ The hidden soul of harmony.” *Milton’s L’Allegro.*

Barddoniaeth, Pêroriaeth, Cerddwriaeth, or Music, is of all others the most ancient science. In the time of the primitive Bards, this term was very comprehensive ; and indeed, however confined at present, it is evident from the following quotations, that under the name of *Barddoniaeth, Cerddoriaeth*, or the musical Art, the ancients included poetry, philosophy, gesture, and even the circle of early sciences. *Hermes* defines Music to be the knowledge of order in all things : This was also the doctrine in the school of *Pythagoras* ; and in that of *Plato*, where it was taught that every thing in the universe was music. *Hesychius*, the Athenian, gave the name of music to all the arts¹. *Athenæus*² assures us, that in former times, all laws, human and divine, exhortations to virtue, the knowledge of what concerned the gods and heroes, were written in verse, and sung publickly to the sound of instruments ; and that such was the custom of the Israelites³. *Homer* says, it was a part of his hero’s education. The poets represent musicians at the table of kings, singing the praises of the gods, and heroes : and *Virgil* mentions *Iopas*, at the table of *Dido*, singing to the lyre.

But the *Harp* is recorded to be the most ancient, and perhaps, I may add, the most expressive, and elegant of all musical instruments. Among the ancients it was deemed the symbol of Concord ; and most probably, it was the instrument of all others, first attuned to Harmony, or Counterpoint.

The Themes which the Welsh Bards wrote upon, were very multifarious ; we have various poems, and some prose essays in ancient manuscripts, by different Bards, on the following subjects : theology ; ethicks ; war ; laud, or panegyric ; love ; beauty ; happiness ; sorrow ; satire ; music ; poetry ; mirth ; history ; genealogy ; astronomy ; philosophy ; prophecies ; magic ; mathematics ; mechanics ; geography ; the maritime science ; the praises of nature, of art, and of harmony ; agriculture ; rural sports ; games, &c.⁴ And yet these people are called rude and barbarous by some foreign writers, because, perhaps they were wiser than themselves ; or at least, it is evident, that those writers were ignorant respecting their knowledge⁵.

Every

¹ *Iamblicus* in the *Life of Pythagoras*, tells us, that music was a part of the discipline by which he formed the minds of his scholars.

² *Timagenes*, and *Quintilian*, lib. i. c. 11. prove that Music is the most ancient science.

³ *Athenæus Deipnosophistæ*, lib. i. et lib. vi. xiv. And Dr. Brown’s *Dissertation on Music and Poetry*, 4to.

⁴ *Ecclesiasticus*, c. xxxiii. ver. 4, 5, 6. *Esdra*, c. iii. iv. and v. ver. 5, 6, 59, &c. *Exodus*, c. xv. And *Chronicles*, c. xxiii. &c.

⁵ Dr. *John Davydd Rhys’s Cambrobrytannicæ Cymræcæwæ Linguae Institutiones*, p. 146, 147, and 303.

Many of the most ancient Welsh poems, and British chronicles, have lately been happily rescued from being lost, by being published, in two large octavo volumes, with an English preface ; intitled, *THE MYVYRIAN ARCHAIOLOGY OF WALES, collected out of old Manuscripts and Records* ; and sold by Longman and Rees, in Pater-noster Row. — 1802.

⁶ The ancient British word *Bardd*, or Bard, originally implied a Prophet, Musician, Poet, Philosopher, Teacher, and Herald. His dress was unicoloured, of sky-blue, as an emblem of truth, and of his sacred character ; not unlike the primitive priesthood ; for the Lord commanded *Moses*, “ And thou shalt make the robe of the Ephod all of blue.” *Exodus*, c. xxviii. ver. 31. chap. xxxix. ver. 22. and *Leviticus*, c. xix. ver. 27, and 28. These Seers, or *British Bardd*, are mentioned by *Lucan*, thus :

“ *Plurima securi fudistis carmina Bardæ.*” —

“ And many Bards that to the trembling chord,

“ Can tune their timely voices cunningly.” *Spencer.*

According to *Juv. 16. 13. Bardæicus Judex*, seems to have been a Judge Advocate in the Army. In the primitive times it was the office of the priesthood to sound the trumpet ; and *Barddbirgorn*, we call the *Trumpet Major*. The system of Bardism having fallen into almost total oblivion, Poetry, and Music are now the only characteristics preserved, by which the ancient *Bardd* is recognized. In the early state of mankind, the Bards were the most learned and skilful, therefore they were appointed ministers of state, and legislators.

The term *Bardd*, is derived from *Bâr*, which in Welsh signifies the top, or eminence ; also a bush, as the mistletoe of the oak is called *Uchbîsâr*, the high branch ; or *Pren-awyr*, the celestial shrub. Likewise *Bâr*, is a court of judicature ; *Baru*, is judgment ; *Barwur*, a Judge ; *Breyr*, and *Barwn*, is a Baron, a Lord, or President ; hence a Bar-pleader, Barrister ; Lord chief Baron ; court Baron, &c.

Every country has a certain national style of Music, peculiar to itself, and the natives of each are attached to their own melody, in preference to that of any other. The sentiment of a learned physician of this island, concerning the Italian Opera, is pertinent to my subject, and I think worthy of being mentioned: he says, "We run mad, or rather foolish, after this imported music; while perhaps we have much better of our own. Most of the modern *Italian* compositions only trifle with the ear. The *Welsh*, the *Scottish*, and the *Irish* music reaches the heart. The productions of our present *Italian* masters are thrummed over for a season, because they are new; and forgotten for ever afterwards, because when you have heard them twenty times; you find them still as insipid as at first. The music, which charmed these islands perhaps long before the boasted revival of this art in *Italy*, or rather in *Flanders*, is as established as the ancient classics; and those compositions, short and simple as they are, never become thread-bare, but give delight and rapture every time they are heard*."

"Turn and twist it as you will,
"Nature will be nature still."

These Cambrian† Tunes, and Songs, the assuagers of care among the natives of Wales, are still occasionally played on the harp, with some mixture of plain unperplexed harmony, which so powerfully enchants the natives, at Christmas, on Birth-days, at Wakes, Weddings, Hunts, and at other Festivals.

"What notes in swiftest cadence running,
"Thro' many a maze of varied measure,
"Mingled by the master's cunning,
"Give the alarm to festive pleasure?"

"*Cambria!* 'twas thus thy Harps of old,
"Each gallant heart's recess explor'd
"Announcing feats of chieftains bold,
"To grace the hospitable board ‡."

The most solemn songs, *Cywyddoliaethau*, or Hymns, were originally appropriated to sacred ceremonies¹.

"But, now to sorrow must I tune my song,
"And set my harp to notes of saddest woe."

The *Galarndonau*, and *Marwnadau*, or Lamentations and Dirges, were performed at the funeral solemnities of the dead²; and such elegies are still sung in Wales, at the *Wylnos*, bewailing-night, or condoling-night,

Cæsar informs us, that all decisions and controversies were decided by the British *Druids*, or *Druid-Bards*, who were a branch of that institution. The ancient law of this land was administered to the people upon the highest, or most convenient hill of the district; and we find in *King Howel's Laws*, p. 123. the Lord, or Judge is directed to sit with his back to the sun and storm, so that he might not be incommoded in his deliberation. Many of those ancient *Gorseddau*, or tribunal seats, still remain both in England and Wales, which tends to corroborate this fact, in the names of the following hills, and mounts; *Bryn-gwyn*, the supreme tribunal, and *Barnbill*, or judgment hill, in Anglesey; *Barr's-Court*, in Gloucestershire; *Ma'lvorn*, or *Moel-vern*, the hill of Judgment, in Worcestershire; *Moelburgb*, or *Marlborough* mount in Wiltshire; *Tynwald* hill, in the Isle of Man; (probably derived from *Dysfwal Moelmuad*, the great law-giver;) *Stanton Drew*; *Bergmote* Court, in Derbyshire; *Bryn-Barlucm*, in South Wales; *Eisteddfa Gurig*; *Parlûs*; *Cader Bronwen*, upon *Berwyn*, in Meirionydd; *Pen-bre*; *Moel-fre*; *Breiddin Hill*, in Montgomeryshire; and, *Breun*; hence, probably is derived the *Brean Laws* of the Irish.

There are likewise a great number of Christian names, as well as of places, derived from the same origin; such as, *Pâr*; *Barr*; *Bar-jesus*; *Bar-jonah*; *Bardus*, the son of *Druis*; *Barton*; *Bardolph*; *St. Baruch*, and *Barry Island*, in Glamorganshire; *Barney Abbey*, in Lincolnshire; *Barbury Castle*, in Wiltshire; *Bardfield*, in Essex, a considerable demesne, which formerly was the land of a Bard. Also, from *Cân*, and *Cell*, comes *Cangbell*, the singing room, or chancel of a monastery, or church; and hence is derived *Cangbellanor*, or Chancellor.—*Celtic Remains*, by Mr. Lewis Morris; Mr. Richards; and Mr. Owen's excellent *Dictionaries*; and see more in Mr. Cleland's curious *Etymological Vocabulary*.

* Dr. Armstrong's *Sketches, or Essays on various Subjects*, p. 27.

† *Cymru*, *Cambria*, or *Wales*, according to the *Welsh Chronicles*, had its name from *Camber*, one of the three sons of *Brut*, (or *Brutus ab Silius*, which hero is mentioned by *Homer*, to have conquered *Aquitain*;) the other two sons of *Brut*, were *Loerin*, whence came the name of *Lloegr*, (now *England*;) as well as that of *Albania*, from *Albanac*, who possessed *Scotland*.—*Brut y Brenhinoedd*.

Bale likewise mentions *Cambria Formosa*, the fair Oracle, and daughter of *Belin*, or *Belinus*, King of *Britain*; who is said to have greatly promoted the building of cities and castles; she taught the women the attire of their heads; she taught them to sow flax and hemp, and to convert it into cloth: she was a priestess, as well as a princess, and made the laws of the *Sycambrians*; she flourished about 373 years before *Christ*.—*Lewis's History of Britain*, p. 51, &c.

‡ From an Ode on Instrumental Music, by the Rev. S. Bishop.

¹ 2 *Chronicles*, c. v. ver. 12, &c. Chap. vii. ver. 6. And, 1 *Esdra*, c. v. ver. 59, 60, &c. 1 *Samuel*, c. x. ver. 5. *Nabemiab*, c. ix. ver. 4, &c.

² See the bottom of p. 9 of this work. *Amos*, c. viii. ver. 3. and *Jeremiab*, c. xlviii. ver. 38 and 39.

which

which precedes the burial: all the neighbours usually attend at the house of the deceased, and the minister, or in his absence, the clerk of the parish, comes and prays over the dead, and psalms are sung suitable to the mournful occasion; his *monody* is also composed for the purpose, and sung, or recited, by the poet; which usually comprehends the most remarkable incidents of his life; serving to commemorate him to posterity; and it is afterwards committed to writing, in the family record.

The *Tribanau*, and *Erddiganau*, or War-tunes, and Eulogies, or songs of praise, were anciently performed to incite martial deeds¹:

“ Sound an alarm, your silver trumpets found,
“ And call the brave, and only brave, around.”

The *Hoffeddau*, and *Mwyneddau*; or Delights, and Pleasantries, some of which are cheerful, others are of the sentimental kind, and pathetic; and sometimes love songs are adapted and sung to them; and to such as *Anni brôpr*; *Lady Pulston's Delight*; *Dôed y ddêl*; *Yr Hên Gymraes*; *Yr Hên Erddigan*; *Ymadawiad y Brenbin*, and others of the minor key; which styles of melodies, are generally the greatest favourites among the Welsh; being soothing, and expressive of a kind of placid content. Those airs, and the war-songs, have often resounded through the halls of the British chieftains².

The *Blodau*, Flowers, or Blossoms; *Havod y Wraig lawen*; *Afon Elwy*; *Troiad y Droell*, and other tunes of the descriptive, imitative, and rural kind, are often piped, or caroled by the rustic shepherds; also sung around the hearths of husbandmen; and to such melodies are chanted an immense number of *Pennillion*, Epigrammatic Stanzas, or traditional love Sonnets and Pastorals³, which greatly enhance the innocent delight of the mountain Swains, and the Peasant's Life⁴:

“ Listen to your shepherd's lay,
“ Whose artless carols close the day;”

And

“ Bounding kids around him throng;
“ The steep rock echoes back his song.”

The sprightly *Jigs*⁵, and *Hornpipes*, are usually danced at the Wakes, at the Weddings, Assemblies, and at the *Twmpath*, which is a rural Dance on the green, in Summer Evenings; for those dances formerly used to be held periodically, during the summer season:

“—With light fantastic toe, the nymphs
“ Thither assembled, thither ev'ry swain.”—

“ When the merry bells ring round,
“ And the jocund Rebecks found,
“ To many a youth and many a maid,
“ Dancing in the checker'd shade.”

Milton.

The Dignity of style, the Originality, the Simplicity, and the Variety displayed in several of these Melodies, are perhaps, superior to those of any other National Airs, when we consider the early times in which many of them were composed.

Some account of the circumstance which led to this collection, will perhaps be expected. Seeing with regret, the rapid decrease of performers on the Harp in Wales, with the consequent decline of that elegant and expressive instrument, as well as of our National Music, and Poetry; gave me the first idea of reviving the ancient *Eisteddfod*, or Congress of Musicians and Poets, for a contest of skill in their art; for the sake of recovering some of the ancient Bardism and Song; which meeting I caused to be convened at Corwen, in Meirionethshire, about the year 1788; where I gave a premium to the best Musician, another to the best Vocal Songster, another to the best Poet; and the following year it was held at Bala: and these meetings have since been annually continued, in some part or other of North Wales, under the patronage of the *Gwyneddigion Society*.

¹ It was the office of the *Bardd-birgern*, or those of the Priesthood, in the patriarchal time to blow the trumpets on solemn days, and to give the signal of battle. “ And Jacob blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel; for Jacob held back the people;” 2 Samuel, c. xviii. ver. 16. Numbers, c. x. Joshua, c. vi. ver. 2, 3, 4. Exodus, c. xv. 1 Samuel, c. xiii. ver. 3. And 1 Esdras, c. v. ver. 59, 60, &c.

² Of the duty of a master of a feast among the ancients, see Ecclesiasticus, c. xxxii.

³ See some of those *Pennillion* in the first volume of the *Relicks of the Bards*, p. 62, &c.

⁴ Of early dances, see Jeremiah, c. xxxi. ver. 4. Exodus, c. xv. ver. 20, 21. 1 Samuel, xviii. ver. 6. xv. ver. 11. And Judges, c. xi. ver. 34. Genesis, xxxi. ver. 27. Nehemiah, c. xii. ver. 27. 1 Chronicles, c. xxv. ver. 6.

The sudden decline of the national Minstrelsy, and Customs of Wales, is in a great degree to be attributed to the fanatic impostors, or illiterate plebeian preachers, who have too often been suffered to over-run the country, misleading the greater part of the common people from their lawful Church; and dissuading them from their innocent amusements, such as Singing, Dancing, and other rural Sports, and Games, which heretofore they had been accustomed to delight in, from the earliest time. In the course of my excursions through the Principality, I have met with several Harpers and Songsters, who actually had been prevailed upon by those erratic strollers to relinquish their profession, from the idea that it was sinful. The consequence is, Wales, which was formerly one of the merriest, and happiest countries in the World*, is now become one of the dullest.

The grave Dr. Johnson says, that "Music is the only sensual pleasure without vice." Undoubtedly the most innocent pleasures are the sweetest, the most sensible, the most affecting, and the most lasting. Music is also recommended by the Wise in sacred history; as it is by several medical writers, for its great efficacy in various disorders†, and in prolonging life‡. If I well remember, the Reverend Lawrence Sterne intimates in one of his works, that every happy smile excited in a person's face, adds an hour to the lamp of life.

" Music the fiercest griefs can charm;

" And fate's severest rage disarm :

" Music can soften pain to ease,

" And make despair and madness please :

" Our joys below it can improve,

" And antedate the bliss above." *Pope.*

The favourable manner in which *the first Volume of these Relicks* was received by the Public; the sanction of the illustrious Prince of the Country; the honour conferred on me by the *Cymmrodorion Society*, who bestowed on me a gold medal, as a token of their approbation, for rescuing those remains from oblivion: all these flattering testimonies have excited my further efforts, and induced me to collect, arrange, and publish these supplementary documents in addition to the former volume, in order to make the work still more worthy of such august, and distinguished patronage.

To conclude; the Author has omitted nothing in his power to render the work complete. He has to make his acknowledgment to the Hon. Colonel Greville, a gentleman remarkable for his elegant taste in native picturesque scenery and costume, for the loan of his rural drawing, taken after nature, from a group of Welsh Peasants, singing in alternate theme around the Harp, with a distant view of Snowdon and *Dôlbadarn Castle*, in Caernarvonshire; and from which delineation, the Frontispiece to this book was etched. His thanks are likewise due to the Reverend Richard Williams, of Vron, for his animated versification of four of the Poems. He has also availed himself of the friendly dispositions of Mr. William Owen, distinguished for his critical knowledge of the ancient Welsh language; and of R. C. Dallas, Esq. to whom the public are indebted for some valuable translations from the French, and for some original works; who, to oblige the Author, both revised the following pages, previous to their being committed to the Press. To himself, consequently, must an indulgent Public ascribe the various demerits of a performance so very elaborate, and so miscellaneous.

* " Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire,

" The Muses sung, Apollo touch'd the Lyre." *Dryden.*

† " As David's Harp, did Saul's wild rage control,

" And tune the harsh disorders of his soul."—*1 Samuel*, c. xvi. ver. 23.

King *Alfred* excelled in Music; and he himself informs us, that it was *shameful* to be ignorant of it. And, I am proud to add, that our present illustrious and accomplished Prince, no less excels in this charming Art, both as a Performer, and a Judge.

Lord Bacon in his *Advancement of Learning*, b. 2. says: " This variable composition of man's body hath made it as an instrument easy to distemper; therefore the poets did well to conjoin music and medicine in Apollo, because the office of medicine is but to tune this curious harp of man's body, and to reduce it to harmony."

R. Bacon's History of Life and Death.—*Galen de Placit. Hip.*—*Plat. lib. 9.* and *Platarch.* See also *Willis's Anat. of the Brain*, c. 17.

" Music can minister to a mind diseas'd ;

" Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;

" Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

" And, with its sweet oblivious antidote,

" Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff

" Which weighs upon the heart."

‡ *Pliny*, lib. xxix. sec. 5. and lib. iii. c. 10.



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CORRECTIONS, AND ADDITIONS.

Additional note to page ix. of the Introduction. Some of the earliest English Heralds have the epithet of *Gwyn* added to their names; probably from the Welsh Bard called *Gwynion Bach*, of Caereinion, in Powis, who flourished about A. D. 470; or from that of their being Heralds of *Gwyn*, (the district of the Wye;) or of *Gwynn*, in South Wales.

Page xii. of the Introduction. The 14th line should be thus: "Now, good *Cesaris*, but that piece of Song."

Page xvi. line 36, read, previous to their being finally committed to the press.

Page 5 of the text, in the 6th line of the notes, instead of eat, read ate.

Addition to page 9. *Salephbilax*, the Bard and Genealogist, flourished about A. D. 920. See *Bale de Script. Brit. Cent. 2. Num. 29.* Also *Cain's Antiq. Cantab. Lib. 1.*

Addition to page 11. The Tomb of *Gwirthmwl Wledig*, near *Tal-y-Llyn*, in Merionethshire. See also *Genifu*, chap. xxxv. ver. 8,

and 20. 1 *Chronicles*, chap. x. ver. 12. *Joshua*, chap. vii. ver. 25, and 26, and chap. viii. 2 *Samuel*, chap. xviii. ver. 17, and 18.

Page 16. The catch-word at bottom should be *Ugnach*.

Page 20, in the 18th line, instead of 516, read 452.

Page 31, note 6; instead of *Cynllo*, read *Cynllaw*, Bishop of *Llanbister*, Radnorshire.

Page 47, in the 5th line of note 4, read *grasp*.

Page 48, in the second line of number 5, read *where-ever*.

Page 49, near the bottom, read *Enoyas*, or *Ewas*.

Page 52, the last line of the verfes, read it thus: *A'r Saith, a rifodd y Sir*.

Page 57, and line 31; instead of His residence, read, *This residence*.

Page 49, after note 13, add the following:
St. Wilfred's Needle, a hole (in a vault under *Rippon Church*, in Yorkshire,) through which a chaste woman only could pass, seems also to be of a similar description.



THE
BARDIC TRIADS.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED FROM AN ANCIENT WELSH MANUSCRIPT:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

LLYMA Drioedd y Beirdd.

Tri chyfeffin Feirdd Tynys Prydain:

Idris Gawr, yr bynaf, ac ef a wnaeth Delyn gyntaf;
Eidiol Glededyfrudd, yr Arch Dderwydd; a
Manogan Amberawdr, tad Beli Gawr.

¹ It appears, by these memorial *Triads of the Bards*, that the greatest kings and heroes amongst the Ancient Britons were emulous of acquiring the Bardic Accomplishments, and esteemed it an honour to be enrolled in this order. Nothing can display the estimation in which that class of men were held, in the early ages, so much as the privileges, rewards, and honours conferred upon them; and there are many instances of Bards having acquired the elevated situation of princes, and rulers of dominions.

Witness the following, who were Bards, and heroic sovereigns: *Blegywryd*, King of Britain, who flourished about 190 years before Christ; *Aneurin Gwanodrydd*, *Mychdeyrn Beirdd*; i. e. Aneurin the Saurist, King of Bards, and Chief of the Gododinians, about A. D. 510; *Llywarch Hen*, Prince of Cumbria, &c. about A. D. 580; *Owain Cyveiliog*, Prince of Powis, A. D. 1160; Prince *Howel*, son of Prince *Owain Gwynedd*, 1140, &c.

The *Scythians*, who dwelt in the north-west part of Europe, had also their poets, or warlike singers, whom they called *Singebardos*; and their chiefs that delighted in music, *Albardos*, *Dagobardos*, and *Rodibardos*. *Helinford's Hist. of Brit.* Vol. I.

As a proof in what estimation the Bards were held in the early ages, the ancient poet, *Thamyris*, was so much admired by the *Scythians*, on account of his poetry, *Κθαράδα*, that they chose him their King. *Conon. Narrat. Poet. cap. 7. edit. Gal.*

Virgil, the prince of the Latin poets, (who flourished about 35 years before Christ), received from *Octavia*, the sister of the Emperor *Augustus*, ten *sestercii* for every one of his verses in praise of her son; the whole of which was equivalent to 2000l. English money.

When *Amæbius*, the Lyrist, sung in the Theatre at Athens, he was paid an Attic talent, or 193l. 15s. a day, for his performance. *Athenæus, lib. 14.*

Archimædas, the Greek poet, who flourished in the reign of *Hiero*, King of Syracuse, about 136 Olympiad, made some verses in praise of a prodigious large ship, which *Hiero* had ordered to be built; and those verses were worth, to him, above five thousand quarters of corn, which the King sent him, to the Pyreum. *Athenæus, lib. 5. p. 206, & 209.*

Admiral de Joyeuse is said to have given an abbey to a poet, for a song, as we are informed by *Boyle*.

To come nearer to our own time, *Jeffery Chaucer*, the English poet, was a great favourite with King Richard the Second; who, in reward for his poems, gave him the manor of *Newelme*, in Oxfordshire.—'Tis to be regretted, that merit meets with no such encouragement now:

"Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;

"Immortal heirs of universal praise!" *Pope.*

In *Leyes Wallia*, (or King *Howel's* Laws, page 301.) it is recorded, that "Three things were indispensable for a Nobleman, or a Baron; namely, his harp, his robe, and his chest-board." Also, we find, in page 415, "There were three lawful harps: that is, *The harp of the King; the harp of the Chief Bard, (or Laureat;) and*

THESE are the Triads of the Bards.

The Three primitive Bards of the Island of Britain¹: *Idris the Champion*, the most Ancient², and he who first made the harp³: *Eidiol Glededyfrudd*, (or *Eidiol* with the Ruddy-sword,) the Arch Druid⁴: and *Manogan*⁵ the Emperor, the father of *Beli the Great*.

Tri

the harp of a gentleman." Some of the British princes were not unfamiliar to the Emperor *Nero*, and *Ptolemy Auletes*, in priding themselves in being Bards, more than in the diadem they wore; which is not to be wondered at, because the British Bards possessed all the learning in those early times: they were the preceptors to all the British Nobles; they were highly revered by the people; and their persons were deemed sacred by the law. Even the *Minstrels* of the present day are extremely popular among the common people in Wales. See more in the first Volume of my *Relicks of the Bards*.

² *Idris Gawr, yr bynaf*; or *Idris the Champion*, the elder; (or Senator;) which seems as if there had been two of the name. He was a chieftain of great power; "*Cawr Godrau Cader Idris*;" or Lord of the borders of *Idris Mountain*; which is the loftiest mountain in *Merionethshire*, and second in all Wales, and said to be 950 yards, perpendicular height, from the Green at *Dolgellau*. *Cader Idris* literally implies *Idris's Hold*, or *Chair*; where he is said to have studied *Astrology*: *Edris* is a name attributed to *Enoch*, the founder of *Astronomy*. Mr. *Rowland*, in his *Mona Antiqua*, says, *Caer-Idris* implies the City of the Learned; and he mentions a place, in *Anglesey*, called *Caer Edris*. Also, *Bêd Idris*, or *Idris's Abode*, or *Mansion*, in *Yale*, *Denbighshire*; which still retains the name, as well as that of *Llêch Idris*, or the shelter of *Idris*, a farm so called, at *Trawfynydd*, in *Meirionydd*; which also may imply the *Grave of Idris*. *Idris* flourished, probably, in the third, or fourth century; and his genealogy, from an old manuscript, runs thus: "*Idris Gawr, ab Gwyddno, ab Cynyr Fawdrwch, ab Cadwaladr, ab Meirion of Meirionydd, ab Tibion, ab Cunedda Wledig.*" *Snowdon*, and *Cader Idris*, were formerly deemed to be the *Parnassian hills of Wales*; and none but good Bards could claim such an elevated seat. According to the old adage, should any one sleep all night on the top of *Cader Idris*, he would be either a poet, or a madman. Also see page 5 of the first Vol.

³ It appears, by the above record, that *Idris the Champion*, and *Bard*, invented the *Harp*; or otherwise, if the *Gomerian Britons* brought that instrument with them when they first inhabited this island, it seems to have been lost, or forgotten; and *Idris* might probably re-invent the harp; or at least he made some improvement upon it; and perhaps his fame for performing might have gained him that reputation. But the Scripture informs us, that "*Jubal was the father of all such as handle the kinnor, or harp.*" *Genesis*, chap. iv. v. 21. See this subject fully exemplified in the first Volume of my *Relicks of the Welsh Bards*, page 90, &c.

Venantius Fortunatus, (who wrote about A. D. 609,) plainly tells us, that both the *Harp*, and the *Crwth*, were the instruments of the *Barbarians*, or *Britons*;

"*Romanusque Lyrâ, plaudat tibi, Barbarus Harpâ,*

"*Græcus Acbilliâ, Crotta Britannâ canat.*"

And *Lucan*, (who flourished about 50 years before Christ,) where he speaks of the British Bards, says,

"You, too, ye Bards! whom sacred raptures fire,

"To chant your heroes to your country's lyre;

B

"Who

Tri Amberodraidd Delynorion Ynys Prydain:
Arthur; Glewlwyd Gafaelfawr; a
Cbrella, Bardd Telyn Gruffydd ab Cynan.

Tri Dyn ynt Gogyfurdd:
Brenin; Telyniôr; a Bardd.

Tri Gŵr pennaf yn y Llŷs:
Telyniôr; Esgob; a Bardd.

Tri Barnwyr Gwlad:
Bardd Telyn y Brenin;
Bardd Tâd y Brenin; ac
Arwyddfardd y Llŷs.

"Who consecrate, in your immortal strain,
 "Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain."

Rowe's Lucan, b. 1. v. 785.

Plutarch, in his Treatise on Music, says, "The sacred presents of the Hyperboreans were sent, of old, to *Delos*, accompanied with flutes, pipes, and harps." *Pelloutier* furnishes a number of proofs that the northern Celts not only had flutes, pipes, harps, trumpets, and other instruments; but that they were the inventors of them.

⁴ *Eidol*, the Druid, must have lived very early: (The *Ruddy-fword* probably alludes to his being an Arch-Druid, who officiated at the sacrifices offered to the Deity. See the first Volume, p. 4, &c. *Caius* records, that the Druids began in Britain 1013 years before Christ, and continued here 179 years after Christ. The Druids were routed by the Romans, in Anglesey, in A. D. 61; and about the year 70, the Druidish priests forsook that Isle of *Mona*, and removed themselves to the Isle of Man; to the Isle of Bardsey; to Ireland; and to the Scottish Isles.

The institution of the Druids is supposed to have originated in Britain, whence it passed into Gaul, according to *Cæsar's Commentaries*, book vi. chap. 13.

There was *Eidol*, the 42d King of Britain; and *Eidol*, Earl of Gloucester, (a General under *Emrys Wledig*.) who made his escape from Stonehenge, where 460 of the British Nobles were treacherously massacred by the Saxons, at an entertainment given by *Hengist*; and in consequence of such a breach of confidence, this *Eidol* afterwards cut off *Hengist's* head with his sword, which was about the year 490. *Lewis's History of Britain*, p. 164, and 170; and *Lambarde's Dictionary*, p. 313.

⁵ *Manogan* was chief King of Britain, and flourished about 120 years before Christ: (he was the son of *Cap-Aur*, son of *Sawyl*, son of *Rhydderch*, son of *Rydyon*, son of *Eidol*.) *Nennius* says, that *Manogan* conquered all the islands in the Tyrrhene Sea; Sardinia, Corsica, &c. According to *Lewis's History*, he was called *Dyn Elfyd*, the Man of Joy, or Element of Art; probably from his being a Bard. There is a coin of *Manogan Rex*, described among the plates of ancient British coins, by *Dr. Stukeley*. See also page 6, of the first Volume of the Bards.

⁶ *Taliesin*, the Bard, in his poem of the Battle of *Goddau*, says,
 "Derwyddon Doethur, Ye sapient Druids,
 "Darogwch i Arthur!" Sing praises to Arthur!

Also, in *Prince Llewarch Hân's* Elegy on *Geraint ab Erbin*, (a Lord of Devonshire,) who commanded the fleet of the Britons, at the siege of *London*, (formerly called, The Haven of Ships,) against the Saxons, about the year 530, where *Arthur* proved victorious; which contains the following lines:

"Yn Longborth y llâs Gereint,
 "Gwr dewr o godir Dysneint;
 "Yntwy yn llad git aslledeint;
 "Yn Longborth llas i Arthur,
 "Gwr dewr cymmynt o dŵr, &c.
 "Amberawdyr Llywianwadyr llafur."

The Three Imperial performers on the harp, of the Island of Britain: *King Arthur*⁶; *Glewlwyd Gavaelfawr*⁷, (i. e. Brave-Grey with powerful-grasp;) and *Crella*⁸; Bard of the Harp to Prince Griffith ab Cynan.

Three men are of equal rank:
 A King; a Harper; and a Bard.

The Three principal men of the Palace:
 The performer of the Harp; the Bishop; and the Bard.

The Three Judges of a country:
 The Harp-Bard of the King⁹;
 The King's father's Bard; and
 The Herald of the Palace¹⁰.

That is,

In *Longborth* was slain, *Geraint*⁶,
 A valiant man, of the coast of Devonshire;
 They killed; and were killed;
 And in *London* were slain, by *Arthur's* hardy men,
 Who hewed down with weapons of steel:
 He was the Emperor, and leader of the toil of war.

Arthur was the son of *Uthur Pendragon*, and *Eigy* was his mother. He was first crowned at *Sylcester*, in Hampshire, in the 15th year of his age, having then shewed uncommon marks of prowess, strength, and skill; and may truly be called, the most glorious King of the Britons. After his great victories, and conquests, he was elected Chief, or Emperor of Britain, and crowned a second time, by *Dubrifus*, (the Archbishop,) at *Caer-Lleon*, upon the River *Ufke*, in *Monmouthshire*; which is recorded to have been celebrated with the greatest munificence, pomp, and mirth; and with harmony of vocal and instrumental music: where, also, chivalry was highly promoted; and all public sports and games; such as Tilt, Tournament, and other exercises of strength and activity. Hence, probably, may be derived the origin of chivalry. This great King, after conquering several countries, defeating the Saxons in twelve battles, and clearing his country of foreign invaders, died in the year 542. I refer the curious, who wish for farther particulars of this renowned hero, to *Nennius's British History*; *Leland's Assertion of the Life of Arthur*; *Froissard's History*; *H. of Huntingdon*; *William of Malmesbury*; *Giraldus Cambrensis*; *Jeffrey of Monmouth*; *Enderby's Cambria Triumphans*; *Camden's Britannia*; and *Carte's History of England*, vol. i. p. 203.

⁷ *Glewlwyd Gavaelfawr* was master of the ceremonies in *King Arthur's* palace, and one of his Knights. *Triad* 85.

⁸ *Crella*, the Bard, flourished about the year 1086; and was killed in battle, when fighting under the banner of his Prince.

⁹ It appears that the primitive Bards were the Legislators, who publicly promulgated the law upon one of the highest hills of the district.

"There are three things in the Court, which must be communicated to the King, before they are made known to any other person: every sentence of the Judge; every new song; and every first cask of mead."

The Court Bard, in *King Howel's* time, (about A. D. 942,) was, in rank, the eighth officer of the King's Household; and he sat at the Prince's table, next to the Comptroller of the Household. *Leges Wallicæ*; and see page 27 of my first Volume of the Bards. But, in earlier periods, the Bard was still of a much higher rank: witness the above Triads.

¹⁰ See the first Volume of the Welsh Bards, p. 10, 56, and 85.

⁶ This *Geraint ab Erbin* is called, in the Triads, one of the three Admirals of Britain: he was slain at *Billinggate*, where he fought to enter *London* from his Ships.

Tri Bardd Caw y fydd:
Telynsfardd; Cywyddfardd; ac Arwyddfardd.

Tri Brenin a fuant o Feirdd:
Beli Mawr;
Gwr-gân Farfdrwch: ag Arthur.

Tri Rbyfelgar Feirdd Ynys Prydain:
Merddin ab Morfryn;
Bendigeid-Frán, ab Llŷr; a
Pblenydd, Bardd Brytys.

Tri Aurdorchogion Beirdd Ynys Prydain:
Llywarch Hên, ab Elidir Lydanwyn; a
Brenin Penbeirdd, yr bwn fu enwoccaf Delyniôr o'r byd;
ac Aneurin ab y Cŵw.

¹¹ In another copy, I find it thus: "There are three privileged persons who frequent palaces: The Ensign, or Genealogical Bard; The Bard of the Harp; and the Bard of the Crwth."

¹² It should seem as if kings, or princes only, were let into the arcana, or mysteries of the Druidical Bards. And according to the system of Pythagoras, a king must, before-hand, have been admitted into the Order of Priesthood. They believed this secrecy to be recommended to them by the example of their gods themselves. See the Life of Pythagoras.

¹³ King *Beli the Great*, son of Manogan, reigned over all Britain, about the year of the World, 3910. It is slightly intimated, in record, that this *Beli* formed a code of regulations respecting the Bards, wherein several deviations from the original institution were discernible; and probably their right to the priesthood was amongst the articles omitted. *Lewis's History of Britain*, p. 71; and the first Volume of the Bards, p. 6.

¹⁴ *Gwrgan*, the Bushy Beard, was a British King, who flourished about 375 years before Christ. He first built the city of Cambridge, and called it after his own name, *Caer-Gwrgant*, or the city of *Gwrgant*, which was his regal seat, and also of his son, *Gwynbelin*, after him. The *Dacians* refused to pay this *Gwrgan* a tribute, which had been usually paid to his father, *Beli*; in consequence of which, he mustered a strong army, set sail for Denmark, and conquered that kingdom. On his return home, he met at sea a fleet of ships, with a colony, which came from Spain, to seek a new place of habitation; and they requested of him to grant them some vacant country to inhabit as his subjects; on which, he sent them to Ireland, at that time depopulated by a plague; and probably, *Gwrgan* sent his son *Gwyddelin* as Chieftain over them; for the Welsh call the Irish *Gwyddelod* to this day. *Lewis's Hist. of Britain*, p. 52; and *Cambria Triumphans*, by Enderbie, p. 57.

¹⁵ King *Arthur* flourished in the beginning of the sixth century; he is said to have modified some of the laws respecting the Bards. See also the first Volume of this Work, page 37, and 80.

¹⁶ *Myrddin*, the son of *Morvan*, was a celebrated Bard, in the beginning of the sixth century: See his Poem of the Orchard, in the first Volume, page 24. The other, *Myrddin Emrys*, or *Merlin*, whose prophecies were, (by the Council of Trent,) prohibited to be printed, read, or sung; and enacted by the statute of the 5th of Elizabeth. *Robert Burton's Hist. of Wales*, p. 139; and *Humphrey Lloyd's History*. Likewise, *Jeffrey of Monmouth's British History* was prohibited by the Pope, whilst the lying legends of

The Three privileged Bards, or Family Recorders: The Harp Bard; the Poetic Bard; and the Genealogical, or Heraldic Bard¹¹.

The Three Sovereigns who were Bards¹²: *Beli the Great*¹³; *Gwr-gân Farfdrwch*, (i. e. the Bushy-beard Songster¹⁴;) and *King Arthur*¹⁵.

The Three warlike Bards, of the Island of Britain: *Merddin*, the son of *Morfryn*¹⁶; *Brân the Blessed*¹⁷, the son of *Llŷr*; and *Plenydd*¹⁸, Bard to King Brutus.

The Three Golden Torques Bards, (that is, whose necks were adorned with the golden-chain,) of the Island of Britain¹⁹:

*Prince Llywarch Hên*²⁰, the son of *Elidir Lydanwyn*: *Brenin Penbeirdd*, (i. e. King, the Supreme of the Bards;) who was the most renowned player on the harp in the world: and *Aneurin*²¹, the son of *Cŵw*.

Romish Saints were permitted to be read without controul. *Burton's History of Wales*, p. 171.

¹⁷ *Brân*, the son of *Llŷr*, was a hero of the third century; a Duke of Cornwall, and afterwards King of this Island:

Un aflonydd yn flaenawr,
(Ieuan.) Bendigeid Frân Gwyr. H. Reinallt.

From the epithet, *bleffed*, being given to this Prince, I presume he was a great promoter of Christianity. It is recorded that he was buried in the White Tower of London, where an urn, containing his head, was preserved with great veneration by the Britons. *Triad 45, &c.*

¹⁸ *Plenydd*, and *Oron*, were Bards, before Christ, as we are informed by *Bayle*; and *Lewis's British History*, p. 9. In the above Triadical record, *Plenydd* is said to have been bard to *King Brutus*. *Brutus*, the son of *Sylvius*, (and grandson to *Afcanius*;) obtained the Sovereignty of Britain, about the year of the World 2855; or about 1110 years before Christ; and reigned 24 years. *Brutus Darian-lât*, that is, *Brutus Blue Shield*, the son of *Evrog Gadarn*, reigned about the year of the World 3019, and ruled 13 years: but to which of the two this *Plenydd* was Bard we are not informed. *Richard's Dictionary* mentions *Pereceus*, a Bard to *King Brutus*, which probably was the same with *Plenydd*. And the British History also mentions *Gerion*, the augur, or sooth-sayer to *Brutus*, the son of *Sylvius*. *Jeffrey of Monmouth's British History*, Book the 1st, chap. 11th; and *Owen's History of the Ancient Britons*, p. 44.

There was one *Orry*, King of the Isle of Man. Also, *Arion*, a Lyric Poet, and Musician of Methymua, in the Island of *Lesbos*, who flourished in the 38th Olympiad, as *Suidas* affirms; and is said to have been the first beginner of *ditbyrambs*, *satyrs*, and of the chorus in tragedy. *Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum*.

¹⁹ The apparel of the British Nobles was very costly, and singular; for they wore chains of gold about their necks, rings on their fingers, and bracelets on their arms: their garments were dyed of a party colour, and embroidered with gold: and their habitations and dwellings were no less stately; the heads of them resided in the best cities of Britain, and their mansions were converted, after, to be Archbishops, and Bishop's palaces. *Gildas* informs us, that there were twenty-eight principal cities, in the time of the Old Britons.—*Cambria Triumphans*, by Enderbie, page 65.

²⁰ See the first Volume of the Bards, page 21.

²¹ *Aneurin*, King of the Bards, flourished about A. D. 510. See more in the first Volume, page 16, &c.

Tri Gwaywruddion Feirdd Ynys Prydain:

Taliesin, ben beirdd;
Afan Ferddig; ac
Aneurin ab y Caw.

*Yn awfer Brenin Penbeirdd, yr aethant i eistedd
 at i farnu ar Gerddorion o bob gradd; a Tbri
 rhyw Gerddor a raddwyd yn ogyfuch: y sef,
 Telynior, am ei fod yn moli Duw ar gerdd dant;
 a Bardd Cywydd, am ei fod yn moli Duw
 ar gerdd Dafawd; ac.
 Arwyddfardd, am ei fod yn moli Duw drwy gadw
 Cof am weithredoedd Rhyfelwyr, ac ereill a
 wnaethant betbau tra-ardderchogion er llës y
 Bjd.*

The following additional documents respecting the early Bards are extracted from a copy of *The Ancient British Triads of the Island of Britain.*

Tri Cbóf Beirdd Ynys Prydain.

Cóf Clyw;
Cóf Cân; a
Cbóf Coelbren.

Tair unben Cerdd:

Yw Prydu;
Canu Telyn; a
Cbyfarwyddyd.

²² *Gwaywruddelyn* implies a spear dipped in the enemy's blood.

²³ Of *Taliesin*, see the first Volume, page 18.

²⁴ "The sons of *Jeduthan* prophesied with Harps, to give thanks, and to praise the Lord." *1st Chronicles*, chap. xxv. ver. 3.

²⁵ See *Acts* xviii. v. 28.—*Psalms* ix. ver. 1. and 2.—*Deuteronomy*, chap. xxxiii.—*Judges*, chap. v.

²⁶ Nature, by a divine inspiration only, can acquire the *Awen*, or Muse; and therefore *Ennius* called the musical poets holy, because they were, by a special prerogative, commanded to sing the praise of God to us. The Bard, *Taliesin* says,

"*Rhygorug fy Awen* The powerful Muse inspires me
 " *I feli fy Rbâen.*" To praise the Lord!

And the sublime *Milton* has the following lines:

—————"With joy and shout
 " The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
 " And touch'd their golden harps, and, hymning, prais'd
 " God, and his works; Creator, him they sung,
 " Both when first evening was, and when first morn."

Also, see the first Volume of the *Relics of the Bards*, page 27, and 79.

²⁷ See *Cæsar's Commentaries*, book vi. 13.

The Three bloody-spear'd²² Bards, of the Island of Britain:

Taliesin, the head of the Bards²³;
Afan Ferddig, (Bard to King *Cadwallon*, the son of *Cadvan*, about A. D. 640;) and *Aneurin*, the son of *Caw*.

In the time of *Brenin Penbeirdd*, (or King, the Supreme of the Bards,) they went to sit, and to decide on Bards of every degree; and Three orders of Songsters were selected, and adjudged to be preferable, and of a superior kind; that is, the *Harper*, because he praised God on a Stringed Instrument²⁴; the *Ode Bard*, because he praised God in Vocal Songs²⁵; and the *Heraldic Bard*, for praising the Deity in preserving the memorable Actions of Warriors; and other excellences worthy of commendation, for the good of the world²⁶.

The Three memorials of the Bards of the Island of Britain.

Memorial of Tradition²⁷;
 Memorial of Song²⁸; and
 Memorial of Letters²⁹.

The Three One-head³⁰, or Supremacy of Song Is, to compose poetry;
 To play on the harp; and be
 Skilled in histories, or recitative songs.

²⁸ *Tair Cbóf fydd ar Gerdd Dafod; Aebau, Aefau, a Rbandir-odd*: Three memorials, are contained in vocal song: pedigrees, arms, and division of lands. See more in the first Volume of this Work, page 56.

²⁹ *Coelbren y Beirdd*, or *The Wood Memorial of the Bards*, is what they formerly used to cut their memorandums upon; such as the ancient wooden *Almanacks* were; or *Staffordshire Clogg**, or *Log*. Hence originated the *Log-book*, which is used by the tailors. Also, there is a similar thing called a *tally*, or a piece of wood cut with indentures, or notches, in two corresponding parts; of which, one was kept by the creditor, and the other by the debtor, as was formerly the common way of keeping all accounts; (and is still used by the brewers, and the milk-sellers). Hence, likewise, is derived, *The Tally-Office*, (of the Exchequer, in London;) and a *teller*; and probably, a *Talisman*: from the Welsh word, *talw*, to pay; or from the French word, *taille*. See *Kennet's Glossary to his Parochial Antiquities*; and *Plot's History of Staffordshire*, page 418, and 420.

³⁰ In the primitive ages, it was the province of the Bard to be skilled in three arts: That is, Poetry, Music, and general knowledge.

* The *Staffordshire clogg* seems to be a corruption of the Welsh word, *cylog*; that is, wages, or hire; which is still customary among the labourers in Wales, to mark every day's work upon a stick.

Trioedd 92.

Triad 92.

Tri Deifnogion Cerdd a Cbeudawd Cenedl y Cymry:
Gwyddon Ganbebon a wnaeth Gerdd Dafawd gyntaf
o'r Bjd; Hù Gadarn a ddodes gyntaf ar Gerdd Daf-
awd gynnal Còf, a Cbeudawd; a Tydain Tád Awen,
a ddodes gelfyddyd gyntaf ar Gerdd Dafawd, a Dos-
barth ar Geudawd; ac o'r a wnaethant y Tri-wyr
bynny, y casad Beirdd, a Barddoniaeth; a doddi yn nos-
barth Braint a Dafawd y petbau bynny y gan y tri
Beirdd cyntefigion; nid amgen, Plennydd, ac Alawn, a
Gwron.

The Three Ministers of Song, and Conservators
of the Tribe of the *Cambrians*:

Gwyddon Ganbebon, who was the first in the world
that made vocal song: and *Hù²¹*, the *Mighty*, was
the first that applied vocal song to preserve Memory
and Thought: and *Tydain, the Father of the Muse²²*,
was the first that reduced vocal song to a science,
and formed rules of composition. And from the
progress which these three men had made, were
derived Bards, and Bardism; and those things were
afterwards put under privilege, and custom, by the
three principal, or fundamental Bards; namely,
Plennydd, Alawn, and Gwron²³.

Trioedd 58.

Triad 58.

Tri Chyntefigion Beirdd Ynys Prydain:
Plennydd; Alawn; a Gwron:
ses oeddynt y rbai bynny, a ddychymmygasant y Brein-
iau a'r Defodau y sydd ar Feirdd, a Barddoniaeth;
ac am bynny eu gelwir y Tri Chyntefigion: bagen ydd
oedd cyn no bynny Beirdd, a Barddoniaeth; ac nid oedd
arnynt Ddosbarth drwyddedawg; ac nid oedd iddynt
na Breiniau, na Defodau, namyn a gaid o addwynder
a fyberwyd, yn nawdd Gwlad a Cbenedl cyn nog amser
y tri hyn: a rbai a ddywedant mai yn amser Prydain
ab Aedd Mawr y buant; ac eraill a ddywedant mai yn
amser Dyfnwal Moel-Mud, ei fab ef y buant; ac yn rbai
o'r hên Lyfrau y gelwir ef Dyfnfartb ab Prydain.

The Three Primeval Bards of the Island of Bri-
tain; (which in another Copy of the Triads are
called, the Three Primitive Institutional Bards;) *Plennydd; Alawn;*
and *Gwron²⁴*: and they were
those who introduced the privileges and customs,
which regulate the Bards, and Bardism; and there-
fore, are called the Three Primeval Bards: yet,
there were Bards, and Bardism prior to them,
though they were not under any liberal distinction;
nor had they either privileges, or customs, except
what was obtained through civility and courtesy, un-
der the protection of the Government and the Na-
tion, before the time of these three. Some say,
that they lived in the time of *Prydain²⁵*, the son of
Aedd Mawr, (or *Aedd the Great*;) and others say,
they flourished in the time of *Dyfnwal Moel-Mud²⁶*,
his son, and who, in some of the old manuscripts, is
called *Dyfnfartb ab Prydain*.

Trioedd 57.

²¹ Antiquity furnishes us with several eminent men, of the
name of *Hu*, or *Hierocles*. The first is, *Hierocles*, the brother of
Meneclis; who was the first of the Asiatic orators, in the time of
Cicero. The second *Hierocles*, (is cited by Stephanus,) who
wrote of the most remarkable things he had seen; and speaks of a
nation of *Hyperboreans*; a people addicted to philosophy, and who eat
no manner of flesh. Also, *Diodorus*, the *Sicilian*, Book II, chap. 3,
corroborates this account; and says, the *Hyperboreans* inhabit an
Island over against Gaul, who are renowned for stately groves,
and temples, and *Apollo's* priests, &c.; and that some of the *Gre-*
cians passed over to them: likewise, that *Abaris*, a *Hyperborean*,
travelled into Greece. See the first Volume of the *Bards*, p. 93.
The third, *Hu Gadarn*, or *Hierocles the Mighty*, is mentioned by
the Bard, *Iolo Goch*, who informs us that he was Emperor of
Constantinople, and that he held the plow, and would eat no bread
but from corn of his own raising.—Probably this was *Hierocles the*
grammarian, who has given a Treatise of the Empire of *Constan-*
tinople. But the above *Hu*, or *Hierocles*, mentioned in the text,
possibly was the Philosopher, and author of the Commentaries on
the Golden Verses of *Pythagoras*; a Treatise on Providence and
Fate, &c. who flourished about A. D. 480. *Suidas* says, "The
Philosopher *Hierocles*, he who, by his sublimity of style, and by his
eloquence, has rendered so famous the School of *Alexandria*,
joined to constancy and greatness of soul, a beauty of wit, and
fluency of expression beyond all imagination. He spoke with so

much ease, and was so happy in the choice of good words, that he
charmed all his hearers, and always seemed to enter the list against
Plato, to contend with him for the glory of the beauty of diction,
and depth of thought." There is also an island in the *Ébudes*, or
Hebrides, which has been eminent for its sanctity from the earliest
times, called *Hy*, (*Hu*;) or *Iona*; and probably had its name from
the above *Hu*, who, perhaps, was Lord thereof. *Hu*, in Welsh,
is a cap; and may imply episcopal. In the sixth century there
was an ancient seminary; and also a monastery in that island,
called *St. Columb's Cell*; of which *Columba*, the Apostle of the
Picts, was Abbot. It was famous for the resort of holy men, and
esteemed the queen of all the monasteries of Ireland and Scotland;
and the place of interment of the Scottish kings. *Bede's Eccles.*
Hist. l. 3, c. 4. and lib. 1, c. 13. *Gibson's Camden*; and *Lewis's*
History.

²² *Tydain bwys, Tád Awen bwr*. *Huw Ddd.*—Query, Whether
this was the same with *Titan*, or *Tytán*, a Celtic prince, and ne-
phew of *Sadwrn*? The signification of the word in the British, is,
the house of fire; i. e. *Ty-tán*: for which reason he is taken, by the
Romans, for *Hyperion*, or the sun. *Celtic Romains*, by *Lewis Morris*;
a manuscript. See more on the subject in page 10, where his tomb is
mentioned.

²³ There is a place called *Oran's Chapel*, in the Isle of Man—
Sir William Glynn, a poet of the middle ages, speaks of two
C

Trioedd 57.

Tydain Tâd Awen, a wnaeth Drefn a Dosbarth gyntaf ar Gôf, a Chadw Cerdd Dafawd, a'i phertbyn-asau; ac o'r drefn bonno, y dychymmygwyd Breiniau, a Defodau dosbarthbus ar Feirdd, a Barddoniaeth Ynys Prydain gyntaf.

Trioedd 93.

Tri Chyn-febydd Ynys Prydain: Tydain Tâd-Awen; Menyw Hên; a Gwrbir, Bardd Teilaw, yn Llan Dâf: a thri meib Beirdd oeddynt.

Triad 57.

Tydain Tâd Awen, (or Tudain, the Father of the Muse;) who first established system, and order, respecting the tradition; and record of vocal song, and things appertaining thereto: and out of that system were invented the regular privileges, and customs relative to the Bards, and Bardism of the Island of Britain.

Triad 93.

The Three First-sonships³⁷, of the Island of Britain; *Tydain*, the Father of the Muse; *Menyw*³⁸, the Aged; and *Gwrbir*³⁹, Bard to Teilaw, (the Bishop of Landaff, about A. D. 514;) and they were three sons of Bards.

Trioedd 89.

of the before-mentioned Bards in a forcible manner, thus:

"Plennydd, ag Oron plannant
"O'i plwy ddyfgeidiatth i'aw plant!"—i. e.

Plennydd and *Oron* implanted, in their progeny, learning; and that again descended to their offspring.—These Bards flourished before Christ, according to *Bale*. Of *Alawn*, I can find no account; but it implies, to abound, or the power of flowing; and perhaps he was of the Hierarchal order; for there is a place, in Anglesey, called *Alaw'r Beirdd*.

³⁴ "The names of *Plennydd*, and *Oron*, are not only unknown to the vulgar, but are almost unheard of. The cause must be, I should suppose, the great destruction of all monuments of antiquity by the Picts, Scots, Saxons, &c. The only remedy for such an evil, is, a diligent search into the few libraries now left us. As I was making this search, I met with *Lilius Gregorius Gyraldus, Ferrariensis*, the great Antiquarian, a man well versed in every art and language that can adorn a scholar. In the second part of his poetical history, he allows much praise and glory to Britain, in the following words:

"Britain, although divided from the rest of the world, has always been partial to Bards; among the most celebrated of whom are to be reckoned, *Plennydd*, *Oron*, and *Gildas*." *Gyraldus* has done well in mentioning thus much of them, although, I wish he had thrown more light on each separate author.—*Leland's Scriptoribus Britannicis*, chap. x. Vol. I.; also, *Ponticus Firminus*, lib. 1, makes mention of these three celebrated Bards. And see the first Volume of the *Bards*, page 13.

³⁵ *Prydain* is mentioned in one of the historical Triads, which is a very curious fragment, that records the three most ancient names of Britain; therefore I shall give it here at length:

"Tri henw yr Ynys hon:

Y Cyntaf, cyn ei chyfanneddu y gelwid hi Clas Merddin, (Meitin:)
Wedi ei chyfanneddu y gelwid hi y Fêl Ynys:
A gwedi ei gorsfyn o Brydain, mab Aedd Mawr, y dodes arni Ynys Prydain."

i. e. The three names of this island:

The first, before it was inhabited, it was called the sea-girted verdant spot: after it was inhabited, it was called the Honey Island: and after its subjection to *Prydain*, the son of *Aedd Mawr*, he gave it the name of *The Island of Prydain*.

³⁶ *Dyfnwal Moel-mud* was chief Monarch of Britain about 430 years before Christ; and he is said to have been the first King of Britain that wore a crown of gold. This *Dyfnwal* was the great legislator and author of the *Moelmutian laws*, which were translated by *Gildas*, into Latin. This King began four public ways across the Island of Britain, and gave them privileges; and his son *Beli* afterwards prescribed the bounds, and perfected them. Also, *Dyfnwal* gave privileges to temples, cities, and ploughs, and to highways leading to the same, that whosoever had need thereof, might repair thither and be safe. (To this period, in all probability, we may date the origin of the Bardic privileges, which are so often mentioned in the Triads.) *Silas Taylor's History of Gwalchind*, p. 154; and *Lewis's Hist. of Great Britain*, p. 39.

³⁷ *Cyn-febydd* probably implies the first-born son of the mother; or, the son of a first son: (and perhaps the above were Bards from their earliest infancy, and by inheritance, as the Levites were in the patriarchal time.) See *Genesis*, chap. xlviii. v. 18; *Deuteronomy*, xxi. v. 17; and *Hebrews*, chap. i.

³⁸ *Menyw*, the Aged, I can find no account of: but the See of St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, was called *Menew*, or *Myawer*, and sometimes *Menew ben*, (or Old Menew;) and in Latin, *Menewia*; which originally was a famous nursery of learning, where *Aster Menevensis*, *John de Erigena*, and many others were educated: and it is not improbable but this *Menyw* was the founder of that ancient Seminary of *Menewia*, about the fifth century. The Isle of Man, likewise, is called, by the Welsh, *Menaw*; which was one of the famed seats of the Druids, and where some of their customs are still retained by the legislators in that island; which are so remarkable, that I cannot refrain introducing here the ancient mode of promulgating the law to the people, which originally was done in the same manner in the Island of Britain.

This Court is held *sub Dio*, after the ancient manner of all the northern nations, where the Lord is placed on the top of a circular mount, or barrow, surrounded by his people, who, with an awful silence, wait the future fate of their nation in the promulgation of their laws, which, from the birth of time, had been locked up in the breasts of their magistrates. First, therefore, they declare to him the orders of the assembly, which I shall give you from the original record in the ancient English of that age.

"Our doughtful and gracious Lord, this is the constitution of old time, the which we have given in our days, how ye should be govern'd on their *Tynwald* day. First you shall come thither in your royal array, as a King ought to do by the prerogatives and royalties of the Land of Man, and upon the hill of *Tynwald* sit in a Chair, covered with a royal cloth and Cushions, and your visage unto the East, and your sword before you, holden with the point upward; your Barons in the third degree sitting beside you, and your Beneficed men, and your Deemsters before you sitting; and your Clerks, your Knights, Esquires, and Yeomen about you in the third degree, and the worthiest men in your land to be called in before your Deemsters, if you will ask any thing of them; and to hear the government of your land, and your will, and the Commons to stand without the Circle of the hill, with three Clerks in their surplices; and your Deemsters shall make call in your coroner of *Glanfaba*, and he shall call in all the coroners of Man, and their yardes in their hands, with their weapons upon them, either sword, or ax; and the Moars, that is to wit, of every *shading*: then the chief coroner, that is, the coroner of *Glanfaba*, shall make a fence upon pain of life, or lymme, that no man make any disturbance, or stir in the time of *Tynwald*, or any murmur, or rising in the King's presence, upon pain of hanging and drawing: and then shall let your Barons, and all other, know you to be King, and Lord; and what time you were here, you receiv'd the land as heir apparent in your father's days, and all your Barons of Man, with your worthiest men, and Commons, did you faith and fealtie; and in as much as you are, by the grace of God, now King, and Lord of Man, ye will now that your Commons come unto you, and shew their charters how they hold of you, and your Barons that made no
faith

Trioedd 89.

Tri Gwynn Seronyddion Ymys Prydain :

*Idris Gawr ; a Gwydion mab Dôn ; a Gwyn ab Nudd :
a chan faint eu gwybodau am y Sér a'u banianau a'u
banfodau, y darogenynt a chwennychid ei wybod hyd
yn nydd brawd.*

faith nor fealty unto you, that they make now ; and if any of your Barons be out of the land, they shall have space of forty days, after that they are called in to come and shew whereby they hold and claim lands, and tenements within your land of *Man*, and to make faith and fealty, if wind and weather serve them ; or else to seize their temporalities into your hands ; and then to proceed in your matters whatsoever you have there to do in felony, or treason, or other matters that touch the government of your land of *Man*."

Tinwald, or *Din'wald*, is the name of the hill, on which their laws are promulged on *Midsummer-day*, &c. which is raised, or encircled with several ascents, for the different orders of the people, and is a great curiosity.

N. B. The *Deemsters*, or *Doomsters*, I presume, were originally the Druids, or Bards, who sat as Judges, with the four-and-twenty *Keys*, to advise with, in-case any new matter arose ; who were the representatives of the country, and in some cases, served as the grand-inquest of the nation.

The Isle of *Man* was never in possession of the Romans ; and its inhabitants retained their primitive simplicity. Their original government was Druidical, admirably adapted to the good of mankind ; and so mixed with the prince and priest, that the State and religion had but one united interest. This was the patriarchal government ; to which virtue, not birth, was the best title, and is supposed to have continued here until the end of the fourth century. *Sacheverell's Account of the Isle of Man*.

²⁹ *Gwrbir*, implies a tall man. In a MS. pedigree, I find him

Triad 89.

The Three white, or profound Astrologers of the Island of Britain: *Idris*, the Champion⁴⁰; *Gwydion*⁴¹, the son of *Dôn* ; and *Gwyn*, the son of *Nudd* : and on account of their great knowledge concerning the stars, and their nature, they were able to foretell whatever was wanted to be known, until the day of judgment.

mentioned thus : "*Gwrfawr ab Cadien, ab Cynan ; y Gwas Teilarw, o Went*."

⁴⁰ "*Carwr ar wŷr, Carwr ar-ŵraidd !*" T. Aled.
i. e. The Champion of Men, and Stag of Heroism !

⁴¹ *Gwydion*, the son of *Dôn*, was a Prince of *Ar-Gonwy*, in *Caernarvonshire*, and an eminent Philosopher of the fifth century.

"*Gwydion mab Dôn ar Gonwy*,

"*Hŷd-lath ni bu o'i fath fwy !*" Ddd. ab Gwillim.

Gwydion, the son of *Dôn*, of the banks of *Conway*,

Of magic wand—there never was his equal !

Pliny also assures us, that the Britons were famous for the art Magic. *Gibson's Camden*, first ed. page 70 ; and the first Volume of the *Bards*, page 13, & 79.

In the time of King *Vortigern*, and that of his son *Vortimer*, lived *Meugant*, or *Meugantius*, a famous Philosopher, and Mathematician of the University of *Caerlleon*, in *Monmouthshire*, where there was 200 Students in Philosophy, who studied Astrology, and diligently observed the course of the stars, and prognosticated the destinies of men ; in which science *Meugant* excelled all others : he flourished about A. D. 460. *Leland's Scriptoribus Britannicis*, cap. xxviii ; and *Lewis's History of Britain*.

There was one *Meugan*, a Bishop of *Silchester*, in *Hampshire*, in King *Arthur's* time ; and *Llanrhudd* church, in *Denbighshire*, is dedicated to this Saint.

"*Meugan ab Cyndaf, gwr or Israel*."—*Achau Saint*. Probably, a man from *Palestine*, or of the order of *Palestine*.

OF EARLY LEARNING AMONG THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

Saron, son of *Magus*, the third king over the Britons and Celts, who reigned about the year of the world, 2006. He loved learning ; and to restrain the fierceness of his people, he is said to have been the first who founded public schools, or seminaries among the Britons ; and of this *Saron*, the ancient town of *Sarum*, or *Salisbury*, had its name, as we are informed by *Camden*, and *Lewis's British History*, page 6, and 25.

Caius records, that Britain (as witnesseth *Cæsar*, *De Bello Gallico*, lib. 6,) produced the first musicians ; whom, in time past, they called *Beirdd*, or Bards of the *Cymbri*, (or *Aborigines*,) yet so called them, of one *Bardus*, the fifth king of Britain, about the year of the world, 2082 ; a man famous in invention of verses, and music, as *Berosus* allegeth.

Cubelyn, son of *Gwrgant*, the twenty-third king of Britain, is also celebrated by *Caius*, for his great skill in music, and learning in Greek, and Latin. He flourished about 348 years before Christ ; and from his queen, *Martia*, who reigned after him, we may date the origin of the *Mertian Law*, which *Gildas* afterwards translated into Latin ; and again, in the reign of *Alfred*, they were translated into the Saxon tongue. *Lewis's Hist. of Brit.* p. 56.

Blegywryd ap Seifyllt, a king of Britain, about 190 years before Christ, who is said to have excelled all that lived before him, in the science of music, both as a singer, and a performer ; and therefore he was called the God of Games. *British History*.

It is recorded that *Coel Goddehog*, Duke of *Colchester*, and afterwards King of Britain, had an only daughter, who was esteemed the fairest woman of her time, and very skilful in music, and in other liberal arts. She was called, by the Britons, *Elen Luyddawc* ; that is, *Helen* with the great Army ; which she led out of Britain on an expedition to *Jerusalem*, where she is said to have found the holy cross on which Christ suffered. She was afterwards married to *Constantius Chlorus*, who, by her, had issue, that famous emperor, *Constantine the Great*, about A. D. 306.

There are places that still retain this lady's name, such as *Sarn Elen*, or *Elen's Causeway*, in *Merionyddshire* ; and a place called *Saint-Helen* ; also a church in *Monmouthshire*, and another in *Cornwall*, are dedicated to *St. Helen*. *Lewis's Hist. of Britain*,

p. 123 ; and *Mona Antiqua*, p. 163 ; *Usher de Primord. Eccles. Brit.* c. 8. and *Ponticus Verunnius*.

Elwan, and *Meddvin*, men of high reputation, would have passed totally unknown to us, had not mere chance snatched them from oblivion. About three years ago, or more, at the request of a friend, I went to an auction of old books, where I found treasures upon treasures. Among the rest, a *British History of Galfredus Monumetensis* fell into my hands ; to that was added another little book, without any mention of the author's name, in which I read these words :

"A. D. 156, *Lucius*, King of Britain, sent *Elwan*, and *Meddvin*, Embassadors to *Eleutherius*, the Roman Pontiff, that they might be converted to Christianity. After having sworn to the Catholic Faith, *Elwan* was ordained a Bishop, (he was the second Archbishop of London;) and *Meddvin* a Doctor." This passage has much weight with me, both on account of its great antiquity, and its apparent truth. *Leland's Script.* chap. xiii. Vol. I.

"In days of *Yore*, *Melchin*, or *Melgin*, was much renowned for his wisdom and learning. But his fame, like that of all other British writers, is, from the Saxon devastations, so obscured, that I despair of ever finding such an account of it, as will do him justice. That he may not, however, be left entirely in darkness, the little I know concerning him is subjoined ; it may serve to give a faint idea of him to the present age.

"*Melchin* was born and educated in *Wales* ; like many more of his time, he pursued the studies of the *Vates*, or *Bards*. He wrote a small *History of Britain*, (*De Arthurii Mensa Rotunda*,) replete, after the manner of his country, with prophecies. I shall do right to admonish my reader that this *Melchin* is frequently called *Mewin*, in the *English Poetical History*, which *John Harding* wrote and published in the reign of *Henry the Sixth*. I remember nothing more of him now, than that he lived before the time of *Merlin*." *Leland's Script.* chap. xxv. Vol. I. See also the first Volume of the *Bards*, pages 11, 13, 14, & 88.

Leland farther says, that he met with a fragment of *Melchin's*, in the Library at *Glastonbury*.

A passage

A passage in *Asterius Menevensis, de Gestu Alfred*, printed by Camden, says, that St. German stayed half a year at Oxford, and approved of the order, which had been made by *Gildas, Melkin, Nennius, and Kentigern*. *Gibson's Camden*, p. 457.

Also, *Bede* (lib. ii. ch. 2.) says, that the monastery of *Bangor is-y-Coed*, near Wrexham, Denbighshire, was furnished with learned men, as early as *Augustine's* coming into Britain, in the fifth century. See more in the first Volume of the *Bards*, page 11, note 7.

Charlemagne who was the most distinguished king of the Franks, as *Arthur* was among the Britons, both for heroism, and magnificence: therefore, I cannot help introducing here an interesting sketch of him, as described by *Turpin*, the Archbishop of Rheims; who says, "that he was eight feet high, and his face was a span and a half long, and his forehead one foot in breadth, and that his body and limbs were well proportioned." He had a great propensity to learning, having had some of the most celebrated scholars of the age in which he was born for his tutors; and it is to the honour of this country, that *Alcuin*, a Briton, and a disciple of *Bede*, was his instructor in Rhetoric, Logic, Astronomy, Music, and other liberal arts.

It appears that *Alcuin* was highly versed in the liberal sciences, particularly in Music, as appears by a Tract of his on the use of Psalms; and by the preface to *Cassiodorus De Septem Disciplinis*, first printed in *Garetius's* Edition of that Author, and which is expressly said by *Du Pin, Fabricius*, and others, to have been written by *Alcuin*.

It was at the instance of *Alcuin* that *Charlemagne*, in the year 790, founded the University of Paris.

Alcuin is also commemorated among the lives of the Saints; which says, that he was a disciple of St. Egbert, Archbishop of York; from whom he received the clerical tonsure, and by whom he was ordained Deacon. He succeeded that holy Prelate in the charge of the famous school he had opened at York; and from

whence he was invited to France by the Emperor *Charlemagne*; and in the latter part of his life *Alcuin* retired to the Abbey of St. Martin, at Tours, which was given to him by the Emperor; and there he died, in A. D. 804. See *J. Harvinkius's History of Music*, Vol. I. p. 378; and the *Lives of the British Saints, &c.*

A German Poet likewise speaks of the Britons promoting religion, and learning, as follows:

Let this to Britain's lasting fame be said,
When barb'rous troops the civil world o'erspread,
And persecuted science into exile fled:
'Twas happy she did all those arts restore,
That Greece, or Rome had boasted of before:
Taught the rude world to climb the untrod spheres,
And trace th' eternal courses of the stars.
Nor Learning only, but Religion too,
Her rise, and growth to British soil doth owe.
'Twas thou, blest *Wilfrid*, whose virtue's light
From our dull climate chas'd the fogs of night:
Profane rites thy pious charms obey'd,
And trembling superstition own'd thy power, and fled.
Nor smaller tokens of esteem from France
Alcuin claims, who durst himself advance
Single against whole troops of ignorance.
'Twas he transported Britain's richest ware,
Language, and arts, and kindly taught them here.
With him his master *Bede* shall ever live,
And all the learning he engros'd survive. —

And *Peter Ramus* farther adds, that Britain was twice school-mistress to France; alluding first to the *Druids*; (as witnesseth *Caesar's Commentaries*, book vi. 13;) and then to *Alcuin*, who was the chief cause of *Charlemagne's* creating an University at Paris. *Gibson's Camden*, clixvi.

OF ANCIENT BRITISH POESY.

The following is extracted from an old British manuscript, intitled, "Grammatical Rules of Welsh Poetry;" and as it gives much information respecting the period, and the inventors of various Welsh metres, I thought it worthy to be given here literally translated.

"This is the way to know, and to understand the measures of song, some of which were improved from the Latin, through the learning of *Einion* the Priest; and Dr. *Dafydd Ddu* gave authority to the metres, so formed by him, and by others before, who had begun to praise God, from the time of *Enos*, son of *Seth*, the son of *Adam*; the first man who praised God, and invented figure, which in Latin is called *FIGURA*. The time when this began, was about 600 years after the time of *Adam*; and from that time, to the birth of Christ, the prophets carried it on, improving it, in prophesying of *Jesus*. We obtained it through the Holy Ghost, in our language, when we received the faith in Christ; and calling on the Holy Spirit, promoted the Muse; which vanishes through the commission of sins, and flourishes through the guidance of sciences, and holiness.

* Second Book of Peter, chap. i. ver. 21; and Ecclesiasticus, chap. xlii.

"Yr oedd am wawd arwydd mawl,

"Yn Adda yn Awen yddawl." Ed. Prijs.

"Concerning the pillars, or canons of poesy, and their number:

The short metre—and its measure is four syllables.

The white metre—and its measure is five syllables.

The blue metre—and its measure is six syllables.

The confined metre—and its measure is seven syllables.

The cross metre—and its measure is eight syllables.

The rough metre—and its measure is nine syllables.

The long and equal metre—and its measure is ten syllables.

"From these seven canons were formed the twenty-four metres of vocal song, which are used and composed upon by the Bards of the Isle of Britain.

There were five metres in general use, and most approved of for Odes, composed by *Taliesin*; which were formerly denominated the Five Pillars, or Canons, of the Song of *Taliesin*: namely,

"The Modulation,

The Encomiastic,

The Long Heroic,

The Short Metric,

And the Short Impulsion:

And some call them the Five Tribunals of Vocal Song.

"Afterwards, four other metres were invented; namely,

The Long Encomiastic,

The Metre of Nine Syllables,

The Short Verse with Modulation,

And the Rugosity; which is called the mode of *Cynddelw*, the Bard.

"Since that period, Dr. *Dafydd Ddu*, of *Hiraddug*, invented three other metres; namely, the Recurrence, with a trail; the Long and Melting Verse; and the Soft Concatenated Incurfive.

"*Einion*, the Priest of North Wales, also invented the metre called the Long Impulsion.

"*Dafydd ab Edmwnd* invented two metres, instead of the Ancient concatenated Verse; and the Warrior's Triplet: namely, the *Gorchest y Beirdd*, or Masterpiece of the Bards; and the *Cadwyn Byrr*, or Short Catenation.

"Of the *Gorchest y Beirdd*, the following is a specimen:

Awen bynod,

Burawen barod,

Glirawen glaernod, Eglarnertb:

Clairdeb clirder,

D'roirdeb dewrder,

Gloywdeb glowder, Goludwertb! Gwilym ab Ieuan.

For farther account of the Welsh poetry, I refer my reader to the first Volume of the *Relics of the Bards*, page 29, &c. and page 83, &c.

The following is a List of Poets and Historians, who have written Rules of British Poetry, Rhetoric, and Grammar, and who compiled Dictionaries.

- Tudain Tâd Awen*; or Tudain, the father of the Muse.
Talhaiarn Tâd Awen, of Llanvair Talhaiarn, in Denbighshire, who flourished about A. D. 540.
Minfn, or *Minwyn*, who wrote a British grammar; Mr. Ed. Llwyd, in his *Archæologia Britannica*, says he could not find out at what time he lived.
Geraint, the blue-robed Bard of the Chair, and Harper to King Alfred, wrote a British Grammar, about A. D. 880.
Giraldus Cambrensis wrote *Epitomen ejus Rhithmice*, A. D. 1160.
Morris Morgannwg wrote a Welsh Rhetoric about A. D. 1210.
Einion Offeriad, or Einion the Priest, wrote *Dwned**, o'r *Llyfr Cerddwriaeth*, or a Book of Minstrelsy, about A. D. 1180.
 * *Dwned*, probably so called from *Ælius Donatus*, the Grammarian; who flourished A. D. 353.
Edeyrn Dafod Aur, wrote a Tract on British Profody about A. D. 1280.
Cyfrinach y Beirdd, (Poetarum Arcana;) or the Secrets of the Bards; the Author of which is unknown.
 Dr. *Davydd-Ddu*, of Hiraddig, in Flintshire, wrote a Welsh Grammar; and his version of the *Te Deum* is a curious specimen of his poetic art. He flourished about A. D. 1340.
Davydd ab Gwilym wrote a Grammar, about A. D. 1370.
Gutryn Owain wrote *Dwned Cymraeg*; or a Welsh Poetical Grammar; about A. D. 1480.
William Salsbery, of Llanrwst, wrote a Welsh Rhetoric, about A. D. 1500.
Julian Maunsur wrote an *Armoric Grammar*, and Dictionary: Englished by Moses Williams, says Ed. Llwyd.
Ivon Quillivere published an *Armoric Vocabulary*, octavo, in 1521.
 Dr. *Griffith Roberts* was the first who published a Welsh Grammar, and dedicated it to the Earl of Pembroke, in the time of Henry the Eighth; which was printed at Milan, in A. D. 1530.
William Salsbery, of Cae Dû, in Llantannan, Denbighshire, published his *Grammatical Introduction to the British Tongue*, in 1567; and his *English and Welsh Dictionary* in 1547.
Harry Perri, published his *Welsh Rhetoric* in 1589.
William Lleyri, *Simmwnt Fychan*, and *Llywelyn Siôn*, of Llan-gewydd, each of them have written a Poetical Grammar, about A. D. 1560.
Henry Salsbery, of Dol Belidr, published his *Latin and Welsh Grammar* in 1593.
William Middleton published his *Profodia*, or *Grammatical Dictionary* about A. D. 1590.
 Dr. *J. David Rhys* published a *Welsh and Latin Poetical Grammar* in the year 1592, which is extremely curious, and scarce.
 Dr. *John Davies* published his *Antiquæ Linguae Cymraecæ, Rudimenta*, in 1621: An excellent *Latin and Welsh Dictionary* in 1632; and his *Flores Poetarum Britannicorum* in 1710.
Edmund Pryi, Archdeacon of Meirionydd, wrote some *Welsh Poetical Rules of Profody*, about 1600.
Nicolas Lloyd, of Flintshire, published his *Dictionarium Historicum*, about 1660.
Edward Davydd, of Margam, wrote a *Grammar*, about A. D. 1660.
Edward Phillips published his *Theatrum Poetarum* in A. D. 1675.
Thomas Jones published his *Welsh and English Dictionary* in 1688.
 The Reverend *Edward Lhuyd* published his valuable *Archæologia Britannica*, containing an account of the languages, histories, and customs of the *Original Inhabitants of Great Britain*; particularly *Wales, Cornwall, Bas-Bretagne, Ireland, and Scotland*. Fol. 1707.
William Gambold, of Pembrokeshire, published his *Introduction to the Welsh Tongue* in 1724.
Sihŷn Rhydderch published a *Welsh Grammar* about A. D. 1740.
 The Reverend *Thomas Richards* published his excellent *Welsh and English Grammar, and Dictionary*, in 1753.
William Pryce, M. D. published his *Cornish Grammar* in 1790.
 The Reverend *John Walters* published an *English and Welsh Dictionary* in 1794.
 Mr. *William Owen* published his elaborate *Welsh and English Dictionary* in 1801. — See more in the first Volume of the Bards.
Georgan' Barrodruch, (a British king,) is recorded to have written *Desolationes Historiæ Britannicæ*, about 370 years before Christ. See page 3; also *Stow*, and *Languet*.

MEMORIALS of the TOMBS of the WARRIORS.

¹¹ And Jeremiah lamented for Josiah: and all the singing men, and the singing women spake of Josiah in their lamentations to this day;
¹² and made them an ordinance in Israel: and behold, they are written in the Lamentations." II *Chronicles*, chap. xxxv, v. 25.

The following ancient sepulchral verses commemorate the Heroes of Britain, who had signalized themselves prior to the middle of the seventh century: they are written in the ancient Metre, called *Englyn Milwr*, or the Warrior's Song of triplet stanzas, and are attributed to *Taliesin*; but some of them evidently appear to be much older, as they record some Chiefs who flourished in the third century; and seem to have been composed by different Bards, and at different periods. They give an account of about two hundred Heroes, and a few distinguished Bards, &c. who are often mentioned in fragments of our history: therefore, I have selected several stanzas of them, and given a literal translation in English, as a specimen of one of the many valuable, and authentic documents still preserved in the Welsh language, which would have greatly tended to elucidate *Camden's Britannia*, had he been more acquainted with our Welsh antiquities.

These oracular memorials appear to have been a part of those Oral Traditions which anciently were recited by the Bards, at the public *Gorfeddau*, Tribunals, or provincial Congresses:

" But heed, ye Bards, that for the sign of onset
 " Ye found the ancientest of all your rhymes,
 " Whose birth tradition notes not, nor who fram'd
 " Its lofty strains." *Mason's Caractacus.*

Which custom, of celebrating the worthiest heroes, &c. has been handed down to us from the remotest time; and when writing became more general, these traditional verses were committed to writing by the succeeding Bards, and others.

Englynion y Beddau.

*Bedd Tydain Tâd Awen,
Yngwartbaf Bryn Aren:
Yn i gwna Ton tolo
Bedd Dylan yn Llan-beuno.*

*Bedd Gwydion ab Dôn
Yn Morfa Dinllaen dan faen dyfeillion
Garanawc y Gerisyl meinnon.*

*Piau y Bedd yn y Maes-mawr,
Balch ei law ar ei lasnawr;
Bedd Beli, ab Benlli Gawr.*

*Piau y bedd pedryfal,
A'i bedwar main amytal;
Bedd Madog Marchog dywal!*

*Gwedi gwrwm, a choch, a chain,
A gorwyddawr mawr min-rhain,
Yn Llanbeledd bedd Owain.*

*Bedd Alun Dyfed yn y Drefred;
Draw ni chiliai o galed;
Mab Meigen, mad pan aned.*

* *Bryn Aren*, I believe, is at the base of *Aran Beullyn*, near Bala, in Meirionydd: there is also *Arrenig Fawr*, which is not far from the other, whose height is 740 yards above *Llyn Tegid*. The palace of *Maelgwn Gwynedd*, in *Creuddyn*, Caernarvonshire, was also called *Bryn Euryr*, about the year 560.

† There was one *Dylan ail-ton*; probably, of *Orielton*, in Shropshire; or that in Herefordshire.

* *St. Beuno's* tomb still remains at *Clynnog Church*, in Caernarvonshire, where he founded a Monastery, and was Abbot thereof, about the year 616. He also built cells, the one at *Trefiraeth*, and the other at *Aberffraw*, in Anglesey. The churches of *Berrinw*; *Betrws*, and *Gwyddelwern*, are dedicated to *St. Beuno*.

It is mentioned in *Buchedd Beuno*, or the Life of *Beuno*, that the King of *Aberffraw* (probably *Cadwallon*) gave *Beuno* his palace of *Aberffraw*, where he afterwards lived, and called it *Beuno*. *St. Beuno* is said to have presented King *Cadwan* (at his palace of *Catr Segont*, near Caernarvon,) with a little golden sceptre, for his assistance to build cloisters; and some of those cells are now our churches in Wales. One notable privilege of *Beuno*, was, that all calves, or lambs, that were brought forth with a split ear, were the inheritance, or right of that Saint; which were offered to him at his church; and this was called *Nôd Beuno*, or *Beuno's* mark. Celtic Remains, MS.

* *Gwydion* was a Prince of *Ar-gonwy*, and famous Magician of the fifth century. See the previous note, 41, in page 7.

* *Dinas Dinlleu* is in Caernarvonshire. *Dinlle-Fracon*, is mentioned in *Llywarch Hên's* Elegy on *Cynddylan*.

† *Maes-mawr*, in Denbighshire, is now the domain of Mr. Lloyd; and near which is a great mount of earth, (such as were anciently heaped up in memory of the dead; which, in latter times, were substituted for watch-places, or beacons, to convey signals in times of war.) Likewise, there is a tumulus, near *Wyddgrug*,

Memorials of the Tombs of the Warriors.

The Tomb of TUDAIN, FATHER OF THE MUST,
On the summit of BRYN AREN*.
The wave breaks on the territory of IOLO;
The grave of DYLAN^b lies in *Llan Beuno*†.

The grave of GWYDION[†], the son of DÔN,
In the marsh of DINLLEU[†], under stones
Enveloped with trefoils: lateral pillars
Support his fine-formed limbs!

He whose grave is in MAES-MAWR[†],
Proud was his hand in grasping the wrathful blade;
It is the Tomb of BELI[†], son of BENLLI, the PRINCE[†].

To whom belongs the square grave,
With the four stately stones on its corners?
It is the grave of MADOC[†], the fierce knight.

After the murky flowing of gore, after exultation,
And great triumphs with the sharp-edged spears;
In LLANHELEDD, is OWAIN's grave.

The grave of ALUN of DEMETIA[†], is at TREVRED;
He would not retreat from the battle:
The son of MEIGEN, his birth was a blessing.

called *Bryn y Beili*. *Taliesin* makes mention of some Chief, whose name was *Beli*, in the following words:

"*Eryr Beli bann ei les*;" The eagle *Beli*, loud is his voice.

There was one *Belyn* of *Lleyw*, who fought a battle with the Saxons, at *Bryn Ceneu*'s *Rhôs*, about A. D. 620; where the fight was so obstinate, that *Belyn's* men fettered themselves two and two, being resolved to die, or to conquer. *Triad 49*.

* On the mountain, between *Iâl* and *Ystrad Alun*, just over the ford, called *Rhyd y Gyfarthfa*, in Denbighshire, there was a terrible battle fought, between *Meirion*, and *Beli*, the son of *Benlli* the Great; in which *Beli* was killed; and *Meirion* afterwards erected two stone pillars, one at each end of his grave, to commemorate the event. One Edward ab *Llywelyn*, of *Iâl*, who was owner of the ground several years ago, removed the pillars, broke them to pieces, and put them on a lime-kiln, where they were burnt to make lime. What a pity it was to remove such a monument, which had stood so many hundreds of years: and my author farther says, that the man came to a bad end, who committed the sacrilege on the tomb of the renowned warrior. *Aurelius Ambrosius*, who flourished about the year 480, is recorded in the British History to have defeated the Saxons at a place called *Maes-Beli*, or the field of *Beli*.

There is also another place, called *Rhyd y Bêdd*, (or the Ford of the Grave,) on the River *Alwen*, between *Llyn'r Oror*, and *Llyn Alwen*, in the parish of *Llanfannan*, Denbighshire.

† *Benlli Gawr*, or the Champion, was a Lord of great power, whose territory was in *Iâl*, a district of Denbighshire. He flourished about the year 450. Hence, probably, *Moel Eulli*, or *Moel Beulli*, which is not far from the Vale of Clwyd.

† Chieftains of the above names are mentioned in the *Gododin*, (an heroic Poem,) to have been slain at the battle of *Cattraeth*, in the fifth century.

* *Demetia*, is Pembrokeshire, in South Wales.

*Y Tri bedd y' Ngbefn Celfi,
Awen ai dywawd imi,
Bedd Cynon garw ei ddwyael,
Bedd Cynfael, Bedd Cynfeli!*

*Gwedi gweli a gwaedlan,
A gwisgo feirch a meirch can,
Neud ef bwn bedd Cynddylan.*

*Bedd milwr mirain, gnawd celain
O'i law cyn bu taw o dan fain
Llechau mab Rhun y' Nglyn Cain.*

*Piau y bedd yn yr Allt draw,
Gelyn i lawer ei law,
Tarw Trîn; trugaredd iddaw!*

*Piau y bedd yn Lletbr y Bryn;
Llawer ni's gwyr, ai gofyn;
Bedd i Coel mab Cynfelyn.*

*Bedd gwr gwarwd urddyn
Yn Uchel Tyddyn;
Yn isel gwelyddyn;
Bedd Cynon mab Clydno Eiddyn.*

¹ *Cynddylan* was a Prince of Powis, which included the present county of Salop, Montgomeryshire, and a part of Denbighshire, about the close of the sixth century. There is an Elegy on this Prince, by Llywarch Hên, now extant.

² The Vale of *Cain* is probably at the end of Bala Lake, in Meirionydd.

³ *Tarw Trîn* is an epithet given to a warrior; his real name is uncertain. It is probable that he was slain in the overthrow the Britons received in opposing the landing of Ida, King of Northumberland, as he is often mentioned in the *Gododin*.

⁴ *Cynon* was slain at Catterath. See the first Volume, page 16.

⁵ *Clydno Eiddyn*, means Clydno of Edinburgh; who was one of the principal Chieftains in the battle of Catterath, where he and all his followers were slain. See the first Volume of the Bards, p. 17.

The most remarkable stone monuments are those of *Beddau Gwyr Ardudwy*, which are on a mountain called *Micneint*, near *Rhyd yr Halen*, within a quarter of a mile of *Sarn Elen*, in the county of Meirionydd. [*Micneint* is the name of a river, and also the name of one of the three commots of *Penllyn*, near Bala.] Those monuments are about 30 in number; every grave is about two yards long, and has a square stone pillar in each of its four corners, which are about three feet high, and nine inches broad. Mr. Llwyd, in his Notes on Camden, says, "The tradition is, that they are sepulchral monuments of some persons of note slain here, in a battle between the men of *Dyffryn Ardudwy*, and some men of Denbighshire; but when, or by what persons slain, is wholly uncertain."

This custom appears to be extremely ancient; for we find, in *Genesis*, c. xxxv. v. 20, that *Jacob* set a pillar upon *Rachel's* grave.

From a Welsh manuscript of British history I have transcribed the following, which probably may give some light respecting the above Tombs.

"King *Gwrtheyrn* (or *Vortigern*, who reigned in the beginning of the fifth century,) had twelve principal Bards; and on some occasion he thought they had deceived him, respecting some prophecies: consequently, he ordered them to be put to death; and the history farther says, that their graves are to be seen to this day, and are called *Bedden y Derwinaid*;" or the Tombs of the Prophets. *Welsh Manuscript Chronicle*.

The Three graves on the heights of *CELVI*,
The *Awen* tells me, are the tombs
Of *CYNON* with the rough eye-brows;
The tomb of *CYNVAEL*; and the tomb of *CYNVELI*.

After wounds and bloody tumults;
And after arraying the squadrons of white steeds:
This is the grave of *CYNDDYLAN*!

The grave of a beautiful Warrior, by whose hand
Fell many a combatant, ere he became silent beneath
the stones;
LLACHAU, the son of *RHUN*, is in the Vale of *CAIN*™.

He whose grave is on yonder cliff;
His hand was the foe of many! it is
TARW TRÎN™; (the bull of conflict:) mercy be to him!

The grave on *LLETHR Y BRYN*,
Many that do not know, ask to whom it belongs:
It is the grave of *COEL*, the son of *CUNOBELIN*.

The grave of one of magnanimous fame
Is in the *HIGH TYDDYN*;
Low is his dank bed:
'Tis the grave of *CYNON*™, son of *CLYDNO EIDDYN*!™

Y Meini Hirion, or the lofty pillars, which are about a mile from the top of *Pennacumawor*, in the parish of *Dwy-gyfylchi*, *Caernarvonshire*, stand the most remarkable monuments in all *Snowdon*. A circular entrenchment, of about 26 yards diameter, with about ten pillars above eight feet high, and those encompassed with a stone wall. Not far from them, there are several *carneddau* and graves; and the tradition is, that there was a battle fought there between the Romans and Britons. The Britons getting the day, buried their dead under those heaps of stones, to secure them from the wild boats, and partly as a memorial to posterity. *Edward Llwyd's Notes on Camden*. Also *Buarth Arthur*, or *Meini Gwyr*; (the Circle of Arthur, or Monuments of Men,) is on the top of *Gil y maen Llwyd*, where there are several stone monuments arranged in a circular form.

The Tomb of *Ffrynden*, is in *Llan Nefydd*, *Denbighshire*, and an yew-tree grows upon it, within about ten yards of the Church-yard.

The Sepulchre of *Brachan*, is in the island called *Tays Brachan*, which is near the Isle of *Man*.

Cedrych, the son of *Brachan*, lieth in *Towyn Meirionydd*.

The Grave of *Rein*, the son of *Brachan*, is in *Llandevaillog*.

The Tomb of *Cynauc*, is at *Merther*, in *Brecknockshire*.

The Tomb of *Anlauch*, is before the church door, in *Llanyspythyd*.

Brachan had three wives, that is to say, *Præust*, *Ribraust*, and

Prisfri. — *Gwawr*, or *Gwawr-ddydd*, who was honored at *Towyn*,

was the daughter of *Brachan*, wife to *Llydamwin*, and mother to Prince

Llywarch hên. *St. Berwin*, the son of *Brychan*, lies in *Cornwall*.

Bedd Elen, or *Mynydd Mibangel*; the Grave of *Elen*, is on the

mountain of *Mibangel*, in *Armorica*, or *Britany*.

Maes Carnedd, where Prince *Owain Gwynedd* was buried.

Bedd Petrual, a wnaed i *Fronwen ferch Llyr*, ar lan *Alaw*, ac yno

claddwyd hi. See in *Richard's Dictionary*, *Petrual*.

Maen y Chwysfan, a carved monumental pillar, on *Moffyn* moun-

tain, in *Denbighshire*, supposed to be the tomb of the Saint of that

name, to whom the church of *Llan-Gwysfan* is dedicated.

King *Uther Pendragon*, and *Aurelius Ambrosius*, were interred in

the grave of the Barons: another copy expresses it, within the

circle of *Stonehenge*. The latter, probably, was buried at

Mount Ambri, or *Ambresbury*.

*Yr Bedd yn y gorsfynydd,
Aliwiassau luoffydd,
Bedd Hyrmail bael fab Hywlydd.*

*Bedd Elidir Mwynfawr ynglan
Mawr rineweddus fawt brydus briodawr[†]
Gweneffwr gŵr gwrdd yn ngawr.*

*Bedd Owain ab Urien yn mbedryael bid
Dan weryd Llan Morfael:
Yn Abererch Rhydderch Hael.*

*Bedd y March; bedd y Gwythur:
Bedd i Gwgawn Gledyfrudd:
Anoeth bid bedd i Arthur.*

*Bedd Gwalchmai yn Mberyddon,
Yr dylif y deunawton:
Yn Llan Badarn bedd Cynon.*

*Kielleu don drom dra thywawd,
Am fedd Discyrnin Discyfeddawd,
Aches trwm anghwres pechawd.*

*Bedd An ap Llian yn Euas
Fynydd lluagor llew Emraï,
Prif ddewin Merddin Emraï.*

Hengist, the Saxon king, was buried by order of Aurelius, and a heap of earth raised over his body, according to the custom of the Pagans.

Afan Buellt, (who was Cousin German to St. David, the first Arch-Bishop of Menevia,) was buried at *Llan-afan*, where his tomb-stone still remains with the inscription.

[†] *Owain* was a prince of Reged, in the sixth century; he was also one of King Arthur's generals, and famous for his exploits in war. *Triad 3.*

[‡] *Rhydderch Hael* was king of the Isle of Man.

[§] *Gogán Gledyfrudd* is called, in the *Triads*, One of the Three Stubborn Ones of Battle.

[¶] When King Arthur was pursuing his wars in Gaul, when it was invaded by the Romans, under Lucius Hiberus, Modred was left Governor of Britain during his absence, and he usurped the

Yonder grave, on the mountain's brow,
Is his who led the armies to glory:
The Tomb of *Hyrmael* the generous, son of *Hywlydd*.

The grave of *Elidir*, the courteous,
Magnificent in prosperity; the Chieftain
Of *Gweneffwr*, with glory crowned, the mighty hero
of the shout.

The Tomb of *Owain*[†], the son of *Urien*, is girted with
Four stones, at *Llan-Morfael*:
And in *Abererch* lies *Rhydderch the Generous*[‡].

The grave of the horse; and that the Hero's grave:
Yonder is the Tomb of *Gwgawn*, with Ruddy-sword[§]:
Unknown is the Tomb of *Arthur*.

The grave of *Gwalchmai*, in *Peryddon*[¶],
Where flows, by intervals, every ninth wave—
In *Llan Badarn* is the monument of *Cynon*.

Hear, yon wave of heavy murmur, dashing on
The grave of *Dysgyrnin*^{**}, son of *Dysgyveddod*;
Sorrowful the bosom, from the weight of sin.

The Tomb of *An ap Llian*, in the mountain of *Euas*[¶].
The furious lion of battle, *Ambrosius*[¶],
Had for chief Diviner, *Merddin Emraï*[¶].

Crown. Arthur, on being informed of it, returned with a part of his army to Britain; and in landing at *Richborough*, near *Sandwich*, in *Kent*, he was opposed by the traitor, *Modred*, with a considerable army of confederates; in which conflict, the above *Gwalchmai ab Gwyar* was slain, whose body, King Arthur caused to be honourably interred. *Lewis's History of Britain*, p. 191. and 188; and *William of Malmesbury*.

^{**} *Dysgyrnin* was a Deirian, or a Bernician, who flourished about A. D. 540.

[¶] Supposed to be a mistake for *Anap y Lleian*, or the *mischance of the Nun*; as *Merddin* is said to have been the son of a *Nun*, by an unknown father.

[¶] *Aurelius Ambrosius* was interred at *Stonehenge*; or, more probably, at *Ambresbury*.

[¶] See the first Volume of this work, page 23.

CUNOBELINE'S INCANTATION.

The following Ode is a specimen of the poetical Incantations sung by the Bards, to insure success to their heroes in the day of battle. Though it be the production of the sixth century, it conveys, most probably, a just idea of the nature of such compositions in the druidical ages; and is a proof that the Britons, at that period, had not been so thoroughly renovated by the Christian Revelation, but that they still retained many of their ancient notions; and particularly that they relied on the mystic efficacy of the *Gorebanau*, which was the name given to their poetical charms; implying, as they were meant to be—*Songs of Inspiration, and Protection*.

Taliesin composed this, and two other pieces of the same kind; being excited by an emulation to excel the *Gododin*, on which *Daunrin*, his rival for fame, principally rested his merit. He accomplished his design, in the opinion of the subsequent Bards, by condensing the prolixity, without losing the ideas of his opponent; that is, by celebrating and recording the number of warriors slain at *Cattraeth*; to accomplish which, the *Gododin* has so many stanzas of various constructions, as there were heroes to celebrate, who were in number, "three and three score and three hundred, whose necks were adorned with the *Aur Dorebau*, or golden chains."

We find, from a curious note affixed to this Incantation, in the old MS., that the plan of the *Gorchanau* was considered, by the Order of the Bards, as the only perfect one to adhere to in their contentions for the chair of fame: from the same note, we learn the pecuniary value of these poems—"One penny was the price of each stanza of the *Gododin*, considering its merit merely in the light of a poetical strife; so that each of the *Gorchanau* equalled the whole in value," being three hundred and sixty-three pence; which was a considerable sum, considering the rate of money at that early period.

Possibly the person for whom this charm was composed, might have been the same as is in the *Triads* called *Cynfelyn Drawsgl*, or *Cynvelyn* the weighty, one of the three pillars of battle of the isle of Britain, a prince of a district in the southern parts of Scotland at that time.

Gorchan Cynfelyn.

Pei mi brydwn,
 Pei mi ganwn,
 Tarddai warchan—gorcbeigin,
 Gwelgin torcb Twrch Trwyth:
 Cyrchefid yn fôn
 Cyn noi geinion:
 Tyllai Garn Gapban—rbag carnau
 Rbisw Rbon, rbyw Elwogion,
 Efyryn-fyr fyrach farchogion:
 Tyllai Yfach
 Gwrbyd gofurtbiach;
 Rhyd gwyn rbag Eingl, iawn lladd,
 Iawn frain yn fryniâl.—
 Rbag canbwynawol cân,
 Lhwg yr dwg dyfel
 Difgynial allel
 I bob dewr dyfel,
 Trwy boel, trwy boenen,
 Trwy gibclawr agen,
 Ac aur ar drain;
 Agalar dwyn dyfyd,
 Ei wynâfedd felyn
 Ei grau oi gylchyn,
 Celedig ewyn
 Medd melyn:
 Ail trau oi gylchyn
 Rbag cadau Cynfelyn.—
 Cynfelyn gasnar,
 Ysgwn bryffwn bâr,
 Gobertbiad adar,
 Ar dewin dwyar,
 Cyrraitb grad Forion:
 A dan forddwyd baelon
 Cyfred cerdd wyllion,
 Ar weling dirion.
 Teyrn tud anaw,
 Ys mau i gwynaw,
 Yn y fwyd y dydd taw,
 Gomyn dyad gelyn,
 Ehangsaid erwyn.—
 Gorchawwn cyrdd ceinmyn
 Yw gwarchan Cynfelyn:
 Gorchan Cynfelyn cylwy wylad.
 Edwyn gwr gwonedd Gwynedd ei wlad,
 Dychbiânawr dewr dychbiangad,

The Charm of Cunobeline.

Should I, enrapt, in mystic numbers sing, the potent buds of magic spells would spring; like those produced by the circle and wand of *Twrch Trwyth*: we should have had a kine brought us, surpassing his rarities: *Carn Gapban* would burst through the hoofs ranks of *Rbisw-Rbon*, of the breed of *Elwogion*, with short legs, and shorter riders: *Gylwach* would burst through the teaser of exulting manhood;—fury in a torrent shall flow against the *Angles*—slaughter is just—our heaps of slain are the ravens' due.

Before him who is naturally endowed with song, light unfolds the mystery of the power of descending to every bold enterprize, through bolt, through snare, through trap-covered cleft, and gold-bestrewed path; and bearing woe he shall return, his glittering yellow cup besmeared with gore, hiding the froth of the yellow mead: alike shall it be encircled with gore from the battles of *Cynvelyn*.

Cynvelyn, the anger-bearing chief, the uplifted pillar of wrath, by whom the birds are begluttet with prey, and the enricher of the divining magician, whose spell shall be as powerful as the form of *Morion*—Under the thighs of the generous ones, in equal pace, shall run the sprites of the gloom, skimming along the pleasant hills. The king of the land of harmony, mine is the lot to lament him: till the day of silence came sought he the haunt of the foe with the ample-grasped spear.

The superior of the prize-contending songs is the guardian spell of *Cynvelyn*: it sings the safety of *Cynvelyn* the beloved chief, from whom blessings flow. The honoured man of *Gwynedd* knows his country well: the bold toiler with the firm-grasping hand, of
 E Eiddyn

Eiddyn Gaer,
Gleision glaer
Cyfercbryniad.
Cain dy em rudd,
Yn ys gwartbrudd—folawd, fedd, meirch:
Eitbinyn neud gudd blenydd? —
Gwarchban Cynfelyn,
Ar Ododin, neus gorug Odyn!
Dogn gymmbwyllaid,
Y wayw drwm oreuraid,
A'm rhoddes: poed er lles i'w enaid!
Edmygir ei fab Tegfan,
Wrth rif, ac wrth ran,
Wyr Calfan graid:
Pan fyrywyd arfau
Tros ben cad o fleiddian,
Buan dau er dydd rhaid. —
Try-wyr, a thrygaint, a thrycbant,
I freitbell Gattractb ydd aetbant;
O'r sawl yd grysfasant
Uch fedd fenestri
Namyn tri, nid atcorasant:
Cynon a Chattractb â chatblau a gadwant,
A minnau o'm crau dychiorant.
Mab coectertb fy ngwerth a wnaetbant
O aur pur, a dur, ac ariant.
Efnysed nid nodded y cawfant,
Gwarchban cyrdd Cynfelyn cyfnofant.

Eiddyn's Castle, blue-towered, familiar in alarms. Precious is thy ruddy gem, to which the flowing panegyric, mead, or stately steeds, are but disgraceful things.—The humble furze-bush, shall it not be obscured by the stately tree?

The guardian spell of *Cynvelyn*, on the plains of *Gododin*, shall it not prevail over *Odyn*! Satiated with enterprize, his heavy spear, with gold adorned, he bestowed on me—Be it for a benefit to his soul! His son *Tegfan* shall be honoured at numbering and at partitioning, the nephew of the fiery *Calvan*. When weapons were flung over the hostile field by wolves, quick he ran to the call of the day of necessity.

Three, and three score, and three hundred heroes flocked to the variegated banners of *Cattractb*; but of those who hastened from the flowing mead-goblets, save three, they returned not: *Cynon* and *Cattractb* with hymns they commemorate; and me for my blood they mutually lament. To the son of the funeral fire they made my compensation of pure gold, steel, and silver; but from the heavenly power they found no refuge. With the superior protecting-song of *Cynvelyn* they would have glided safely together.

The above poem is a faithful translation, by Mr. Owain, of *Meirion*.

OF A BATTLE, BY TALIESIN.

The following poem is a literal translation, and line for line, which may weaken the force of expression a little; but the inducement was, to render it easier to those who may be inclined to compare it with the original. The ode has no title in the MS. from whence it was copied; but I have given it that which is prefixed, from a supposition that it was composed on account of a battle fought in the vale of *Garant*.

Gwaith Dyffryn Garant.

Teitbi edmygant
Yn Nyffryn Garant.—
Gallawg gallwgyd anchwant
Sybwll symudant,
Ban erdddefel tant,
Neu nos cudd dyfydd,
Cudd dirgel rbag dydd.
A wyr cerdd gelfydd
Py gel Callofydd,
Am dyro amde:
O'r porth pan ddwyre,

The Battle of the Vale of Garant.

Extolled shall be the illustrious deeds of the Vale of *Garant*.—
 The sons of slaughter, from the undesirable recking plain, will depart when the string of harmony resounds, or when the shades of night approach the hidden retreat from day.
 The learned in the mystery of song find a safe refuge with *Callofydd*, who bestows on me splendid garments; in ascending from the gate,

Py ddyddug llyw gauaf,
 Py gyd ddechrau llef.
 Yn dewis eichiawg
 Ffysg ffous ffodiawg,
 Ef dibun bunawg.
 Ef gobryn Carawg
 Cymru carneddawg ;
 Y tād Garadawg,
 Dēar Meneifon,
 Dēar mynawg Môn,
 Mawr erch anudon
 Gwenbwys gwallt-birion.
 Am Gaer Wyrangon
 Pwy ā dal y ceinon ?
 Ai Maelgwn o Fōn ?
 Ai dyfydd o Aeron ?
 Ai Coel, ai genawon ?
 Ai Gwrweddw, ai feibion ?
 Ni ancbwardd ei alon
 O Ynyr wystlon :
 Ef cyrch cerddorion,
 Se fyberw sēon ;
 Neu'r dierfeis i rin,
 Ym mordai Uffin,
 Ym moroedd Gododin.
 Ys geirfritb cyfrenin
 Brān bore ddewin,
 Wyf carddenin ben,
 Wyf cyfrau lawen
 A thaw y dygen,
 Mau molawd Urien.
 Eirian eirioes
 Llyminawg llumoes
 Rbuddfedel apbwys :
 Rbuddyn ai llunwys
 Cad yn Harddnenwys :
 Ynyr ai briwys ;
 Cant calan cymwys
 Cant cār amyswys.
 Gwelais wyr gorfawr,
 A ddygyrchynt awr :
 Gwelais waed ar llawr
 Rbag rbuthr cledysawr :
 Glesynt esgyll gwawr
 Esgorynt yn waywawr
 Trichant calan cyman clodfawr
 Ynyr ar dir yn wir cochawr.

in winter's stormy season, when the chief appears,
 they commence the voice of melody.—

In striving for the pre-eminence
 the fortunate will run with speed,
 The sleeper will awake.
 Carog would wish to purchase
 Cambria's stony regions ;
 the fire of Caradog ;
 the blustering Meneivians,
 fair Mona's tumultuous shores,
 and the mighty horribly-perjured
 long-haired Gwentians.
 For Caer Wyrangon †
 who offers the precious price ?
 Is it Maelgwn of Môn ?
 or shall it come from Aeron ?
 Is it Coel, with his wily whelps ?
 or is it Gwrweddw, and his sons ?
 The foes shall not exult
 by having hostages from Ynyr :
 the Bards of song were assembled,
 geniuses of bounteous passions ;
 but their poetic charms disarmed not the chiefs, as
 in the water-dwellings of Uffin,
 on the Gododinian seas.

If true, the boding words of mysterious lore,
 foretold from the morning raven,
 I am a captive in the bands of age,
 I am a treasure of joy,
 and the appeaser of wrath ;
 'tis mine to proclaim Urien's praise.

Beautifully splendid were the
 movements of the host of Llyminog
 on the red-reaping steep :
 It was Rbuddyn that formed
 the battle in Harddnenwys :
 it was Ynyr who scattered it ;
 who, to a hundred festivals welcomes a
 hundred friends passing round the carousing cup.

I saw the warriors of dread appearance,
 rushing together to the shout of war ;
 I saw the ground strewn with blood,
 from the conflict of the men of swords :
 they tinged with blue the wings of the morning,
 when they poured forth their ashen messengers of pain.
 In three hundred festivals will be sung the high fame
 of Ynyr, whose feats are seen on the crimson-tinted earth.

The above poem was composed by *Taliesin*, seemingly when he was under the patronage of *Urien Reged*, prince of *Cambria* ; but as it is not immediately addressed to his patron, it appears probable that the hero of the poem was *Ynyr*, king of *Gwent*. I believe this is the same *Ynyr* as we find mentioned in the *Triads*, to be king of *Gwent*, which was a district that comprehended parts of the present counties of *Glamorgan*, *Monmouth*, and *Gloucester*. The *Triads* lay that the *Severn* was discoloured with blood, from the great slaughter made in a battle, in which *Maelgwn Gwynedd* bore a part against *Iddon*, the son of *Ynyr* ; and perhaps that might have been on account of the dispute spoken of in this poem : Translated by *Mr. Owain of Meirion*.

Ymddiddan rhwng UGNACH ab Mydno, o Gaer-Sëon; a TALIESIN, o Gaer-Deganwy.

The SALUTATION* between UGNACH, the son of Mydno, of Caer-Sëon^a; and TALIESIN, of Caer-Deganwy^b, in Caernarvonshire; about A. D. 540. (Both celebrated Bards.)

Taliesin.

*Marchawg, a gyrch y Dinas,
A'i gŵn gwynion a'i gyrn brás;
Ni'th adwaen niw ryth welas!*

Ugnach.

*Marchawg a gyrch i'r Aber,
Sy ar march cadarn cād-ffer;
Dabre genbyf ni'm gwater?*

Taliesin.

*Mi nid af yna yn awr,
Goddef gwaith y godricawr;
Elid bendith Nef a llawr.*

Ugnach.

*Y gŵr ni'm gwelas beunydd,
Y tebyg y gŵr dedwydd:
Ba byd ei di, a phan doydd?*

Taliesin.

*Ban deuf o Gaer-Sëon
O ymlaedd ac idewon;
Y daw i Gaer-Llew a Gwydion.*

Ugnach.

*Dabre di genbyf i'r Ddinas,
Atbwyd medd a ry-phellas,
Ac aur coeth ar dy swanas.*

Taliesin.

*Mi nid adwaen y gŵr by,
A meddu tân a gwely;
Teg a chwég y dywedî.*

* Salutation originated in the days of Chivalry, from the Knights taking off their helmets before the ladies. The hood of the cloak, or cowl, was then most commonly worn. Hats or bonnets were first worn in England in the time of Henry the Eighth: and high-crowned hats first worn by the men, in Elizabeth's reign.

^a Sion was an ancient British fort, on the top of a mountain, north of Conwy town, called *Caer-Sion*; or, in the English orthography, *Secon*: which was the seat of *Gwalch Gorfedd*, where King *Maelgwn* (or, as others say, his father *Caswallon*,) went to judge between the poets, and the musicians, in the sixth century. He lived at *Diganwy*, in *Creuthyn*; and he caused the poets and harpers to swim the river *Conwy*. The harpers' and crwthiers' instruments were spoiled; therefore, the poets, whose tools could not be damaged, carried the day. See a poem which gives an account of this circumstance, by *Jorwerth Belli*, to the Bishop of *Bangor*, and written about A. D. 1240. Query whether this

event happened near *Deganwy*; or at *Caer-Sëon*, close to *Caernarvon*.

When music and poetry were made separate professions, it seems that the musicians usually prevailed at the public contests of skill; consequently, the above king, *Caswallon*, by way of encouraging the poets, and probably for the sake of humour, adopted that mode, to decide in favour of the poets, who seemed to lose ground, when put in competition with the musicians.

^b King *Cadwan*, the son of *Iago*, held his court at *Deganwy*; and so did *Maelgwn*, *Cadwallo*, and *Cadwalader*; which city, about A. D. 816, in the time of *Conan Tynhaelbwy*, was burnt by lightning: and *Conwy* was afterwards built on the opposite side of the river, with the ruins thereof. *Lewis's British History*, page 214.

* See the first Volume of the Bards, p. 79. &c.

Taliesin.

Thou Knight, that goest towards the city,
With white dogs, and large hunting horns:
I know not thee, nor ever saw thee!

Ugnach.

Thou knight, that goest towards the harbour
on the strong horse of war;
Come with me, I will not be denied!

Taliesin,

I will not now come;
the loiterer will suffer:
The blessing of heaven and earth attend thee!

Ugnach.

Of a stranger, whom I have not usually seen;
Thou look'st like a happy man:
How long dost stay, and when return?

Taliesin.

When I come to Caer-Sëon,
from fighting with Jews;
I shall go to Caer-Llew with Gwydion*!

Ugnach.

Come with me, to the city:
Thou shalt have mead, if thou stayest,
and pure gold to clasp thy girdle!

Taliesin.

I know thee not, brave man;
thou possessor of fire, and bed;
Fair and delectable thou speakest!

Taliesin.

Ugnach.

*Dabre genyf i'm tyno,
Atbwyd gwin gorysgello :
Ugnach yw fy benw, mab Mydno.*

Taliesin.

*Ugnach, bendith i'tb orfedd,
Atbro rbâd ac enrbydedd ;
Taliesin wyf innau talaf iti dy wledd.*

Ugnach.

*Taliesin pennaf o'r gwyr ;
Beiddad yn ngberdd cyfergyr ;
Trig yma b, d dyw-merchyr.*

Taliesin.

*Ugnach mwyaf y alaf,
Atbro rbâd y gwlad pennaf ;
Ni baeddaf cabyl, ni thrigiaf !*

(*O'r Llyfr dŷ, o Gaerfyrddin.*)

Ugnach.

Come with me to my habitation,
Thou shalt have the best wine I can give !
My name is Ugnach, son of Mydno !

Taliesin.

Ugnach, a blessing on thy Seat ;
Teacher of grace, and glory :
I am Taliesin, and will return thy feast !

Ugnach.

Taliesin, the first of Men ;
Challenger in songs of contest :
Stay here till Wednesday.

Taliesin.

Ugnach, with the mighty power ;
Master of grace, and chief of his country :
I'll not deserve blame, I must not stay !

The original Welsh of this curious relic was transcribed from one of the oldest Welsh manuscripts, called, *Y Llyfr dŷ, o Gaerfyrddin* ; or, The Black Book of Caermarthen ; which appears to be the hand-writing of the eighth century, and delineated upon goat-skin : and the additional part, at the end of the Book, is written by *Cynddelw*, the famous Bard, who flourished in the beginning of the twelfth century : which manuscript now belongs to Hengwrt Library, in Meirionyddshire.

CANIAD pan aeth y Môr dros y CANTREF GWAELOD ;
allan o'r Llyfr Dŷ o GAERFYRDDIN.

*The Song of the Inundation of CANTREF GWAELOD,
out of the Black Book of Caermarthen; a Manuscript.*

[A Fragment translated from the Welsh.]

The original Welsh of this Poem is supposed to have been written by Taliesin above 12 hundred years ago : but the style rather resembles that of the Bard, *Llywarch Hên*, who flourished near the same period. *Seithenin*, to whom the Poem is addressed, and whose fate it portends, seems to have been a prince of a despicable disposition. *Cantref Gwaelod*, or the Lowland Canton, now covered by the sea, extended from the south-east borders of Caernarvonshire, along the coasts of *Meirion*, and *Cardiganshire*. The ruins of the several embankments, mounds, and fences, which once secured the extensive champaign country from the havoc of a wide-wasting Ocean, are now called by the several names of *Sarn-Badrig*, *Sarn y Brŷeb*, &c.

SEITHENIN, *safde allan,
Ac edrych werydre faranrbes,
Môr, maes Gwyddno rbydoes.*

} SEITHENIN^a come forth,
And behold the land of warriors :
The ocean hath o'erwhelm'd the plains of *Gwyddno*^b.

^a *Seithenin Frenin o Facs Gwyddno, a orisgynodd môr ei dir* — *Achan Saint*. That is, *Seithenin* the king, from the land of *Gwyddno*, which was overflowed by the sea. *Lives of the Saints*.

^b *Uchenaid Gwyddno Goronbir,*

" Pan droes y donn dros ei dir." — G. Glyn. That is,

The groans of *Gwyddno*, with the high crown,
When the seas overwhelm'd his territory —

Which is supposed to have happened about the year 500. According to the *British Triads*, the port of King *Gwyddno*, (father of *Elphin*.) in North Wales, was one of the three principal harbours of Britain : and *Cered Wyddno* is in the mouth of Conway river.

Where *Cantref Gwaelod* was, is now the great Bay, between *Lleyn* and *Aberystwyth* ; called, by sailors, *Cardigan Bay*. And according to tradition, there were several towns and villages which were all inundated by the sea ; such as *Caer Gwyddno*, or the Castle of *Gwyddno* ; which was between *Sarn Badrig*, and *Aberystwyth*, &c. *Caer Cenedir*, or the fortress of *Cenedir*, it is not now known where it was. There is a tomb-stone in *Abergeley* church-yard, which lies very near the sea ; that has the following inscription, which alludes to a great tract of country having been overflowed by the sea :

*Yma ma'e'n gorwedd
Ym monwent Mibangel ;
Gŵr oedd a'i annedd,
Dair milltir yn y gogledd.*

Here lieth,
In the church-yard of St. Michael,
A man whose dwelling was
Three miles to the northward.

*Boed emendigaid y môrfin
A'i bellyngodd gwedi gwin,
Ffynnon wenestr mor terfin.*

*Boed emendigaid y fachtaith
A'i bellyngodd gwyd y gwaith:
Ffynnon wenestr mor diffaitb.*

*Diaspad fererid y ar far caer,
Hyd ar Duw y dodir,
Gnawd wedi traba, tranc bir.*

*Diaspad fererid y ar far caer,
Heddiw byd ar Dduw y dadolwch,
Gnawd gwedi traba, attregwch.*

*Diaspad mererid y ar gwinau,
Cadair Cedawol Duw a'i gorau:
Gnawd gwedi gormod, eisiau.*

*Diaspad mererid a'm gorfydd,
Heno, ac nim bawdd gorewydd,
Gnawd gwedi traba, tramgwydd.*

*Diaspad mererid a'm cymmell,
Heno y wrth fy ystafell,
Gnawd gwedi traba, tranc pell.*

Y mae yr ENGLYN canlynol ymysg ENGLYNION
Beddau Milwyr Ynys BRYDAIN.

*Bedd Seithenin, fynwyrwan,
Rhwyng Caer Cenedir a Glan,
Môr mawrbydig cynrban.*

^f *Sarn Badrig* is the most wonderful work of the sort, perhaps, in Britain; yet hardly noticed hitherto. It is a wall built of stone, about eight yards thick, found to reach 21 miles into the sea, from *Mochras* into Cardigan Bay; some of which is discernible at low water. The other wall, called *Sarn y Bawch*, runs from *Trwyn Celynin*, in a north-west direction, and joins the point of the former.

It appears that the flood-gates were left open in consequence of drunkenness.

^g The chair of *Cedawol* was probably near *Cors y Gedol*, in Merionethshire; (or, perhaps, the very domain that is still called *Cors y Gedol*; which now belongs to Sir Thomas Mostyn). There was also a Saint, called *Cedol*. *Cadeir Cedawol*, or the Chair of *Cedol*, is supposed to have been an elevated mount, or tribunal seat, where the Lord of the district, or his principal magistrate, promulgated the law. There are several elevated places of that kind in Wales, &c. which are distinguished by such names as *Cader Sidi*; *Cader Idris*; *Cader Arthur*; *Cader Berwyn*; *Cader Dinmast*; and *Mynydd Cader*. Malvern Hill, in Worcestershire, also derives its name from a similar cir-

} Cursed be *Morfin*,
Who, after wine, let in the well of *Gwenestr*;
The boundary of the sea^f.

Cursed be *Macbtaitb*,
Who, after the battle, let in the well of *Gwenestr*;
A wild bursting ocean.

The sorrowful cry of *Mererid* from the brow of *Caer*,
Is raised to *God*: oppression is generally followed
By a long series of ruinous calamities.

The sorrowful cry of *Mererid* from the brow of *Caer*,
Is this day raised to *God*, in votive prayer:
The progress of oppression is generally checked.

The sorrowful cry of *Mererid* is raised from *Gwinau*:
God has overthrown the Chair of *Cedawol*^g,
Excess is generally followed by want.

The sorrowful cry of *Mererid* overcomes me this night:
And I am not easily incited to mirth:
Oppression is generally succeeded by a fall.

The lamentable cry of *Mererid* compels me
This night to go from my chamber:
Oppression is generally succeeded by a boundless
destruction.

*The following stanza is taken from the Record of the
Tombs of the British Warriors.*

The grave of *Seithenin*^h of feeble wit,
Is between *Caer Cenedir* and the shore;
He that was of an illustrious Tribe.

cumstance; that is, *Mool'varn*, or the Hill of Judgment. And, according to the *Triads*, there was a Bard whose name was *Cadeir*, in the fifth century. Likewise, there was one *Howel y Gadair*, or *Howel of the Chair*.

"Formerly there were three privileged tribunals: The tribunal of a King; the tribunal of a Bishop; and the tribunal of an Abbot: for each of them had a right of holding a particular tribunal of his own." *King Howel's Laws*, page 303; and in the prefaces.

In *Dyfnaint*, the deep vallies, or Devonshire, there are some remains of the primitive mode of the ancient British Parliament; that is, "There are four stannaries, or jurisdictions, with as many stannary-courts, and towns of coinage; viz. Plympton, Tavistock, Ashburton, and Chagford. By these are chosen, from time to time, at the direction of the Lord-warden, certain Jurates to meet in general session of Parliament, at *Crocker-Terr*, a high hill in the midst of Dartmore." *Gibson's Camden*, Vol. 1. p. 30. and 35. See also note 38, in page 6, of this work.

^h King *Seithenin* was the father of *Tadno*, the founder of the village called *Llandadno*, in Creuthyn, Caernarvonshire.

SOME ACCOUNT OF TALIESIN.

“ Of magic numbers, and persuasive sound.”

TALIESIN sung and prophesied in the time of King *Maelgwn Gwynedd*, but was originally patronized by *Elphin*, son of *Gwyddno Garanbir*, Lord of Cantrev Gwaelod, about the end of the fifth century.

Maelgwn kept his court at *Dyganwy*; *Gwyddno* lived some time in the neighbourhood, and had a famous wear there, which, to this day, is called *Gored Wyddno*, or *Gwyddno's Wear*: and now belongs to *Bôdyscallen*.

Elphin was always at Court, where he exhausted his finances so much, that he was constrained to be a petitioner to his father, for the benefit of the wear, for one night only, as a temporary relief to his pocket. He obtained his suit; but the only fish he found in the wear was *Taliesin*: how he came there, is too long and romantic to relate: however, the poem translated by the Reverend E. Evans, entitled *Dybuddiant Elphin*, relates to this event. The author then proceeds to inform us how *Maelgwn* was surrounded by all his courtiers, and his 24 Bards and Heralds, &c, in the Christmas holidays, all striving who should flatter the king the most. They agreed that he was the handsomest, the wisest, and the most powerful monarch in the world; and that his queen, in beauty, wisdom, and chastity, &c, surpassed all the ladies in the kingdom: in short, that his troops were the bravest; his horses and dogs the fleetest; his Bards the best, and wisest in the world. *Elphin* very modestly said, “That nobody should enter into comparison with a king, but a king;” otherwise, he would affirm, that his own lady, in point of chastity, might vie with any in the land: and that he had a Bard who excelled all his majesty's Bards, &c. When the king heard this, he ordered *Elphin* to be bound, and thrown into prison, till the truth of those assertions should appear; and then dispatched his own son *Rhûn*, a noted debauchee, to try the chastity of his lady: she being informed of these things by *Taliesin*, and likewise advised by him, dressed one of her maids in her own fine cloaths, and put all her rings and her husband's upon her fingers, &c, whilst she assumed the character of the maid, and waited at supper. The prince, who had been immediately introduced to the parlour, supped with the metamorphosed maid, entertained her with a great deal of indecent discourse, and after the rest were withdrawn gave her a sleepy potion, and accomplished his wishes. After that, he cut off her little finger, upon which was *Elphin's* own ring and signet, which he had a little while before sent to his lady as a token, &c. The prince left the maid asleep, and hastened to his father with the ring and finger, in evidence of his success. The king sends for *Elphin* out of prison, and first upbraids him for his credulity respecting his wife's chastity; and when he finds him persevering in it, shews him the ring and finger, and assures him that the person who had brought them had lain with his lady the night before. *Elphin* acknowledges the ring; but, upon examining the finger, proves that it never belonged to his wife, by several strong arguments: first, from the size of the finger; here he observes, that the ring could scarce be forced over the middle joint of the little finger in question; and assures the king that the ring was a great deal too large for his lady's thumb: secondly, he takes notice that the nail of this finger had not been cut for a month past, at least; whereas his lady never neglected cutting her nails constantly every Saturday: thirdly, he observed that whoever owned the finger, had made use of it very lately in baking rye bread; and assures the King, that his lady had never done such a piece of drudgery since she had been his wife. Poor *Elphin* is now deemed incorrigible, and remanded back to prison for his obstinacy and credulity, with orders never to be released until he could fairly prove, what was deemed impossible, the chastity of his wife, and the superiority of his Bard. *Taliesin* now resolves to set his patron at liberty: in order to this, he goes to *Maelgwn's* court, where he was not known; and by his superior skill, assisted, however, by a little forcery, he overcomes all the laureats of the palace; asserts his lady's chastity; proves her innocence; and does some other wonders, which restores his patron to his liberty, and the favour of his prince, &c. *Taliesin*, after this, advises *Elphin* to lay a wager with the king, that he had a horse that was fleetier than all his majesty's horses: upon this, a course was marked out on *Morfa Rbianedd*, and the king brought there twenty-four of the fleetest horses in his stud, which were every one beat by *Elphin's* horse, assisted, however, by a little of *Taliesin's* magic. Moreover, *Taliesin* ordered the boy that rode his patron's horse to drop his cap on the ground, upon the place where *Maelgwn's* horse should stumble, which he accordingly did. After the race was over, *Taliesin* took *Elphin* to the spot, and directed it to be dug into; where they came to a large cauldron, full of gold.

Then the Bard addressed his patron, and said to *Elphin*, "here is your reward for taking me out of the wear, and for rearing me from that day." This spot is now called *Pyllbair*, or the pool of the Cauldron*.

N. B. There is probably some truth in the above curious account about *Maelgwn Gwynedd*, *Elphin*, &c; as some of *Taliesin's* poems, or, at least, what pass for his, relate to some of the events mentioned.

Probably *Taliesin* caused an artificial *Bog* to be made in some particular part of the course, which the rider of *Elphin's* horse had special charge to avoid; and by that means, possibly, he beat all *Maelgwn's* horses, and *Elphin* won a considerable sum of money.

In some of *Taliesin's Daroganau*, or Prophetic Poems, a place called *Y Felallt* is mentioned; where a battle was to be fought, and eleven thousand of the Saxons to be destroyed. The Annotator says, that *Felallt* is *Beefton Castle*, in *Cheshire*. See more of *Taliesin* in the first Volume, pages 18. and 21.

* From *John Jones of Gelli Lyfdy's* Manuscript; and extracted by the Reverend *E. Evans*, whose collections are now at *Pläs Gwyn*, in *Anglesey*.

THE HISTORY OF ARTHUR.

The History of King Arthur, whose name is so distinguished in the British Annals, is so enveloped by the romancers, that it is now difficult to come at the truth, except from a few authentic documents still preserved, in ancient Welsh manuscripts, and other records; which I shall endeavour to give here, with an English translation.

Nennius, the old British historian, who wrote about A. D. 620, informs us, that *Arthur* was the son of *Uther Pendragon*, and was born at *Tindagel Castle*, in *Cornwall*, about the year 516; (where tradition corroborates this account, in their still retaining there the very spot where his hall stood, his bed, his way to church, and the like.) *Arthur* was a sister's son of King *Aurélius Ambrosius*; under whose banner he served in his younger days. *Nennius* also records, that *Arthur* was the chief Commander of the British forces, and was always victorious. He fought twelve great battles with the Saxons, in concert with other British princes. This magnanimous conqueror reigned twenty six years; and with the assistance of his skilful knights, and successful armies, he preserved his country from all foreign invaders; and, by his great achievements, had several foreign kings tributaries to him*. *Arthur* received his death-wound at the battle of *Camlan*, or *Camelford*, in *Cornwal*, in the year 542; where his antagonist *Modred* was slain.

This puissant prince is numbered among the nine worthies. The Bard, *Taliesin*, records some of his battles: also *Merddyn*, the son of *Morvryn*; Prince *Llôwarch Hên*; and *Giraldus Cambrensis*, all record his fame¹.

Ymddiddan rhwng Arthur Frenin, yn ei ieuenid, a'i ail wraig Gwenhwyfar. Hon oedd y Ferch a ddygoedd Melwas, Tywyfog o'r Alban.

A Dialogue between King Arthur, in his youth, and his second wife, *Gwenhwyfar*. This was the lady whom *Melwas*, a prince of *Alban*, afterwards stole away.

Arthur.

*Dû yw fy march a da dana',
Ac er ddr nid arfwyda;
A rhag ungor ni cbilia!*

Arthur.

Black is my steed, and bears me well;
Nor will he the water shun;
And for no man will he retreat!

Gwenhwyfar.

*Glôs yw fy march o liw dail;
Llwyrr ddirmygid meff mawrair:
Nid gôr ond a gywiro ei air.*

Gwenhwyfar.

Bright is my steed of nature's hue:
May the boaster always be despised;
He only is a man, who makes good his word!

Pwy a ferchbyg ac a - - - - - ?

Ac a gerdd ymlaen y drin?

Nid deil ond gôr e, Cai hir ab Sefn.

Who will ride, and will be firm?

Who will march in the front of battle? [Sevin.

None but a hero, can overcome *Cai* the Tall, son of

* The names of the foreign kings and princes who were tributaries to King Arthur, and who were at his triumphal feast, given after his conquests, at *Caer-Lleon*, on the river *Ulk*, in *Monmouthshire*: *Gillamer*, King of *Ireland*; *Malvasius*, King of *Iceland*; *Doldan*, King of *Gothland*; *Gwinwas*, King of *Orkney*; *Llew ab Kynsarch*, (or *Lattho*), King of *Norway*; *Echel*, King of *Denmark*; and out of *France*, *Holden*, King of the *Ruthenians*; *Loedgar*, Earl of *Bolein*; *Bedver*, Duke of *Normandy*; *Barellus*,

of *Cenomania*; *Cai*, Duke of *Angieu*; *Guiscard*, Duke of *Poitieu*; also the *Twelve Peers of Gaul*; and *Geraint Garanwys*, Earl of *Charters*, (whom *Vitus* calleth *Verinus Carautensis*), *Howel*, King of *Little Britain*, &c. See more in page 3 of this work; also in *Jeffrey of Monmouth's British History*; *Enderbie's Cambria Triumphant*; and *Langtoft's Chronicle*.

¹ Also, *William of Malmesbury, De Gestis Regum Angliæ*, lib. 1. *Stillingfleet's Church History*; and *Gibson's Camden*.

Arthur.

Arthur.

*Myfi a fercbyg, ac a fai ;
Ac a gerdda yn drwm geulan trai :
Myfi y gŵr a ddaliai Gai !*

Gwenhwyfar.

*Dyd wās ! rhyfedd yw dy glywed,
Onid wyd amgen, no'th weled ;
Ni ddelit ti Gai ar dy ganfed.*

Arthur.

*Gwenhwyfar olwg eirian,
Na ddisfrawid fi ; cyd bwyf bychan,
Mi â ddalirwn gant fy hunan !*

Gwenhwyfar.

*Dyd ! wās, o ddi a melyn !
Wrth hŷr edrych dy dremyn ;
Tybiais dy weled cyn no byn !*

Arthur.

*Gwenhwyfar olwg wortbroch ;
Doedwch imi, os gwyddoch,
Yn mba lē, cyn byn ym gwelfoch ?*

Gwenhwyfar.

*Mi welais ŵr, graddol o faint,
Ar fwrdd hŷr Celliwig, yn Dysnaint ;
Yn rhannu gwin i'w geraint.*

Arthur.

*Gwenhwyfar baraby ! digri !
Gnawd o ben gwraig air gwegi :
Yno y gwelais di fi !*

Arthur.

I will ride, and I will be firm ; and will
March with speed along the bank of the ebbing tide :
I am the man who will overcome Cai !

Gwenhwyfar.

Hold, youth ! it is strange to hear thee,
Unless thou art more than thy appearance ;
Thou couldst not overcome Cai^k with a hundred
in thy train !

Arthur.

Gwenhwyfar, of beauteous look,
Deride me not ; though small I seem,
I would, myself, a hundred take !

Gwenhwyfar.

Ha ! thou youth, in black and yellow garb !
From having stedfastly viewed thy form,
Methinks I have seen thee before !

Arthur.

Gwenhwyfar, with sweet looks of mildness,
Inform me, (if thou knowest,)
Where didst thou see me before ?

Gwenhwyfar.

I saw a man, of moderate stature,
At the long table of *Celliwig*, in Devonshire,
Distributing wine, to his friends around him.

Arthur.

Gwenhwyfar, charming in discourse !
From woman's lips, we look for idle talk :
There, truly, thou hast seen me^l !

When

^k The following curious note, extracted from *Aubrey's Miscellanies*, second edition, page 28, alludes probably to the above Cai, or Gai, who was one of King Arthur's chief officers :

" The family of *Garven* have long been at *Norington*, in the parish of *Alvordston*, in Wiltshire. It was sold by — *Garven*, Esq. to Sir *Wadham Windham*, one of the Judges of the King's Bench, about 1665. They continued in this place four hundred fifty and odd years. Then, also, was sold their estate in *Broad-chalk*, which they had as long, or perhaps longer :

" On the south down of the farm of *Broad-chalk*, is a little barrow, called *Garven's barrow* ; (which must be before ecclesiastical canons were constituted ; for, since, burials are only in consecrated ground.) King *Edgar* gave the manor and farm of *Broad-chalk* to the nuns of *Wilton Abbey*, which is 900 years ago."

(N. B. The above was written in 1721.)

Mr. Thinne, in his explanation of the hard words in *Chaucer*, writes thus : *Garwyn*, fol. 23, p. 1. " This *Garwyn* was a filster's son to *Arthur* the Great, King of the Britons ; a most famous man in war, and in all manner of civility ; as in the acts of the Britons we may read."

" In the year 1082, in a province of Wales, called *Rhōs*, was his sepulchre found. *Chaucer*, in the *Squire's Tale*.

" This strange knight, that came thus suddenly
All armed, save his head, full royally
Salued the King, and Queen, and Lords all,
By order as they sitten in the hall,
With so high reverence and obeisance,
As well in speech, as in countenance,
That *Garwain*, with his old courtesie,
Though he came again out of fairie,
He could him not amend of no word."

^l King Arthur had three wives, successively, of the name of *Gwenhwyvar* : the first was the daughter of *Gwythyr ab Greidiawol*, probably a North Briton. The second was daughter of *Gawryd Ceint*, which seems to have been a *Loegrian* Briton, of Kent. The third was a daughter of *Ogyrfan Gawr*, a Cambro-Briton. Triad 59.

My reason for thinking the first was a North Briton, is, that Arthur, when he followed his conquests in the islands, left her at home ; and she having a former intimacy with *Melwas*, a prince of North Britain, they so contrived it, that she, with her maids of honour, went into the wood a maying, where *Melwas* was to lie in wait for her among the bushes, with a suit of cloaths on him made of green leaves of trees : when the queen and her maids came to the place appointed, *Melwas* started up, and carried the queen away in his arms to his companions ; and all the maids of honour ran away in a great fright : they took him to be a satyr, or wild man of the wood. He conveyed the queen to Scotland, and kept her for a while. Our English writers, (Milton, &c.) wonder how a little prince could take away, by force, the queen of such a valiant king as *Arthur* is said to be ; but the wonder ceases, when it is considered that the king was abroad in his wars, and the queen willing to be embraced by an old acquaintance. See *Caradoc's Life of Gildas*.

When *Arthur* had overcome his enemies in the North of England, he retired into North Wales, and had several contests with the then king of *Mora†*, who had at that time a bridge over the *Menai*, at *Bol y Donn*, (from Caernarvonshire to Anglesey,) guarded by a number of armed men. The author refers, for farther particulars in this, and many other things relating to Arthur, to a book entitled *Sangrïal*. He instances some of his hero's amours, whose scenes are in this country; therefore, I will briefly relate them:

Caw o Frydain, (or *Caw* of North Britain,) and Lord of *Cwm Cawlwyd*, who then lived in *Edeyrnion*, or its neighbourhood, and had two sons^m; the eldest was the famous *Gildas*, the querulous historian, an excellent scholar; the second was *Huail*, a perfect libertine. *Arthur* becomes jealous of the latter's having an intrigue with one of his mistresses;—resolves to go privately armed, to watch his going to her house: he soon appeared; and after a short conversation, they drew, and fought. After a long conflict, *Huail* had the good fortune to wound *Arthur* terribly in the thigh: upon this, the contest ceased, and a reconciliation took place, upon condition that *Huail*, under the penalty of losing his head, should never upbraid the king with this advantage he had over him, &c. *Arthur* retires to his palace, which was then at *Caerwys*, in Flintshire, to be cured of his wound: he recovered; but it occasioned his limping a little ever after. As soon as he got well, he fell in love with a lady at *Rbutbin*, in Denbighshire; and, in order to carry on his intrigue more privately, he dressed himself in female attirement; and, as he was dancing with her and her companions, *Huail* happened to see him, and knew him on account of his lameness; and said, "this dancing might do very well but for the thigh." The king overheard him, and withdrew, and sent for *Huail*; and after upbraiding him with the breach of his promise and oath, ordered him to be beheaded upon a stone, which lay in the street of the town, which was, from this event, denominated *Maen Huail*, and which it retained in the author's timeⁿ. (It is still to be seen at Ruthin.)—About that time, *Arthur* erected a palace at a place that is called *Nannerch*; it bore the name of *Llys Arthur* in the author's time, and it was said that the church of *Nannerch*, in Flintshire, which was formerly called *Capel y Gwiail*, was a chapel belonging to it*.

Copied from Edward Lhuyd's manuscripts, which was transcribed by him from a Welsh MS. of the hand-writing of John Jones of Gelli Lyfely, in Flintshire, dated June 27, 1611.

† Probably King of Murray, in Scotland.

Fal Melwas yn a Glâs glög. D. AB GWILYM.

The following curious note corroborates the before-mentioned circumstance: "Queen *Gwenhwywar*, wife to *Arthur*, King of the Britons, about the year 500, falling into disgrace on suspicion of adultery, was condemned to be torn by dogs; but escaping, she fled into Scotland: afterwards died on the hill of Stormont, (where she had lived some time,) and was buried at *Meigle*, in *Pertshire*. About three miles from the hill where she is buried, there is a stone, higher than a man, with her picture carved, and dogs tearing her on one side; and on the other, men pursuing her. There is also another grave-stone, where her servants were buried." *Edward Lhuyd's transcript from the Kirchwod manuscript of Highland Rites and Customs.*

^m According to an old genealogical book, *Caw* had a very numerous family, and the following were the names of his children: *Dirmyc ab Caw*; *Iustic*; *Etmic*; *Angawdd*; *Ofan*; *Chelin*; *Chomyn*; *Mabsant*; *Gwyngat*; *Llwybyr*; *Choth*; *Melic*; *Cynwas*; *Ardwyat*; *Ergyryat*; *Neb*; *Gildas*; *Chalcas*; *Hueil*." See more in the first Volume, page 17.

ⁿ In *Caradec's Life of Gildas Albanus*, it is recorded that the twenty-three brothers of *Gildas* rebelled against *Arthur*, and that *Huail ab Caw*, the eldest, a famous warrior, obeyed neither *Arthur* nor any other king. He often made descent from Scotland on *Arthur's* subjects: *Arthur*, the supreme king, hearing of this, made war on him from place to place, and at last killed him at *Mynaw*, or *Anglesey*, in A. D. 505. Upon this, *Gildas* came from Ireland, and pacified King *Arthur* with his tears, and with petitions of all the British Clergy. (*Usher* says, that *Gildas* had a great school in Ireland, and places him from A. D. 425, to 512:—died eighty-seven years old.)

There is a place that commemorates this circumstance, called *Cerrig Hywel*, or *Crûg Hywel*; i. e. the Stones of *Hywel*, or *Barzow* of *Hywel*, the son of *Caw*, and brother to *Gildas*; which was the cause of *Gildas's* omitting the name of *Arthur* in his *Epistle*; where he rails bitterly against one of the British princes, under the name of the *Island Dragon*: and, as the cause of his inveteracy happened in the Island of *Anglesey*, and *Arthur* having borne a golden dragon in his standard; therefore, it seems probable that he alludes to *Arthur*. *Giraldus's Cambria Descriptio*; *Sir John Price's Defence of the British History*; *Rowland's Mona Antiqua*; and the *Celtic Remains*, by *Lewis Morris*.

* KING ARTHUR'S CHARTER.

"*Carta Arthuri Regis de Immunitatibus Universitati Cantabrigie concessis.*"

"*Arthur* relying on the regal power received from God to all his servants greeting: For as much as Almighty God, through the mercy of his clemency, without any antecedent merit, has bestowed on me the sceptre of a King, I willingly return to him some part of what he has given. Being therefore instructed by his grace, for the love of the heavenly country, and the health of the souls of my predecessors, Kings of *Britain*; for the advancement of the public weal of my kingdom of *Britain*, and the spiritual benefit of the scholars continually studying at *Cambridge*, by the advice and consent of all and singular the Prelates and Princes of the same kingdom, with license of the Apostolic See, I, by this present writing, enact, and firmly decree, that the aforesaid City of Scholars, in which, hitherto, my predecessors, through the grace of the Founder, have received the brightness of knowledge, and the light of learning, be exempt from public taxes and burdensome works, that the doctors and scholars there may adhere to the study of literature undisturbed, as the glorious King of *Britain*, *Lucius*, decreed, embracing Christianity by the preaching of the doctors of *Cambridge*; wherefore the scholars and doctors of *Cambridge* are to remain in perpetual tranquillity, safe, and defended by regal privileges, with their families and estates, from all secular servitude, as also from regal taxes, great or small.

This charter was written in the year from the incarnation of our Lord, 531, on the 7th of April, in the city of *London*. And for the more security, King *Arthur* transmitted the aforesaid Charter to *Kynot*, the rector of the schools of the aforesaid city, by his nephew *Walwan*, of known integrity."

King *Arthur* had appointed *Kynot*, a provident man, Rector of *Cambridge*, in the year of our Lord, 529; and afterwards he granted him the before-mentioned privilege. The above Charter is also mentioned in another of a later date, granted to the scholars of *Cambridge* by King *Cadwalader*; which mentions King *Lucius*, *Asclepiodotus*, *Constantine*, *Uther Pendragon*, and *Arthur*.

The above is extracted from the *History and Antiquities of Cambridge*, by *Nicholas Cantelupe*, and *Richard Parker*; where a copy of the original Charter, in *Latin*, may be found in page 16 of that Book.

Marchogion y Brenin ARTHUR.

King ARTHUR'S Knights.

The following Welch manuscript was transcribed by *Simwnt Vychan*, the Bard, who flourished about A. D. 1570; and, from his transcript this was copied on the 2d day of February, 1640, by *John Jones*, of Gelli Lyfdy. The history of these Knights is also to be found in the Ancient Book of *The British Triads of the Island of Britain*; which manuscript Mr. Vaughan of Hengwrt, the great Antiquary, conjectured, was written about seven, or eight hundred years since. Likewise, the account of these Knights is in the *Llyfr Coch of Hergest*, (or the Red Book of Hergest,) in Jesus-college Library, at Oxford, which is said to have been written about 500 years ago.

Pedwar marchawg ar bugain oedd yn Llys Arthur, o Farchogion urddolion yn aros yn wastadol: a chynneddfau naturiol o orcheff ydoedd ar bôb ŷn o naddynt mwy nag ar eraill.

Tri marchawg aurdafodiawg oedd yn Llys Arthur: nid amgen, Gwalchmai ab Gwyar; Drudwas ab Tryffin; ac Eliwlod ab Madog ab Utbur: Canys nid oedd na Brenin, na Iarll, nag Arglwydd ag i delai yr rbain attynt nas gwrandewynt arnynt o flaen ereill; a pha neges bynnac a geisent bwy, yntwy ai mynnynt, naill ai o fodd, ai o ansodd; am bynny i gelwyd nbw yn aur—dafodiawg.

Tri Marchawg gwyry, oedd yn Llys Arthur: nid amgen; Galath, ab Llaunfelot dy Lac; Peredur ab Efrog, Iarll; a Bwrt ab Bwrt, Brenin Gasgwyn: pa le bynnag i delai y rbain, lle na bei na chwyr, na Gwyddan, neu ryw beth anysbyrdol er cadarned vai eu barfeu, a daed vai eu Calonau ni ellynt ddim ou baros.—

Tri chad Farchawg oedd yn Llys Arthur: Cadwr, Iarll Cernyw; Llawnfelot dy Lac; ac Owain ab Urien Reged: Cynneddfau y rbain oedd, ni chilynt nag er Gwayw, nac er Saeth, nac er Cleddyf, ac ni chafas Arthur gywilydd mewn brwydyr y dydd i caffai ef weled eu bwyneheu, ac am bynny i gelwit bwynt Cadwarchogion.—

[It is recorded in the British History, that *Dubricius*, the Archbishop of Caerleon, delivered an oration on a hill before Arthur and his soldiers, and gave them his benediction, prior to a battle with the Saxons: (which was the ancient Bardic custom, to insure success on the eve of battle.) Also, it describes the dress of Arthur, which is as follows: "Arthur put on a coat of mail, suitable to the grandeur of so potent a king; fitted his golden helmet upon his head, which was adorned with the figure of a fiery dragon; and on his shoulder his shield, called *Prydwyn*, upon which was sculptured the Virgin Mary: then girding on his *Caledfwlch*, which was an excellent tempered steel sword, made at *Avallon*, or *Glastonbury*; he graced his right hand with his spear, named *Rhin*, which was hard, broad, and fit for slaughter: after this, having placed his men in order, he boldly attacked the ranks of his enemy, &c." *Jeffrey of Monmouth's British History*, Book ix. Chap 4.

There were *four-and-twenty honourable Knights*, continually attending in *King Arthur's Court*, who had extraordinary natural qualities peculiar to themselves, wherein each of them excelled all others.—

Three golden-tongued Knights were in King Arthur's Court: *Gwalchmai*, the son of *Gwyar*, (Lord of *Pembrokeshire*;) *Drudwas*, the son of *Tryffin*; and *Eliwlod*, the son of *Madog*, son of *Utbur*. These three heroes were so wise, so candid, and eloquent, and possessing such power of language, that neither a King, nor a Lord they went to, but would give them audience before any others; and whatever business they went upon was attended with success, which they never failed of obtaining, by fair means, or otherwise. Their oratory dropped as gold from their tongues: therefore, they were called the *Three golden-tongued Knights* †.

Three immaculate, (or unblemished) *Champion Knights*, were in Arthur's Court: *Bwrt*, the son of *Bwrt*, King of *Gascoyn*; *Peredur*, son of the Earl of *Evrawc*; and *Galath*, the son of *Lanfelot du Lac* *: where ever these men came, if there was either a giant, a witch, or an enchanter, they could not endure, either of these pure Knights †.

Three *Battle Knights*, (or *Generals of Horse*) were in King Arthur's Court: *Cadwr*, Earl of *Cornwall*; *Lancelot du Lac*; and *Owain*, the son of *Urien*, Prince of *Reged*. They had this quality, they never gave way for fear of a spear, sword, or arrow; nor was Arthur ever put to shame in battle, if he saw their faces that day in the field; and therefore, they were called the *Knights of Battle*.

* There is a village in *Flintshire* called *Pen y Lâc*; the *Head*, (or principal place) of *Lâc*.

† The three knights of Arthur's Court, who obtained the *Grail*: *Galath*, the son of *Lancelot Du Lac*; *Peredur*, son of the Earl of *Evroc*; and *Bwrt*, the son of King *Bort*. The two first were chaste of body; and the third was continent, for he never committed carnal sin except once, and that through temptation, when he begat ———, by the daughter of *Brangor*, who was empress at *Constantinople*; and from whom came the most numerous generation in the world. The above three were descended from the line of *Joseph of Arimathea*, and so up to *David* the Prophet, as is testified in the books of the *Grail*.—*Triad 61*.

Tri Lledritbiog farchawg oedd yn Llys Arthur: nid amgen, Menw ab Teirgwaedd; Trystan ab Tallwch; Eiddilig Gorr; (neu Cai hir ab Cynyr farfog:) canys ymritbio a wneynt yn y rbitb i mynnynt, pan vai galed armynt, ac am hynny ni allai neb eu gorsod, rbwng eu cryfder, a'u deworder, a'u búd a'u lledritb.

Tri Brenbinawol farchogion oedd yn llys Arthur: nid amgen, Nafiens, mab Brenin Denmarc; Medrod ab Llew ab Cynfarch; a Howel ab Emyr Llydaw, Brenin Bryttayn, ac nid oedd nag ammerawdyr, na Brenin, a ballei o'u neges i'r rhai bynny, o achos eu tecced, a'u doethineb, pan ddelynt mewon beddwch; a belyd, nid oedd na milwr, na rhyfwr a allai eu baros pan ddelynt mewon rhyfel er daed vai eu barfau, ac am bynny i gelwid bwynt yn farchogion brenbinawol.

Tri chyfiawon Farchawg oedd yn llys Arthur, Blaes mab Iarll Llychlyn; Cadawg ab Gwynlliw filwr; Pedrogl paladr-ddellt: cynneddfau y rhai bynny pwy bynnag a wnelai gam a D'n gwann, pwy bynnag vai, bwynt a ymleddynt yn nghweryl y cyfiawnder ac er cadarned vai bwynt a'u gorsyddynt, canys ymroddi a wnaetbae iddynt i gadw cyfiawnder a'r d'n gwann, bwy a'u helpynt ymbób un or tair cyfraitb, nid amgen, Blaes yn y gyfraitb sydol; Cadawg o gyfraitb Eglwys; Pedrogl o gyfraitb arfau: am bynny i gelwit bwynt Tri chyfiawon farchawg.—

At the coronation of King Arthur, (at *Caer-Lleon*, on the river *Ufke*, then in the district of *Morganwg*, and now in *Monmouthshire*,) a tournament is described as exhibited in its highest splendour. "Many knights," says our *Armoric* fabler, "famous for feats of chivalry, were present, with apparel and arms of the same colour and fashion. They formed a species of diversion, in imitation of a fight on horseback; and the ladies being placed on the walls of the castles, darted amorous glances on the combatants. None of these ladies esteemed any knight worthy of her love, but such as had given proof of his gallantry in three several encounters. Thus the valour of the men encouraged chastity in the women, and the attention of the women proved an incentive to the soldiers' bravery." Here is the practice of chivalry under the combined ideas of love, and military prowess, as they seem to have subsisted after the feudal constitution had acquired greater degrees not only of stability, but of splendour, and refinement. *Warton's Hist. of English Poetry*, Vol. I.

The *British Historical Triads* farther inform us, that "the three principal palaces of King Arthur, were at *Caerlleon* on the river *Ufke*, in *Monmouthshire*; *Kellinwig*, in *Cornwall*, or *Devonshire*; and *Pearbyn Rbiantedd*, in the North of Britain."

There were other places where Arthur is said to have occasionally resided: he kept his Christmas at *Caerebrauc*, or *York*, with great royalty and banqueting; and repaired the churches that were destroyed by the Pagans. Also at *Camalot*, (or *Cwmaled*,) where anciently there was a famous castle on a hill, to the south of *Gadbury* church, in *Somersetshire*. "Arthur was at his court, called *Camalot*, on Saturday, the eve of Whit Sunday, in the year of our Lord, 454." *Lloyd's Archaeologia Britannica*, pages 262. and 265. Likewise at *Caer-gwent*, or *Winchester*, Arthur is said to have resided, and where his round table is still preserved, in the hall.—*Warton's History of English Poetry*,

Three Magical, or Necromantic Knights, were in King Arthur's Court: *Menw*, the son of *Teirgwaedd*; *Trystan*, the son of *Tallwch*; and *Eiddilig Gorr*; for they could metamorphose themselves into what shape or character they pleased, and act accordingly, when they were reduced to extremity; and therefore, no man could overcome them.

Three Royal Knights were in Arthur's Court: *Nafiens*, son of the King of Denmark; *Medrod*, the son of *Llew*, son of *Cynfarch*, King of the *Picts*; and *Howel*, the son of *Emyr*, King of *Armorica*. Their qualities were, that in time of peace, no King, nor Emperor in the world, could deny them what they demanded, for their extraordinary comeliness, and wisdom: and in war, no soldier, nor champion, be his arms ever so good, could withstand them; and therefore, they were called the Royal Knights.

Three Just Knights were in Arthur's Court: *Blaes*, son of the *Prince of Scandinavia*, (or *Norway*;) *Cadawg*, the son of *Gwynlliw* the Warrior; and *Pedrog Paladr-ddellt*, (or *Pedrog Break-spear*,) son of *Clement*, Prince of *Cornwall*. Their qualities were, that they fought in defence of Justice against any person that wronged the fatherless, the widowed, or the poor, and killed the wrong-doer, were he ever so strong; for these Three Knights had made a resolution to maintain Justice in every kind of Law: that is, *Blaes* in the Civil Law; *Cadawg* in the Ecclesiastical Law; and *Pedrog* in the Law of Arms; and therefore, they were called *Just Knights*.—

Vol. II. has a beautiful fragment of an old poem, that mentions the royal palace of *Snowdon*; which is not only highly sentimental, and expressive of poetical feelings, but strongly impresses on the mind an image of the romantic magnificence of ancient times, so remote from the state of modern manners.

Adieu, fair *Snowdoun*, with thy touris hie,
Thy chapell royall, park, and tabille rounde *!
May, June, and July, wald I dwell in thee,
War I one man, to heir the birdis sound
Quhilk doth againe thy royal rocke rebound!

* Round table; tournaments.

In the days of chivalry, *Rbitta Gawr*, a great prince, mentioned in *Brut y Brenhinedd*, who seems to have been a freebooter, or pillager, on the marches towards Scotland. The history is, he had a cap, or a vest, made of the beards of the princes, or great men he had conquered, which he had stayed and sewed together; and had left room for the beard of Arthur to add to it, as being the chief of Kings. So, in a bravado, he sent a message to Arthur to send him his beard, or else to come and fight him in a single combat, and whoever should get the day, should have the other's beard and cap; accordingly, Arthur accepted of the challenge, and gained the prize. There is a place near *Towyn*, in *Merionethshire*, called *Rbiw y Barfau*, or the Hill of the Beards, where, according to tradition, King Arthur slew *Rbitta Gawr*, the Champion, or Giant —

Arthur fought in a single combat, with *Flavius Pollio*, or *Frallo*, the Roman Tribune of Gaul, (under *Leo*, the Emperor,) and killed him. *Lewis's British History*, p. 186.

Also *Cnut*, the King of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, fought *Edmund Ironside*, the Saxon, in fight of both their armies. And a challenge of this nature has been in the time of *Henry the Eighth*, between the King of France and the Emperor of Germany.

Tri Gwrtbwriad farchawg oedd yn Llys Arthur : nid amgen, Morfran ab Tegid ; Sanddef bryd Angel ; a Glewlwyd Gafaelfawr ; cynneddfau y rhain oedd, gwrthwryneb oedd tri gan neb ballu uddunt pa neges bynnag ag a geisfyt : Sanddef rbag ei deced ; Morfran rbag ei bacred ; a Glewlwyd Gafaelfawr rbag ei faint a'i gryfed ; ac am bynny ni wyddiad neb beth oedd oren a'i rboi, a'i pallu uddunt y neges a geisfyt ; ac am bynny i gelwid bwynt gwrthwryneb farchogion.—

Tri Cbyngboriad farchawg oedd yn Llys Arthur : nid amgen, Cynan ab Clydno Eiddun ; ac Aron ab Cynfarch, ab Meirchion Gul ; a Llywarch bèn ab Elidir Llydanwyn : a'r tri Marchawg bynny a oeddynt gyngborwyr i Arthur, pa ryw ryfel bynnag, pa bygwth a vai arno, hwynt a'u cyngborynt byd na chai neb y gorvod ar Arthur, ac am bynny i gorfu ef ar bôb cenedl-oedd drwy dri pheth a oedd yn ei ganlyn, nid amgen, gobaitb da, ac arfau cysegredig, y rhai a ddanfones Iesu Grist iddaw ar binwedd ei filwyr ; ac am bynny i gwisgodd ef ddeuddeg Coron am ei ben, ac i bu ef Amberawdyr yn Rhufain.

Llyma enwan arfau Arthur : Rhôngymynian, ei wayw ; Caledfwlch, ei Gleddef ; Carnwennan, ei ddager ; a Prydwen, ei Darian.

Ac fal hyn a esrifenis i o law *Simwnt Fychan*, y terfyna y-2-dydd o fis Chwefror, 1640. Sic *John Jones*, o Gelli Lyfdy.

¹ *Lucius Hiberus*, the Roman general, was slain in a battle with Arthur ; and so was *Flavius Pollio*, the Roman tribune. *Lewis's History of Britain*, page 190. and 186.

Arthur took upon him the title of Emperor of Britain, &c. about A. D. 528 ; which is recorded thus : " *Patricius Arturius Britannicæ, Gallicæ, Germanicæ, Daciæ Imperator.*" *Leland's Assertion of the Life of Arthur*, page 13. See also note 6, in page 2 of this work

King Arthur's valour and successes were so great, that some look upon them as incredible ; but when we consider the warlike enterprises achieved in our own time by some great commanders, we may more easily give credit to that mighty hero's exploits ; who, according to history, drove the Saxons out of England ; conquered Ireland, Scotland and the Isles, Iceland, Gothland, Norway, Denmark, and a great part of France, and was crowned in Paris. When Arthur returned into Britain, he rewarded King *Hewel*, of Little *Bretagne*, with the government of all his conquests on the Continent. He bestowed the duchy of *Burgundy* on his Cousin *Berd* ; to his chief seneschal, *Cai*, he gave the province of *Anjou* ; to *Bedver*, he granted the province of *Normandy* ; and so to many other Lords, and valiant Knights, who attended him in his wars, according to their virtue.

When King Arthur returned from his victories, he first instituted an association of merit and incentive to valorous deeds ; or an order of Knights and professors of arms. *William of Malmsbury*, lib. 1. *De Gestis Regum Angliæ* ; *Nennius's Historia Britonum* ; *Stillingfleet's Church History* ; *Enderbie's Cambria Triumphans* ; and *Henry of Huntington*.—*Froissard's Chronicle* says, that King *Arthur* built the castle at *Windtor*, and founded the Order of the Knights of the Round Table. Hence King *Edward the Third* restored the Order of Knighthood, in the year 1349 ; which also gave rise to the Order of the Garter, instituted the same year. See *Ashmole's Order of the Garter*, p. 184.

There is a sand-bank about a mile W. S. W. of *Ynys Enlli*, or *Bardsey Island*, where King *Arthur*, (as is reported,) had a ship of war cast away, called *Gwennan*, after the name of his daughter *Ann* ; hence the place is called *Gorffrydau Caswennan* : one of our poets, about 500 years ago, mentions it in an elegant manner, thus :

O! anodd ar GASWENNAN
Droi ar lif o'r diwr i'r lan,
Anawd na myned yno
Troi bân o'r natur y bê.—R. Leia.

The following curious naval account I have translated from the ancient *Historical Triads* : " The three transport fleets of the Island of Britain : The navy of *Llary*, the son of *Iryf* ; the navy of *Dignif*, the son of *Alan* ; and the navy of *Saler*, the son of *Urnach*."—

" The Three great Admirals of the Island of Britain, were, *Geraint*, the son of *Erbin* ; *March*, the son of *Meirchion* ; and *Gwynwyn*, the son of *Naf*." The three latter flourished about the fifth century ; and the former, prior to that period.

Three Obtaining, and Contrastd Knights, were in King Arthur's Court : *Moruran*, the son of *Tegid* ; *Sanddev*, the Angel-faced ; and *Glewlwyd* with the great-grasp. Their qualities were, that it was contrary to every body to refuse them any thing they desired : *Sanddev*, on account of his beauty ; *Moruran*, for his ugliness and deformity ; and *Glewlwyd*, for his gigantic size, strength, and civility ; and therefore, they were called the Obtaining, and Contrastd Knights. There is also another remarkable thing : these Three Warriors escaped from the battle of *Camlan*, where all their fellow-soldiers were slain.

There were Three famous Counsellor-Knights in King Arthur's Court : that is, *Cynon*, the son of *Clydno Eiddyn*, (or *Edinburgh* ;) *Aron*, the son of *Cynvarch* ; and *Llywarch bèn*, the son of *Elidyr Llydanwyn* : and these Three were Arthur's Counsellors, to advise him in whatever difficulty happened ; so that nobody was able to overcome him ; and thus, Arthur mastered all men in every exploit, and in all nations, through the power of the strong spirit, and the faith and hope which were in his heart, and the consecrated arms which *God* had given him ; and by the virtue, and success of his warriors. On that account, he wore twelve Crowns ; and he was considered as Emperor in Rome¹.

These are the names of Arthur's arms : *Rhôngymynian*, his spear ; *Caledfwlch*, his hard-notched sword ; *Carnwennan*, his white-handled dagger ; and *Prydwen*, his glittering shield.

The Ceremony of making Knights, (about the Year 516,) when King ARTHUR reigned in Britain.

" In that age, a prince determining to make a Knight, did command a scaffold, or stage, to be erected in some cathedral church of his kingdom, or other spacious hall near unto it. Thither the gentleman was brought to receive that honour; and being come, was forthwith placed in a chair of silver, adorned with green silk. Then was demanded of him if he was healthy of body, and able to endure the travell required in a soldier: also whether he were a man of honest conversation, and what witnesses, worthy of credit, could he produce so to affirm. That being done, the Bishop, or chief Prelate of the church, took the bible, and holding it open before the Knight, in the presence of the King and all others, spake these words: ' Sir, you that desire to receive the Order of Knighthood, swear before God, and by this holy book, that ye shall not fight against this mighty and excellent Prince, that now bestoweth the Order of Knighthood upon you, unless you shall be commanded so to do, in the service of your own king and natural prince; for in that case, having first yielded up the collar, device, and other ensigns of honor now received, it shall be lawful for you to serve against him, without reproach, or offence to all other companions in arms: but otherwise doing, ye shall incur infamy; and being taken in war, shall be subject to the pains of death. Ye shall also swear, with all your force and power, to maintain and defend all ladies, gentlewomen, orphans, widows, women distressed and abandoned. The like must ye do for wives, being desired, and shun no adventure of your person, in every good war wherein ye happen to be.

This oath taken, two of the chief Lords led him unto the King, who presently drew forth his sword, and laid the same upon the gentleman's head, and said, ' God, and Saint David,' (or what other Saint the King pleaseth to name,) make thee a good Knight. Then came unto the Knight seven noble ladies, attired in white, and girt a sword to his side.

That done, four Knights of the most honourable in that presence put on his spurs. These ceremonies past, the Queen took him by the right arm, and a Dutchess by the left, and led him unto a rich seat made on high, and thereupon set him, the King sitting down on the right hand, and the Queen on the other.

After the King and Queen were thus seated, and the new Knight between them, all the rest of the Lords and Ladies sat down upon other seats prepared for them, three descents under the King's seat.

Every Lord and Lady being thus placed, thither were brought a solemn collation, or banquet of delicate meats, whereof the Knight, the King, the Queen, and the whole company did eat. And so the ceremony ended."

" The Knights of the Round Table vowed to observe the following articles:
" First, that every Knight should be well armed, and furnished to undertake any enterprize, wherein he was employed by sea, or land, on horseback, or foot.

" That he should be ever prest to assail all tyrants and oppressors of people.
" That he should protect widows and maidens; restore children to their right; re-possess such persons as were, without just cause, exiled; and with all his force maintain the Christian faith.

" That he should be a champion for the publick weal, and, as a lion, repulse the enemies of his country.
" That he should advance the reputation of honor, and suppress all vice; relieve people afflicted by adverse fortune; give aid to the Holy Church, and protect pilgrims.

" That he should bury soldiers that wanted sepulchre; deliver prisoners; ransom captives; and cure men hurt in the service of their country.

" That he should, in all honourable actions, adventure his person, yet with respect to justice and truth; and, in all enterprizes, proceed sincerely, never failing to use his uttermost force of body, and valour of mind.

" That after the attaining of any enterprize, he should cause it to be recorded, to the end that the fame of that fact should ever live, to his eternal honour, and renown of the Noble Order.

" That if any complaint were made at the Court of this mighty King, of injury or oppression, then some Knight of the Order, whom the King should appoint, ought to revenge the same.

" That if any Knight of foreign nation did come to Court with desire to challenge, or make shew of his prowess; (were he single, or accompanied,) that then these Knights ought to be ready in arms to make answer.

" That if any lady, gentlewoman, widow, maiden, or other oppressed person did present a petition, declaring they were, or had been, in this, or other nation, injured, or offered dishonour, they should be graciously heard, and without delay, one, or more Knights should be sent to take revenge.

" That every Knight should be willing to inform young Princes, Lords, and Gentlemen, in the orders and exercises of arms; thereby not only to avoid idleness, but also to increase the honour of knighthood and chivalry.

" Divers other articles, inciting to magnanimous actions of honour in arms, these Knights were sworn to observe."

Of the Degradation of Knights in ancient Days.

If any Knight at that time had been corrupted with money by his prince's enemy, or committed any other notable fact against loyalty and honour, the other Knights forthwith made humble suit unto the King that he might be punished. Which request being granted, they apprehended the offender, and caused him to be armed from head to foot, and in such sort as if he were going to the field. Then they led him up to an high stage made in a church for that purpose, where thirty priests sung such psalms as are used at burials, as though the Knight had lain dead at their feet. At the end of every psalm they took from him one piece of armour. First, they took off his helmet, as that which defended his traitorous eyes; then his gauntlet on the right side, as that which covered a corrupt hand; then his gauntlet on the left side, as from a member consenting, and by piecemeal despoiled him of all his arms, as well offensive as defensive, which, one after another, were thrown to the ground; and at the instant when any piece of armour was cast down, the King of arms first, and after him all other heralds, cried aloud; saying, " this is the head-piece of a disloyal and miscreant Knight:" then was brought thither a bason of gold, or silver, full of warm water; which being holden up, the heralds, with a loud voice, said, " what is the Knight's name?" the pursuants answered that which, in truth, was his name. Then the chief King of arms said, " that is not true, for he is a miscreant and false traitor, and hath transgressed the ordinances of Knighthood." Thereunto answered the Chaplains, " let us give him his right name." Then spake the trumpets, " what shall be done with him?" To which word the King answered, " let him, with dishonour and shame, be banished my kingdom, as a vile and infamous man, that hath offended the honour of Knighthood." So soon as the King had so said, the King of Arms, and other heralds, cast the warm water upon the disgraced knight's face, as though he were new baptized; saying, " henceforth thou shalt be called by thy right name—Traitor." Then the King, with twelve other Knights, put upon them mourning garments, declaring sorrow; and coming unto the Knight disgraced, put him down the stage, not by the stairs he mounted up when he was made a Knight, but threw him down, tyed to a rope. Then, with great ignominy, he was brought to the altar, and there laid grovelling on the ground; and over him was read a psalm full of curses. *Extracted from Sir William Segar's Book of Honour, Military, and Civil; and Esdras's Cambria Triumphant, page 195.*

MABINOGI.

PART THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

The Juvenile Adventures, and Exploits of Pwyll, Prince of the Seven Cantreds of DYVED, (Demetia,) or Pembrokeshire; who was the son of Casnor Wledig, the illustrious son of Lud, King of Britain, and flourished about 50 years before Christ.*

There are several romantic narratives, or ancient histories of this kind, preserved in old Welsh manuscripts, which are called *Mabinogion*, or Juvenile Adventures, or Amusements: *Hên Yforiâu*, or Old Stories: and *Hên Cbwedlau*, Ancient Tales, or Narrations. Some of the latter are still retained in memory, by the common people in the principality of Wales, and are usually told in winter's evenings for entertainment; some of them are of the moral and devout kind, and perhaps intended for youthful instructions, and as an incentive to imitate them. The oldest *Welsh Interludes* were also of this nature, all founded upon real histories, (though perhaps somewhat embellished,) descriptive of the exploits of famous men; and are very interesting, because they convey to us the romantic magnificence, customs, and incidents of times, which were as remote from the period, as the state of modern manners.

ON a certain time, when *Pwyll* was at his royal palace of *Arberth*², and being inclined to take the diversion of hunting, he selected some of his vassals to go and hunt in *Glyn Cuch*³; so leaving *Arberth* that evening, he came to the top of *Llwyn Diarwya*⁴, where he tarried that night. Next morning he rose early, and proceeded to *Glyn Cuch*, there blew the horns to call the dogs together to the chace, and let them loose below the woods. While following the hounds, he missed his companions; and whilst he was listening to their cry, he heard another pack, different from his own, coming a contrary way. Soon he perceived an open valley in the midst of the woods: as his hounds were entering it on one side, he saw the other pack in pursuit of a stag, which they killed in the middle of the valley. *Pwyll* observed the dogs at a distance, and was certain he had never seen their equal in the world. Their bodies were of the brightest white, and their ears were red, which made a beautiful contrast of the colours. With that, he came up to the dogs, drove them off, and set his own dogs upon the stag. While he was busy in doing this, he saw a Knight mounted upon a tall, grey steed, riding after the dogs, with a bugle horn about his neck, dressed in a kind of brown hunting suit, who immediately came up, and accosted him thus:

"Prince, I know your quality, but I will not greet you."—"Ay," says the other, "perhaps you are of such dignity that you scorn it."—"I assure you," says he, "it is not my dignity that should hinder me." "What else should?" "Before God," says the other, "your own ignorance, and want of generosity." "Prince," says *Pwyll*, "what folly, or ungenerous act, have I been guilty of?" "I never saw such a piece of injustice," replied the Knight, "as to drive away the dogs that killed the stag, and set thine own upon him; that was ungenerous. I will not avenge myself; but I will bring upon you greater disgrace than the value of a hundred stags." "Ah! Prince," said *Pwyll*, "since I have done you wrong, I will purchase your friendship." "After what manner will you purchase it?" "According to your dignity. Though I do not know you: I am a crowned king in the country I came from." "My Lord," says *Pwyll*, "good day to you; what country did you come from?" "From *Anwvyn*," said the other; "I am *Arawn*, King of *Anwvyn*." "My Lord, upon what condition shall I procure your friendship?" "Upon these conditions," said he:—"There is a king, whose dominions are contiguous to mine, and who makes war upon me continually; I mean *Havgan*, King of *Anwvyn*: by delivering me from his oppression, (which you can easily do,) you will procure my friendship." "That I will willingly do, provided you tell me how I am to do it." "In this manner you may effect it:" said the other. "I will enter into a mutual confederacy with you, and will put you, instead of myself, at *Anwvyn*. I will present you to the finest woman you ever saw; and I will likewise give you my shape and mien, that no valet-de-chambre, steward, or other man that has followed me, will know but that it is myself; and that shall continue till to-morrow twelvemonth, when we will meet again in this place."

* King *Lud* had four sons; that is, *Awarwy*, or *Affregius*; (and called by *Cæsar*, in the 55th book of his *Commentaries*, ch. 16, &c. *Mandubratius*;) who was the cause of the Romans conquering *Britain*: (it is also recorded, in the ancient *Historical Triads*, that this "*Awarwy*, *Portigern*, and *Modred*, were deemed the three plagues of *Britain*.")—*Tenovan*, or *Tenantius*, Duke of *Cornwall*, and afterwards King of *Britain*, was the second son of *Lud*. *Casnarwledig* was the third son; of whom descended *Elystan Glodrydd*, (the Commendable for Liberality,)

Earl of *Ferlex*, or *Hereford*, and one of the fifteen Royal Tribes of *Wales*, who possessed all the land between the *Wy* and the *Severn*; and *Aflech* was the fourth son of *Lud*. *Fifty-third book of Dion*; *Jeffrey of Monmouth's British History*, book iii. chap. 20—iv. 8. and 9; and *Ponticus Firmanus*.

² *Arberth* implies, above the wood, or brake; also, the name of a *Cantred* in *Pembrokeshire*.

³ i. e. The Valley of *Cuch*.

⁴ The Grove of *Diarwya*.

"But,"

"But," said the other, "what directions shall I have to meet with this man?" "This night twelve-month there is an agreement between us to meet at a ford; be you sure to be there in my stead; for, by one single blow you give him, he shall die: he will entreat you, however, to give him another: be sure to refuse him, let him desire it of you ever so much; for, as many as I gave him, he would fight me next day as courageous as ever." "What shall I do as to my own dominions?" said *Pwyll*. "I will manage matters," said *Arawn*, "that neither man nor woman shall know but that I am yourself: I will be in your stead." "With all my heart," said *Pwyll*; "and I will go forward." "Nothing" said *Arawn*, "will hinder or molest you on the way; I will be your guide till you arrive in my dominions." So he guided him till they came in view of the royal palace and other houses. "There is the palace, and my possessions," said *Arawn*; "go in; no one will discover you; and by the service you will meet with, you will know the rules observed in it." When he entered, he saw grand halls, elegant bed-chambers, rich furniture, and such superb buildings, as he had never seen before. Having entered the room to undress himself, pages, and other young men came to assist him; and each, as he approached, made his obeisance to him. Two knights took off his hunting dress, and clothed him with a rich suit of silk, trimmed with gold.

The hall being laid out, the family entered with the grandest and gayest retinue he ever saw. The queen, who was in the midst, far excelled the rest in beauty, and in the grandeur of her glittering garments of silk and gold. After they had washed, they approached the table, and sat in this wise: the queen on his right hand, and an Earl, whom he liked best, on his left. Discouring with the queen, he found her to be the discreetest, and gentlest woman he ever conversed with. Thus they spent the time in eating and drinking, in songs, and festivity. Of all the royal palaces of the earth that he had seen, this had the greatest plenty of viands and liquors, golden utensils, and royal ornaments. When it was time to retire, he and the queen went to bed: when he was in bed, he turned his face to the wall, and his back to the queen, and said not a syllable to her all night. Whatever fondling and chat passed between them in the day-time, they passed the night as at first.

Thus he spent the year, in banqueting and jollity, in hunting, and in company with jolly companions. Every man in his dominions well remembered that night's agreement.

Pwyll, accompanied by his nobles, arrived at the place of meeting: when he was come to the ford, a knight rose up and spoke as follows: "Friends," says he, "listen attentively to the two kings, between whom this meeting is: each of them claims the other's lands and possessions; we may sit idle and be spectators, and leave it to be decided between them personally."

With that, the two kings approached each other in the middle of the ford, to engage; and the man who was instead of *Arawn*, with the first blow, smote the other's shield, cut it in twain, penetrated through his armour, and threw him the length of his arm and lance over his horse's crupper, with a mortal wound. "Ah! Prince," said *Hafgan*, "what right had you to my death? I demanded nothing of you; and I know no reason you had to kill me; and for God's sake, since you have begun, finish me." "Prince," said the other, "perhaps I may be sorry for what I have done to you; you must procure another to kill you, for I will not." "My faithful nobles," said *Hafgan*, "bear me hence, for death hath laid hold upon me; I am not in a condition to uphold you any longer." "And my faithful nobles," said he that personated *Arawn*, "make an enquiry, and know who will be my men." "My Lord," answered his nobles, "all men ought; for there is not a king in all *Annwryn* but thou." "Ay," says he, "all that shall submit peaceably, it is fit they should be received; and he that does not, must be compelled by the sword." Then he took homage of the men, and began to subdue the country: by noon next day both kingdoms were in his possession.

After this, he set out towards the place of conference, and came to *Glyn Cuch*. *Arawn* was there to meet him. Having greeted one another, "God reward you for your kindness," said *Arawn*; "I have heard all." "Ay" said the other, "when you arrive in your own dominions, you will find what I have done for you." "God repay you," said *Arawn*, "for what you have done." Then he exchanged his shape and mien with *Pwyll*, Prince of *Dyfed*, and gave him his own. *Arawn* journeyed towards his royal seat at *Annwryn*, and rejoiced to see his family and subjects, whom he had not seen for some time; but they had not found the want of him, nor was his coming more welcome then, than at any other time.

That day he spent in mirth and jollity, in sitting and discouring with his queen and nobles. When it was time, he went to bed, and his queen came to him. When he began to caress her, through love, (which she had not been accustomed to for that year,) she revolved, in her thoughts what change of mind had happened to him that night more than all the rest of the year, and meditated long upon it. Soon after he awoke, and spoke to her twice or thrice, but received no answer from her. "What is the reason you will

not speak to me?" said he. "I will tell you," said she; "I have not spoken in this place as much these twelve months." "Why," says he, "have we been so reserved about speaking?" "Shame befall," said she, "since last night twelve months, when we went to bed, we have neither fondled, nor chatted, nor did you turn your face to me, nor take any notice of me." Then he mused with himself: "Surely" says he, "I have had the bravest and chastest of champions." Then said he to the queen, "Blame me not, Lady; I have neither slept nor lain with you since last night twelve months:" and then he told her all his adventures. "Certainly" said she, "you had a strong hold on your companion, since he was able to resist temptation, and behave so honourably to you." "Lady," says he, "it was that I was thinking of while I was silent."—"It is wonderful," said she.

Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed, arrived in his own dominions, and enquired of the Nobility how his government had succeeded that year, in comparison to what it had done before.

"My Lord," said they, "you never displayed more understanding, nor governed in a milder manner; neither did you squander your money, but proved yourself an excellent economist." "Indeed" said he, "it were fit you should thank him that was with you:" and he then related the whole adventure. "Thank God" said they, "for the good friendship you have met with, and the good government we have had: You will not demand from us what we procured by last year's management." "By no means," said he.

From thenceforward they established a firm friendship, and sent presents to one another of greyhounds, and hawks, and every jewel they thought would be agreeable to each other. And because of his living at *Annwvyn* that year, and having governed it so successfully, as to bring two kingdoms in one day under subjection, by his courage and bravery, the title failing, descended to him, and ever after he was styled *Pwyll Pen Annwn*; or *Pwyll*, the head of *Annwn*.

On a certain day, being at *Arberth*, his royal palace, a banquet being prepared for him and his nobles, after the first course, *Pwyll* got up to walk, and went to the top of a hillock that overlooked *Arberth*, which was called *Arberth* hill. "My Lord," said one of his courtiers, "this hill has this peculiar quality: that whatever prince sits upon it, cannot go away without either of these two things, viz, being wounded or shot, or seeing a wonder." "I am not afraid" said *Pwyll*, "of being wounded or shot amidst so great a number: I should like to see a wonder. I will go and sit upon the hill." When they had sat down, they saw a lady in bright shining gold-embroidered garments coming along the highway that leads from the hill, mounted upon a large, tall, grey steed, coming along at a gentle pace, as they imagined. When she came opposite the hill, "Friends," says *Pwyll*, "does any of you know that lady?" "No, my Lord," said they. "Let one go to meet her, to know who she is." One of them got up, but when he came near her, she galloped by in an instant. He followed her as well as a man a-foot could do: the more speed he made, the farther off she would be. When he found it was in vain to pursue her any longer, he returned to *Pwyll*, and said, "My Lord, it is in vain for any man on foot to pursue her." "Ay," said *Pwyll*; "go to the palace, and take the swiftest horse, and go after her." The man took horse, and the more he spurred him, the farther off she would be, though her horse went on with the same pace as at first. When the man found his horse knocked up, he returned to *Pwyll*. "My Lord," says he, "it is in vain for any one to pursue that princess; I know not a swifter horse in your dominions than this, yet it availed me nought to pursue her." "Ay," said *Pwyll*; "there is certainly some juggling in it: let us go to the palace." There they passed that day, and the next till meal time. When this was over; said *Pwyll*, "Let as many of us as were upon the hill yesterday go there to-day; and do you," said he to one of the lackeys, "take the fleetest horse you can find, and be ready on the plain." The lackey did so, and up the hill they went. As they were sitting, the lady appeared at a distance, riding the same horse, and in the same dress.

"There goes the lady," said *Pwyll*, "be ready, that we may know who she is." "My Lord, I will do my endeavour;" said the lackey. By this time the lady bounded by them, and left the lackey at a distance. She rode no faster than the first day; the lackey rode gently, imagining he should soon be up with her—all in vain—having given his horse the reins, he was not a whit nearer than when he trotted: the more he spurred, the farther she would be, though she went on as usual. Finding it to no purpose to pursue her any longer, he returned to *Pwyll*. "My Lord," said he, "the horse could do no more than you saw." "I saw," said he, "it was to no purpose to pursue her. Before God, she has some business with one of us, if her modesty would permit her to reveal it. Let us go towards the palace." There the night was spent in songs and mirth. After they had dined, said *Pwyll*, "About this time yesterday, and the day before we were upon the hill." "Yes, my Lord," said they. "Let us go there and sit to-day. Do you saddle my horse, and lead him to the plain, and bring my spurs along with you," said *Pwyll* to his groom.

The groom did so; they had not waited long ere the lady came as usual. "I see the lady coming," said Pwyll; "bring me my horse." Before he mounted, the lady passed by him; Pwyll turned his capering high-bred steed after her, imagining he would overtake her at every step. He rode as fast as his horse could go—all to no purpose—he was not a bit the nearer. At last he called to her, and said, "Lovely maid, for the sake of him you love most, stay for me." "With all my heart," said she; it would have been better for the horse if you had asked me sooner." Then she stayed for him, and took off her veil, and conversed with him. "Lady," said he, "where do you come from? and where do you journey?" "I am going upon business," said she; "however I am glad to see you." "You are very welcome," said Pwyll, who fancied every other damsel's complexion disagreeable, in comparison of her's. "Fair lady, will you inform me as to some part of your business?" "Yes, willingly," says she: "my principal business was to see you." "That is the most agreeable business" said Pwyll, "I should wish you to come upon. Will you inform me who you are?" "Yes," said she; "I am *Riannon*, the daughter of *Eveidd Hên*; they are going to give me away to a man against my will, and I have refused every one for the love I bear to you; and am still resolved to have no other, if you refuse me not; and to know your mind am I come."

"Before God," says he, "this is my answer: if I had my choice of all the maids in the world, I would prefer you." "If that is your choice," says she, "make an appointment with me before I am given to another." "The sooner the better, for my part," said Pwyll;—"fix the appointment wherever you please." "I will, my Lord," said she; "this night twelve months there will be a feast prepared for you in *Eveidd Hên's* palace."—"With all my heart," said he, "I will certainly be punctual to my appointment." "Fare you well, my Lord; be sure to be punctual; I must leave you:" so they parted, and Pwyll came to his companions*.

An EPIGRAM, ascribed to JULIUS CÆSAR[†]: or to
CAIUS GERMANICUS CÆSAR.

Thrax puer astricto glacie dum ludit in Hebro,
Frigore concretas pondere rupit aquas;
Dumque imæ partes rapido traherentur ab amne
Abscidit Heu! tenerum lubrica testa caput,
Orba quod inventum mater dum conderet urna,
Hoc peperit flammis, cætera dixit, aquis.

Englished by the late GEORGE COLMAN, Esq. 19th of
July, 1785.

On Hebrus froze, a Thracian boy at play
Felt, from his weight, the treach'rous ice give way;
His limbs beneath the glassy surface dropp'd,
His little head was from his body lopp'd:
That found; when in the fun'ral urn
The childless mother laid, to burn;
She sigh'd, and thus she said:
"To thy dear limbs a briny grave
"The waters gave;
"To flames I give thy head!"

The following is said to be the first English Epigram; and attributed to Sir THOMAS MORE, about A. D. 1530.

"A Student at his boke so plait,
That welth he might have wonn,
From boke to wife did flete in haste;
From welth to wo to run.
Now who hath plaid a feater cast,
Since jugling first begunn?
In knitting of himself so fast,
Himself he hath undone."

* The above narrative is a faithful translation from a Welsh manuscript in the Author's collection; and a great part of the British original may likewise be found in the *Red Book*, in the archives of Jesus College Library, Oxford.

† I had the above epigrammatic relique from the portfolio of a gentleman, who was an intimate friend of the late Mr. Colman. See also *Ovid's Fasti*: and *Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum*.

DTHUDDIANÆ ELPHIN.

The Consolation of Prince ELPHIN, by TALIESIN :

Literally translated from the Welsh; which ought to have been previously inserted in page 19. This poem is supposed to have been one of *Taliesin's* first Essays when a boy. See, also, *the first Volume, page 18. and 21.*

Fair *Elphin*, cease thy weeping; let no man be discontented with his fortune: despondency will not avail thee; man sees not his supporter. *Kynllo's*⁶ prayer will not be fruitless; God will never break his promise: There never was found in *Gwyddno's* wear so goodly a prize as at present.

Fair *Elphin*, wipe off thy tears! over much sorrow brings no relief: though you think you had no profit; certainly too much affliction avails nothing. Mistrust not *God's* providence; though I am little, I am endowed with genius. From seas, and from rivers, *God* sends wealth to the good and happy.

Good-natured *Elphin*, thy disposition is not cruel; although I am feeble and tender, on the brink of the foaming sea; I shall be a more valuable acquisition in time of need than three hundred salmon⁷. You need not complain so bitterly; *God's* providence is better than bad prognostications.

Elphin, possessed of rare qualities, be not displeas'd with your fortune: although I am weak and prostrate, my tongue is inspir'd. While I am in your custody, you need not be in any fear; if thou cravest the assistance of the *Trinity*, nothing can overcome thee.

⁶ *Cynllo* was one of the primitive Welsh Saints: whence is derived *Llangynllo*, a village in Cardiganshire.

⁷ When the prodigal *Elphin* was bewailing his misfortune, the fishermen espied a coracle in the wear, with a child in it, enwrapped in a leathern bag, whom they took up, and brought to the young prince, who ordered it to be taken care of, and had him liberally educated; which proved afterwards to be the treasure of knowledge, *Taliesin*, who lived to recompence his benefactor, by the magic of his song. See more in *the first Volume of the Welsh Bards, page 18, &c:* and in *page 19 of this Volume.*

Awdl Fraith Taliesin.

This Poem was translated into Latin Sapphic, from the Welsh, by the Reverend Dd. Jones, Minister of Llanvair Dyffryn Clwyd, in Denbighshire, about A. D. 1580.

Cuncta cum rerum sapiens Creator,
Vi sui verbi, ex nihilo creasset;
Ex luto format Adami caducum
Corpus in Hæbron.

Quinque centennos ibi mansit annos,
Valle despectum sine cultu et arte,
Antequam vitalem animam perennem
Traxerit ore.

Ne foret solus, sociam juvantem
Elohim fecit, speciosa Virgo,
Prodit è costa Paradiso in almâ,
Quam sibi duxit.

Quem locum septem tenuère læti,
Ambo vix horas, sceleratus hostis
Donec oppressit Satanas, qui ad ima
Tartara ducit.

The Historic and Predictal Ode, by TALIESIN⁸.

The following literal Prose Translations of four of the Poems by *Taliesin* are extremely curious; because they convey to us some of the Primitive History, as well as the Mystical Notions of the Druids, and of the Transmigration of the Soul; of *Taliesin's* Belief of the Deity, and Religion; of his Comminations; and Predictions. (*Taliesin* wrote from the latter end of the fifth, till about the middle of the sixth century.)

“ Rapt into future times the Bard begun.”

Panton formed the human body in the sandy vale
of *Hebron*,

With his own fair hand, where it lay five hundred
years before it was endued with a living soul.

And, that Man might not be alone in *Paradise*,
God, of the left rib of the body, made a beautiful
Female.

They occupied the garden but seven hours before
they were accosted by *Satan*, the agent of hell.

⁸ I have omitted the original Welsh of these poems, as they are to be found among several collections of ancient *Welsh Manuscripts*: viz. at *Griffith Vaughan's*, Esq. of Hengwrt, in Merionethshire; at *Paul Panton's*, Esq. in Anglesey; at *Thomas Jones's*, Esq. of Havod, in Cardiganshire; at the *Welsh School*, in London; and among my own collections, &c.

Postea ejecti Paradiso ab alto
Sunt, et in terram sterilem retrussi,
Frigus hic nudi miserè et labores
Corpore passi.

Procreat fœtus, sobolesque luctu,
Eva, nec partu vacua est dolore,
Mas sit aut sexu mulier propago,
Asiæ in oris.

Quando grandæva et fragilis, triginta
Atque nongentos superesset annos,
Vincitur fatis, moriturque, pulchrâ
Prole beata.

Nam pater justum genuisset Abel,
Virgines pulchras, generatque natas,
Et gravem luctum peperat parentum,
Cain homicidam.

Mox Adæ fonti rigidæ ligônis
Notus est usus, sociæque charæ,
Frangit effossas, tenuesque glebas,
Dente ligonis.

Triticum mandat cereale sulcis,
Quo famem mello rabidam repellat;
Et sitim extinguat rutilante fructu,
Vitis amœnæ.

Angelus missus volueris superno
Patre, portavit genitale semen,
Ponit, ut jussus, gremio nocentis
Nuncius Evæ.

Muneris partem decimam sed inde
Abstulit secum posuitque in arca,
Clam viro, et semen opera polito,
Defuit agro.

Cumque sensisset scelus hoc vir, illa
Protinus semen retulit, quod agro
Seminat, sed sit malus hinc filigo,
Teste propheta.

Pristinam perdit speciem atque formam
Triticum, pro quo sterilis filigo
Nascitur, fræus ut pateat nefanda,
Turpeque furtum.

Unde persolvi statuit per omne
Seculum, partem decimam bonorum
Omnium, quæ tu renovas quotannis,
Summe Creator.

Tritico ex puro, rutiloque vino,
Fit sacerdotis prece, corpus illud
Mysticum Christi sacrosanctum Jesu,
Fili et Alpha.

Panis altaris caro consecrata est,
Et merus sanguis pretiosus, atque
Trinitatis sancto operante verbo
Sunt benedicta.

From Paradise they were driven to get their living
in cold and anxiety;

And to procreate sons, and daughters, in pain and
fatigue; to be supported by the produce of Asia.

Nine hundred and eight years they laboured to
propagate a commixion of males and females.

In the first place, *Abel* was brought forth; and
after him, *Cain*, the man-slayer.

To Adam and his partner a spade was given, to
till the earth, in order to get bread;

And clear wheat to sow, and to be food for man-
kind, until the last day.

An angelical messenger from the heavenly Father
brought vegetative seeds to Eve.

But she secreted the tenth part of the present, so
that all the tillage was not sown:

And where the hidden seed was afterwards sown,
as witnesseth *Daniel* the prophet;

Blackish rye was reap'd, instead of wheat, to ma-
nifest the atrociousness of fraud and theft.

For this heavy offence, a tenth must be paid to
God, till Doom's-day.

From the pure wheat, and rubicund wine, is made
the body of *Christ*, the son of *Alpha*.

The wafer is the flesh, and the wine is the blood,
consecrated by the words of the *Trinity*.

Angelus libros Raphael difertos,
Artium, plenofque scientiarum,
Detulit, dextra bonitate larga
Emanuelis ;

Quos Adæ mifit veteri, precati
Sortem et humanam mifere dolenti,
Morbidus cum fe falubri lavaret
Jordanis unda.

Quatuor primos gradibusque fummis
Angelos mifit Deus, ut bis sex
Alteros puros, et honore claros,
Ædibus Evæ ;

Ut viam ignaros doceant falubrem,
Atque virtutem superare donent,
Si quid adverfum veniat quod acre
Anxiat ullos.

Trifte erat cunctis, animoque inanes,
Præ metu stabant homines in orbe,
Antequam Christi miferantis effient
Signa favoris.

Quindecim triftium decies dierum,
Affluit magnos super unda colles,
Quæ Noe claram fapientis olim,
Suffulit arcam.

Per Noam vites virides, colorum
Omnium vinum venit uva preffum,
Sunt humo pingui pofitæ, et vigeant
Candida vina.

Tres Deus virgis redimens periclis,
Tradidit Mofi, quibus ille plebem
Liberam fecit tumido tyranno, ut
Sabbatha fervet.

Rex pius claro genitore natus,
Arce difcebat Babylonis omnes
Myfticas artes, Salomon difertus,
Fœdera et arcæ.

Sic libris artes ego liberales
Bardulis cunctas didici per orbem,
Præterit quicquid fcio, et omne libris
Nofco futurum.

Hei mihi ! fufis lachrimis ocellis,
Trifte quam fatum fcio luftuosum,
Fætui Trojæ properat venire,
Omne certo.

Tigris immanis fera (torquefracta,
Sæva, trux, frendens, animofaque ales
Pandet armatas) foboles ferox,
Germaniæ agreffis,

Illa vi, et dira superabit aftu,
Lloegriam terram Britonum vetuftam
A freto Llychlyn populabit agros,
Ufque Sabrinam.

Books of all mysteries, from *Immanuel* were
brought to *Adam*, by the angel *Raphael* ;

When he was up to his chin in the water of *Jor-*
dan at his devotion.

Four Angels, and twelve Saints, were sent by
Eleefon to *Adam's* habitation,

To demonstrate his power to succour the progeny
of *Eve*, in all tribulations and imbecilities.

Great were the care and fear of all mankind, before
they received figns, and promises of falvation.

An hundred and fifty days did the ruinous flood
bear up the ark, above the tops of all the highest
hills.

The cinnabar-coloured vine, and the white, were
fuccessfully planted and cultivated by *Noah*.

Moses had three rods on the Lord's day, against a
time of great neceffity.

Solomon had all the arts, and mysteries of the ark of
the covenant, from the Tower of Babel.

I likewise had in my Bardic books, all the mysteries,
and knowledge of the countries of Europe.

O Lord God ! how grievous and miserable will be
the fate of the *Trojan* race.

A wily, proud, and cruel *German* serpent with her
armed train,

Will over-run all South *Britain*, and the Lowlands
of *Scotland*, from the German Ocean to the Severn.

Tunc erunt vincti celebres Britanni,
 Saxonum factu, quasi carcerati
 Inter umbrosos habitando colles,
 Et mare vastum.
 Attamen regem proprium colentes,
 Rite servabunt idiomae linguae;
 Walliam praeter gelidam, relinquent
 Hostibus arva:
 Donec oblongum veniat subactis
 Tempus, atque post miseraeque clades,
 Quando libratus trutina utriusque est
 Fastus iniquus.
 Tunc suam tandem in ditionem atroces
 Hostibus, regnum redigent Britanni,
 Exterus marcet populus, corona
 Denuo parata.
 Horum ego multos didici labores,
 Atque fortunam variantem, et actus,
 Nosco fatorum seriem in futura
 Saecula perennem.
 Praescius rerum Michael locutus,
 Verba divina haec mihi nuncia almae
 Pacis et belli rigidi, futura
 Certa Britannis.

Then will Britons be held, like captives, in the
 power of aliens from Saxony.

Their God will they worship, their language will
 they retain, and their land will they lose, except the
 wilderness of Wales:

Until such time, after long suffering, that the sins
 of both be had in equal balance.

Then shall Britons recover their territories and
 Crown, and the strangers shall dwindle away.

I know their ways, and manner of living; their
 revolutions, and fortune, until the last day.

The words of St. Michael concerning peace, and
 war, will certainly come to pass in Britain.

TALIESIN'S RHAPSODY, ON TRANSMIGRATION.

I am *Elphin's* chief Bard;
 My primitive residence was in the land of Cherubim:
John the soothsayer called me *Merddin*:
 Henceforth all kings shall name me *Taliesin*.
 I was with my *Lord*, in the heavenly regions,
 When Lucifer fell into the depth of hell:
 I bore the banner before *Alexander*:
 I know the number of the stars, from North to South.
 I have been in the milky way with *Tetragrammaton**:
 I conducted the rulers into the vale of *Hebron*:
 I was in the land of *Canaan* when *Abalom* was slain:
 I was in the palace of *Dón* before *GWYDION*⁹ was born.
 I was a messenger to *Elias*, and *Enoch*:
 I have been in the place where the son of *God* suffered:
 I was a Captain at the building of *Nimrod's* tower:
 I was three seasons in the city of *Arianrhod*¹⁰.

I was in the Ark with *Noah*, and *Alph*:
 I saw the destruction of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*:
 I was in *Africa* before Rome was built:
 I came here to the remnant of the *Trojans*.
 I was in the White Tower, the court of *CYNVELYN*¹¹:
 I was chief Bard of the Harp, to *Léon* the Norwegian:
 I suffered hunger for the son of a virgin's sake;
 And was chained to a block a year and a day.
 I was with my *Lord* in the ass's manger:
 I supported *Moses* through the waters of *Jordan*:
 I was above the skies with *Mary Magdalen*:
 I had a vein of poetry from *Gridwen*¹² the aged.
 I was conspicuous in the region of the *Trinity*:
 I know the learning and poetry of all the world:
 I shall be on the face of the earth till doom's day;
 And it is unknown whether my body is flesh, or fish.

* A term to express the *Lord*, *God*, or *Deus*.

⁹ *Gwydion*, the son of *Dón*, was a prince of *Ar-Gonwy*, in *Caernarvonshire*, and famous Magician of the fifth century.

¹⁰ *Taliesin* seems to retain the idea of transmigration of the soul, as the *Druids* did. So *Pythagoras* remembered to have been *Aethalides*, the son of *Mercury*; to have been assisting the *Greeks* during the *Trojan* war, in the character of *Euphorbus*; and that his soul recollected many exploits which had been done while it animated that *Trojan's* body: he remembered to have been *Hermotimus*; afterwards a fisherman; and last of all, *Pythagoras*.—*Life of Pythagoras*; and *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, lib. xv. v. 160.

¹¹ The Tower of London; the ancient part of it, called *The White Tower*, is a square irregular building, situated in the center, on which are the watch towers, and observatory; said to have been originally built by *Constantine the Great*.

¹² "Meirion, the son of *Gridion*, after the decease of his father, had all his inheritance in *Cambria*, and ruled the same many years." *G. Owen Harry's Genealogy*.—

*Gwidwen llawer a gradant, Gwraig Tegid foel ar goel gyst;
 A wnaeth gwol uwwaith Gwen, O goel wro i gael Awen.* William Cynwal.

TALIESIN'S CREED.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Christ Jesus of heaven, in thee I believe, that thou art Three in One; and am certainly in the right. Worthily art thou called a most gracious and bountiful Father:—Truly art thou called a Son; the chief Bishop of *Adam's* posterity:—Really art thou called a Spirit, and my righteous *Lord*:—Justly art thou denominated a Creator, and highest Emperor:—Deservedly art thou called a Judge, and a most liberal Benefactor:—And verily a true Man, and true God Supreme.

Thou didst arise to life, from the earthy grave:—Thou hast delivered mankind from the bondage of Satan. When thou dost attain to the full age of three tens over and above fifteen hundred, most virtuous Holy of Holies, thou wilt deliver the *Britons* from their oppressed situation; and wilt replant the *Trojan* roots in their own gardens. Happy times will come in consequence of this revolution. Then shall the lands in the kingdom of Britain be allotted;—then let my most kind *Lord* be heard:—then shall *Britons* become wise, and politic. The stocks of the *Germans* shall be eradicated and forgotten;—the country will be distressed by treachery and violence. Then shall that bright gem, *Owain*¹³, come forth to avenge on the *Saxons* their long-continued rapine and insolence: then shall the country of *Cambria* sing *Hallelujah*.

¹³ Probably *Owain ab Urien*, a prince of *Reged*, in the North.

TALIESIN'S COMMUNICATIONS.

- Woe be unto him that is converted and baptized, and leads not a Christian life.
 Woe be unto those rulers whose tyrannical institutions are full of arrogance.
 Woe be unto the dumb priest that does not correct errors, and will not preach.
 Woe be unto the shepherd that does not guard his fold, and tends not his flock.
 Woe be unto him that defends not his sheep against Romish wolves, with a clubbed staff.
 Woe be unto him that spends his life here in tyranny and oppression.
 Woe be unto the odious dissembler, that does not sincerely pray and worship God.
 Woe be unto that mortal who commits sins, and will not confess and repent.
 Woe be unto him that eats his bread in idleness, and will not work.
 Woe be unto him that spends his life in heaping up riches through oppression and injustice.
 Woe be unto him at the *Day of Judgment* that does not repress the lusts of the flesh, and pray.
 Woe be unto him that believes not in the Trinity, and is void of charity, and without compassion.
 Woe be unto him that bereaves the widow, and fatherless of their patrimony, without restitution.
 Woe be unto him, that shall oppress and rob the helpless, unless he makes satisfaction.
 Woe be unto him that bears malice in his bosom to his friend, and hates him.
 Woe be unto the wealthy miser, that will not pity and clothe the poor, and naked.
 Woe be unto the ill-natured man that will not sympathize with the thirsty, and relieve him.
 Woe be unto him that will not visit and relieve the sick, and prisoners.
 Woe be unto him that will not supply pilgrims with lodging and victuals.
 Woe be to him, that is born, whose ill deeds shall bring him to hell.
 Woe be to those furies who shall be hereafter confined in eternal torments;
 A place, where there are howlings, cries, and multitudes of plagues;
 A place where are burnings and groanings, without hopes of any deliverance:
 Where there is no expiation by repentance, to all eternity:
 Where there is shivering and quaking, for the coldness of frost and snow:
 A place where there are cries and howlings, world without end.

The *EULOGY* of OWAIN GWYNEDD, Prince of North Wales; who succeeded his Father, GRIFFITH AB CYNAN, about A. D. 1137. This battle was fought in the year 1157.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flow'r of Rodric's stem,
Gwynedd's ¹⁴ shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of ev'ry regal art,
Lib'ral hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Erin ¹⁵ hiding;
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow, long and gay,
Lochlin ¹⁶ plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar,
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The Dragon-son ¹⁷ of Mona stands;

In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest:
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the prefs, and there the din;
Tal Moelvre's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward *Menai* rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn;
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye,
Fear to stop, and Shame to fly:
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild;
Agony, that pants for breath;
Despair, and honourable Death.

* * * * *

The original Welsh of the above poem was the composition of *Gwalchmai*, the son of *Meilir*, immediately after Prince *Owen Gwynedd* had defeated the combined fleets of Ireland, Denmark, and Norway, which had invaded his territory upon the coast of Anglesey. This spirited versification is from the pen of the late Mr. Gray.

There is likewise another poem, which describes this famous battle, written by Prince *Howel*, the son of *Owen Gwynedd*; who was a celebrated warrior, as well as a Bard, and who seems to have been in the action. I shall give it here with a literal translation:

Hywel ab Owain a'i cânt.

PAN *fai lawen frain*; pan *fryfiai waed*;
Pan *wyar wariiai*;
Pan *ryfel*; pan *ruddid ei thai*
Pan *RUDDLAN*, pan *rudd lys losgai*;
Pan *ruddam*, *rhudd-flam flemychai byd nêf*,
Ein *addef ni noddai*;
Hawdd gweled goleu losg arnai,
O *gaer wen geir ymyl MENAI*.—
Trengysant trydydydd, o fai, trichan-llong
Yn *llynges fordai*:
A degcant cyman a'u ciliai
Cysarf, heb un sarf ar FENAI.

A Song, composed by Howel, the Son of Owen.

The ravens rejoice, when blood is hastening;
when the gore runs bubbling; when the war doth
rage; when the houses redden in *Ruddlan*; when the
red hall is burning; when we glow with wrath: the
ruddy flame blazes up to heaven; our abode affords
no shelter; and plainly is the bright conflagration
seen from the white walls upon the shore of *Menai*.—

There perished, on the third day of May, three
hundred ships of a fleet roving the ocean: and ten
hundred times the number the opposing weapon
would put to flight, leaving not a single beard on
Menai ¹⁸.

¹⁴ North Wales.

¹⁵ Ireland.

¹⁶ Denmark.

¹⁷ The red Dragon was the device of Cadwalader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

¹⁸ *Menai* is the name of an arm of the sea, which divides Anglesey from Caernarvonshire.—It appears that these invaders shared a similar fate with that of the French fleet at *Aboukir*;—few returned to tell the tale.

Gorboffedd Hywel, fab Owain Gwynedd; e bûn ai Cânt:
or, The Boast of Howel, the son of Owen, Prince of North Wales; composed by himself.

This princely Bard, *Howel*, the son of *Owen Gwynedd*, who flourished about A. D. 1150, wrote eight pieces of poetry, which are still preserved in old Welsh manuscripts, &c.; and as they are short, and elegantly descriptive, I shall beg leave to insert here, a literal translation by *Meirion* of four or five of them, as a specimen of that Chieftain's muse; who seems to have been particularly devoted to Love, and War; they convey to us, likewise, some idea of the customs of those times; therefore I esteem them curious. In this first poem the Bard describes Wales, and enumerates his favourite lovers, who were then the most celebrated beauties of that country.

Fair foam-crowned wave, spraying over the sacred tomb of Rhuvon the Brave, the chief of princes, behold this day. I hate *England*, a flat and unenergetic land, with a race involved in every wile. I love the spot that gave me the much-desired gift of mead, where the seas extend in tedious conflict; I love the society, and numerous inhabitants therein, who, obedient to their Lord, direct their views to peace; I love its sea-coast, and its mountains, its city bordering on its forest, its fair landscape, its dales, its waters, and its vales; its white sea-mews, and its beauteous women. I love its warriors, and its well-trained steeds; its woods, its strong holds, and its social domicil. I love its fields, clothed with tender trefoils, where I had the glory of a mighty triumph. I love its cultivated regions, the prerogative of heroism; and its far-extended wild; and its sports of the chase, which, Son of God! have been great and wonderful. How sleek the melodious deer, and in what plenty found!

I achieved, by the push of a spear, an exalted deed, between the chief of *Powys* and happy *Gwynedd*; and, upon the pale-hued element of ever-struggling motion, may I accomplish a liberation from exile! I will not take breath until my party comes: a dream declares it, and God wills it so to be, fair foam-crowned wave spraying over the grave.

Fair foam-crowned wave, impetuous in thy course, like in colour to the hoar when it accumulates, I love the sea-coast in *Meirionydd*, where I have had a white arm for a pillow; I love the nightingale upon the privet-brake in *Cymmer Deuddwr*, a celebrated vale. Lord of heaven and earth, the glory of the blest, though so far it is from *Ceri* to *Caerlliwelydd*, I mounted the yellow steed, and from *Maelienydd* reached the land of *Reged* between the night and day! Before I am in the grave, may I enjoy a new blessing from the land of *Tegyngyl* of fairest aspect. Since I am a love-wight, one inured to wander, may God direct my fate! fair foam-crowned wave of impetuous course!¹⁹

I will implore the divine Supreme, the Wonderful in subjugating to his will, as king, to create an excellent muse, for a song of praise to the women, such as *Merddin* sung, who have claimed my bardic lore so long, who are so tardy in dispensing grace. The most eminent of all in the west I name, from the gates of *Chester* to the port of *Ysgewin**: the first is the nymph, who will be the subject of universal praise, *Gwenlliant*, whose complexion is like the summer's day. The second is another of high state, far from my embrace, adorned with golden necklace, fair *Gweirvyl*, from whom nor token nor confidence have I obtained, nor has any of my race; though I might be slain by two-edged blades, she, whose foster-brother was a king, should be my theme. And next for the handsome *Gwladus*, the young and modest virgin, the idol of the multitude—I utter the secret sigh; I will worship her with the yellow blossoms of the furze. Soon may I see my vigour roused to combat, and in my hand my blade, bright *Leucu*, my companion, laughing, and whose husband laughs not, from anxiety. Great anxiety oppresses me, makes me sad; and longing, alas! is habitual for fair *Nest*, for her who is like the apple-tree blossom; and for *Perweor*, the centre of my desire; for *Generys*, the chaste, who grants not a smile for me—may continence not overcome her! For *Hunydd*, whose fame will last till the day of doom; for *Hawis*, who claims my choicest eulogy. On a memorable day I had a nymph; I had a second—more be their praise! I had a third, and a fourth, with prosperity; I had a fifth, of those with a skin white and delicate; I had a sixth, bright and fair, avoiding not the temptation, above the white walls did she arrest me; I had a seventh, and this was satiety of love; I had eight, in recompence for a little of the praise which I sung:—but the teeth must opportunely bar the tongue.

¹⁹ This passage cannot be well understood, but by supposing it to allude to the departure of his brother, Madog, out of Wales, at the time when he is said to have discovered land far in the great sea of the west, which subsequent facts point out to have been America. See more on this subject in page 37 of the first Volume.

* According to the ancient *British Triads*, the following were the three principal harbours of the Island of Britain: viz. "the port of *Ysgewyn*, in Monmouthshire; the port of *Gwygyr*, in Anglesey; and the port of *Gwyddon*, in North Wales."

The CHOICE; sung by Prince HOWEL, a Son of Owen Gwynedd.

My choice is a lady, elegant, slender, and fair, whose lengthened white form is seen through the blue thin veil; and my choicest faculty is to muse on superior female excellence, when she with diffidence utters the becoming sentiment; and my choicest participation is to become united with the maid, and to share mutual confidence, in thoughts, and fortune.—I choose the bright hue of the spreading wave, thou who art the most discreet in thy country, with thy pure Welsh speech.—Chosen by me art thou: what am I without thee? How! dost thou refrain from speaking, whose silence even is fair!—I have chosen a maid, so that with me there should be no suspense:—it is right to choose:—choose, fair maid!

An ODE; sung by HOWEL, the Son of Owen Gwynedd. Translated.

I love the white glittering walls, on the side of the bank, clothed in fresh verdancy, where bashfulness loves to observe the modest sea-mew's course. It would be my delight, though I have met with no great return of love, in my much desired visit, on the sleek white steed, to behold my sister, of suppliant smile; to talk of love, since it is come to my lot; to restore my ease of mind; and to renew her slighted troth with the nymph as fair as the hue of the shore-beating wave.

From her country, who is bright as the coldly-drifted snow upon the lofty hill, a censure has come to us, that I should be so treated with disdain in the Hall of *Ogyrvan*.

Playful, from her promise, was newborn expectation;—she is gone with my soul away: I am made wretched! Am I not become, for love, like *Garwy Hir* †, to the fair one, of whom I am debarred in the Hall of *Ogyrvan*?

† *Garwy Hir* was a warrior, who served under Arthur, and is often celebrated by the Bards for the constancy of his love for *Ceridwen*.

A SONG; by HOWEL, ab Owen Gwynedd.

A TRANSLATION.

I have harnessed thee to-day, my steed of shining grey; I will traverse on thee the fair region of *Cynlas*²⁰; and I will hold a hard dispute before death shall cut me off, in obstructing sleep, and thus obstructing health; and on me it has been a sign, no longer being the honoured youth, the complexion is like the pale blue waves.

Oppressed with longing is my memory in society; regret for her by whom I am hated! Whilst I confer on the maid the honoured eulogy, she, to prosper pain, deigns not to return the consolation of the slightest grace!

Broken is my heart! My portion is regret, caused by the form of a slender lady, with a girdle of ruddy gold. My treatment is not deserved: she is not this day where my appointed place was fixed.—Son of the God of heaven! if, before a promise of forbearance she goes away, woe to me that I am not slain!

²⁰ *Cynlas*, is in the parish of Llanddervel, in Merionethshire.

VERSES composed by HOWEL, the Son of Owen Gwynedd.

A TRANSLATION.

I love the time of the summer; then the gladly-exulting steed of the warrior prances before a gallant chief; the wave is crowned with foam; the limb of the active more quickly moves; the apple-tree has arrayed itself in another livery; bordered with white is my shield on my shoulder, prepared for violence. I HAVE LOVED, with ardency of desire, the object whom I have not obtained!—

—*CERIDWEN*,

—*CERIDWEN*, fair and tall, of slowly-languid gait, her complexion vies with the warm dawn in the evening hour; of a splendid, delicate form, beautifully mild, and white-hued presence; in stepping over a rush, nearly falling seems the little tiny fair one, gentle in her air; she appears but scarcely older than a tenth year infant. Young, shapely, and full of gratefulness, it were a congenial virtue that she should freely give; but the youthful female does more embarrass good fortune by a smile, than an expression from her lip checks impertinence.

A worshipping pilgrim, she will send me to the celestial presence! How long shall I worship thee?—Stop, and think of thine office!—If I am unskilful, through the dotage of love, *Jesus!* the well-informed will not rebuke me!

Englynion a gant teulu OWAIN CYVEILIOG, i Gylcbau CYMRU:
or, Verses, sung by the Family of Prince OWEN CYVEILIOG to the Circuits of Wales.

Owen Cyveiliog was a Prince of Powys, from about the year 1171, to 1197: he was like the last-mentioned Chieftain of Wales, distinguished for his warlike exploits, for being a Poet, and a great patron of the Bards. But I believe there are only two of this princely Bard's compositions preserved: his animated poem called the *Hirlas Owen*, has already been given, in the first Volume of this work, page 118, &c.; and the other is given here, which is on the custom of the Welsh princes making their periodical circuits at the three great festivals of *Christmas*, *Easter*, and *Whitfuntide*. These circuits constituted one considerable means of support to them, as the different officers of their establishments were also entitled to be received, according to their ranks amongst the vassals, as may be seen by the various regulations in *Leges Wallicæ*: and respecting the *Bards*, see the first Volume of this work, page 27, 33, and 86.

A TRANSLATION.

Family of *Owen* the mild, whom the restless hosts of violence frowardly threaten on the paths of songs and social feasts, which way shall we repair to *Mortun*?

Go, youth, quickly, without greeting the good man there, take thy course, penetrate through it; say that we shall come to *Ceri*.

Go, youth, from *Ceri*, we request of thee, for fear of our wrath, and the end we have in store to bring upon thee; say that we come to *Arwyfli*.

Messenger, be setting off, before an illustrious band, to the confines of *Ceredic*; take thy course wildly on an arrow's wing; say that we shall visit *Penwedic*.

Go from *Penwedic*, messenger of honourable toil, since no disgrace belongs to thee; range, and, with increased eloquence, say that we shall visit *Meirion*.

Messenger, be setting off, approaching the green ocean stream, bordered with loud tumult; take a course, the third of the journey is done, say that we shall visit *Arduwgy*.

Messenger, be setting off along the fair borders of the country, which *Mervyn* swayed; go and be a guest with *Nest* of *Nevyn*; speak of our coming to *Lleyn*.

Messenger, be setting off, drawing near a mild leader of magnanimous heart; go, armed knight, and traverse *Arven*; say that we visit *Môn*.

Family of *Owen* the bounteous, to whom belongs the ravage of England, abundant in spoils, will meet with a welcome after a tedious journey: shall we abide one night at *Rbôs*?

Young man, go from me, and no one greet, unless it be my mistress; sweep along on the fleet bay steed; say that we visit *Llannerch*.

Messenger, be setting off, over the strong region of a tribe deserving mead out of the horn, and traverse *Tyno Bydwal*; and say that we visit *Iâl*.

Pass onward to its extremity, heeding not the gallantry of its men with the long yellow spears; take thy course, on the first day of January, say we visit *Maelor*.

Go, youth, and linger not, let not thy progress be half complete; to stop thee is no easy task; from tedious *Maelor* take thy way; make known we visit *Cynllaith*.

Young man, go with discretion, announce not our troop as of sorry tribes; take thy course, with the fleetness of a stag thy tidings bear; say we visit *Mechain*.

The family of *Owen*, the chief, withstood kingdoms, may the regions of Heaven be our retreat! A range altogether pleasant, altogether prosperous, with united pace, the circuit of *Wales* we have taken.

The places mentioned in the foregoing verses are all well known at the present time; they are points which nearly describe a circle round North Wales. *Arwyfli*, and *Arduwgy*, are districts in *Meirion*, or Merionethshire: *Ceredic* is in Cardigan-shire: *Nevyn*, and *Lleyn*, are districts of *Arven*, or Caernarvonshire: *Môn* is Anglesey: *Rbôs*, and *Iâl*, are districts of Denbigh-shire: *Maelor*, a district in Flintshire: and *Cynllaith*, *Ceri*, and *Mechain*, are in Montgomeryshire.

Dau Englyn, a gânt *Cynddelw*, i Gynyddion
Llywelyn ab Madawc ab Meredydd, ac i'w Cyn;
 o achaws rhoddi iddaw y Carw a laddassent yn ymyl
 ei Dŷ ef.

Balch ei fugunawr ban nefawr ei lēf
Pan ganer Cyn cydawr ;
Corn Llywelyn, Llyw lluyddfawr,
Bôn chag, blaen bang, bloedd fawr !

Corn wedi lladd, Corn llawen ;
Corn llugynor Llywelyn ;
Corn gwyd gwydr a'i cân,
Corn rbueinell yn ôl Gellgŵn,
 O Lyfr Cŵch o Hergest.

Two Verses, sung by Cynddelw²¹, the Bard, to the
Huntsmen of Llywelyn, the son of Madog ab Mare-
dydd, Prince of Powys, and to their horns ; on the
occasion of their presenting him the stag, which they
had chased, and killed near his house.

Grand are the echoing peals, uplifting to Heaven!
 When the resounding horns of acclamation join!
 The horn of *Llywelyn*, the leader of mighty hosts:
 Wide is the circle of its base, and slender the issue
 of its awful blast!

The horn after the death, a joyous horn!
 The war-assembling horn of *Llywelyn*!
 The horn that calls through the dale, and woodlands!
 The shrill-sounding horn of the stag-hounds!

Taken from the Red Book of Hergest

²¹ *Cynddelw* had an epithet to his name, *The Great Bard*; he flourished about the year 1150.

The SONG of EVA, Daughter of MADAWC, the Son of MAREDYDD, the last Prince of Powys ; by Cyn-
ddelw : written about A. D. 1160. (Translation from the Welsh. A Fragment.)

I bear a strong resentment against her whom now I am going to celebrate, and whom
 I have formerly celebrated.
 She now equals in whiteness the foam of water when ruffled by the stormy wind ;
 She who speaks with a gentle accent, who dwells in the palace of the vale ;
 She who is bright as the dawning of the early-rising morn ;
 Who is in colour equal to the whitest snow that falls on the lofty *Eppynt* :
 The maiden of soft, and gentle manners, of a bright aspect :
 This is the cruel Fair who makes no account of me ; although noble maids respected, and
 Told her that they admired the song in praise of *Eva*.
 They passed along the plains of *Powys* in due order, with downcast look.
 When I got there, they saw me in the day through glass windows * * * * *

An ODE to LLYWELYN AB IORWERTH, (or LLYWELYN THE GREAT ;) written by the Bard, David
Benfras, about A. D. 1240.—Versified from Mr. Evans's Specimens of Welsh Poetry, by the Reverend
Rd. Williams, of Vron.

Creator of yon glorious sun,
 Grant that my gen'rous verse may run
 As bright, as strong as his meridian fire ;
 Yet chaste as *Dian's* silver beams,
 That dance on *Alyn's* curling streams.
Merddin my muse inspire !
 Oh touch thy magic lyre,
 That I may catch th' instructive song,
 Whilst I *Llywelyn's* praise prolong :

Teach me, sweetest Bard, to sing
Venedotia's warlike King.
 Great *Aneurin*, lend thine aid ;
 Hear, oh hear me, awful shade ;
 Who whilom skill'd in Celtic lays,
 Didst fire the soul with martial praise.
 Well did thy majestic verse,
Cattraeth's stubborn fight rehearse.

To *Gwynedd's* Prince my lays belong;
 Cambrian-Muse inspire my song.
 How happy liv'd the Cambrian swain
 Under his auspicious reign!
 Noble, gen'rous, great and good,
 Sprung from *Iorwerth's* royal blood:
 King of Battles! his bright spear
 Flam'd like a meteor to the air:
Lloeger's-King before him fled;
 Far, and wide the battle bled;
 Princes were number'd with the dead:
 With Saxon blood his sword was dy'd;
 Thousands fell wounded by his side,
 And gnash'd their teeth with pain.
 Hark! hark! I hear the battle rave!
 And see old *Offa's* crimson wave,
 O'erwhelm'd with warriors slain!
 Far as *Pumlumon* casts his shade;
 Far as *Sabrina*, Royal Maid,
 Extends her crystal flood;
 So far *Llywelyn's* might is known;
 So far his angry shafts have flown;
 And ting'd their points with blood.
 Oh! ever honour'd, ever mourn'd,
 The last who *Cambria's* Throne adorn'd:

Had I the gift of Prophecy,
 Or charm of ancient Poesy,
 My verse unequal to the task would prove,
 To paint thy virtues, and thy country's love.
 Rise, old *Taliesin*, from the dead,
 With oaken wreath, and hoary head;
 Chief of Bards! arise, and sing
Venedotia's warlike King.
 None, but thy soul-commanding lyre,
 Speaking rapture, breathing fire,
 Shou'd to such high themes aspire.
 O King, or e'er thy course be gone,
 Or e'er thy earthly race be run;
 Many and happy be thy days,
 Full of glory; full of praise!
 E'er the green herbs, upon thy tomb,
 Or grateful flower, begin to bloom;
 Or e'er the bone-bestrewed grave
*Llywelyn's*²² royal reliques have!
 Worker of miracles, protect
 The Prince, the Hero!—Saints elect,
 Bear on your seraphic wings
 The pride and ornament of Kings.
 Hear, and applaud his noble story;
 And crown him with eternal glory!

²² This illustrious Prince came to the Sovereignty of North Wales about the year 1174. He married *Joan*, the daughter of King John, in the year 1204: and died after a reign of 46 years, and was interred, with much honour to his memory, in the abbey of Con- way, in A. D. 1240. See *Caradoc's Welsh Chronicle*: and *Warrington's History of Wales*.

An ELEGIAC ODE to *NEST*, the Daughter of *HOWEL* (Son of Prince *Owen Gwynedd*;) by *EINION AB GWALCHMAI*, about the year 1240. Translated from the Welsh.

The Spring returns; the trees are in their bloom;
 The blackbird carols all the live-long day;
 But *Nest* lies with'ring in her wint'ry tomb,
 Nor heeds th' invigorating smiles of May.
 Though smooth the sea, and soft the zephyrs blow,
 The charms of Nature bring me no relief;
 Alas! my tears will never cease to flow!
 Fruitless my pray'r, immoderate my grief!
 Have I not seen, on *Beli's* rocky shore,
 The foaming billows of the angry deep?
 Have I not heard the raging tempests roar,
 When in despair I laid me down to weep?

*Teivi*²³ I passed with musing steps, and slow;
Teivi re-echo'd to my plaintive strains.
 O *Nest*, thou source of never-dying woe,
 Whilom the glory of *Dyffynni's* plains!
 What tho' a thousand poets sang her praise;
 The fair *Elivri* was outshone by thee;
 Then let thy spirit listen to my lays,
 Whilst I attempt to sing thy Elegy.
 When on *Dyffynni's*²⁴ banks, in silk array'd,
 Conspicuous far, the pride of *Cadvan** stood;
 Chance brought me where enraptur'd I survey'd
 Her graceful form reflected by the flood.

²³ *Teivi*, a river in Cardiganshire.

²⁴ A river near Towyn, in Merionethshire.

* *Cadvan*, the Saint of Towyn.

What sweet simplicity was in her face !
 What innocence her artless smiles express'd ;
 Where ev'ry virtue tempered ev'ry grace,
 And drove dissimulation from her breast.

But now, in everlasting silence laid,
 Beneath yon rock her mould'ring reliques lie ;
 In yon cold habitation rests her shade,
 The source of many a tear, of many a sigh.

Her eagle-eye her ancestors proclaim'd ;
 Yet was she gentle as the turtle dove ;
 Far o'er the hills of *Venedotia* fam'd,
 Her country's ornament, her country's love.

From thee, fair Princess of the tuneful strain,
 No disappointed suitor e'er return'd ;
 To thee no Bard, or Minstrel play'd in vain,
 Oh *Nest* ! for ever honour'd, ever mourn'd !

Long may my ineffectual sorrows flow ;
 Thy grave bedew'd with many a fruitless tear ;
 Stern fate regardeth not the voice of woe,
 And scorns the importunity of pray'r.

Weary, and melancholy are my days !
 Like sad *Pryderi* inwardly I moan ;
 The heavy burthen on my vitals preys,
 Since thou, my pride, my *patronefs*, art gone.

Can I forget the black and envious veil,
 That hid thy beauties from the gazer's view ?
 The gloomy shroud, that did those charms conceal,
 As snowdown bright, or winter's early dew.

O holy *David* ! tutelary pow'r
 Of *Cambria*, listen to a Cambrian's pray'r ;
 On the fair maid thy choicest blessings pour,
 And be her virtues thy peculiar care !

Receive my Princess in thy blest abodes,
 Thou great Creator of earth, sea, and heaven !
 Rank her with Martyrs, Angels, Saints, and Gods ;
 And be her sins (if she have sinn'd,) forgiven !

Verified by the Rev. Rd. Williams.

An ELEGY, on the Death of LLYWELYN AB GRUFFYDD ; written by his Bard, GRUFFYDD, the Son of the RED JUDGE, in A. D. 1282.

Frequent is heard the voice of woe ;
 Frequent the tears of sorrow flow ;
 Such sounds, as erst in *Camlan* heard,
 Rous'd to wrath old *Arthur's* Bard.
 Cambria's warrior we deplore ;
 Our *Llywelyn* is no more.
 Who like *Llywelyn* now remains,
 To shield from wrong his native plains ?
 My soul with piercing grief is fill'd ;
 My vital blood with horror chill'd :
 Nature herself is chang'd ! and lo !
 Now all things sympathize below !
 Hark, how the howling wind, and rain,
 In loudest symphony complain !
 Hark ! how the consecrated oaks,
 Unconscious of the woodman's strokes,
 With thund'ring 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 !
 See ! how eclips'd the sun appears !
 See ! how the stars fall from their spheres !
 Each awful, Heav'n-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 light'nings hurl'd ?
 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 home, of liberty bereft :
 Where shall we flee ? to whom complain,
 Since our dear *Llywelyn's* slain ?

Translated from Mr. Evans's *Dissertatio de Bardis*, page 88, by the Rev. Rd. Williams, of Vron, in Flintshire.

CYWYDD to MORVUDD: an Ode, written about 430 Years ago, by DAVID AB GWILYM, who has been denominated the OVID of WALES †. A literal Translation.

I have selected this *Cywydd* in preference to many less exceptionable pieces, because it reminds me of those beautiful lines in Shakespeare; " 'Tis not the Lark, it is the Nightingale, &c."

For seven long years I had declared my passion to the slender and gentle maid: but in vain. My tongue was eloquent in the expression of my love: but till last night, sorrow was the sole fruit of my cares. Then I obtained the reward of all my disappointments, from her whose complexion is the image of the wave. Then, favourably receiving my addresses, she admitted me to all the happy mysteries of love—to converse without restraint; to kiss the dear fair-one with the jetty eyebrows; and with my arm support her head! Bright maid, with the snowy hue: how charming the lovely burden!

While I was thus enjoying, with my inestimable jewel, the most perfect felicity that love can bestow, I prudently mentioned (it was an angry reflection!) that the appointed day was approaching when her jealous hunk would return: and thus the snowy maid replied:

Morvudd. My accomplish'd love, gentle and amiable, we shall hear, ere it dawns, the song of the loud, clear voice of the stately cock!

David. What if the jealous churl should come in before the dawn appears?

Morvudd. David, speak of a more agreeable subject. Faint, alas! and gloomy are thy hopes.

David. My charmer, bright as the fields that glitter with the gossamer, I perceive day-light through the crevice of the door.

Morvudd. It is the new moon, and the twinkling stars, and the reflection of their beams upon the pillar.

David. No, my charmer, bright as the sun, by all that's sacred, it has been day this hour.

Morvudd. Then, if thou art so inconstant, follow thy inclinations, and depart.

I arose, and fled from all search, with my garments in my hand, and fear in my breast: I ran through wood, and brake, from the face of day, into the green thickets of the dale. Looking forward, I beheld an absence longer than ages behind me; the folly of my flight.

† *David ab Gwilym* informs us, in one of his poems, that his beloved *Morvudd* was the theme of no less than a hundred and forty-seven *Cywyddau*, or Odes; and I think they far surpass *Petrarch's* Sonnets. The work of this bard consists of about three hundred poems. See the first Volume, page 42, &c. There is a Volume of all his works, published in Welsh, entitled *Barddoniaeth Davydd ab Gwilym*. He died in the year 1400; and was buried in the church-yard of *Ystrad Fflur*, in Cardiganshire.

When the Druidical, or *Bardic Hierarchy* began to decline in Britain, it was succeeded by the *Hermitical*, and *Monastical Institution*; which, like the former, afterwards became the Nursery of Learning, and the grand Repository of Music and Poetry, and of the British Bards, and Records, until the reign of Henry the Eighth, (stiled the *Dread Sovereign*), who abolished the Monasteries, in 1537. Prior to this period, our greater Monasteries, kept Bards and Minstrels of their own in regular pay. So early as the year 1180, in the reign of Henry the Second, *Jeffrey*, the Harper, is recorded to have received a corrody, or annuity, from the *Benedictine Abbey of Hyde*, near Winchester²⁵; undoubtedly on condition that he should serve the Monks in the profession of a Musician, on public occasions. *Davydd ab Gwilym* is said to have been Bard to the Monastery of *'Strata-Florida*, in South Wales: I am not certain whether it was the Poet, who flourished about 1380; or the Harper of that name, who flourished about 1480. *Gutto o'r Glyn* was Poet to *Llan Egwesh*, or *Valle Crucis Abbey*, in Denbighshire, about A. D. 1450. *Iorwerth Vynghwyd* was the Poet to *Margam Abbey*, in Glamorganshire, about 1460: and *Guttyn Owen* was the Historian, and Herald-Bard to *Basingwerk Abbey*, in Flintshire, and to *Ystrad-Fflur Monastery*, in South Wales, about the year 1480²⁶. The records of these Abbeys were compared together every third year, when the Bards belonging to those houses went their ordinary visitations, which was called *Clera*, and every thing remarkable that occurred was registered; and that custom was continued until about the year 1270, or a little before the death of the last Prince *Llywelyn*.

²⁵ *Madox's History of the Exchequer*, p. 251.

²⁶ *Caradoc's Welsh Chronicle*, the preface: and the first Volume of the Bards, page 16, & 26.

An ODE, on the ABBOT of VALLE CRUCIS Abbey, in Denbighshire; by GRUFFYDD HIRAETHOG, who flourished in the 14th Century.

In the beautiful British Original of this Poem the Bard is warmly grateful, and descriptive of the monastic hospitality and festivities, peculiar to the Christmas season among our beneficent ancestors.

" HIL yr Haul ar Ferwyn gwyn,
" Y Beirdd fy'n byw o ddentu 'r bryn." G. H.

Born of Heav'n, and Cambria's pride,
Or snowy *Berwyn's*²⁷ various side,
Or holy *Derfel's*²⁸ happier dale,
Shares the strain, or hears the tale:
Associates of the Nine, behold
Yon sacred symbol's²⁹ glitt'ring gold;
(Thy buttress, Hope—thy banè, Despair)
Lo, I pass my *Christmas* there. —
Hail! all hail! thou happiest place,
The smile that ev'ry heart has won;
The righteous Abbot's rosy face
Is fair *Glyndyfrdwy's*³⁰ other sun,
Whose rays give sorrow's clouds to fly,
And chase the shower from woe's wet eye.
Even verse in vain describes the place,
That mundane Heav'n, and favour'd race,
Where prayer is frequent, praise is loud,
And blessings still incessant croud;
When *Berwyn* rears his crest of snow,
(The herald of a season's woe)
When every region pours its poor,
Wide is *Egwestl's*³¹ welcome door;
The loaded boards are wider spread,
And bend beneath the Abbot's bread.
Ye wights forlorn that wayward roam,
(To whom the Fates deny a home)
There draw ye nigh, and throng to share
A father's blessing—father's care;
His open arms extend redress,
He leans to hear, and longs to bless;
Then draw ye nigh, and spurn despair,
Come and pass your *Christmas* there. —

And ye too, Bards, of raiment bare,
That meet the winter's angry air,
That wade the Dee, the mountain climb,
That starve on food, yclep'd divine,
That quaff the stream from melted snow,
Where rills Castalian never flow;
Hear me, comrades, come along,
Join the feast, and swell the song,
Where joy forbids the ken of care,
Come and pass your *Christmas* there. —
Now Muse divine, let endless joy
The promis'd boon thy powers employ;
See, see beneath inclement skies,
The valley's spotless Lilly rise;
The clouds disperse, the heav'ns disclose,
All healing Sharon's infant Rose;
Strains of triumph, comrades, bring,
Egwestl's ambient rocks shall ring;
Your Harps to notes of rapture raise,
And let the grateful theme be praise. —
Associates of the tuneful tide,
Or lofty *Berwyn's* various side,
Or humbler *Corwen's*³² fertile vale,
Hears the song, or owns the tale;
Awhile now quit each hapless home,
To see the Abbot's *corw*³³ foam;
A season's festive scenes to share,
The Lord of *Egwest* calls, repair,
Come and pass your *Christmas*³⁴ there. —

Verified from the Welsh, by Mr. Rd. Lloyd.

²⁷ A mountain near Corwen.

²⁸ Llandderfel, in the vale of Edeirnion, Merionethshire.

²⁹ The Gilt Cross, upon the Abbey of Valle Crucis.

³⁰ The Vale of Glyndyfrdwy, extending from Corwen to Llangollen, formerly the residence of Owen, from thence Glyndwr.

³¹ Llanegwessl, the British name of the Abbey of Valle Crucis, near Llangollen, in Denbighshire, built in 1200.

³² The Town of Corwen, in Meirionydd.

³³ The British beverage—ale.

³⁴ In the year 1176 a splendid Carousal was given by Prince Rhys ab Gruffydd, King of South Wales, who, at Christmas, made a great feast in his Castle of Cardigan, then called *Aberteivi*, which he ordered to be proclaimed over all Britain. *Powell's History of Wales*.

We have in the treatise of *Giraldus Cambrensis* a description of the table which was kept by the Monks of Canterbury, in the reign of Henry the Second; and which consisted regularly of six-

teen covers, or more, of the most costly dainties: These, he tells us, were dressed with the most exquisite cookery, to provoke the appetite, and please the taste. He also speaks of an excessive abundance of wine, particularly claret; mulberry wine, mead, ale, and other strong liquors. In what manner the laity feasted in those days, *John of Salisbury* has given us a short description. He says, the houses, on such occasions, were strewed with flowers; and the jovial company drank wine out of gilded horns, and sang songs when they became inebriated with their liquor. *Lord Littleton's History of Henry the Second, Book II.*

This subject recalls to my mind a pertinent *Epigram*, from *Diogenes to Aristippus*; which perhaps may not be unacceptable to my reader:

" Cloy'd with ragous, you scorn my simple food;
" And think good-eating is man's only good;
" I ask no more than temperance can give;
" You live to eat; I only eat—to live."

The LEGEND of TYDECHO, the Patron Saint of Llan y Mawddwy, in Meirionethshire; by DAVYDD LLWYD, ab Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, who wrote about the year 1450: with some explanatory Notes, by the late Antiquary, LEWIS MORRIS, Esq. in 1761.

Cywydd i Tydecho Sant, yn amser Maelgwn Gwynedd.

1. Mae gwr llwyd yma ger-llaw,
Mawr a wedd yn aml iddaw;
2. Crefyddwr cryf o Fawddwy,
Ceidwad dros eu holl wlad hwy:
3. Tydecho lwys, tād uwch-law,
Un o filwyr Nef aelaw.
4. Llyma lle bu'r gwyr-da gynt,
Llandudoch, lle nid ydynt.
5. Dogwel* beb gél i galwant,
Iaith gwiw fôn a Thegfan² sant.
6. Abad bael yn bitelu
A'i sagl fawr, di fwgl fu;
7. Câr o waed cywir ydoedd,
Arthur³ bennadur ban oedd.
8. Ni charai ban dreiglai, draw
Y môr llwyd w'r Emyr Llydaw⁴;
9. Yma mudawdd i Fawddwy⁵,
Rbag dygyfor y môr mwy.
10. Teml a wnaeth ynte yma,
Tād oedd i berchen ty dâ.
11. Crefyddwr llafurwr fu,
Cryf ei wedd yn crefyddu;
12. Un a'i wely, anwylwâs,
Ar gwrr y glyn ar graig lās.
13. Diledach dūwiol ydoedd,
A phais rawn, confessor oedd.
14. Gyrrodd, (nid er ei garu,)
Maelgwn feirch, amkrog iawn fu⁶;
15. I'w pertbi a gweddi 'r gŵr
Ar y barth i'r Abertŵr;
16. Yna i rhoddes yn rhyddion
A'u gyrru fru i gwrr y fron;
17. Siommed bwyl oll, fymmud llicw
Meirch gwynion, marchog anwicu.
18. A bu oerwynt a barug
Yn dewion gryfion o'r grug.
19. I'r oedd, pan gyrcwyd i'r allt,
Gwrseriaid, grysau eur-wallt.
20. Dug Maelgwn, (wedi digiaw)
Ychen y gŵr llen ger-llaw;
21. Yr ail dydd bu arial dig,
Yr ydoedd geirw'n aredig,
22. Blaidd llwyd beb ludd, lledwar,
Ar ol oedd yn llyfnu'r ōr.
23. Daeth Maelgwn a'i gŵn gwynion
I'r graig bwnt ar garreg bon;
24. Eisteddodd, bu west addas,
Uwch y llan ar y llech lās;

He that put this legend in rhyme was *Davydd Llwyd ab Llywelyn ab Gruffydd*, Lord of Mathafarn, in Denbighshire; who had a great hand in bringing in Henry the Seventh, by feeding his countrymen with prophetic poems of a countryman of theirs, who was to deliver them from the servitude of the English: by which means some thousands of them met *Henry*, (then *Earl of Richmond*;) at Milford Haven, under the conduct of *Sir Rees ab Thomas*. The poetry is not very smooth, and in some places not very intelligible; but as far as I understand it, the historical part is this:—*Tydecho*, an Abbot in Armorica, or Little Britain, (verse 6,) having suffered by an inundation of the sea, came over here, in the time of King *Arthur*, whose relation *Tydecho* was, (verse 7,) being a grandson of *Emyr Llydaw*, King of Armorica. Wales swarmed at that time with ecclesiastics from Little Britain, a vast number of them having come over with *Aurelius Ambrosius*, and *Uthr Ben Dragon*, the sons of *Constantine*, who destroyed *Vortigern* and his party, who usurped the British Crown. These princes gave the best places in the church to their friends and relations, and the people with their effects were in a great measure at their disposal, as the Church and State joined to rid them.

The Saxons by this time having possession of the greatest part of England, which, at best, was but the seat of war; this part of Wales was therefore safe from their inroads, and a proper place to act the hermit in. The poem says, (verse 4, and 5,) that *St. Tegvan*, and *St. Dogfael* had once their cells here; and at *Llandegvan*, in Anglesey. *Tydecho* had a cell which bears his name to this day; so that it seems, though they were hermits, they loved company. Also it is said, that *Tydecho* resided at one time near *Llanymawddwy*; where there is a brook which is the source of the *Dyfi*, called *Laethnant*; and, according to tradition, this Saint converted it into milk, for the use of the poor, which is thus commemorated in a couplet:

“ *Tydecho dud di ducban,*
“ *Ai gwnaeth yn llaeth at y Llan⁷.*”

The ancient MS. of *Bonedd y Saint*, at *Llanerch*, in Denbighshire, says, *Tydecho* was son of *Anunddu*, son of *Emyr Llydaw*; and the British history makes *Howel ap Emyr Llydaw* to be an auxiliary with *Arthur* in all his wars; so that *Tydecho's* time agrees very well with *Maelgwn Gwynedd's* youth, about the year 560.

Here *Tydecho* tilled the ground, and kept a plentiful house, but lived himself an austere life, and wore a coat of hair, lying upon bare stones, v. 12. The report of his sanctity reached the ears of *Maelgwn Gwynedd*, a dissolute young man, son of *Cafwallon Law hir*, Prince of North Wales, which *Maelgwn*, (or *Arthur*;) for his feats in war, was called the *Island Dragon*. He, to make a joke of the old Abbot, sent to him a stud of white horses, to be fed by the prayers of the Abbot: the horses immediately changed colour, and ran wild to the mountains, where they fed on heath. When the horses were sent for, they were all found of a golden yellow colour, (v. 19,) which, it seems, *Maelgwn* would not own to be his horses, and therefore, by way of reprisal, took away *Tydecho's* oxen: but, the next day, wild bucks were seen to plow *Tydecho's* field, and a grey wolf harrowing the ground after them. (Well stretched, Monks!)—*Maelgwn*, with his white dogs, came to hunt to this rock; and he sat upon the blue stone, where his backside stuck so fast that he was immoveable. This stone is shewn by the inhabitants to this day. *Maelgwn*, upon submitting, and asking pardon, was released, and he delivered up the oxen, and granted several privileges to the place; particularly that of a sanctuary for malefactors.

* Dogwel, St.—St. Dogmell's.

² St. Tegvan, *Decumannus*.

³ Arthur, King of Britain.

⁴ King of Armorica.

⁵ Mawddwy, and not Mowddwy.

⁶ Of Cynllaith; it seems the river *Dyfi* was originally called *Llaith*, (not *laeth*.) *Carreg ystumllaith* is a bending of it, and the *Commot Cynllaith*, from whence *Machynllaith* town, in Montgomeryshire, has its name.

⁷ *Maelgwn feirch a milgwn fu*.

25. *Pan godai nid ai ei din,
O'i ar garreg, ior gerwin!*
26. *Gwnaeth Maelgwn, od gwn dig oedd,
Iawn iddo am a wnaddoedd;*
27. *Danfoned trwy godded tro,
Dodi ychen i Dydecho:*
28. *Rboes gan oes, nid rbwyfsg entwir,
Nawdd Duw Dâd, noddod i'w dir.*
29. *Siswnai drwy sworn draw o wydd*
Meilir o'i ran-dir undydd;*
30. *Nid rbydd ddim ond rbwydd yma;
Dwyn o'i dir dynion a dâ.*
31. *O daw dyn o draw i'w dir
A chebyst' se'i acubir.*
32. *Tir oedd nid rbwydd ymladd,
Na phrosi, llosgi na llâdd;*
33. *Na farbau un o'r fir bon,
Oni wneir iawn yn wirion.*
34. *Gwnaeth ddynion efryddion fri
A rodio pob tir wedi:*
35. *A'r dall a'r byddar allan
I weled a chlywed âchlân.*
36. *Mwy oedd y gobrwy beb gél,
I Dydecho dâd uchel;*
37. *Y nosau golau gilwng
Golli trem y gwilliaid drwg.*
38. *Pan ddygwyd Têgwedd⁷ meddynt
Dir Afa gwaith i drais gynt,*
39. *Yn iawn rboes Cynon⁸ a'i wjr
Iddo Arthbeibio⁹ bybyr,*
40. *A'i chwær deg, bu chwertw ei dwyn,
O'r drin fawr adre'n forwyn.*
41. *Nid ammod bôd obedyw
Yn nbir y gwr, anrbeg yw:*
42. *Nag arddél gam, na gorddwy,
Na gobr merch, nid gwiw bwrw mwy.*
43. *Barwniaid bybyr einioes,
Pâb Rbufain a'r rhain a'i rboes;*
44. *Hywel¹⁰ a'i cadarnbaodd,
Ab Cadell, rhybell fu'r rhodd,*
45. *Breiniau ini bôb awr yn ôl
A roddodd yn wreiddiol.*
46. *Pan fu ar ei dir luoedd,
Amcan tyn at bumcant oedd;*
47. *Trech fu wrthbiau Tydecho
A'u tarsodd, ni ffynnodd ffo;*
48. *Daliwyd, dilewyd beb lâdd
Llu aml beb allu ymladd,*
49. *Y môdd y delis meddynt,
Y brodyr, pregethwyr gynt.*
50. *Gwan borth a gaffo gortbrech,
Gwynfyd rbai gan a fo trêch:*
51. *Eled pawb, o'r wlad i bô
I duchan at Tydecho. —*

Dd. Lld. ab Lln. ab Gruffydd a'i cânt, 1450.

*And it seems one Meilir, (v. 29.) a Lord, or Baron in that neighbourhood, gave some immunities to this place; but the privileges granted by Maelgwn were, for a hundred ages, as a sanctuary for man and beast; and though a man had a halter about his neck, if he could be brought here it would save him. The place was also exempted from fighting, burning, or killing, (i. e. being the seat of war,) nor was it lawful to affront any of the inhabitants of this precinct without making proper amends.

Tydecho cured the cripple, the blind, and the deaf. But the greatest feat performed by Tydecho, was, striking with blindness the rioters, who forcibly carried away his sister Têgwedd. And the fair Nun got out of the hands of Cynon, Prince of Powys, and his men, without so much as the loss of her virginity. Query, whether this wants proof? There is a parish called Garthbeibio, in that country, which was given by this Prince by way of atonement for this gallantry, v. 39.

This land of Tydecho was free from mortuaries, vindication of right, oppression, and that great duty which most places were subject to, viz. *Gobr Merched*, which, by some writers of history and law, is confounded with *Amobr*: but these, in the Prince's extent book, are always distinguished, and are different mulcts. *Gobr Merched* is, the same with the English Lairwite, Legergeldum, but rightly Lecherwite; which was a fine paid for incontinency. It was right in Tydecho to get clear of this hardship. *Amobr*,—see Dr. Davies's Dictionary under that word,—*Amobr* was money paid for a woman's virginity, and was payable to the father, if alive, otherwise the Prince had it, he being (as our Lord-Chancellor is,) guardian of all infants, &c. In v. 43. the Barons and the Pope granted these immunities, and *Howel Dda*, son of *Cadell*, corroborated them, v. 44.

Verse 46.—A party of about 500 men came to spoil Tydecho's lands, but he miraculously overcame them without fighting, after the same manner as he had overcome some preachers of false doctrine formerly. It seems these preachers were of the Pelagian heresy, which had over-run Britain about this time. Thus far goes the historical part of this poem, which, though mixt with superstition and folly, yet contains some valuable hints, if judiciously handled.

This period of time, immediately after the Saxon conquest, is the darkest and most intricate of all the history of Britain.—The Saxons could not then write.—The Britons had not leisure—Monkery was then beginning to be in vogue; and it was the chief art of the Clergy to keep the Laity in Darkness; so that the poets are the only people that can be said to have left us any memorials of those days, viz. *Taliesin*, *Aneurin*, &c.—except what little we have in *Nennius*, and *Tysilio*, and those excerpts preserved by our great antiquary, Mr Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt. The Saxon conquerors being the successors of the Romans in that part called England, were then but scarcely initiated in letters, their business being war, and maintaining their conquests. We find nothing of the literary production of that nation (that we can be sure of,) ancients than *Bede*, which was a hundred years after this period, though they had most of the libraries and colleges of the Britons in their possession. The printed edition of *Nennius*, and even that lately at Copenhagen are full of gross errors; so it were to be wished we could meet with the true reading of that ancient author, and a true translation of the British copy of *Tysilio*, instead of that of *Galfridus Monemutbensis*. These little lights, such as this poem before us throws upon the transactions of those days, are therefore not to be despised, but rather to be looked upon as curious relics of the credulity and folly of our ancestors, and shews the connection between *Armorica* and this island in those days, and corroborates our British history, and national traditions.

LEWIS MORRIS.

⁷ Têgoedd, or Têgwedd, a sister of Tydecho.

⁸ Cynon, Prince of Powys, or *Conanus*.

⁹ Garthbeibio, a parish in Powysland.

¹⁰ Howel Ddâ, son of Cadell.

Llymma TRI-THLWS-AR-DDEG o FRENHIN DLYSEU YNYS PRYDAIN: Y rhai a gedwid yn Ngbaer-Lleon ar Wysg; ac a aethant gyda Myrddin ab Morfran, i'r Tŷ Gwydr, yn Enlli (Eithr mae rhai awdwyr yn ysgrifennu mai Taliesin Ben Beirdd a'u cafas hwynt.)

Here are the THIRTEEN RARITIES of KINGLY REGALIA, of the ISLAND of BRITAIN; which were formerly kept at Caerlleon¹, on the river Uske, in Monmouthshire. These Curiosities went with Myrddin, the son of Morvran, into the house of Glas, in Enlli, or Bardsey Island²: It has also been recorded by others, that it was Taliesin, the King of the Bards, who possessed them.

These Royal Regalia, or Curiosities, were held in high estimation in the Sixth Century: They are rather hyperbolically described; but they convey to us some original heroic traits, of the manner of promoting Chivalry, and of ancient Liberality, and Hospitality. It appears that this Museum of admirable Rarities was kept at Caerlleon, in King Arthur's time; and upon the dissolution of that place, it was carried by Myrddin, the Caledonian Bard, to the famous Monastery of Enlli, in the Island of Bards.

"Myrddin aeth, mawr daerwn ai wledd,
"Mewn Gwydr, er mwyn ei gydweidd."—I. Dyfi.

i. e. Myrddin went, greatly to his praise, for his good intention, Into the House of Glas, for the sake of preservation.—

The ancient Monastery of Bardsey was one of the Druidical and Bardic conventicles, founded in the beginning of Christianity, where Myrddin studied, and where he ended his days and was buried, about A. D. 570. Dubricius, the Archbishop of Caerlleon, and many other religious men, retired to the Monastery of Bardsey about the year 522. Giraldus's Itinerary of Wales mentions this Monastic institution, by the name of *Cwstau Duon*, or Black Cows; a College of Lay Monks: and Martial calls them *Bardo cucullus*, or Bardic Cows.

The Metropolitan See of Caer Lleon, in Monmouthshire, was removed to *Menevia*, in Pembrokeshire, about A. D. 447; which, ever since, has been called *Tŷ Dewi*, or St. David's.

1. *Llenn Arthur, yn Ngherniw: pwy bynnag elai dani a welai bawb, ac ni welai neb fo.*

1. The Veil, or Mask of King Arthur, in Cornwall: whoever look'd from under it, could see every body, and no one could know him³. —

2. *Dyrnwyn gledd, neu Gleddau Rhydderch Hael; pwy bynnag a'i tynai o'r swain, (ond y neb ai piau,) ef a enynai yn sflam dân yn i law ef.*

2. The Sword of Rhydderch the Generous: whoever drew it out of the scabbard, (except the owner;) it would appear a gleaming flame of fire in his hand⁴. —

¹ According to an old *Welsh Chronicle*, *Beli ab Dyfwal*, a chief King of Britain, about 400 years before Christ, built a city on the river Uske, (where there had been the Castle of *Lleon*;) which afterwards was the principal city in all Britain, because there the King resided, and the Parliament of the country was held, about 65 years before Christ.

² When the Britons were no longer able to defend their country against the Saxons, and others, in the time of *Egbert*, about A. D. 750, (or 800,) there was a proclamation, that all the Britons should depart out of England within six months, upon pain of death. This was probably after the great overthrow of *Caredic*, when the Pagan Saxons razed the British churches to the ground; at which time *Theobald*, the Archbishop of London, and *Tadoc*, the Archbishop of York, removed with their relicks of Saints, books, and ornaments, and fled into Wales, into the adjacent islands, and some into Britany, and many priests with them.

Lewis's Ancient History of Britain, page 208: and *Gibson's Camden*.

— "These are the haunts of meditation, these
"The scenes where ancient Bards th' inspiring breath,
"Extatic felt, and from this world retired."—*Thomson*.

³ It is recorded, that great military officers anciently wore hoods, or helmets, to obscure their faces during the time of battle. See in page 23, note I: Also, *Sir William Dugdale's Ancient Usage of Arms*, page 1.

⁴ *Rhydderch*, son of *Tudwal*, surnamed *Hael*, or the generous, King of *Cumbria*, who lived at *Alclwyd*, now *Dumbarton*, in Scotland, and was also King of the Isle of Man. He was esteemed the most liberal, and one of the greatest warriors of his time; he fought the famous battle of *Ardeydd*, in A. D. 577, against *Arddan Vradog*, and *Gwenddolau ab Ceidiawo*, in which *Rhydderch* gained the victory, and *Gwenddolau* was slain, with a great number of his followers. See *Carte's History*, Vol. 1, p. 210. The name of Prince *Rhydderch's* sword was *Dyrnwyn*, or the white grasp; and from the above description it was probably highly polished, and not dissimilar to the elegant account given of the Grecian army, when marching against the Trojans:

"As on some mountain, thro' the lofty grove,
"The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above,
"The fires expanding as the winds arise,
"Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:
"So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
"A gleamy splendor flash'd along the fields.—*Pope's Homer*.

King Arthur's exploits were so great, during the reign of King Henry the Second, says Lord *Lyttelton* in his history of that Monarch, that a sword, supposed to have been King Arthur's, was presented in the year 1191, to *Tancred*, King of *Sicily*, by *Richard the First*, King of England, as a valuable gift. The swords of heroes in those days had names given them, and this was called *Caledorn*, or *Caledonwch*, that is, hard-haggled, or hard-notched. (See the previous pages, 23 & 25.) How *Richard* got it, and whether it was found in the Abbey of *Glastonbury*, together with the body, or in some other place, we are not told; but I presume, when that Monarch took it with him out of England, he intended to use it himself, in the war against the infidels.

It was the custom among other warlike nations to give names to their swords; but the Ancient Britons took a particular pride in adorning their swords, and making them polished handles of the teeth of sea animals; (see *Solinus Poly-histor*, c. 25:) And their warlike disposition and love of the sword was such, that it was the custom for the mother of every male child to put the first victuals into the child's mouth, on the point of his father's sword, and with the food to give her first blessing, or wish to him, that he might die no other death than in war, and arms. *Sol. Pol. Hist.* and *Selden's Mare Clausum*, l. 2. c. 2. and 10.

3. *Mwys, (neu Bwlan,) Gwyddno Garanbir; bwyd i ungtwr a roid ynddi, a bwyd i gannwr a gaid ynddi pan egorid.*

4. *Corn Brân Galed, o'r Gogledd; y ddiod a ddy-munai ynddo, fo ai ceid can gynted ag i dymunid.*

5. *Carr, neu Gadair mūd Morgan Mwynfawr; pwy bynnag a eisteddai ynddi, a fyddai lle i dymunai ef i fōd.*

6. *Hogalen Tudno Tydglyd; yr bon a lymbdai gleddau pōb dewr, ac a bylhai arf pōb llwrf: (neu yr arf a bogid arni pwybynag a dorrid ei groen, a fyddai farw yn y man.)*

7. *Pais Padarn Beisrudd, ni allai un gŵr gwreng i gwisgo beb farw: (neu, ni weddai i neb, ond i Badarn ei bŵn.)*

8. *Pair Dyrnog Gawr; os rhoid ynddo gig i'w ferwi i ŵr llwfr, ni ferwai bŵth; ond bwyd i wās dewr, fo ferwai ddigon yn y man.*

9. *Lliain, (neu Dysgl Rbiganed) Rhydderch Yf-golhaig; y bwyd a chwencybai, fe fyddai arno, (neu yutbi,) fo a'i caid yn y man.*

3. The Budget, Basket, (or Weel,) of *Gwyddno* with the *big Crown*: if provision for a single person were put into it to keep, a sufficiency of victuals for a hundred persons would be found in it when opened³.

4. The Horn of *Brân the Hardy*, of the North: The drink that might be desired in it, would appear as soon as it was wished for⁴.—

5. The *Câr*, or Chariot of *Morgan the Courteous*: whoever sat in it, would find himself wherever he wished to be⁵.—

6. The Whetstone, (or Hone,) of *Tudno Tydglyd*: which would sharpen the sword of every hero immediately; and always destroy the weapons of a coward⁶: (in another manuscript it is expressed thus: whoever should be wounded with the arms that are whetted thereon, would soon die.)—

7. The Purple Cassock of *Padarn Beisrudd*; no person of ignoble birth could wear it, without dying⁷.—

8. The Cauldron of *Dyrnog, the Chief*, or Prince: if flesh should be put into it to boil for a cowardly man, it would never be done: but if it was for a hardy hero, it would soon be boiled enough⁸.—

9. The Table-Cloth, (in another MS. called the Dish,) of the illustrious-born *Rhydderch, the Scholar*: whatever victuals and drink were wished thereon, were instantly obtained⁹.—

Odard had a sword of dignity, like his kinsman, *Hugh Lupus*, which formerly was kept at *Dutton*, in *Cheshire*, as an heirloom of the family; and in the year 1665, was the property of *Lady Kilmorey*, sole daughter and heiress of *Thomas Dutton*, of *Dutton*. This sword of dignity is still preserved in the *British Museum*: it is four feet long; the blade is two edged, and with this inscription upon it; *Hugo Comes Cestræ*. "Hugh Lupus received the Earldom of *Chester* from *William the Conqueror*, who gave him the whole county of *Cheshire*, to hold to him and his heirs, as freely, by the sword, as the King held the *Crown of England*." See *Sir Peter Leicester's History of Cheshire*.

³ *Gwyddno Garanbir* was a King of North Wales, about the end of the 4th, and in the beginning of the 5th century. His budget was probably some kind of vessel, or basket; and perhaps used to carry victuals in, by the person who went to the wear to take up the nets; and in lieu of the victuals therein, which he eat, and filled the basket, or pannier, with the fish caught in the wear, to bring home: or probably the *Weel* was baited with raw meat to entice the fish into it. *Mwys Gwyddno* is often mentioned by the poets as the most famous wear in the country, which was somewhere about the mouth of *Conway river*. See pages 17, 19 & 31.

⁴ *Brân the Hardy* was a northern prince, of the fifth century, and distinguished for his generosity. His drinking horn was probably a general horn, for the use of his hall, to supply all strangers with what drink they chose; or it might have been a magic cup, so contrived as to convey liquors through secret pipes into it. According to the ancient *Welsh laws*, there were three social horns allotted for the use of the Lord, or Prince; that is, his banqueting horn, his war horn, and the horn for the chase: but these latter were made of the horns of the *Bugle*, or wild Ox; and formed in a semicircle, and occasionally used both for sounding, and for drinking. See a *Delineation of one in the musical trophy, in the first Volume of this work, page 89, and a full description in the account of the musical instruments of the Welsh, page 117, &c.*

⁵ *Morgan Mwynfawr* was a valiant king of *Gla'morgan*, from whom that county derives its name. *Morgan* was born about the year 872; he married *Elen*, the daughter of *Roderic the Great*; and lived to be a hundred years old; and on that account he was called *Morgan bŵn*, or the Aged. He is also honourably recorded in the *Ancient Historical Triads*, as follows: *The three clearers of Great Britain from invaders were, King Arthur; Rhân, the son of Beli; and Morgan the Gracious and Great.* It seems that his *Car* was a common and free chariot, kept by this popular prince, for the use of his friends, or something of that nature. *Cæsar, in the 4th Book, and chapter 29, of his Commentaries, says, that the Britons were so expert in their war chariots, that they often broke his ranks.*

⁶ *Tudno Tydglyd*, the son of *Ithel Hael*, of *Armorica*. There was a Welsh Saint of this name, the founder of *Llan-Dudno*, on *Trawyn y Gogarth*; on which hill formerly stood the ancient city of *Diganwy*, near *Conwy*, in *Caernarvonshire*.

⁷ *Padarn Beisrudd*, the son of *Tegid ab Iago*, was a British Bishop, and a reputed Saint, founder of the Monastery of *Llan-badarn-wawr*, (or the Church of *Padarn the Great*), beside fifteen other churches, in *Cardiganshire*, and in other places. He was a great friend with *St. David*, and *St. Teilo*, and with whom he made a pilgrimage to *Jerusalem*. According to *Britannia Sancta*, *Padarn's* name is found subscribed with *Samson*, the Bishop of *Vannes*, to the third Council of *Paris*, about A. D. 560. It is said he was originally a native of *Little Britain*, and that the inhabitants of *Bretagne* formerly kept three days to the honour of this Saint, and the 15th of April was the last of them. *Padarn's* purple robe, or short cassock, became no man so well as *Padarn* himself.

⁸ *Dyrnog Gawr* was a Cambrian prince, in the time of the Romans in Britain. It seems his pot, or boiler, was intended only for the Hero, and not for the Coward; and probably meant as an encouragement to warlike enterprises.

⁹ *King Rhydderch*, the Generous, who probably kept an open house; and I suppose this was his common hall dish, which was kept in memory of his munificence, where there was nothing refused that was desired. This hero is recorded in the ancient *British Triads*, as follows: *The three liberal Princes of the Island of Britain; Rhydderch Hael, the son of Tudwal Tydglyd; Morvan Hael, the son of Scrvan; and Nudd Hael, the son of Senyllt.* *Rhydderch Hael* lived to the age of 85; died in the year 501, and was buried at *Abererch*, (*St. Courda's Church*.) *British Sancta*, p. 34. See more in the previous note (4.)

10. *Tawlbwrdd*, (neu *Gwyddbwyll*;) *Gwenddolau fab Ceidio*: o gosodid y gwŷr arno, nbwy chwaraent eu gwaith eu bunain: y pwyntiau oedd aur, a'r gwŷr oedd arian.

11. *Mantell Tegau Eurvron*; ni allai neb wisgo moni a fyddai wedi torri priodas, na morwyn ifanc a ordderchafai: (ac hi a guddiai wraig ddiwair byd at y llawr.)

12. *Maen Modrwy Eluned*; a dynnodd *Owain ab Urien* . . . rbwng yr ôg a'r mŷr: pwy bynnag a guddiai y maen, fe ai cuddiai y maen ynteu*.

13. *Cyllell Llawfrodedd Farchog*; yr hon a was anaethbai ar bedwar gwŷr ar bugain, o'r llaw bwygilydd, erbyn y byddai raid wrtbi.—

Ed. *Lloyd a yscrifensodd, o ben Femrwn Cymraeg*. MS.

* Mewn llyfr arall, y mae fel hyn; Cebystr Cludno; y March a ddymunai ei fôd ynddo, fe fyddai.

10. The Chessboard, (or Draughtboard) of *Gwenddolau*, the son of *Ceidio*: if the men were placed upon it, they would play of themselves. The chequers were of gold, and the men were of silver¹².

11. The Mantle of *Tegau Eurvron*: no one could put it on who had dishonoured marriage; nor a young damsel who had committed incontinence; but it would cover a chaste woman from top to toe¹³.—

12. The Stone of the Ring of *Eluned*; which liberated *Owen*, the son of *Urien*, from between the portcullis and the wall. Whoever concealed that stone, the stone or bezil, would conceal him¹⁴.—

13. The Knife of *Llawfrodedd, the Knight*: which would serve four-and-twenty persons, from one hand to another, as the occasion might be¹⁵.—

The original *Welsh* account of the above Regalia was transcribed from a transcript of Mr. *Edward Lloyd*, the Antiquary; who informs us that he copied it from an old parchment manuscript: and I have collated this with two other manuscripts.

¹² *Gwenddolau ab Ceidio* was a northern chief. It is said of his chessboard, that when the men were arranged upon it, they would play of themselves; which seems to be a figurative allusion to the famous battle of *Arderydd*, fought about the year 577, by *Aeddan the Treacherous* and *Gwenddolau*, against *Rhydderch Hael*, where *Gwenddolau* was slain, notwithstanding which, his men continued fighting and skirmishing for six weeks afterwards; therefore, they are called in the *Triads* one of the three loyal armies of Britain. See that battle mentioned in *Myrddin's* poem of the *Orchard*, in page 24 of the first Volume of this work.

¹³ *Tegau Eurvron*, the wife of *Caradog with the strong arm*, who is celebrated by the Bards as a model of female virtue and chastity, as *Penelope* is described by *Homer*: she is recorded in the *British Triads* as one of the three noble and excellent ladies of King *Arthur's* Court. She had three rarities, which befitted none but herself; and these were, her mantle, her golden goblet, and her knife: and in another *Triad* she is mentioned thus: *There are three things, no one knows their colour: the feathers of the peacock's tail when expanded; the mantle of Tegau Eurvron; and the miser's pence.* Probably her mantle was a spotted silk of various colours, and perhaps a novel thing at that time. *Tegau Eurvron*, was the daughter of *Nudd, the Liberal hand*, King of the North. The story of her Mantle is copied from the *Welsh* by the *English Minstrels*, in the old English Ballad of *The Boy and the Mantle*, as well as that of the *Knife, and the Cup*. Likewise, *the Horn*, occurs in the old *French Romance of Morte Arthur, &c.* See *Dr. Percy's Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.

¹⁴ *Eluned* was the daughter of *Brychan, yngori-ebawol*, or *Crŷg Gorseddawol*, and the lover of *Owain ab Urien*: the *Bezil of Eluned's* ring had the virtues of *Gyges's* ring. When *Owain*, Prince of *Reged*, was confined in prison, *Eluned* gave him her ring, which rendered him invisible; (perhaps it might be given to the jailer, and by that means he escaped from prison.) It is said, in old times, when two persons were married, the young couple used to present one another with a ring-key, as an emblem of secrecy; whence some derive the word *wedlock*. The wearing of rings appears to be of great antiquity; among the Hebrews, *Gen. xxxviii.* where *Judah*, Jacob's son, gives *Tamar* his ring, or signet, as a pledge of his promise: but rings seem to have been used at the same time among the Egyptians, *Genesi xli.* where *Pharaoh* put his ring on *Joseph's* hand as a mark of the power he gave him. Of the Regalia of France, a costly ring was presented by a King of France to *St. Thomas of Canterbury*, and worn afterwards by King *Henry the Eighth*. The circumstance of *Queen Elizabeth* sending her ring to save the *Earl of Essex* is too well known to need a repetition.

¹⁵ *Llawfrodedd, the Red Knight*, or *Ruddy horseman*, who had a famous knife, which probably was his carving knife, that served all his company. The *Bretons* of France likewise, had formerly but one knife for each company, and that was chained to the table.

The following addition to the previous note 4, in page 47: "Shall I fear, that have this trusty and invincible sword by my side?—For, as King *Arthur's* sword was called *Caledvulch*; as *Edward the Confessor's* *Curtana*; as *Charlemagne's* *Joyeuse*; *Orlando's* *Durindana*; *Rinaldo's* *Fusberta*; and *Rogero's* *Balsarda*: so *Pistol*, in imitation of these heroes, calls his sword *Hiren*. I have been told, *Amadis de Gaul*, had a sword of this name: *Hirir*, or *Hirian*, in the *British*, signifies a long swathing sword." *M. Westmonasteriensis*, page 98; and *Stephens's Edition of Shakspeare's Henry the IVth. Second Part, the Notes, to Act the Second*.

Farther addition to note 10, in page 48: The *Cauldron of Dyrnog the Chief*, was probably a similar kind of vessel to that of the *Porridge Pot*, of *Guy, Earl of Warwick*, which is an immense kettle, or cauldron, still preserved at *Warwick Castle*.

An Account of The ABBEY of LLANTONY.

I cannot resist the pleasure of giving here *Giraldus Cambrensis's* happy description of the romantic situation of the *Abbey of Llantony*, in *Monmouthshire*:—"In the deep vale of *Ewyas*, which is about a bow-shot over, and enclosed on all sides with high mountains, stands the *Abbey Church of St. John*, a structure covered with lead, and not unhandsomely built for so lonesome a situation: on the very spot where formerly stood a small chapel dedicated to *St. David*, which had no other ornaments than green moss and ivy. It is a situation fit for the exercise of religion; and a religious edifice was first founded in this sequestered retreat, to the honour of a solitary life, by two hermits, remote from the noise of the world, upon the banks of the river *Hendy*, which winds through the midst of the valley. The rains which mountainous countries usually produce are here very frequent, the winds exceedingly tempestuous, and the winters almost continually dark; yet the air of the valley is so happily tempered as scarcely to be the cause of any diseases. The monks sitting in the cloisters of the abbey, when they chuse for a momentary refreshment to cast their eyes abroad, have, on every side, a pleasing prospect of mountains ascending to an immense height, with numerous herds of deer feeding aloft on the highest extremity of this lofty horizon. The body of the sun is not visible above the hills till after the meridian hour, even when the air is most clear. *Giraldus's Itinerarium Cambriae*; (written about the year 1187, when he accompanied *Baldwin*, the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, into *Wales*, to preach the *Crusade*.) And *Warton's History of English Poetry*.

SAITH RHYFEDDODAU GWYNEDD. The SEVEN WONDERS of NORTH WALES.

The first four of these wonders may properly be called the natural beauties; and the three last, the artificial beauties. They have never yet been regularly given to the world, although commonly enumerated by the natives; (if they had, the modern tourists would have retailed them without mercy, or acknowledgment, in their usual illiberal way;) therefore, I will endeavour to describe them, as they are worthy of being recorded.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 1. <i>Mynydd y Wyddfa.</i> | Snowdon mountain ¹ , in Caernarvonshire. |
| 2. <i>Pistyll Rhaiadr.</i> | The great water-fall, or cascade of Llanrhaiadr ² , in Denbighshire. |
| 3. <i>Ffynnon Gwenfrewi.</i> | Saint Winifred's Well, or Holy-Well ³ , in Flintshire. |
| 4. <i>Mynwent Owrtin.</i> | Overton Church-yard ⁴ , in Flintshire. |
| 5. <i>Clochdy Gwrecsam.</i> | Wrexham Church ⁵ , in Denbighshire. |
| 6. <i>Clochau Croes-ffordd.</i> | Gresford bells ⁶ , in Denbighshire. |
| 7. <i>Pont Llangollen.</i> | Llangollen Bridge ⁷ , in Denbighshire. |

¹ *Snowdon* was held in great veneration by the ancient Britons, as the mountain of *Parnassus* was by the Greeks, and mount *Ida* by the Cretans. *Snowdon* commands a wonderful, extensive, and variegated prospect; from its summit may be seen, in clear weather, a great part of Wales, Cheshire, Shropshire, Yorkshire, and part of the north of England, Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Man; and seas, and lakes. I doubt whether so extensive a circular prospect is to be seen in any part of the terraqueous globe. The height of *Snowdon*, according to the survey of *Colonel Roy*, is 1192 yards above the level of the sea; and according to *Mr. Flamstead's* measurement, its perpendicular height is 1240 yards. All its range of mountains were formerly called the forest of *Snowdon*. This British Alps is famed for rare plants: and its lakes for *Châre*, and other fish. See *Pennant's Journey to Snowdon*, page 326. There is a view of *Snowdon* mountains by *Mr. Wilson*, the painter, (who was a native of Wales,) and engraved by *Woollet*; and another fine view by the same Artist, of *Cader Idris*, and engraved by *Rooker*. See also, a distant view of it in the frontispiece.

² *Pistyll Rhaiadr*, or the Spout of *Rhaiader*, is the noblest cataract in Wales: it descends from the mountain of *Berwyn*, and divides the counties of *Montgomery*, and *Denbigh*; it is about three miles from the village of *Llanrhaiadr* in *Machnant*, to which it gives its name, together with the rivulet, which runs from it. The water-fall descends a perpendicular height of 240 feet. There was a good print of it published some years ago, and drawn by the late *Mr. Evans*, of *Llwyn y Gros*; who also has published an excellent Map of North Wales.

³ *St. Winifred's Well*, or *Holy Well*, in *Flintshire*, is a fountain of great antiquity, and consecrated to the memory of *St. Winifred*, a Christian Virgin, whose purity being dearer to her than life, submitted to be beheaded near that place, rather than yield to the lust of *Caradoc*, a Heathen prince, about the commencement of the seventh century. A neat gothic chapel is built over the head of the spring, and the water gushes out of the rock in such a rapid stream, as to supply several mills within a short distance. It is said, that the spring rises about one hundred tons of water every minute. The water is extremely cold; the depth of the basin is about five feet, and so transparent, that a small piece of money, or a pin, may be seen at the bottom. The present edifice was erected in the time of *King Henry the Seventh*. In a window of the chancel hereof was formerly to be seen the portraiture of the said Virgin, with the memorials of her life and death. All the miraculous powers of healing attributed to these waters are ascribed to their patroness, *St. Winifred*; and so great is the veneration in which she is held, by those of the Romish persuasion, that they to this day perform pilgrimages to *Holy-Well*. Those that wish a farther account of *St. Winifred*, I must beg to refer to her *Legend*, written by *Robert*, the Prior of *Shrewsbury*, afterwards Bishop of *Bangor*; and also, to her life and miracles which were published in 1713, octavo.

⁴ *Overton Church-yard* is famed for being surrounded with twenty-five yew-trees, that grow in an admirable manner; and formerly, it is said there was an yew-tree that grew on the church steeple. The yew-tree being so universally planted in church-yards was, doubtless, from its being thought a symbol of immortality; the tree being so lasting, and always green.—In the days of Archery, so great was the demand for the wood of the yew-tree, that the bowyers were obliged by statute, to import staves of it for making of bows.

⁵ *Wrexham Church* is the most magnificent building of the kind in Wales. *Brown Willis*, in his survey of *St. Asaph*, page 73, says, "that the stately gothic tower of *Wrexham Church*, so much admired for its elegant architecture, is exceeded by very few in England." It was begun to be rebuilt in A. D. 1501, and finished in 1507. The steeple is a fine tower, richly ornamented with lofty spires of the gothic order, and its four sides adorned with three pilasters containing Saints placed in rich gothic niches one above another; among them is *Saint Giles*, the patron Saint of the Church, with the hind, which miraculously nourished him in the desert. An old Bard describes this beautiful church in the following elegant *Englyn*:

Clochdy twt, Hoeldy taldeg, Córwyndy
Cryn-dawr hir cywreindeg;
Eglwys-dy wnaed yn glâs-deg,
Monwent Hardd, a meint tég!

There was a print of *Wrexham Church* published some years ago, by *Mr. Boydell*.

⁶ *Gresford Church* is noted for the sweet melody and variety of its bells, as well as for its picturesque situation, being seated on the brow of an eminence, over a beautiful little valley, whose end opens into the vast expanse of the Vale Royal of Cheshire. The church is extremely handsome, but less ornamented than that of *Wrexham*, though built in the same reign; the tower is adorned with images of the Apostles; and on one side, in a niche, is the figure of *Henry the Seventh*.

⁷ The bridge over the *Dee*, at *Llangollen*, is also numbered among the *Tri Tbbŵs Cymry*, or one of the three beauties of Wales; but I think it more remarkable for its lovely situation than structure; it consists of five arches, the widest of which does not exceed 28 feet in diameter; but the view around is wonderfully picturesque, and exceeds most things of the kind. Some Welsh poet has described the bridge in the following *Englyn*:

Pont llofog pen Tlysau, pont union,
Pont erwog, bentanau;
Pont gaerog, prwyntiau gorau,
Pont tŵ glêg, pen taeg glau!

Llangollen Bridge was built by *John Trewaur*, Bishop of *St. Asaph*, about A. D. 1350, according to *Brown Willis's* survey of that See, page 52, and 285; and *Pennant's Journey in Wales*.

The natives of *Derbyshire*, also, like *Wales*, have their Seven Wonders of the Peak; on which *Colley Cibber* wrote the following facetious couplet: "Seven famous daughters *Derby's Peak* can boast;

"Six are grim jades—but *Chatworth* * is a toast."

Leland, calls that admirable workmanship, *Henry the VIII's Chapel*, the wonder of the world; and *Dr. Johnson* says, "*Salisbury Cathedral*, and its neighbour *Stonehenge*, are two eminent monuments of art and rudeness, and may shew the first essay, and the last perfection, in architecture."

* The seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

The ELEGY to LLEUCU LLWYD.

This lady was reckoned a great beauty, and was a native of *Penial*, in the county of *Meirionydd*. She was greatly beloved by *Llywelyn Goch, ab Meurig Hên, of Nannau*; and died when he was gone on a journey to South Wales: upon his return he composed this Elegy:

" Nid oes yn Ngwynedd beddyw,
" Na loer, na llwycb, na lliw, &c."

How is *Gwynedd** bereft of its bright luminary! how its heaven is enveloped with darkness, ever since the full moon of beauty has been laid in the silent tomb! Mournful deed! O lovely fair in the oaken chest, my speech can find no utterance since thou art gone. O thou of shape divine, lamp of *Gwynedd*, how long hast thou been confined in the gloomy grave? Arise, thou that art dearer to me than life; open the dismal door of thine earthly cell! Leave, O fair one! thy sandy bed; shine upon the face of thy lover: here, by thy tomb, generous maid, of noble descent, stands one whose mirthful days are past, whose countenance is pale, with the loss of thee; even *Llywelyn Goch*, the celebrator of thy praise, pining for the love of thee, helpless and forlorn, unequal to the task of song.

I heard, O thou that art confined in the deep and dismal grave, nought out of thy lips but truth, my speechless fair! nought, O thou of stately growth, fairest of virgins fair! but that thou hadst promised, now unfeeling to the pangs of love, to stay till I came from South Wales, lovely silk-shrouded maid! The false destinies snatched thee out of my sight; it nought concerns me to be exposed to the stormy winds, since the agreement between thee and pensive me is void! Thou, thou lovely maid, wert true; I was false, and now fruitlessly bemoan! From henceforth I will bid adieu to fair *Gwynedd*. It concerns not me whither I go; I must forego my native soil for a virtuous maid, whom it were my happiness to love, were she alive! O thou whose angelic face was become a proverb, thy beauty is laid low in the lonesome tomb! the whole world, without thee, is nothing; such anguish do I suffer! I, thy pensive Bard, ramble in distress, bewailing the loss of thee, illustrious maid! Where, O where, shall I see thee, thou of form divine, bright as the full moon! Is it on the mount of olives, loveliest of women? *Ovid's* love was nothing in comparison to mine. Lovely *Leucu* thy form was worthy of heaven, and my voice hath failed in invoking thy name: alas! woe is me, fair maid of *Penial*; it sounded as a dream to me to hear that thy charms were laid in the dust, and those lips, which I oft have praised, excelled the utmost efforts of my muse. O my soul, whiter than the foam of rapid streams, my love, I have now the heavy task of composing thy Elegy! Lovely Virgin, how are thy bright shining eyes closed in everlasting sleep, in the stony tomb! Arise to thy pensive Bard, who can smile no more, were he possessed of a kingdom; arise in thy silken vest, lift up thy countenance from the dismal grave.

I tell no untruth; my feet are benumbed by walking around thy dwelling place, O *Lleucu Llwyd*, where heretofore, bright lamp of *Gwynedd*, I was wont to celebrate thy beauty in fine flowing verse, where I was wont to be merry in praising thy delicate hand, and tapering fingers, ornamented with rings of gold, lovely *Lleucu*, delicate, sweet-tempered *Lleucu*, thou wert far more precious than reliques to me!

The soul of the darling of *Meirionydd* is gone up to God, its original author; and her fair body is deposited in the sanctuary of holy ground, far, far from me, in the silent tomb! The treasure of the world is left in the custody of a haughty black man; longing and melancholy dirges are the portion of my lot. I lament, with faltering accents, over thee, lovely *Lleucu*, whiter than the fleaks of driven snow! Yesterday I poured down my cheeks showers of tears over thy tomb; the fountains of my head are dry; my eyes are strangers to sleep, since thou art gone; thou, fair-formed speechless maid, hast not deigned to answer thy weeping Bard. How I lament, alas, that earth and stones should cover thy lovely face; alas! that the tomb should be made so fast;—that dust should ever cover the paragon of beauty;—that stony walls and a coffin should separate thee and me;—that the earth should lock thee fast in her bosom;—that a shroud should enclose a beauty that rivalled the dawn of the morn;—alas! that strong doors, bolts, and stately locks, should divide us for ever*.

Llywelyn Goch ab Meurig Hên, circa A. D. 1390.

* *Gwynedd* is the Welsh name for North Wales.

" I Baradwyi i brydu,
" F'r aeth e'r Fair Ior Uthr fû: —
" Gwaith hoff gan Ddafydd Broffwyd,
" Datgana cerdd Lleucu Llwyd;
" Annwair fu yn ei oes,
" Y caridd fardd, cerydd-faer;
" Pura Telyn pôr teulu,
" Serchog, adifairing fû." —

O Gywydd Marwnad Lla. Gôch ab Meurig Hên, o Nannau; o gant Iolo Gôch.

Y SAITH GELFYDDYD WLADAIDD. THE SEVEN RURAL ARTS:

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. <i>Garddwriaeth.</i> | Agriculture, and Gardening. |
| 2. <i>Saeryddiaeth.</i> | Carpentry, and Building. |
| 3. <i>Gofaniaeth.</i> | The art of a Smith, or Handicraft. |
| 4. <i>Nyddiaeth.</i> | Spinning, and Weaving. |
| 5. <i>Milwriaeth.</i> | Defence, or the art of War. |
| 6. <i>Longwriaeth.</i> | Navigation, or the Maritime art. |
| 7. <i>Meddyginiaeth.</i> | The Efficacy of Plants, or Physick.* |

* The above are a list of the primitive rural arts, which apparently were the foundation of sciences. Agreeable to the old adage, "necessity is the mother of invention;" and there can be no doubt but food, raiment and comfort, were the first considerations of man: and according as the mechanic art gradually improved, when mankind became more enlightened, these branched again into seven others, which are the seven liberal arts; that is, grammar, logick, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy; and these again branched into various subdivisions. See of Ancient British Poetry, in the previous page 8; of the Twenty-four Ancient British Games, in the first Volume, page 36; and of Music, and Poetry, in pages 29 and 30 of the same Volume.

Y SAITH GEFNDERW SAINT. THE SEVEN COUSIN SAINTS.

Dewi, a Cbybi, acubant bob dyn beunydd,
A dwyn Beuno yn warant:
Cadfan, Cynfareb a barchant,
Deiniol, gyda Seiriol Sant!

Llyma'r Saitb, eurfaith arfer, gan feudwy,
Gwynfydic bob amfer;
A fyn y maen graen grynder,
A'r Saitb, a weles y Sêr.

David, and Cybi,† will save every man,*
And bring Beuno‡ as a pledge:
Cadvan,§ and Cynvarch,¶ do honour,
And Deiniol, with Seiriol‡ the Saint.

These are the seven, a permanent golden rule;
 A Hermit is at all times blest'd,
 Who obtains the round grain'd stone‡:
 And the Seven contemplated the Stars.

* St. David, the Archbishop, and Patron Saint of Wales, who founded the Cathedral Church of St. David, in Pembrokeshire, about A. D. 447.

† St. Cybi, the founder of *Caer-gybi*, or Holyhead, in Anglesey.

‡ St. Beuno, the Abbot, and founder of *Clynnog Monastery*, &c. in Caernarvonshire, about A. D. 616. See page 10.

§ St. Cadvan, an Abbot of the Monastery in Bardsey Island; and there was another, the founder of *Towyn Church*, in Merionethshire, where his tomb still remains.

¶ Cynvarch, the 27th King of Britain.

‡ St. Daniel was the first Bishop of Bangor in Caernarvonshire, and flourished about A. D. 516, and died in the Island of Bardsey, in the year 544.

‡ There is a little island, on the coast of Anglesey, which lies about a mile and half from the priory, called *Tyns Seiriol*, or St. Seiriol's Island, but is most commonly named in English, the *Priestholm Island*; which was an ancient sanctuary for Priests. It is also famous in summer for a great number of birds, called *Puffins*, which emigrate at the beginning of winter.

‡ The above round stone probably alludes to the Altar-Stone, or to those who were qualified to preside, after taking Priest's orders; or it may allude to the Druids, who used to have a Crystal-Gem, or a Magic-Gem, which was about the size of a large watch; one of which I have got. (See Woodward on Fossils.) The Druids were also great astronomers. See page 7.

The British Saints were the founders of most of the British Churches and Monasteries, and were, as we may say, the successors of the Bardic-Druids, so far, that they possessed, like the former, all the learning and philosophy of their time, as I have already mentioned in page 43, but with this difference, the Bards adhered minutely to truth, as their laws were very severe in fine, and imprisonment, if they deviated from it. The Monks, I believe, were not constrained; they intermixed superstition and fable among their records, therefore, are not altogether to be depended upon, so much as the former; however, we are indebted to them for what information they have left us.

St. Kentigern founded several Churches, and was esteemed a very learned divine. He wrote a *Manual of his Ministries*; of the *Death of St. David*; of the *Obedience of Man*; an *Epistle to King Rhydderch Hael*; of *Mutual Charity*; of *Peace*; of *Hospitality*; of *Reading*; and of *Praying not written*, &c. Kentigern had a college of 365 scholars, and was the first Bishop of *Llanabwy*, in Denbighshire, about the year 540. He strictly observed the form of the primitive church, and lived with great abstinence. Kentigern wore a robe made of goat skins, and a long white garment with a straight hood. He lived to the remarkable age of 185 years, and was buried at St. Asaph's cathedral, and by whom he was succeeded. *Bonedd y Saint*, and *Acbau'r Saint Tyns Prydain*, or the Noble Descent, and Genealogies of the British Saints of the Island of Britain, which would be a most valuable work if it were translated and published.

I ought not to omit mentioning here one of our primitive British Castles, which stands upon a pleasant conick hill, in view of Langollen Bridge before-mentioned, in page 50, called *Castell Dinas Brân*, from *Brân*, latinized *Brennus*, the second son of *Dyfnwal Maelmad*, the famous law-giver; and whose mother's name was *Cornwen*, whence the town of *Corwen* derives its name. This *Brân* married a princess of the *Galli Senones*; and by the help of his brother *Beli*, *Belinus*, (or *Belgius*,) King of Britain, he overran Italy, took the city of Rome, and kept possession of it seven months, which was about 300 years before Christ, and 364 years after the building of Rome. See *Plutarch's Life of Camillus*. *Strabo* calls him *Brân*; and *Polibius* 2. and *Justin* 25. c. 2. corroborate the British History of *Tyffilio*, in this point. *Castell Dinas Brân*, or the Castle of the City of *Brân*, near *Llangollen*, in Denbighshire, is said to have been founded by the said *Brân*, or *Brennus*; and there is also a Lordship adjoining thereto, called to this day *Dinbrân*. *Dinas Brân Castle* was in repair, and inhabited by *Gruffydd ab Madog*, who was Lord thereof in the time of Edward the First.

Y SAITH CYSGADUR: or THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

After the number *Three*¹, the number *Seven* seems to have been held in the greatest veneration by the *Ancient Britons*, and is sometimes called the holy number, the prophetic number, or the mylical number. The greatest part of the ancient sacrifices were by *Sevens*. "In the beginnings of your months ye shall offer burnt offering unto the Lord; seven lambs of the first year without spot." *Numbers*, chap. xxviii. v. ii.

"Sev'n bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phœbus chuse,
"And for Diana Sev'n unspotted ewes." *Dryden*.

The world consisteth of the harmony of the *Seven unities*, natural, conjugal, regular, personal, essential, ecclesiastical, and political. The age of the world is usually divided by *Sevens*, as well as the seven ages of man; the seven days of the week; the seven wonders of the world. The son of a seventh son was esteemed a prophet. The animals which entered the Ark of Noah were by *Sevens*, "Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens" "Of fowls also of the air by sevens."—*Genesis*, chap. vii. "The number 7 has a wonderful property; a right-angled triangle is constituted of the sides three, four, five; but three, and four contain the right angle, which is perfection itself, and therefore their sum seven, must as a number, be most perfect. Every active body has three dimensions length, breadth, and thickness, and these have four extremes, point, line, surface, and solid, and these together make up the number seven." The Lyre of *Orpheus*, and *Amphion* had only seven strings. The seven diatonic notes of music; the seven prismatic colours, analogous to the seven notes in music; the seven trumpets; the seven planets; the seven stars: the seven inward parts of man; the seven exterior parts; the seven objects of sight; the seven wise men of Greece; the seven wise masters, and the seven wise mistresses of Rome; the seven champions of Christendom, and the seven excellences of man.

Our druidical ancestors appear to have been well acquainted with Natural History, as well as with Botany, and other sciences, (see the first volume of this work, page 4, 8, and 84,) as may be seen from their minute observations of the progress of animals in the following traditional memorial, of the seven sleepers, which I have never seen mentioned in any Book, therefore I shall briefly relate it.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Y Patbew. | The Dormouse. |
| 2. Y Draeog. | The Urchin, or Hedge-hog. |
| 3. Crogen grauc. | The Land Tortoise. |
| 4. Y Neidr. | The Snake. |
| 5. Y Llyffant. | The Toad. |
| 6. Yfym. | The Bat. |
| 7. Yr Artb. | The Bear ² . |

¹ See the *Triads*, and the first volume of this work.

² The Bear, the Beaver, the Wolf, &c. were common in this island formerly. There is a place in Cardiganshire, and in Pembrokeshire, called *Aber-Artb*, or the Bear's Brook. Some reckon the Swallow one of the seven sleepers, but it is more probably one of the emigrating birds, or birds of passage; such as the Woodcock, the Redwing, the Fieldfare, the Cuckoo, the Stork, the Crane, the Nightingale, the Quail, the Puffin, the Black-cap, the Wheat-ear, the Fly-catcher, the Martin, the Stone-chat, the Whin-chat, the White-throat, the Butcher-bird, &c. *Milton*, in his *Paradise Lost*, has expressed the migration of birds, in the following elegant manner:

"Thus they, rang'd in figure, wedge their way,
"Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
"Their airy caravan, high over seas
"Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
"Easing their flight: so steers the prudent crane
"Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
"Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes."—
"Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
"Came sevens, and pairs." *Milton*.

"The Stork in the Heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the Turtle, and the Crane, and the Swallow, observe the time of their coming." *Jeremiah* viii. v. 7. Researches into the springs of natural bodies, and their motions, should awaken us to admire the wonderful wisdom of our Creator in all the works of nature.

AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS OF ANCIENT BRITISH HISTORY.

The Poem from which this is translated is one of the most ancient of any that are preserved; and on that account is rather obscure in many passages; and it is selected from an idea that it will be more interesting than some others of greater merit, because addressed to an illustrious character, whose name is familiar to the enlightened historian. It celebrates the battles of *Galgacus*, the chief of the Northern Britons, who so eminently signalized himself in opposing the Roman legions, under *Agricola*, about A. D. 83. The British *Triads*, and this poem are the only memorials, that I can find, of *Galgacus*, which are preserved amongst his countrymen: the former tells us, that *Gwallawg ab Lleenog*, *Dunawd ab Pabo*, and *Cynfelyn Drwsgyl*, were the three pillars of battle of the isle of Britain.

CAN I WALLAWG AB LLEENAWG. A SONG TO GWALLOG, OR GALGACUS, THE SON OF LLEENOG*.

In the name of the potent Ruler of Heaven, the supporter of his friends shall keep his dwellings in peaceful security, with his glittering princely spear. Warring chieftains, ruthless and fierce, are supported by the fair dale of *Lleenog*; they shiver athen shafts reeking in its defence. Long will they remain conspicuous in Britain's fair memorials.—From the regions of *Maw*, and *Eiddyn*, they would not accept of an intercourse.

* *Lleenog* is a name which the father of *Galgacus* most likely acquired for his learning; which the word implies.

Friendly was the aid of *Clydwyn*, supplied in abundance was his fleet with the glittering shafts of tumults—ambition provides for every one a grave!

Galgacus satiated the devouring jaws of battle; better is the food of violent slaughter than the bear; the battle of *Agathes*, by fame protected, filled the hungry mouth of her brother. There was a battle in the region of *Bretrwyn*—amidst the heat of violent fire the ambitious shews himself politic. There was the battle of *Ir*, in well conducted order; there was the battle in *Aeron*, the trembling conflict; the battles in *Arddunion*, and *Aeron* proclaim reproach to the sons of men. At a battle in the woods of *Beid*, ruddy be the spear! thou didst not consider thy foes! From the battles near *Llydawdol*, and *Mabon*, he who records to other times tells of none that escaped; at the battle in *Gwensteri*, to bring *Lloegria* low, the halcy spears were shivered; at the battle on the plain of *Terra*, with the dawn, the death-dealing blows sent their fleet messengers of pain, on first uttering the shout of war, by chiefs delighting in tumultuous slaughter.

Men who made hostile inroads for the lowing herds were *Haearddur*, and *Hyvaidd*, and *Galgacus*; and *Owain* of *Mona*, with iron-guarded head*, wont to prostrate low the men of spears. At the end of the forest of swords lay strewed the bodies which sheathed the blades, and in wild confusion the ravens hovering over.

It is acknowledged in *Prydain*, and in *Eiddyn*, in *Gavran*, and in the out-post of *Brycheiog*, clad in the armour of terror, scouting in the path of war, none will see a hero who saw not *Galgacus*.

Could the situation of the places mentioned in the above piece be traced out, one might form a probable conjecture in what part of North Britain lay the territory of *Galgacus*. One place mentioned is well known, and that is *Eiddyn*, or *Edinburgh*; and there is reason to suppose, from hints in other ancient pieces, that *Aeron* lay farther South, either in, or near Northumberland. I have little doubt but that a person, having a knowledge of the Southern parts of Scotland, and the North of England, would be able to recognize several places mentioned by the bards who were natives of those districts. *Owain o Feirion*. See more, in the first Volume of *Carte's History of England*, page 124.

AN INVOCATION TO THE WIND.

A literal Translation from a Poem by David ab Gwilym.

The Welsh Bards of the middle ages had a class of poetical compositions, which may be peculiarly called their own, consisting of pieces, wherein some being, real, or imaginary, was invoked to be the messenger of the Poet's commands; and which generally related to love subjects; and sometimes the message was addressed to a patron, requesting a favourite gift.

The subversion of the ancient government, by the conquest of Edward the First, was the cause of great alterations even in the literary compositions of the Welsh; and in that period it was that these *message poems* became very common and popular in the country.

Wind of the firmament, of ready course and strong of voice, in ranging far away! A terrible being art thou, uttering sounds most hoarse; the bravado of the world, without foot, or wing: it is a wonder how awfully thou hast been placed, from the storehouse of the sky, without any one support; and now how swiftly dost thou run over the hill!

Tell me, my never-resting friend, of thy journey on some northern blast over the dale. Ah, friend, go from *Aeron* † brightly fair, with a clear note; stop thou not, nor gossip; fear not because of little Hunchback ‡. A complaint of impeachment serving ill-nature! My country and its blessings are a prison to me!—Soon thou wouldest strip the bush when thou art busied in scattering leaves: no one will question thee, none will stop thee, nor arrayed host, nor deputed hand, nor the blue blade, nor flood, nor rain: inadvertently thou wilt not be hindered by a mother's son: fire will not burn thee; thou wilt not be weakened by deceit; drown thou wilt not, through lack of any warning; thou wilt not get entangled, for thou art without an angle; the swift steed is not wanted under thee, nor bridge over the stream, nor boat; no catchpole will arrest thee, nor the power of a clan, in thy day of triumph, thou that winnowest the feathered tops of trees. No eye can ken thee on thy vast naked couch; a thousand shall hear thee, nest of the pouring rain: thou art God's bounty along the earth, thou roaring and irritating breaker of the top of the oak, thou shouter, in the morn of day, on high; thou waster of the heap of chaff, gruff of voice! Thou comest a tempest on a calm of the sea; a fickle youth on the sand bank'd

* This will bear another construction—following the custom of *Maelgwn*: a common name among the Britons, that means, wearing a helmet.

† On the banks of the river *Aeron* in Cardiganshire.

‡ Literally, the *Little Bow*, the common epithet, which the poet gave to his fortunate competitor for fair *Morvudd*; his real name was *Rys Gwogan*, who was a captain in the English army at the celebrated battle of *Cressy*.

water : an eloquent and enticing thief art thou ; the scatterer, and heaper of the fallen leaves. Thou privileged impeller, the waster of the hill, thou ruthless lord of the firmament, that flyest over the whole bosom of the briny ocean to the extremities of the world ! Storm of the hill be above to night !

Wretched am I, that I should have placed my affection on *Morvudd*, a gentle and splendid maid ! A nymph who made me a captive !—Run on high towards her father's house ; storm the door, and cause it to be opened, before the day appears, to receive my message ; and find a way to her, if that can be, and utter the note of my sigh. Thou that comest from the far-extending signs, say thus to my sincere and generous one—“ Whilst in the world I remain, I shall be a faithful lover : and woe is to my face without her, if true that she is not unfaithful !” Go high ! thou shalt see the fair one—Go low ! choose a course, thou running element ! Go to the yellow-haired *Morvudd*.—Prosperous be thy return !—Farewell thou friendly gale !

AN INVOCATION ADDRESSED TO ST. DWYNWEN*.

The following is a Literal Translation of a poem, selected from the works of *David ab Gwilym*, printed in Welsh, at London, in 1789, edited by Mess. O. Jones and W. Owen. This Bard flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century. He has always been a great favourite with his countrymen, and is generally denominated the *Ovid of Wales*.

DWYNWEN, fair as the hoary tears of morning, thy golden image in its choir, illumed with waxen torch, well knows the pains of yonder cross-grained mortals how to cure !

A wight that watches within thy choir, blest is his happy turn, thou splendid beauty ! with ailings, nor with tortured mind, none shall return from *Llanddwyn* †.

Thy extended guardianship I crave, within thy holy district ! Anxiety and pain oppress me ! My troubled breast, for a fair maid, is one continued swell of amorous passion ! Unceasing pain, that springs from cares ! Hence my disease, full well I know.

If I have not *Morvudd* ‡, and yet alive—behold, it is vain to live ! Oh ! make me well—(more pleasing is the theme)—from this my languor, this my grief ! Blend thy good offices of love with *God's* free bounties, deigned through thee to man, for one blest year. Potent golden image, thou needest never dread the sin of unresisting flesh ! He, that is peace complete, will not undo his work—*God* has made, that thou shalt not depart from heaven. No prude shall ken thee, through the passing year, when whispering good advice to us, in difficulties that may thwart our love. The jealous one, a black and envious man, bare scare-crow, never can do thee harm, in his fierce fits of anger ; he shall never cudgel thee, who art of nature chaste. Hasten with thy reward. Hush, virgin !—It will not be a tedious concern. From *Llanddwyn*, a much resorted spot, I know of many a happy turn, thou jewel of the land of faith !

Heaven has not refused thee an easy access to peace ; the praise of fluent tongue, man will not refuse to thee. The good effect of prayers is always sure. Thou, who art called of *God*, sable-crowned maid, should envy come, heaven is thy refuge, and manly arms. Let them be kept in mind. Bold would be the man to force my love away, whilst, through the leaves of May, she visits me.

Oh, *Dwynwen* ! once if thou wouldest bid, beneath the woods of May, my *Morvudd*, gay and sprightly, to pass the long and lingering day, fair *Dwynwen*, I should bless thee. Show me, from thy bright endowments, that thou art no coquette—*Dwynwen*, good and wise !

By all thou didst endure in troubles, of penance, in this world, and all its wrongs ; by all that faith and animating piety thou hadst whilst thou wert here alive ; by thy secluded state, most pure ; the chastity of thy restrained flesh ; if more is needful, by the soul of *Brychan Yrth*, of powerful arm, I pray, chaste jewel, through thy prevailing faith, effect my cure !

* The daughter of *Brychan*, a prince of a part of Wales, comprehended in the present county of *Brecon*. She was esteemed the tutelary saint of lovers.

† A church in *Môo*, or *Anglesey*, dedicated to *Dwynwen*, and the great resort of her votaries.

‡ This lady was the theme of seven score and seven poems of our bard. Yet he was unsuccessful ; for her father married her to a hunchbacked old man, who had more wealth than the man of song. But he contrived to carry her off twice from her husband, which brought him into much trouble. See a former poem in page 43.

ANECDOTE OF EINION, THE BARD, of the ancient House of TREVEILIR, in the parish of Trefdraeth, in ANGLESEY; who flourished about A. D. 1166: now the seat of Charles Evans, Esq.

Eingian, (or *Einion*,) was the son of *Gwalchmai*, the son of *Meilir*, and lord of *Tre-Veilir*, in Anglesey: He was an intrepid warrior, an excellent musician, and poet. There are five pieces still preserved of his poetry, in old Welsh manuscripts: he was lineally descended of Bards, from age to age. His coat of arms was, "Argent, 3 war-saddles, stirruped Or."

Tradition informs us, that *Ednyfed Fychan*, had a beautiful daughter, (by *Nesb*, the daughter of the illustrious, *Llywarch ab Brân*,) whose name was *Angbarad*. This young lady had many suitors, and in consequence of the number of solicitations which had been made to the father, to obtain his daughter; he at last proposed to her the following rural mode, which should decide her fate, in a husband: and that was, which ever of her admirers, proved to be the best leaper over *Aber-nodwydd*, should be possessed of her; which was agreed to by *Angbarad*; (knowing her favourite *Einion* was eminent in the 24 *British Games*, which were then very much in vogue in Wales:) consequently, a day was fixed upon, and publicly announced for the trial of skill, in the *British Olympick*, wherein *Einion*, the son of *Gwalchmai*, won the lady at that exhibition of activity, by leaping the immense distance of *fifty feet*; at hop, step, and jump, over the brook, called *Abernodwydd*; and in commemoration of which, three stones, at those intervals, were immediately erected on the spot, and where they still remain to this day, in a dingle called *Naid-Abernodwydd*, or the leap of *Abernodwydd*, near the domain of *Plás-Gwynn*, in Anglesey; (now the seat of *Paul Panton Esq.*) Tradition farther says, that one of his rival competitors was so affected at his discomfiture, and loss of the lady, that he died on the spot.

The conqueror, *Einion*, some time after, parted from his wife and family, in some discontent, or probably was obliged to go to the wars in South Wales, with Prince *Owen Gwynedd*, to whom he was advocate, and lived abroad for some years; but on returning home he found, when he came to the door of his house at *Treveilir*, that on that day his wife was married to another: he then descended to play a tune upon his old harp, which stood in the hall, opposite the door; and while he was thus playing, his wife came forth, when the following dialogue passed between them:

Pwy wyti?

*Eingian am galwan', fo'm gwelir, amgylch,
Fab Gwalchmai ab Meilir
Sworn-ebud, swornai o-hir,
Drwg yw 'nbb, o drigo'n bir:*

Pa le buost?

*Bûm yn Ngwent, yn Ngbent, yn-ngbûdd, yn mynnau,
Bûm yn Maenol Dafydd,
Bûm yn Nyffryn gwyn y gwydd
Aro, mae gan i arwydd.*

Fe edrychai ei wraig arno, ac ynteu a ddywedai;

*Nag edrych Angharad dan odryn fy ngwallt
Lle bu wyllt fy nrbemyn;
Llwyd heb gél, lle bu felyn,
Nid fel yr aur da, 'r a'r dyn.*

*Er gweled blaened i'm blino, madws
A'myd yn newidio;
Angharad ni red o ngbôf
Eingian aeth i ti'n anghof.*

*Os collais Angharad, wych eirian ei rbyw,
Rbôdd Ednyfed Fychan;
Ni chollaf, ewch chwi allan,
Na'm gwely, na'm tŷ, na'm tân.*

*Neidiais, a bwriais heb orwydd danaf,
Wel dyna feistrolrwydd!
Naid fawr, deiliw gwawr y gwjdd,
Ar naid tros Aber-nodwydd.*

*Dig-troedfedd, baelwedd bylwydd, a deugain,
A digon o w'rantrwydd;
A'r rbôdd a fu ddigon rbyydd
Amy naid tros Abernodwydd.*

Eingian fab Gwalchmai, ai Cânt.

Who are you?

*Einion, I am of Meilir's noble race,
The son of Gwalchmai^s, hero of renown:
In foreign climes I staid so long a space,
That now, my friends no longer will me own.*

Where hast thou been?

*In Kent, in Monmouth, and in Alpian plains;
In David's fruitful meads, and blest abode;
And to convince you, still with me remains
A mark, which from my childhood first I bore.*

*His wife observing him more narrowly, he said;
Look not, Angharad, on my silver hair,
Which once shone bright of lovely sunny hue:
Man doth not last like gold; he that was fair,
Will soon decay—though gold be fresh and new.
My weary wand'ring thus so dearly bought,
Since home I quitted for an adverse lot;
Angharad yet has never left my thought;
But Einion with you, is too soon forgot.*

*If I have lost Angharad, lovely fair,
The gift of brave Ednyfed, and my spouse;
All I've not lost, all must from hence repair,
Nor bed, nor board, nor yet my ancient house.*

*I once have leap'd, to shew my active power,
A leap which none could equal, or exceed;
The leap o'er Aber-Nodwydd, which thou, fair flow'r
Did once so much admire—thyself the meed.*

*Full fifty-feet, as still the truth is known,
And many witnesses can still attest,
How there the prize I won, thyself must own,
This action stamp't my worth within thy breast.*

* *Gwalchmai*, as well as *Meilir*, were celebrated Bards, the former was Lord of *Malltraeth*, and the latter was Lord of *Tre-veilir*, in Anglesey.

AN ADDRESS TO OWEN GLYN-DWR, containing a DESCRIPTION of his MANSION and GROUNDS; Written about A. D. 1390, By the Bard, IOLO GOCH.

A literal Translation from the Welsh.

I have repeatedly given my word and promise to pay this visit: every man should be always mindful to fulfil his engagement! It is a nice point; 'tis just; it is a matter of great consequence: it is a propitious vow, to go to *Owen's* palace. There shall I go forthwith, and there shall I make my abode, to be respectfully entertained with him, and his honourable companions. My noble Lord, the *Clér's* benefactor, will deign to receive a decrepid bard: Poesy is loud in praise of his liberality to the aged. To a palace surrounded with water I go; of hundreds, the most excellent: a Baron's palace, the mansion of generosity, the resort of Bards for their benefit. The magnificent habitation of the chief lord of *Powis*, and the hope of deserving petitioners.

This is its description, and situation; encircled with a moat filled with water. The entrance into this goodly edifice, is by a costly gate, on a bridge over the pool. Gothic arches, adorned with mouldings, every arch archwise alike. A tower of St. Patrick, in the elegant antique order, like the cloister of Westminster. Every angle united together with girders, a compact, noble, golden chancel, concatenated in linked order, like an arched vault, all conjoined in harmony. A Neapolitan building of eighteen apartments, a fair timber structure, on the summit of a green hill, reared towards Heaven, on four admirable pilasters. On the top of each of these firm wooden supporters, is fixed a timber floor, of curious architecture: and these four pleasant and elegant floors, connected together, and divided into eight chamber-lofts; every part, and stately front, covered with shingles; and chimneys to convey away the smoke. Nine halls of similar construction, and a wardrobe over every one.

Neat, clean, commodious, well furnished warehouses, like shops in London. A quadrangular church, well built, and white-washed. Chapels well glazed. Plenty on every side; every part of the house a palace: an orchard, and vineyard well fenced. Yonder, below, are seen herds of stags feeding in the park: the rabbit-warren of the chief Lord of the nation. Implements; mettlesome steeds; and fair meadows of grass, and hay; well ordered corn fields; a good corn-mill on a clear stream; and a stone turret for a pigeon-house. A deep and spacious fish-pond for the casting of nets, where may be found pikes, and *gwyniad*, or mearlings, in plenty. Three tables well furnished with the best breed of peacocks and cranes. All necessary tools, and instruments for every kind of work.

The best Salopian ale, choice *wassail*, and *braggets*; wines, and all kinds of liquors, and manchets; and the Cook with his fire in the noble kitchen. His residence is an encampment of Bards; every one finds there a lodging. His wife, the best of wives; I am blessed with her politeness, with wine, and mead. A charming female of a noble extraction, liberal, and of an honourable family. His children come in pairs; a beautiful nest of chieftains. A lock, or a latchet, is seldom seen within his mansion, or a door-keeper, or porter: refreshments are never wanting; hunger, thirst, want, or reproach, are never known in *Sycharth*: the proprietor of this demain is hardy and valiant, and the best of Britons: a tall, active, accomplished gentleman owns this most delightful palace*. *See more in the first volume, page 39.*

* *Owen ab Griffith Vaughan*, Baron, and Lord of *Glyndyfrdwy*, died in A. D. 1415; and his estate now belongs to Colonel *Salisbury Vaughan*, of *Rûg*, in *Merionethshire*.

About this period, the British Nobility lived in a princely state, as appears by the rules settled by *Llywelyn de Bramfeld* and his Council, for the management of his household. He had the following officers; a steward of his household, chamberlain, chaplains, almoner, usher of the hall, gentlemen of the horse, butler, cook, baker, door-keeper of the chambers, porter, groom of the horse, apparitor, with their assistants. One part of the marshal of the hall's duty was, every day after dinner was over, to deliver with an audible voice, what the expence of the table amounted to, and at the same time, to admonish to œconomy. When his Lordship rode out, he was attended by all his officers, and by about a dozen Esquires. *From Llyfr Côch Afaph; written about A. D. 1315.*

TRAETHAWD O ATHRONDDYSG
CYMRAEG.

Nerth Eryr yn ei gylfin.
Nerth Unicorn yn ei gorn.
Nerth Sarpb yn ei chloren.
Nerth Hwrdd yn ei ben.
Nerth Arth yn ei breichiau.
Nerth Tarw yn ei ddwyfron.
Nerth Ci yn ei ddant.
Nerth Twrch yn ei aflach.
Nerth Ysguthan yn ei badanedd.
Nerth Llêw yn ei gynffon.
Nerth Gwraig yn ei thafod.

PHILOSOPHICAL OBSERVATIONS, PRECEPTS, AND ADAGES, OF THE ANCIENT BRITISH SAGES.

The Eagle's strength is in his beak.
The Unicorn's strength is in his horn.
The Serpent's strength is in its sting.
The Ram's strength is in his head.
The Bear's strength is in his paws.
The Bull's strength is in his breast.
The Dog's strength is in his teeth.
The Boar's strength is in his bristles.
The Queest's strength is in her wings.
The Lion's strength is in his tail.
A Woman's strength is in her tongue.

There is also, an elegant *Ode by Anacreon*, which is not dissimilar to the foregoing idea :

" Nature to every creature is a friend ;"
 " Horns arm the bull, and hoofs the horse defend ;"
 " Hares to escape, have swift and tender feet ;"
 " Lions have horrid teeth, their foes to meet."
 " Fishes are form'd with fins, thro' seas to glide ;"
 " And birds to fly have pinions at their side."

" Nature to man has given strong sense in store,
 " But not to women, they have something more :
 " Beauty they have, to which all things must yield,
 " Beauty, which serves them, both for lance and shield ;
 " Light arm'd with this, they nothing more require,
 " It serves instead of swords, instead of fire."—

LLYMA RINWEDDAU Y CEILIOG.

*Y Ceiliog fydd Organ y nŏs—Rbingyll y dŷdd—
 Bardd y tywyllwch—Tarfwr ysbrydion drwg—Meddyg
 y cleision—Gobaitb y carcbarion—Cyfarwyddydd y
 cyfeiliorn.—Rbybuddiwr gwasanaethwyr Duw, a'r
 bwsmyn, a'r trafaekwyr ; Ceryddwr y cysgaduriaid.—
 Arwydd yw ei ganiad ymlaen ysbryd dā ; a chyn y cano ef
 a gŷr ei ystlys deirgwaitb a'i adenydd, mal wrth argy-
 boeddi Petr am wadu ei Arglwydd, I ddibuno ei galon i
 erchi nawdd Dduw, gan dderchafu ei ben tu a'r
 Nefoedd ; a phan ddisgyno i'r llawr, a phan welo ef ei
 luniaeth ef a gān i ddiolch i Dduw, ac a eilw ei gymmar,
 a'i gyd-etifeddion atto, i ddangos eu lluniaeth iddynt,
 cyn y treulio ddim ei bŷn, yn arwydd grās, a chywirdeb.*

*Iachaf cig llwyn gwŷllt, Iwrch.
 Iachaf cig llwyn dŏf, Twrch.
 Iachaf cig edn gwŷllt, Petris.
 Iachaf cig edn dŏf, Iār.
 Iachaf pysgod môr, Llytbi.
 Iachaf pysgod dŵr croyw, Brithyll.
 Llyfr Madd.*

*Dŷg yn graff a welych ;
 Cadw yn graff a ddysgych ;
 Adrodd y petb a fedrych.*

*Tri phetb sy'n cadw y Bŷd yn ei lē :
 Cŏf ; a Chyfrif ; a Mesur.*

*Campau uwchlaw Cammau ;
 Haelioni, a Chydsŏd, a Chywirdeb.*

*Tri phetb a ffynna ar dēs :
 Gwenith ; Gwenyn ; a Mēs.*

*Tri phetb a geiff y Cybydd am ei dda : Poen yn
 ei gasglu ; Gosal yn ei gadw ; a thristwch yn ei gollu.*

*Tri Rbwystyr pen ffordd ;
 Cneuen ; Merch wen ; a Gwiwair.*

Nid Marchog, beb ffonn.

Nid Peddestr, beb fŷa.

Afgre lân, diogel ei pherchen.

Clywid Corn, cyn y gweler.

Gwasgu'r baid cyn no'i cherdded.

Melys pangaer, chwero pan daler.

Mil a'i gola.

Nid y bore y mae cammol diwrnod tŏg.

Malyfaf y gwellt nefaf i'r ddaear.

THESE ARE THE QUALITIES OF THE CHANTICLEER.

The cock is the organ of the night—the herald of the day—the bard of darkness—the scarer of evil spirits—the physician of the sick—the hope of the prisoners—the guide of the wanderer—the warner of the servants of God, and of the husbandmen, and the travellers ; and the reprover of the sleepers. His song is a signal before a good spirit ; and before he crows he flaps his sides three times with his wings, (as he did to rebuke Peter for denying Christ,) to awake his heart to seek the protection of God, by lifting up his head towards heaven ; then when he descends to the ground, and beholds his food, he crows, to thank the Deity, and he calls his partner and his family to him, to shew them their food, before he takes any thing himself, as a token of virtue and justice. *—

* The Romans fixed their *Vigils* from the Crowing of the Cock ; and in Heathen mythology, the Cock is sacred to *Minerva*, *Mars*, *Apollo*, and *Esculapius*.

The wholesomest flesh of wild beasts, is the Roe-Buck.
 Of tame beasts, the Hog.
 Of wild fowls, the Partridge.
 Of tame fowls, the Hen.
 Of sea fish, the Flounder, or flat fish.
 Of fresh-water fish, the Trout.

See more of Animals in page 53.

Learn diligently what thou see'st ;
 Keep diligently what thou learnest ;
 And make known what thou knowest.

The three things which keep the world in order :
 Remembrance ; Reckoning ; and Measure.

Excellencies in the superlative degree :
 Liberality ; Concord ; and Integrity. }

Three things prosper in the Sun ;
 Wheat, Bees, and Acorns. }

Three things the miser gets for his riches : pains
 in heaping ; anxiety in keeping ; and sorrow in losing.

The three delays on the highway :
 A nut ; a fair maid ; and a squirrel. }

No horseman without his lance.

No pedestrian without his bow.

A clean bosom, is a sound blessing.

A horn is sooner heard, than seen.

Be handy with the hive, ere the swarm depart.

Sweet when had, and dear when paid for.

Honey stained with a sting.

Praise not a fair day, until night.

Sweetest the grass, nearest the ground.

Goreu cyfgod, cyfgod tir,
 A goreu gair yw gair o wtr.
 Cbwarae ac na friw, cellwair ac na chywilyddia.
 Cennad bwyr, drwg ei neges.
 Gnawd gwin yn llaw wledig.
 Mâb côf, gwr a' tb gôf.
 Ni bù Arthur, ond tra fû.
 Llwyd ac ynfyd ni ddigymmydd.
 Da yw côf Mâb.
 Gnawd yn ôl drygbin, bindda.
 Gwell goddeu na gofal.
 Hawt gwentbur bebog o farcut, no marchog o daiog.

Hir gnif beb esgor lludded.
 Lawer gwir drwg ei ddywedyd.
 Gwell y wialen a blygo, no'r bon a dorro.
 Gwell y tynn merch nâ rbâff.
 Ni wicb Ci er ei daro ag asgwrn.
 Nid adwna Daw a wnaeth.
 Nid anghof Brodyrde.
 Nid bwyd rbyfedd i ddiriaid.
 Nid neges beb farch.
 Nid dewr, ond Gwr.
 Nid glôth, ond mulfran.
 Nid llyseuwraig ond gafr.
 Nid rbywiog ond March.
 Nid sercbog ond Eos.
 Nid trais ond tân.
 Nid rbwystr ond ddr.
 Nid ysgafu ond wybr.
 Nid trwm ond daiar.
 Nid anfeidrol, ond dim.
 Nid dim, ond Duw.

Earth is the best shelter,
 And truth the best buckler.
 Play, but hurt not; jest, but shame not.
 A late message indicates bad news.
 The wine in a feast first fits the founder.
 The man remembereth the boy.
 Arthur himself had but his time.
 The wild, and the gray, ne'er agree.
 Man's wrong, is remembered long.
 After showers, Phœbus shines.
 Better patient, than passionate.
 Easier to make a falcon of a kite,
 Than of a knave a knight.
 Long grief, yields no relief.
 Many a truth is better untold.
 Better the rod that bends, than breaks.
 A rope draws strong, but a maid draws stronger.
 The dog squeaks not when struck with a bone.
 What God made, he never marrs.
 Fields got, are seldom forgot.
 Strange dishes antic, make men frantic.
 No speed, without a steed.
 No valour equal to man's.
 No glutton equal to the cormorant.
 No herbalist equal to the goat.
 Nothing so tractable and stately as the steed.
 No melody so pleasant as the nightingale's.
 No ravage equal to that of fire.
 No obstruction equal to that of water.
 No lightness equal to air.
 No weight equal to earth.
 No infinity equal to nothing.
 Nothing good, but God.

Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor of Britain, who flourished about A. D. 320, used to say, that age appeared best in four things: old wood to burn; old wine to drink; old friends to trust; and old authors to read.

ODE, in Praise of ROBERT AB MEREDITH, by RYS GÔCH of Eryri, a Snowdonian Bard; who flourished about A. D. 1400: (translated from the Welsh; and versified by the Rev. Rd. Williams.)

Long had Gruffudd from afar,
 Heard the horrid din of war;
 His bloody spear, and glitt'ring sword,
 Lay idle near their hoary Lord;
 While lion-like he dormant lay,
 With age, and with misfortunes, gray.
 His enemies with impious hands
 Wrapt in fire his native lands.
 Yet start not at the tragic tale;
 He saw the hostile flames prevail.
 He saw his forests blazing round,
 His castles hurled on the ground;
 And trembled not. From him shall rise
 An offspring, lovely, brave, and wise,

Cambria's boast, and Conan's pride,
 To Royalty itself allied.
 Loudly let the trump of fame
 Tell the gallant hero's name;
 Alexander's praise be told,
 Wise in peace, in battle bold.
 Trystan's golden crown shall grace
 The fairest flow'r of Conan's race.
 "Rapt into future times," I see
 The Baron plum'd with victory,
 Severn's silver streams between;
 And Gartben's bank, for ever green.
 There shall he meet his haughty foe,
 And tear the laurels from his brow.

Tho'

Tho' fell detraction's breath impure
His shining merit wou'd obscure;
Caution, avaunt! inglorious fear,
Hence! avaunt! and come not near!
Truth, guide my honest pen to praise
The hero in deserved lays.

This, this is he, great *Conan's* heir,
Comely, valiant, strait, and fair.
'Spight of envy, 'spight of scorn,
My Muse his triumphs shall adorn,
And no ignoble trophies spread
Around his ever-honour'd head.

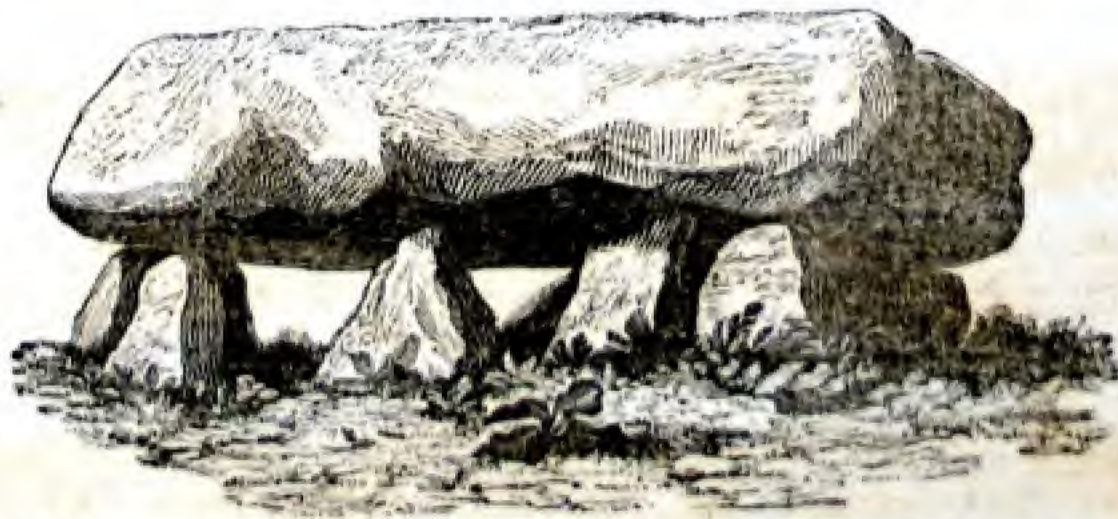
ON THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

Stretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her strength,
In Spring eternal, lay a plain,
Where our brave fathers us'd to train
Their sons to arms, to teach the art
Of war, and steel the infant heart.
Labour, their hardy nurse when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had strung;
Abstinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they first drew breath,
The best of doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood;
Health in their cheeks bade colour rise,
And glory sparkled in their eyes.
The instruments of husbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place supply'd:
Their arrows to the head they drew;
Swift to the point their jav'lins flew;
They grasp'd the sword, they shook the spear;
Their fathers felt a pleasing fear.
And even *Courage*, standing by,
Scarcely beheld with steady eye.
Each stripling, lesson'd by his sire,
Knew when to close, when to retire;
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was himself a war.

Their wives, their mothers all around,
Careless of order, on the ground
Breath'd forth to Heaven, the pious vow,
And for a son's, or husband's brow,
With eager fingers wreaths they wove,
Of oak clip'd from the sacred grove;
Planted by Liberty they find,
The brows of conquerors to bind,
To give them pride and spirits, fit
To make a world in arms submit.

What raptures did the bosom fire
Of the young, rugged, peasant sire,
When, from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with, return of night;
He saw his babe resign the breast,
And, smiling, stroke those arms in jest,
With which hereafter he shall make
The proudest heart in *Gallia* quake!

Gods! with what joy, what honest pride,
Did each fond, wishing, rustic bride,
Behold her manly swain return!
How did her love-sick bosom burn!
Tho' on parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, pleasure height'ning all her charms,
She strain'd her warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilst Love and Glory fire,
A son, a son just like his sire!



Drawn on the spot, by Edward Jones; and Engraved by J. Anderson.

This *Cromlech* (Druidical Altar; or a Sepulchral Monument,) stands near Lligwy, in the Parish of Penrhos, in Anglesey; and is now erroneously called by the common people, *Cotes Arthur*, or King Arthur's Quoit; as is also that monument near Aylesford, in Kent, by the name of *Kitt-Cait*; from *Cattigern*, or *Cattigern*, (a brother of King Vortimer,) the British Chieftain of Kent, who fell in a battle with the Saxons, about the year 455; in which conflict *Herja* was slain, and a similar memorial was erected over his grave at *Horsted*; whence, that place derived its name.