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Gough Add<sup>s</sup>  
Wales

Fr. 40.

Map catalogued.

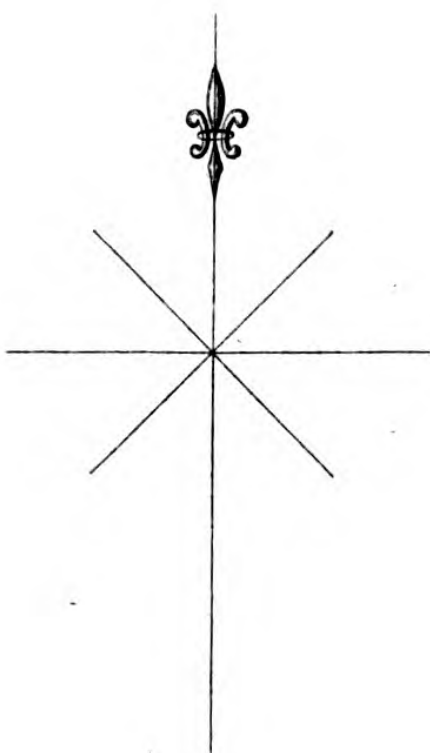


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*Dublin to Liverpool 133 miles*

*New York to Liverpool 3580 miles*

*Dublin to Holyhead 60 miles*



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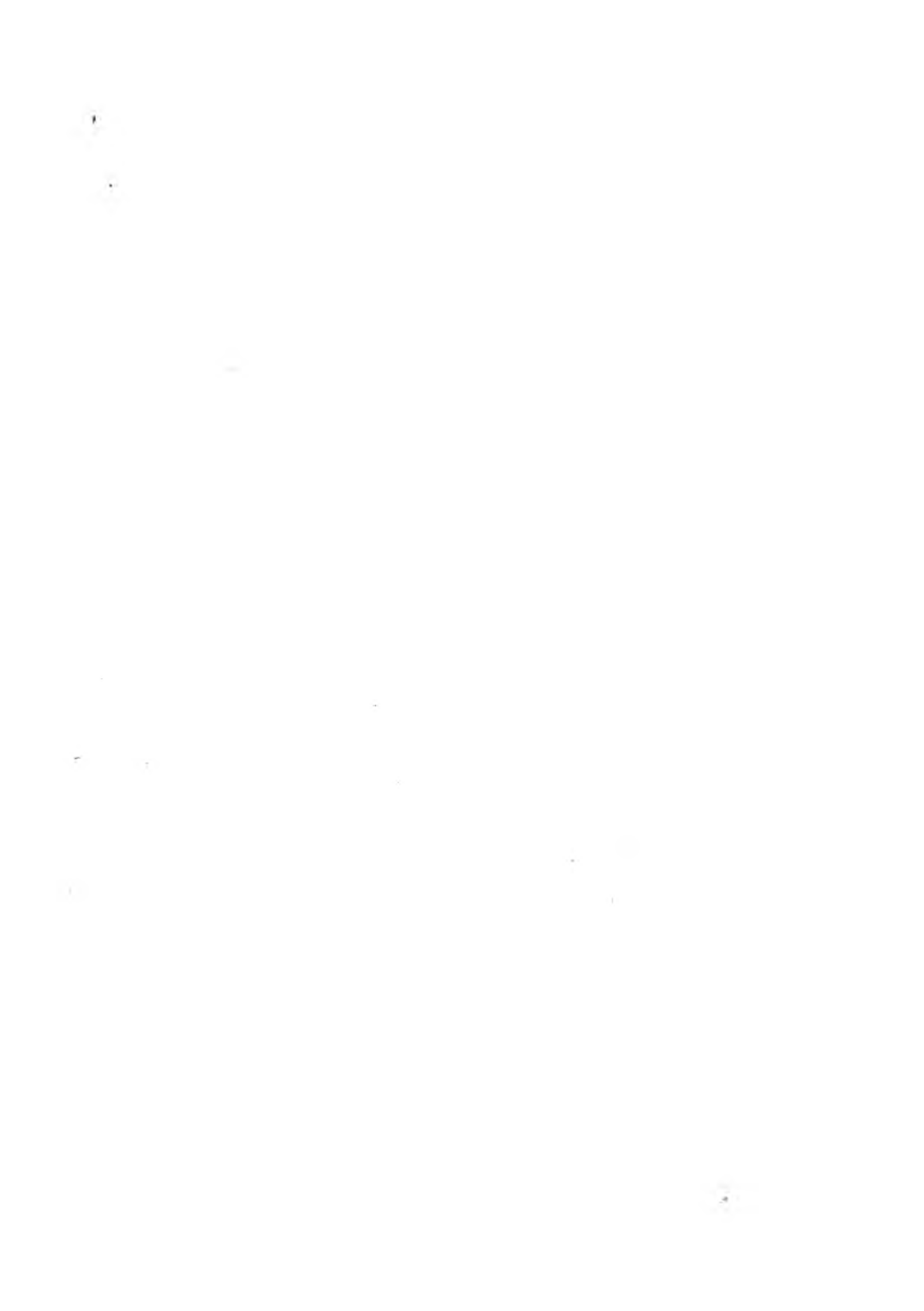
*Wicklow to Port. Dirillega*

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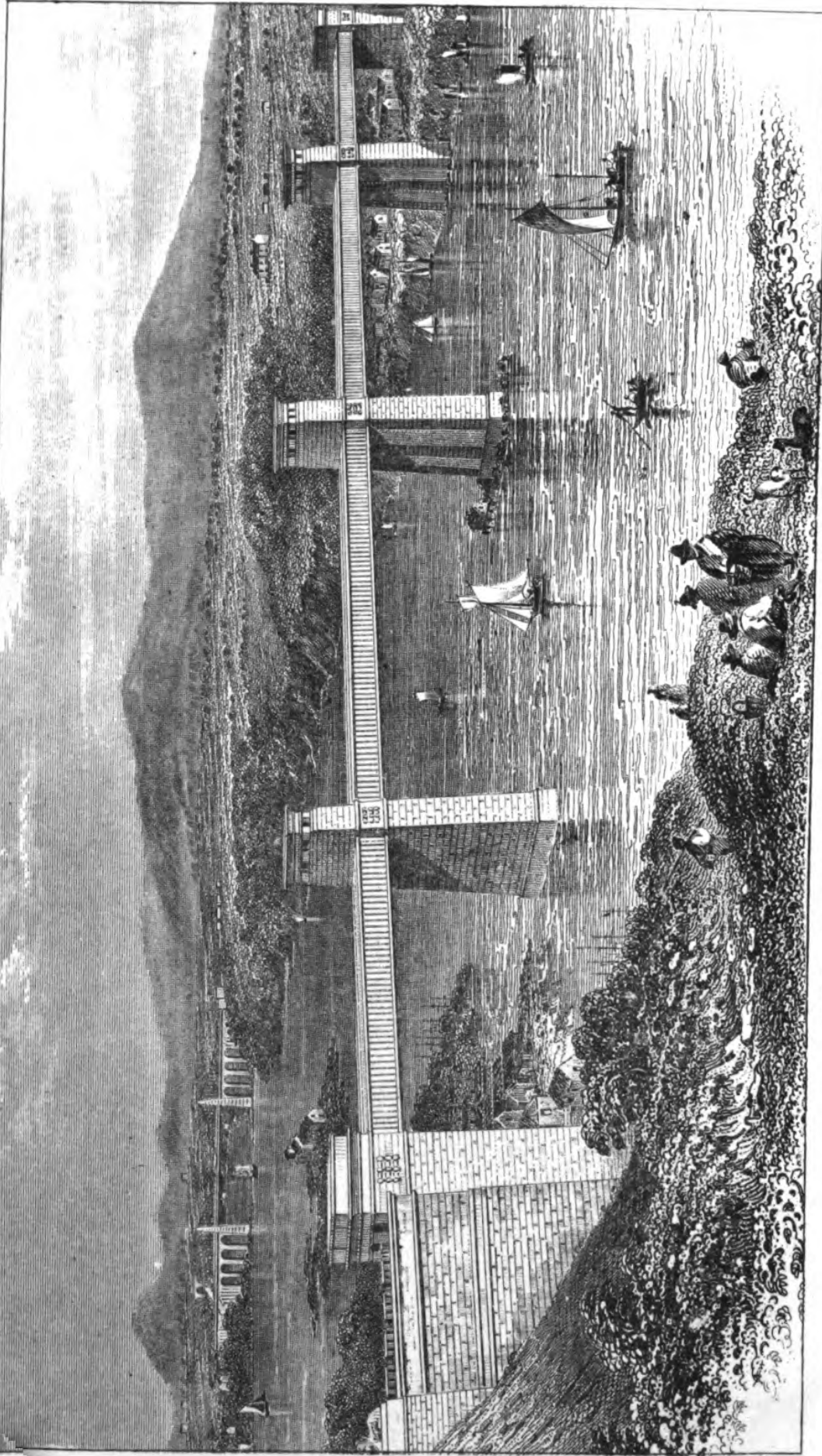
*Bardseul*











THE BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE

THE  
CAMBRIAN MIRROR;  
OR,  
THE TOURIST'S COMPANION  
THROUGH  
NORTH WALES.



COMPREHENDING  
THE HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION  
OF THE  
TOWNS, VILLAGES, CASTLES, MANSIONS,  
ABBEYS, CHURCHES, MOUNTAINS, VALLEYS, WATER-  
FALLS, LAKES, CATARACTS, AND BRIDGES,  
IN THAT  
INTERESTING AND ROMANTIC COUNTRY  
TOGETHER WITH  
VARIOUS ROUTES  
TO THE MOST ATTRACTIVE PLACES, POINTING OUT THE DIFFERENT  
OBJECTS WITHOUT THE LABOUR OF INCESSANT REFERENCE.

BY EDWARD PARRY.

EIGHTH THOUSAND.

LONDON :

Whittaker & Co.; Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; Simpkin & Co.;  
Longman & Co.; James M'Glashan, Dublin;  
Thomas Catherall, Chester.

1851.

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PRINTED BY F. P. EVANS, FOREGATE-ST. CHESTER.

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## P R E F A C E .

IT may be enquired, what necessity there is for another Tourist's Companion through North Wales, while there are similar publications already in circulation on the same subject? To this may be replied—

First.—That the objects which present themselves for admiration in North Wales, are so extended and multifarious, that it is impossible for an author, however talented and industrious he may be, to develop all her varied beauties in one book: hence the latest tourists, in addition to their own researches, are enabled to add those of their predecessors; and thus is produced a condensed epitome of the labours of all.

Secondly.—The general improvements that are daily taking place in the principality, the increased facilities for travelling by railroad from all parts of England to Chester, Liverpool, and Holyhead, and consequent augmentation of trade, manufacture, and commerce, are all circumstances which render a recent description necessary to convey accurate information.

Thirdly.—The form and price of several of the publications intended as guides for the tourist in North Wales, are likewise objectionable on account of their *expense* or their *unwieldly bulk* (many of them being only fit for amusement in the closet,) while the traveller is desirous to furnish himself with a portable volume, which without incumbrance he may carry in his pocket—one that will, without the

trouble of continual reference, point out on the route the most attractive places, in the shortest time, and at the least expense.

With a view to obviate these disadvantages, and at the same time to afford an accurate and amusing companion to the Welsh tourist, this little work is respectfully submitted to the public. The limits of this book will not permit of an elaborate account of each place; but it will be found to contain a well-digested, condensed, and faithful description of the leading features and beauties of Cambria, presented in a form convenient to the stranger who leaves the busy scenes of life and constant cares of business, for a few days ramble among the rocks, hills, and valleys of the principality.

The writer informs the reader that, with a very few exceptions, he has repeatedly visited every town, village, and place mentioned in the tour; and being well acquainted with the language, manners, and habits of his countrymen, he has been enabled to draw his observations from sources inaccessible to a mere compiler.

The interesting scenes described by Pennant, Aikin, Littleton, Barber, Bingley, Burke, Evans, Hutton, Malkin, Skrine, Warner, Wyndham, Llwyd, and Nicholson, are carefully preserved, with considerable additions, the result of various excursions. The distances from each station to the circumjacent towns and objects of attraction are accurately marked—the character of the inns for the accommodation of travellers impartially described—the angling stations in each district pointed out—the mansions of the nobility and gentry delineated—and the whole interspersed with interesting historical and biographical notices.

# INTRODUCTION.

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## MODE OF TRAVELLING.

The tourist will find excellent accommodation at all the hotels and inns mentioned in this work, and there are plenty of vehicles of every description, to be procured at moderate prices; the charge being for a one-horse car, which will hold four, one shilling per mile; and for an open or close carriage, with two horses, eighteen-pence per mile. But the most economical plan for a party of three or four, is to hire a car and driver for a few days, the charge being one guinea per day; this sum will defray all expenses in the conveying department, except the turnpike gates, and the amount when divided amongst them will be but a trifle. Tourists will find this mode of travelling very convenient; they may start when they please, and halt when they feel disposed. There is another advantage in so doing; the driver, who generally knows the country well, can direct attention to many interesting places, which otherwise strangers might pass by unnoticed.

## LIST OF EXCURSIONS.

As the leisure of some visitors will necessarily be limited, we have laid down a list of routes of from three to eighteen days' duration, the latter being the grand route which has been adopted, commencing at Chester, and which we have given in full.

### FOUR DAYS' EXCURSION FROM CHESTER.

*First day*:—Chester to Rhyl per rail, (see Parry's Railway Companion) 30, Visit Rhuddlan Castle, 2½, St. Asaph, 2, Denbigh, 6, and Ruthin, 8. *Second day*:—Corwen, 10, along the great Holyhead Road to Cerrig-y-druidion, 10, Pentrevoelas, 5, Bettws-y-coed, 8, and Llanrwst, 4. *Third day*:—To Capel Curig, 10, Pass of Llanberis, 10, (visit Snowdon,) and Caernarvon, 10. *Fourth day*:—The Britannia

Tubular Bridge, and the Menai Suspension Bridge, 6-7, Beaumaris, 4, cross the ferry to Bangor, 3, from thence by rail to Conway, 14, see the Castle, Tubular and Suspension Bridges; and return to Chester.

#### SIX DAYS' EXCURSION FROM CHESTER.

*First day*:—Chester to Conway per rail, 45, see Castle, Tubular and Suspension Bridges, and Plas Mawr, Llandudno, 5, Ormes Head, 1, Gloddaeth Wood, 1, and back to Conway; thence up the vale to Llanrwst, 12. *Second day*:—Capel Curig, 10, and Beddgelert, 12. *Third day*:—Tremadoc, 7, and Ffestiniog, 13. *Fourth day*:—Harlech, 12, Barmouth, 10, and Dolgelley, 10. *Fifth day*:—Lake of Tal-y-llyn, 8, Machynlleth, 8, Aberystwith, 18, and the Devil's Bridge, 12. *Sixth day*:—By coach through Dolgelley to Llangollen-road station, and thence by rail to Shrewsbury or Chester.

#### NINE DAYS' EXCURSION FROM CHESTER.

*First day*:—Chester to Eaton Hall, 4, Pulford and Wrexham, 8, Ruabon, Wynnstay, 8, Chirk Castle, Pont-y-Cysylltau, and Llangollen, 13. *Second day*:—Visit Crow Castle, Valle Crucis, and Plas Newydd, Corwen, 10, Vale of Edeirnion, and Bala, 14. *Third day*:—Dolgelley, 17, Cader Idris and back, 6, and Barmouth, 10. *Fourth day*:—Harlech, 10, Maentwrog, Tan-y-Bwlch, 10, Ffestiniog, 3, and back. *Fifth day*:—Port Madoc, 7, Tremadoc, 2, Pont Aberglaslyn, Beddgelert, 7, and Capel Curig, 12. *Sixth day*:—Dolbadarn, Victoria Hotel, 10, ascend Snowdon and back, 7, and Caernarvon, 10. *Seventh day*:—Menai Bridge, 7, Bangor, 3½, Aber, 5, and Conway, 9. *Eighth day*:—Abergele, 12, St. Asaph, 7, and Denbigh, 6. *Ninth day*:—Caerwys, 7½, Holywell, 6, Bagillt, 2, Flint, 4½, and return to Chester, 11.

#### EIGHTEEN DAYS' EXCURSION FROM CHESTER.

The route which is taken in this tour embraces the most romantic, attractive, and interesting objects which are to be found in North Wales. Commencing with Hawarden, Mold, Northop, Flint, Holywell, Newmarket, Rhyl, Rhuddlan, and St. Asaph, in Flintshire; Denbigh, Ruthin, Abergele, and Llanrwst, in Denbighshire; Conway, Ormes Head, Aber, Bangor, Caernarvon, Llanberis, Snowdon, Capel Curig,

Rhaiadr-y-Wennol, Betts-y-Coed, Beddgelert, Tremadoc, and Port Madoc, in Caernarvonshire; Beaumaris, Llangefni, Llanerchymedd, Amlwch, Menai Bridge, Holyhead, and Aberffraw, in Anglesea; Tan-y-Bwlch, Maentwrog, Ffestiniog, Harlech, Barmouth, Dolgelly, Cader Idris, and Tal-y-llyn, in Merionethshire; Aberystwyth in Cardiganshire; Machynlleth, Llanidloes, Newtown, and Welshpool, in Montgomeryshire; Llan-y-Mynach, Oswestry, Chirk, Ruabon, Wynnstay, and Wrexham, in Denbighshire; ending in Chester.

The following is a list of the best inns in each town, and also the distance from place to place.

Chester—The Royal and Albion hotels; the Feathers, Blossoms, Green Dragon, Hop-pole, Pied Bull, King's Head, and White Lion inns.

Hawarden (7 miles)—Glynne Arms, and Nag's Head.

Mold (5)—Black Lion, and Royal Oak.

Northop (3)—Red Lion, and Yacht.

Flint (3)—Royal Oak, Ship, and Raven.

Holywell (4½)—White Horse, King's Head, and Red Lion.

Newmarket (7)—Cross Keys.

Rhyl (5)—Royal, Mostyn Arms, Bellevue, the New, Manchester Arms, and Britannia.

Rhuddlan (2½)—Black, and New.

St. Asaph (2)—Mostyn Arms, Plough, Ship, and Bull.

Denbigh (6)—Crown, Bull, Hawk and Buckle, and Boar's Head.

Ruthin (8)—Lion, Wynnstay Arms, and Cross Keys.

St. George (18½)—Dinorben Arms.

Abergele (2)—Bee, Harp, and Bodelwyddan Arms.

Conway (14)—Castle, Harp, and Liverpool Arms.

Llandudno (5)—King's Head.

Llanrwst (16)—Eagles, and King's Head.

Llan-St. Ffraid (10)—Red Lion.

Aber (9½)—Bull's Head.

Bangor (5)—Penrhyn Arms, Castle, Liverpool Arms, and Royal Oak.

Menai Bridge (3)—Anglesea, and Bulkeley Arms.

Beaumaris (5)—Williams Bulkeley Arms, Liverpool Arms, and Commercial.

Caernarvon (12)—Uxbridge, Sportsman, Castle, and Harp.

Llanberis (10)—Royal Victoria, and Snowdonian.

Capel Curig (10)—Capel Curig.

Beddgelert (12)—Goat.



- Tremadoc (7)—Madoc Arms.  
 Port Madoc (2)—Ship, and Commercial.  
 Tan-y-Bwlch (7)—Oakeley Arms.  
 Maentwrog (1)—Grapes.  
 Ffestiniog ( $2\frac{1}{2}$ )—Pengwern, and Newborough Arms.  
 Harlech (12)—Blue Lion.  
 Barmouth (10)—Cors-y-Gedol Arms, and Commercial.  
 Dolgelley (10)—Golden Lion, Ship, and Commercial.  
 Tal-y-llyn (8)—Ty yn-y-Gornel.  
 Machynlleth (10)—Wynnstay Arms, and Unicorn.  
 Aberystwyth (18)—Gogerddan, and Belle Vue.  
 Devil's Bridge (12)—Havod Arms.  
 Llanidloes (18)—Trewithan Arms, Black Lion, and Queen's Head.  
 Newtown (13)—Boar's Head, Angel, and Elephant.  
 Welshpool (13)—Lion, Bear.  
 Oswestry (16)—Wynnstay Arms, Cross Keys, and Queen's Head.  
 Chirk (7)—Chirk Castle Arms.  
 Ruabon (6)—Wynnstay Arms.  
 Wrexham (6)—The Eagle, and Lion.

When occasion requires to diverge from the main road, to make excursions to any remarkable places, we shall always return to the place from whence the deviation was made, in order to proceed according to the principal route.

#### THREE DAYS' EXCURSION FROM LIVERPOOL.

*First day*:—Liverpool to Beaumaris, 60, Bangor, via Menai Bridge,  $6\frac{1}{2}$ . *Second day*:—Nant Francon Slate Quarries, Capel Curig, 15, Dolbadarn, Llanberis, 10, Caernarvon, 10. *Third day*:—Return to Liverpool.

#### SIX DAYS' EXCURSION FROM LIVERPOOL.

*First day*:—Liverpool to Caernarvon, 73. *Second day*:—Clynog, 10, Pwllheli, 10, Criccieth, 8, and Tremadoc, 6. *Third day*:—Port Madoc, 2, Tan-y-bwlch, 7, Maentwrog, Ffestiniog, 3, and Beddgelert, 12. *Fourth day*:—Nant Gwynant, (or Vale of waters), Capel Curig, 12; ascend Moel Siabod, and back, 6, Rhaiadr-y-Wennol, 3, Bettws-y-Coed, 3, and Llanrwst,  $4\frac{1}{2}$ . *Fifth day*:—Conway, 12, Llandudno, Ormes Head, and back, 8, Penmaen Mawr, Aber, 9, Penrhyn Castle, and Bangor, 5. *Sixth day*:—Return to Liverpool.

## GLOSSARY

*Of Words which most frequently occur in the construction of Welsh Names of Places.*

Aber, the fall of a lesser water	Dwr, fluid, water
into a greater	Dyffryn, a valley or plain
Afon, a river	Ffordd, a passage, road, or way
Allt, the side of a hill	Ffynnon, a well or spring
Aren, a high place, an alp	Glan, a brink, a side or shore
Bach, little, small	Glyn, glen, a deep vale
Bedd, a grave, or sepulchre	Gwyn, white, fair, clear
Bettws, a station, a place between hill and vale	Hafod, a summer dwelling
Bôd, an abode, a dwelling	Hendref, the old residence
Braich, an arm	Is, lower, inferior
Bryn, a mount or hill	Lle, a place
Bwlch, a hollow, a break	Llwyd, grey, hoary, brown
Cader, a fortress, a chair	Llwyn, a wood, or grove
Cae, a hedge, a field	Llyn, a lake, a pool
Caer, a wall, a fort, a city	Mawr, great, large
Capel, applied chiefly to chapels	Melin, a mill
Castell, a castle, a fortress	Moel, fair, naked, a conical hill
Ceryg, stones	Mynydd, a mountain
Cil, a retreat, a back, a recess	Nant, a brook, river, glen
Clawdd, a dike, ditch, trench	Pen, a head, top, or end
Clogwyn, a precipice	Pentref, a village, a suburb
Côch, red	Plâs, a hall
Coed, a wood	Pont, a bridge
Cors, a bog	Pwll, a ditch, a pit
Craig, a rock	Rhaiadr, a cataract
Dê, the south	Sarn, a causeway
Din, or Dinas, a city, a fortified hill	Tref, or Tre, a town-house
Drws, a door, a pass	Tyddyn, a farm
	Uchav, highest
	Y, of, on the

## LORD LIEUTENANTS OF COUNTIES.

Anglesea—The Marquis of Anglesea, K. G.  
 Caernarvonshire—Lord Willoughby d' Eresby.  
 Merionethshire—The Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn, M. P.  
 Montgomeryshire—Lord Sudeley  
 Denbighshire—Colonel Myddelton Biddulph.  
 Flintshire—Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, Bart.

## VOCABULARY.

The English tourist will find the following directions and queries useful in travelling through the interior of Wales.

Good morning to you.	Bore da i chwi.
How do you do ?	Sut yr ydych chwi ?
How are they at home ?	Sut y mae nhw gartref ?
Can you speak English ?	A fedrwch chwi Saesneg ?
Bring in my luggage.	Dowch a'm luggage i mewn.
Put up my horse.	Rhowch fy ngheffyl yn y'stabl.
Give my horse some water.	Rhowch ddwr i'm ceffyl.
Feed my horse.	Ffidiwch fy ngheffyl.
Clean my horse.	Glanhewch fy ngheffyl.
Is dinner ready ?	Ydyw 'r cinio yn barod ?
Bring the dinner in.	Dowch a'r cinio i mewn.
I'll take tea.	My gymmeraf dê.
Some toast.	Tipyn o doast.
Bread and butter.	Bara a 'menyn.
Is supper ready ?	A ydyw y swper yn barod ?
Can I sleep here to-night ?	Allaf fi gysgu yma heno ?
I will stop here to-night.	Myfi a arosaf yma heno.
A pair of slippers.	Pâr o esgidiau esmwyth.
Bring me a candle.	Dowch a chanwyll i mi.
A bed-room candle.	Canwyll ystafell wely.
Shew me my room.	Dangoswch i mi fy ystafell.
I wish to go to bed.	Ewyllysiwn fyned i'm gwely.
Call me early in the morning.	Gelwch arnaf yn forau.
I want to be shaved.	Mae arnaf eisio fy shavio.
I want some soap.	Mae arnaf eisio sebon.
What o'clock is it ?	Faint ydyw hi o'r gloch ?
Is breakfast ready ?	Ydyw y breakffast yn barod.
I'll take coffee.	Myfi a gymmeraf goffi.
Bring the bill.	Dowch a'r bill.
What have I to pay ?	Pa faint sydd arnaf i dalu ?
Where is the post-office ?	P'le mae'r post-office ?
Can you give me change ?	Fedrwch chwi roi newid imi ?

## EXTENT.

The principality of Wales, from north to south, extends from 130 to 180 miles, and in breadth from 70 to 100 miles, comprising an area of about 8,125 square miles, equal to 5,206,900 acres of land.

## POPULATION.

The population of Wales, including the natives residing in our large towns, and omitting the county of Monmouth, (where a good deal of Welsh is spoken), according to the last census, amounted, in round numbers, to one million inhabitants, or about 136 persons to every square mile. Wales was formerly of much greater extent, having for its boundaries the natural lines of demarcation, the Severn and the Dee.

## TITLES CONFERRED BY DIFFERENT PLACES IN WALES.

Anglesea gives the title of marquis to the Earl of Uxbridge; Caernarvon confers the title of earl on the Herbert family; Denbigh on the family of Fielding; Powis on the family of Clive; and Montgomery on the family of Herbert. The Ashburnham family derive the title of Viscount from St. Asaph, and Maude from Hawarden; and the following places afford the title of baron:—Beaumaris to the family of Bulkeley, Newborough to that of Glynne, Gwydir to that of Burrell, Ruthin to that of Yelverton, Greddington to that of Kenyon, Mostyn to that of Mostyn, and Dinorben to that of Hughes.

The revenue of the Prince of Wales about 400 years ago, including Cornwall and the principality, was £18,680: since that period it has been considerably augmented, but the aggregate is not correctly known; taking, however, the value of money in these days, compared with the past, the revenue of the present prince would now amount to about £200,000 a year. Long may our little prince (say we) live to enjoy his title and his income from his devoted country and his loyal people in the principality.

## RIVERS.

Wales, though a mountainous country, is remarkable for the multiplicity of its streams, which, issuing from considerable lakes, or aided by their waters, meander through the country, and form excellent harbours at their confluence with the sea. The principal rivers which have their origin in North Wales are the Severn, the Dee, the Wye, the Conway, and the Clwyd, which have not only attained pre-eminence for their utility to trade, commerce, and navigation, but, as the theme of poets, have been celebrated in song.

NORTH WALES DISTANCE TABLE.

<i>Distance from Chester.</i>		<i>Distance from London.</i>	
46.....	Aberconway or Conway, <i>f.</i> ( <i>market day</i> ) .....		230
34....	Abergele .....		225
39....	Bala .....		195
61....	Bangor .....		242
68....	Beaumaris, <i>tu. and f.</i> .....		249
70....	Caernarvon .....		244
31....	Corwen, <i>w. and f.</i> .....		194
25....	Denbigh, <i>w. and s.</i> .....		214
57....	Dolgelley .....		213
14....	Flint.....		203
69....	Haerlech .....		232
7....	Hawarden.....		196
86....	Holyhead .....		267
18....	Holywell .....		207
23....	Llangollen.....		184
69....	Llanidloes.....		188
51....	Llanrwst .....		218
70....	Machynlleth.....		206
12....	Mold.....		189
49....	Montgomery .....		169
58....	Newtown.....		175
91....	Pwllheli.....		243
21....	Ruthin.....		206
28....	St. Asaph.....		218
41....	Welshpool.....		171
12....	Wrexham .....		177

# THE CAMBRIAN MIRROR;

OR,

THE TOURIST'S COMPANION

THROUGH NORTH WALES.

---

“Great source of light! renew thy race benign—  
Refulgent on the vast creation shine!  
Roll through the blue expanse thy radiant way,  
And to the tourist grant a cloudless day.”

---

## CHESTER.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>		<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Denbigh .....	28		Mold .....	12
Flint.....	12		Ruthin .....	22
Hawarden.....	7		St. Asaph .....	28
Holywell.....	17		Wrexham .....	12

BEFORE giving an account of North Wales itself, we must look awhile at Chester: for the old city, though it lies just outside the boundary of the Principality, always forms an essential part and main attraction of a Welsh tour; more especially as it is the terminus of the London and North Western, the Chester and Holyhead, the Shrewsbury and Chester, and the Birkenhead Lancashire and Cheshire Junction Railways. No other city, perhaps, in the kingdom, carries so singular an air of antiquity.

Nothing can be better in its way than Thomas Fuller's notice of it:—"Chester is a faire city on the north-east side of the river Dee, so ancient, that the first founder thereof is forgotten. It is built in the form of a quadrant, and is almost a just square; the four cardinal streets thereof, as I may call them, meeting in the middle of the city, at a place called the Pentise, which affordeth a pleasant prospect at once into all four. Here is a property of building peculiar to the city, called the Rows, being galleries, wherein the passengers go dry, without coming into the

streets, having shops on both sides and underneath; the fashion whereof is somewhat hard to conceive. It is therefore worth their pains, who have money and leisure, to make their own eyes the expounders of the manner thereof; the like being said not to be seen in all England; no not in all Europe again."

Fuller is no doubt correct in affirming that "the first founder of the city is forgotten in its antiquity." But the citizens in former days cherished a tradition that the first founder was a very famous personage. Bradshaw, the writer of the old metrical 'Life of St. Werburgh,' the patron saint of Chester, tells, in melodious strains, what was in his day the received opinion:—

"The founder of this city, as saith Polychronicon,  
Was Leon Gaur, a mighty strong giant,  
Which builded caves and dungeons many a one,  
Ne goodly building, ne proper, ne pleasant."

In A.D. 72, it was repaired, walled, and fortified by Marius, son of Arviragus. After it had submitted to the Saxons, the Britons recovered and kept it until Egbert, the first Saxon monarch, took it from them, about the year 826; and 60 years after this it was taken by the Danes, but they were besieged, and forced to surrender to the united Saxons and Britons. In the reign of King Edward the elder it was enlarged. King Edgar summoned, in the 13th year of his reign, all the kings and princes of the island hither, to pay him homage, and swear fealty to him. He commanded them to row him up and down the river Dee, while himself sat in triumph, steering the helm.

This city was for centuries the principal rendezvous of the Saxon, Norman, and English monarchs, where they assembled their armies previously to their invading Wales. King Henry the Seventh made this city a corporation and county of itself, and King Henry the Eighth empowered it to elect members of parliament. In the civil wars, it held out a long siege for Charles the First under Lord Byron, and declared for Charles the Second under Sir Geo. Booth. In 1695, a mint was established here for coining the new money in King William's reign.

Chester—with respect to its situation, the salubrity of the air, the singular convenience of the rows, the delightful pleasantness of the walls, and the prospect of the adjacent country,—merits the notice of the man of taste, claims the

attention of the antiquary, and courts the admiration of the stranger. We could dilate at some length on the various modern and antique attractions of Chester; but as there is an excellent Guide-book just published,\* containing a full description of all its curiosities and every thing worthy of attention, we shall confine ourselves to a few of the most interesting objects that present themselves.

The CATHEDRAL (the choir of which has been most beautifully restored and renovated) with its venerable cloisters, singularly interesting chapter house, and Norman promptuary. The services are admirably conducted, and the organ is a splendid new instrument. The hours of service are as follows:—Week-day—morning, 7, 10; afternoon, 4: Sunday—morning, 11; afternoon, 4 o'clock. There is an anthem every day in the afternoon service.

The WALLS, with their four gates and three posterns, embracing a circuit of about two miles, forming a most beautiful and picturesque walk round the city, command extensive and diversified views of the surrounding country. They were built as fortifications by the Romans, and were subsequently repaired by the celebrated Saxon Princess Ethelfleda, A.D. 908. The custody of the gates was once considered so honourable an office, that it was claimed by several noble families; as, the Eastgate by the Earl of Oxford, the Bridgegate by the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Watergate by the Earl of Derby, and the Northgate by the Mayor of the city. At the north-east angle is a lofty circular tower, erected in 1613, called the Phoenix Tower, observable from the circumstance of Charles the First having witnessed a part of the battle of Rowton Heath from its leads in 1645.

The MUSEUM of the Mechanics' Institution in the Water Tower is well worthy of inspection. The tower, which is passed through in order to reach the Water Tower, contains in the upper story a camera, whose vivid pictures will amuse the visitor.

The BATHS and WASH-HOUSES are near the Museum, and are admirably constructed and well managed. There are public and private hot, cold, shower, and swimming baths. The latter is the largest out of the metropolis.

The ROODEE.—This is the most verdant and picturesque race-course in the kingdom. It is nearly surrounded with

\* The Stranger's Companion in Chester, with a Plan of the City, published by T. Catherall, Eastgate-row.



the City Walls, the River Dee, and the Railway Viaduct, while the Grosvenor Bridge, the Grand and Dee Stands, give it the appearance of a splendid amphitheatre, enclosing an area of about 84 acres of rich meadow land. The celebrated Chester races are contested on this ground. The May meeting is considered one of the first in the kingdom. The length of the course is one mile and forty yards.

**CHESTER CASTLE**, a noble and spacious modern structure, in which the shire hall and entrance gate are beautiful specimens of architecture, and the county gaol is a building of some interest, from the extent and completeness of its interior. The part of the castle appropriated to the garrison is also worthy of observation; including Julius Cæsar's tower, a portion of the ancient fortress, and the armoury, containing a stand of arms for 30,000 men, beautifully arranged after the manner of the Tower of London, and 90 pieces of ordnance.

The **GROSVENOR BRIDGE**, the finest and widest arch of masonry in Europe, being two hundred feet in the span, and of most admirable proportions. This bridge was opened in October, 1832, by Her present Majesty, then Princess Victoria.

The Entrance **LODGE** from the Grosvenor road to Eaton Park—an elegant specimen of architecture.

The **OLD BRIDGE** over the Dee, originally constructed by Edward the Elder, and noted in chronicles of the thirteenth century, since which time it has received several alterations and repairs.

The fine old **CHURCH** of **ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST**, built in the seventh century, and formerly the Cathedral of the diocese, is an object of great attraction; and the adjacent ruins of the Priory are edifices of much interest to antiquarians and students of ecclesiology.

**THE ROWS**.—Strangers are particularly struck with the singular appearance of the rows, or galleries, formed on each side of the streets, with two ranges of shops in the front and the houses above. The streets are excavated out of the ground, the back gardens being uniformly on a level with the rows, and is supposed to have been so planned by the Romans, that the citizens might repel the frequent incursions of the Britons into the city, by bows and arrows from these elevations. The rows being covered, afford a shelter from the rain, and form pleasant promenades for the inhabitants. Eastgate-street and Bridge-street are capable

of supplying the demands of convenience and the artificial calls of luxury, mental and corporeal, presenting a cluster of booksellers, drapers, clothiers, jewellers, perfumers, confectioners, &c. as respectable as any in the united kingdom.

The OLD TIMBER HOUSES in Watergate-street, Bridge-street, Northgate-street, and Eastgate-street, are worthy of attention; the first named being especially remarkable, as illustrative of the domestic architecture of "the olden time."\*

An ancient CRYPT and Roman Bath in Bridge-street—singular relics of departed ages.

#### CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

Few cities or towns can boast of so many charitable institutions as Chester, whose object is to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity in all its diversified forms and wretchedness; such as the King's school, founded by Henry VIII.—The Blue Coat School, established in 1700—the Blue school for girls, established in 1721—the General Infirmary, established in 1756—the Ladies' Benevolent Institution, established in 1798—the Diocesan school, established in 1812—the Marquis of Westminster's schools, established in 1813—the Infant Schools, established in 1825—the Chester Humane Society, established in 1824—the Female Penitentiary, established in 1828—the Female House of Refuge, established in 1840—and the Diocesan Training College, established in 1842.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

The Post-office is in St. John-street, near the Eastgate. There are branches in various parts of the city, and three deliveries daily.

The Bishop's Palace is in Abbey-square; the Linen-hall in Stanley-place, where the cheese fairs are held. The Exchange is in Northgate-street. The Theatre Royal is in Northgate-street, and is part of an old church once dedicated to St. Nicholas!

The following is a list of respectable Family and Commercial Hotels and Inns:—Royal Hotel, Green Dragon Inn,

\* T. Catherall, Eastgate-row, has recently published a series of Ancient Street Views in Chester, which are well worthy of the notice of the antiquarian and the tourist.

Eastgate-st.; Albion Hotel, Red Lion Inn, Lower Bridge-street; Feathers Hotel, Bridge-street; White Lion Hotel, Pied Bull Inn, Northgate-street; Hop-pole Inn, Blossoms Inn, Old Nag's Head Inn, Foregate-street; King's Head Inn and Cambrian House, Grosvenor-street; Temperance Hotel, Nicholas-street.

The Omnibuses leave the principal hotels about a quarter of an hour before the arrival and departure of each train, and call at most of the other inns on their way to and from the station. Cars also may be had at most of the inns.

The sail from Chester up the placid waters of the river Dee to the Iron Bridge in Eaton Park, is considered the most picturesque within one hundred miles of the city. Pic-nic parties can be accommodated at the beautiful cottage near the bridge, which is delightfully situated within a short distance of the princely seat of the most noble the Marquis of Westminster.

Boats, barges, and rowers, may be had in the Groves, of Sarah Aikman, Samuel Dodd, and James Sumpter.

#### GENERAL RAILWAY STATION.

This grand central terminus station for all the lines meeting at Chester—the London and North Western—the Chester and Holyhead—the Shrewsbury and Chester—and the Birkenhead Lancashire and Cheshire Junction Railways,—was designed by Mr. Thompson, the celebrated architect, of London, who planned the Derby station. It is admirably adapted for the purposes of developing all those facilities and conveniences which are the characteristics of the railway system.

This noble building is an object of considerable attraction. It occupies a space of ground a quarter of a mile in length. The design is remarkable for its beauty, grandeur, and proportion. Much praise is due to Mr. Brassey, the spirited contractor, for the workmanlike and expeditious manner in which he has accomplished this stupendous edifice; the foundation stone of which was laid in August, 1847, and on the 1st of August, 1848 it was opened for traffic. The length of the line immediately connected with the passenger station is about 15,000 feet, with 36 turn tables, and numerous points and crossings.

There is an office at which passengers can leave their carpet bags, &c. on payment of 1d. or 2d. each, according

to the size of the package, and receive a ticket, on the production of which they regain possession of their property.

Behind stands the Goods Station, a substantial red and blue brick building, consisting of a shed 180 feet long and 120 feet wide, with four railway and two cart entrances, at either end, and one railway entrance in front. It is covered by two large roofs, supported down the centre of the building by cast-iron columns and girders, and lighted by two skylights, each 175 feet long and 14 feet wide. The New Bridge is of handsome design, built by Messrs. E. L. Betts & Son, with brick and stone, consisting of six girder, and fifteen brick arches; the latter of which are converted into stabling, and the side of the branch leading down to the Goods Station into cattle landings. It is 1040 feet long, and 30 feet wide within the battlements. There are also four semaphore light-houses, gas-works, a spacious reservoir, &c. The total cost, including land, was above £220,000.

Proceeding over the New Bridge already described, which takes us over the "ancient hallowed Dee," we advance towards that exquisite gem of Gothic architecture, the Grosvenor Lodge. Turning to the right hand about half a mile, we approach the Shrewsbury & Chester Railway; and half a mile from thence we cross a small bridge over a brook, which divides the counties of Chester and Flint, and commences the Principality of

## NORTH WALES.

Beautiful art thou, land of my home, e'en to a stranger's glance;  
Thy mountains are magnificent, thy castles breathe romance:  
There is a charm in the "time-worn towers," a sadly pleasing spell,  
In the roofless chambers where alone the owl and the ivy dwell.  
Land of the bard, the harp, the song, land of my love and birth,  
Oh, be the "Awen" still thine own, and thine the kindly hearth!

The tract of land we now enter upon is called Saltney, which was formerly granted by Robert the Lord of Mold to the monks of Basingwerk, for pasturage. In 1156, King Henry the Second encamped on Saltney Marsh, with a great army which he had gathered from all parts of England, for the purpose of subduing North Wales. Henry, too confident in the strength and discipline of his troops, ordered them to march forward, till at length his forces got entangled in the wood and other snares which were laid for them. The Welsh in the meantime, under the command of Prince Owen Gwynedd, sprang suddenly upon the enemy, and so

fierce and unexpected was the attack, that the cries of the English were horrible, and the slaughter equally dreadful. Four miles from hence we approach the town of

## HAWARDEN,

(*Flintshire*).

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Chester.....	7	Holywell.....	11
Flint.....	8	Mold.....	5

This town is situated on an eminence above the river Dee. It is considered one of the largest parishes and richest livings in the kingdom. Hawarden Castle, the seat of Sir S. R. Glynne, Bart. is a castellated mansion of modern erection, in the Gothic style of the thirteenth century. In the park are the ruins of a castle of very ancient date, built by the Britons; the earliest account we have of it is in 790, when Offa, King of Mercia, made his celebrated Dyke (called *Clawdd Offa*) as a boundary between his kingdom and that of Wales: Hawarden was then in his dominions.

This fortress was for centuries in the possession of the house of Stanley, until after the demise of James, Earl of Derby, who being taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, was beheaded, and the estate sequestrated in 1651.

It was then purchased under the ever-memorable Sequestration Act, by Mr. Sergeant Glynne, a character highly celebrated through the various politics of his day, so much so, that the crafty Cromwell made him one of his councillors.

Hawarden was the birth-place of that great patron of the fine arts, Alderman Boydell, late lord mayor of London. It gives the title of viscount to the family of Maude. There are several considerable coal mines in the different townships of this and the adjoining parishes, the produce of which is shipped to various parts.

The view of the Vale Royal of Chester, from the top of the ruins, is exceedingly fine; and access is easily obtained by asking permission at the castle. The population of the parish is somewhat above 6000 inhabitants. It has a weekly market and an excellent grammar school. The Rev. Henry Glynne, M. A., is the present rector. The Glynne Arms and the Nag's Head are good inns. About two miles from Hawarden is

## BUCKLEY MOUNTAIN,

The population of which has increased very much of late by the employment afforded in the collieries, and in the manufacture of earthenware, draining-tiles, and fire-bricks, all of which are held in high repute, and consequently command an extensive trade. Four miles from hence we come to

## MOLD.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Chester .....	12	London.....	200
Denbigh .....	16	Northop .....	3
Flint .....	6	Ruthin .....	10
Holywell .....	10	Wrexham.....	11

This town is delightfully situated in a pleasant valley, watered by the river Alyn. The township contains upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are employed in the mines. There are large fairs held here, and excellent weekly markets. The principal inns are the Black Lion, and the Royal Oak, where the tourist will find every accommodation; to the former a spacious assembly room has lately been added. By the late reform act, Mold has been constituted a borough, contributory with Flint and the other boroughs in the county, in the return of a member to parliament. This parish abounds in mineral wealth, and the whole district is especially rich in lead ore. In the neighbourhood are various works for smelting lead, and adjoining the town is an extensive cotton mill. The county assizes are held in this town: a new county hall has been erected, from a design by Thomas Jones, Esq. of Chester, at a cost of £3000. Numerous tumuli are seen in this neighbourhood. In October, 1833, a skeleton was discovered in a field, by some men ploughing; at its feet an earthen pot was found, containing ashes, and on the breast a large plate of gold, richly ornamented, which was valued at £70, and was purchased by the trustees of the British Museum.

The church is a handsome structure, and dedicated to St. Mary. Close to the north door is a tomb-stone, erected to the memory of the ingenious but much neglected artist, Wilson, the Welsh Claude. It contains the following simple inscription:—

“The remains of Richard Wilson, Esq. member of the Royal Academy of Artists. Interred May 15, 1782, aged 69.”

In the aisle is a superb monument to R. Davies, Esq. Llanerch, the celebrated antiquary. Here also is an epitaph to Dr. Wynne, of the Tower; composed by himself, and put up in his life-time. The conclusion is, "God be merciful to me, a sinner. Heb Dduw, heb ddim," i. e. without the grace of God we are destitute. There are places of worship for various denominations of dissenters.

The lead mines in this locality have been exceedingly prolific. The veins in some instances are from four to six feet wide, consisting of solid ore. Seventy tons have been known, on some occasions, to have been obtained in one week, and were it not for the immense quantity of water, the same might be done again.

At the top of High-street there is a lofty and conspicuous hill, called Bailey Hill, partly natural and partly artificial; upon which formerly stood a fortification, originally built by the Britons. On this spot, in June, 1849, fifteen skeletons were found while excavating the ground for a bowling-green: they are supposed to have been the bodies of soldiers who had fallen in battle, and were subsequently interred there in the thirteenth century.

A branch railway runs from Mold to form a junction with the Chester and Holyhead line below Saltney.

Two school-houses of the most convenient arrangement, and also a house for the master and mistress, have recently been completed, from the design of Mr. Poynter of London, at an expense of £1500. Two new market-halls have also been erected, at a cost of £2000 each, for the sale of meat, corn, &c.

In the environs are numerous gentlemen's seats, viz. Hartsheath Park, Leeswood Hall, Nerquis Hall, Plâs-hên, Colomendy, Gwssanau, Rhual, Coed-du, Plâs-isa', Pembedw, Nannerch Hall, &c.—About a mile distant is

#### MAESGARMON,

Or Garmon's Field; on which is erected a monument, called the Hallelujah Monument, to commemorate a victory obtained by the Britons over the combined forces of the pagan Saxons and Picts who were spreading desolation through the country. The Britons, who were even at that period established in Christianity, awaited the appearance of the enemy at this place. They were commanded by their Christian leaders, Bishops Garmon and Lupus, the former of whom having given the troops orders to repeat

after him the word "HALLELUIA," led them on to battle. The effect of this triumphant shout, uttered at once by the whole army, vibrated through the adjacent woods, and struck such terror into the hearts of their pagan opponents, that they fled on all sides in great confusion; numbers perished by the sword, and the flower of their army, in attempting to escape, was drowned in the river Alyn, which is close by. This event took place in Easter week, A.D., 440, and is to this day called the "Hallelujah Victory." Nehemiah Griffith, Esq. of Rhual, erected an obelisk in 1736, with an inscription to commemorate the event. In this neighbourhood is an old mansion called

#### THE TOWER;

Celebrated for being the residence of Rinallt ap Gruffydd, who, during the wars of York and Lancaster, was constantly engaged in feuds with the citizens of Chester. In 1495 a considerable number of the latter came to Mold fair, when an affray took place between the hostile parties, and great slaughter ensued, in which Rinallt proved victorious! He took the mayor of Chester prisoner, conveyed him to this mansion, and hung him on the staple in the hall, which is shown as such to this day. On leaving Mold the stranger will perceive a very conspicuous eminence, called

#### MOEL FAMMAU,

Or the Mother of Hills. On the apex of this mountain, which is 1845 feet above the level of the sea, the gentlemen of the counties of Flint and Denbigh erected by public subscription, in 1810, a Jubilee Column, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of George III. The first stone was laid by Lord Kenyon, on the 25th of October, in the presence of more than 3000 people. The monument was executed from a design by T. Harrison, Esq. of Chester, and consists of a rough stone building of pyramidal form, about 150 feet in height, and 60 feet in diameter at the base. From this elevated spot may be seen the celebrated Vale of Clwyd, from one end to the other; the Derbyshire hills; the Wrekin, in Shropshire; Snowdon and Cader Idris, in Wales; the Cumberland hills; and even the Isle of Man. The mountain road has lately been repaired, and a room for visitors, with a shed for horses, erected on the summit. The traveller will not have a tedious ascent, nor



be incommoded by excessive cold, or the intervention of cloudy vapours, such as are frequently experienced on the top of Snowdon and Cader Idris. The village of

#### KILKAIN,

Which is about four miles from Mold, is considered remarkable for the carved roof of its church, which, at the dissolution of monasteries, was brought from the Abbey of Basingwerk. We again return to Mold, and proceed from thence to

#### N O R T H O P .

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Chester .....	12	Holywell .....	6
Flint .....	3	London .....	194
Hawarden .....	5	Mold.....	3

In ancient records this place is called "North Hope," to distinguish it from "East Hope," in the neighbourhood of Caergwrle. The village is pleasantly situated, in a fertile country, surrounded with gentlemen's seats. The church is a fine old building, and the steeple is the loftiest in North Wales, excepting that of Wrexham. The parish is about six miles in length, and contains about 6000 acres of land: the population is upwards of 3500. The principal inns are the Red Lion and the Yacht. Between Northop and Hawarden are the ruins of

#### EWLOE CASTLE,

Situated above a deep dingle, covered with wood, which must have been in a demolished state for some years past; for Leland in his "Itinerary," represents it as a "ruinous castle, or pile, belonging to Hoel." Adjoining the castle there is a wood, called Coed Ewloe—the woods of Ewloe,—celebrated for the memorable defeat which a part of the flower of Henry the Second's army received, in 1157, from David and Conan, sons of our gallant hero, Owen Gwynedd. About three and a half miles distant is the town of

#### FLINT.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Chester .....	12	London .....	200
Holywell.....	4½	Mold.....	6

This town is a seaport, a market town, and one of the contributory boroughs which send a member to parliament.

It is the ancient capital of the county, and contains about 2300 inhabitants.

Extensive collieries are carried on here by Messrs. Eyton, which give employment to 800 men; about 150 tons of coal are raised weekly. Railways have been constructed to convey the coal to the wharf, whence it is sent to Liverpool, Ireland, and various parts of North Wales.

There are very extensive lead-works here belonging to Geo. Roskell, Esq. in which 4000 tons of lead ore are annually smelted, and from which 40,000 ounces of silver are extracted: the manufactures consist of lead in pigs, bars, sheets, and patent pipes; also red lead, litharge, and silver.

Flint is situated on the estuary of the Dee, opposite Parkgate and Neston, between which places boats ply daily. For the convenience of persons who visit Flint for the benefit of the water, hot and cold baths have been constructed on an extensive scale, and visitors are provided, at the the shortest notice, with every requisite accommodation. The air is salubrious and the surrounding scenery beautiful. The walks in the neighbourhood—particularly the one down the cop to meet the tide—are invigorating. A new Town Hall has lately been erected, from a design by J. Welch, Esq.; and in one of the rooms there is a billiard table for the amusement of strangers.

The parish church having become dilapidated, a beautiful new edifice was erected in 1848. The services are alternately Welsh and English every other Sunday.

Flint is a station on the Chester and Holyhead railway. The principal inns are the Royal Oak and Ship.

#### THE CASTLE.

The ruins of this fortress are situated on a rock which jets out towards the sea, a little N.E. of the town: formerly the channel of the Dee ran immediately under the base of its towers; and even now, at high water, the waves wash its walls.

The building was originally square, strengthened by large circular towers at each angle, one of which was insulated, but had a communication with the other part by means of a draw bridge; it is called the double tower, and is much larger than the others. This is the strongest part of the castle, and is denominated by Froissart, "*le Donjon*;" to which—the same historian informs us—the unfortunate

monarch, Richard the Second, retired, as the place of greatest security, when he was in danger of being taken by his rival Bolingbroke.

The period when this castle was founded is uncertain. Camden and Lord Lyttleton were of opinion that it was founded by Henry the Second, 1157: but Leland, Fabian, and Stowe, ascribe its foundation to Edward the First, 1277.

This castle was besieged in 1643, under the command of Sir William Brereton and Sir Thomas Myddleton, but was nobly and ably defended by Sir Roger Mostyn, during a long siege of great hardships.

In 1645, it was retaken by the royalists; in 1646, it was surrendered to General Mytton, and the following year ordered to be dismantled; the present governor is the honourable Thomas Pryce Lloyd.—Close to Flint is

#### COLESHILL,

Where Owen Gwynedd met Henry the Second in battle a second time, when the latter was again defeated; and Eustace Fitz John and Robert de Courci, two of his barons, high in rank and courage, were slain; Henry de Essex, standard-bearer of England, was also "seized with a panic;" he threw the standard down, and with vehemence cried out, "the king is slain!" The alarm flew with electrical rapidity through the English ranks; and the Welsh profiting by this incident, defeated the enemy.

Henry finding himself unable to accomplish his favourite design of "conquering Wales," was compelled to abandon an enterprise by which he had gained neither glory to himself nor any profitable possessions for his kingdom.—From hence we proceed to

#### BAGILLT.

This town has of late years become a place of great importance, in consequence of several very extensive collieries and lead-works that have been established here. Nearly all the lead ore produced in North Wales, and considerable quantities from South Wales, Isle of Man, and Ireland, is brought here for smelting, and is manufactured into different useful articles of trade, and shipped to various parts of the kingdom. The Flintshire lead ore markets are held alternately at Flint and Holywell, every fortnight, and whole cargoes are invariably sold in a day or two after their arrival in the Dee. These lead markets are considered the

largest in Great Britain, and it is acknowledged that the Flintshire smelters manufacture more than one fourth of the lead made in the united kingdom, the average of which is 50,000 tons annually. These works give employment to several thousands of industrious labourers and artizans. The following are the principal firms that carry on these works: Walker, Parker, & Co., Thomas Mather & Co., Newton, Lyon, & Co., J. P. Eyton, Esq., &c. A handsome new church, with a large school-house, has lately been erected here; also several very large dissenting chapels, all of which are generally filled with anxious hearers.

#### BASINGWERK ABBEY.

This venerable ruin is beautifully situated just above the road, and commands an extensive view of the river Dee, Hilbre Island, and Parkgate. The scanty ruins left are scarcely sufficient to show of what form the abbey has formerly been; the refectory, however, is less dilapidated. It has on one side a great recess with two Saxon arches; above were the cells for the lodgings of the monks, with a small window to each. The chapel of knights templars, founded here by Henry the Second, is spacious and elegant. The brick building which joins the abbey is conjectured to have been the granary. The architecture is mixed, being partly Saxon and partly Gothic; the round arches and short massy columns shewing the Saxon, and the narrow pointed windows the Gothic parts.

Near this spot was the termination of Offa's Dyke, an entrenchment cast up by a Saxon king of that name, to defend England from the incursions of the Welsh. It extended through Herefordshire, Shropshire, Montgomeryshire, Denbighshire, and Flintshire; was carried over rivers, rocks, mountains, and valleys, for nearly one hundred miles, reaching from the Wye to the Dee.—About half a mile from hence we arrive at

#### ST. WINIFREDE'S WELL.

The fame of this font is sure to attract the particular attention of all travellers. It is considered one of the most extraordinary and powerful springs in the kingdom, and is enumerated as one of the "seven wonders of Wales." The well is approached by a flight of steps, descending to a beautiful polygonal fountain, six feet deep. The water is so clear that a pin may be seen at the bottom, and is con-

sidered to be possessed of medicinal qualities, the leading properties of which are said to be unequalled. The bason is calculated to contain about 240 tons of water, which when emptied is filled again in less than two minutes! This experiment was tried on the 12th of July, 1731, by Dr. Taylor and several other persons, which proved that the spring then raised more than 100 tons of water in a minute! Our famed historian, Mr. Pennant, however, underrates this calculation: he says that, by two different trials made for his information, it was found to force out about 21 tons of water a minute. It never freezes, and scarcely ever varies in quantity either from continued draughts or after the greatest rains.

The well is twelve feet by seven in width, surrounded by a stone wall, with pillars supporting the roof, forming a walk all round.

The roof of this elegant Gothic building is beautifully carved with the legend of St. Winifrede, and sculptures alluding to the house of Stanley, by the members of which, both it and the chapel above were erected in the reign of Henry the Seventh.

As a cold bath, perhaps, it is unequalled. Small cabins are built for the convenience of parties wishing to bathe, for which purpose persons are always at hand with bathing dresses, and drinking glasses for those whose curiosity may induce them to taste this pure and wholesome beverage.

There are, upon the same stream, several extensive copper mills, also a large iron foundry, a paper mill, and zinc works.

Pope Martin the Fifth, in the time of Henry the Fifth, encouraged pilgrims to frequent this fountain, and furnished the abbey of Basingwerk with pardons and indulgences to sell to the devotees frequenting it; these privileges were renewed in the reign of queen Mary.

James the Second, the prince who lost three kingdoms for a mass, paid his respects, on the 29th August, 1686, to our saint, and received as a reward a present of the very shift in which his great grandmother, Mary queen of Scots, lost her head. In 1819 it was visited by the King of Belgium (then Prince Leopold), accompanied by Earl Grosvenor, &c. In 1828 it was visited by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans; and in 1829 by the Duke de Chartres and suite.

HOLYWELL.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Chester .....	18	Mold.....	10
Denbigh .....	14	Rhuddlan .....	11
Flint .....	5	St. Asaph .....	10

The town of Holywell is pleasantly situated on the estuary of the Dee; it is built on the declivity of a hill gradually extending to the sea, the surrounding hills forming a kind of amphitheatre. The streets are much improved of late; the houses are well built and in High-street there are many good shops. The town is lighted with gas, and well supplied with water. Holywell ranks among the first towns in Wales in a commercial and manufacturing point of view. There are two banking establishments, reading-rooms, libraries, and most excellent inns: the White Horse and the King's Head are the best. The market is held on Friday, and is considered one of the largest in the principality. The church is well attended, and the services are alternately in Welsh and English. In the dissenting chapels the congregations are large. An elegant Roman Catholic chapel has been erected in Well-street. The population of the town and parish is upwards of 10,000. Holywell has a station on the Chester and Holyhead railway, about a mile distant from the town. There is an omnibus from the White Horse Hotel to meet the various trains during the day; also an omnibus to Mostyn quay to meet the packet which regularly plies between there and Liverpool. The neighbourhood is surrounded with gentlemen's seats, viz.—Panton Hall, Pistill Hall, Pen-y-pylle Hall, Calcott Hall, Greenfield Hall, Saithaelwyd, Llanerch-y-môr, Talacre Hall, Gyrn Castle, Goldengrove, Downing, and Mostyn: the two latter are well worth a visit from the tourist. Three miles from hence, in the parish of Whitford, is

DOWNING,

the seat of Viscount Fielding, who married in 1846, Miss Pennant, the heiress to the estate. This hall was the birth-place and residence of the late Thos. Pennant, Esq., to whose indefatigable labours the literary world are under great obligations for his numerous and valuable publications in natural history and topography. The house is a handsome building, pleasantly situated in a well wooded spot, and the interior is extremely rich in specimens of natural

history of every class, original paintings, prints and drawings. The library contains a collection of the most valuable and curious books in every branch of literature, besides several volumes of manuscripts, enriched in the most costly manner with illustrations and decorations: a mere catalogue of the various curiosities would require volumes to enumerate.

In the same neighbourhood, is a small house, once the humble residence of that excellent and unassuming artist, Moses Griffith, the self-taught genius who attended Mr. Pennant in his scientific excursions, and from whose accurate delineations the plates in the various works of that writer were engraved.—About a mile and a half from Downing, lies the venerable mansion of

#### MOSTYN HALL,

The property and residence of the family of Mostyn from time immemorial. The present proprietor is the Hon. Edward Mostyn Lloyd Mostyn, M.P. whose generosity and hospitality is well known throughout Wales. The house is approached by an ancient gateway, called "Porth Mawr," erected at the termination of a venerable avenue of forest trees, leading to one vestibule of the mansion, which stands in a beautiful park, well supplied with deer. It is supposed to have been erected as early as the time of Henry the Sixth. The old mansion resembled one at Boulton-in-Bowland, Yorkshire, which is very magnificent, and supposed to be the most ancient in Great Britain. Mr. Mostyn has made considerable additions to it in the Elizabethan style, under the superintendence of that able architect, Mr. Poynter of London, and it is now one of the most complete and comfortable mansions of that character in the kingdom. The situation is most picturesque and imposing, being about half a mile from the estuary of the Dee. The park is beautifully broken, and clothed in various parts with fine oaks and magnificent beeches of unknown date; the ground slopes gradually to the sea, facing to the north-east, where trees grow close to the water's edge. In the spacious old hall are several specimens of armour and implements of warfare, previous to the introduction of fire arms. The rooms are literally covered with family portraits by the old masters, the principal of which are Sir Roger and Lady Mostyn: there are several fine portraits by Vandyke and other celebrated painters. The old

hall is extremely interesting; and the great kitchen bears an antique and *bountiful* motto—"WASTE NOT; SPARE NOT." In the dining-room there is an extraordinary side table, two hundred years old, formed of one solid plank of mahogany; a regular oblong, measuring 7 feet 9½ inches by 4 feet 9½ inches, and is an inch and a half in thickness. What the dimensions of the tree must have been, to yield such a plank, the writer is not arborist enough to calculate. The tapestry in Lady Harriett's room was worked by the nuns, and is exceedingly antique and beautiful. During the time that Henry, Earl of Richmond, was secretly arranging the overthrow of the house of York, he passed concealed from place to place, in order to form an interest among the Welsh, who favoured his cause on account of their respect to his grandfather, Owen Tudor, their countryman. While at Mostyn, a party attached to Richard the Third, arrived there to apprehend him; he was then about to dine, but had just time to leap out of a back window, and make his escape through a hole, which is to this day called the "King's Window."

There are several very curious objects of antiquity at Mostyn. Speaking of the library, Mr. Pennant, our famed historian, says, "at the end of this building is the library; a room most unworthy of the manuscripts and books it contains. Few if any can boast of such numbers of MSS. or of such beauty; of the first especially; the illuminated, and I suspect that the number, rarity, and value of the ancient classics, medallic histories, gems, and variety of every species of polite literature, is without parallel." A new library has recently been built for the reception of these valuable and antique gems of other days. To these treasures, the hon. proprietor of Mostyn has added the celebrated old library from Gloddaeth, consisting chiefly of old English history, and very valuable Welsh MSS. collected by his great grandfather. The MSS. were in a very deplorable state of dilapidation; they have, however, since been repaired and rebound in the antique style. Before leaving Mostyn, the tourist should obtain permission from the house-keeper to see the silver harp, the golden torque, the Mostyn pedigree, and particularly the *Mostyn testimonial*, valued at one thousand guineas, which was presented by the political friends of the Hon. Mr. Mostyn, October 31, 1843.

About half a mile from hence is



## MOSTYN QUAY,

Which of late years has become a place of great importance. A powerful steam-packet plies between here and Liverpool, which conveys to and fro a great number of passengers and a considerable quantity of goods at a cheap rate, affording a great accommodation to this part of Wales. The collieries here are in a very flourishing state, and are worked by the Messrs. Eyton & Co. with great spirit. There are three or four pits, producing on an average about 70,000 tons annually. These are considered the most extensive works in all the coal-fields of Flintshire, and extend from east to west about twenty miles. The number of pits along the coast, now in actual work, is about twenty, which are said to produce 250,000 tons per annum. This immense quantity, with the exception of about 70,000 tons exported to Ireland, is principally consumed by the different works on the coast and by persons in the interior of the country. Here is also a very large foundry, where steam-engines of every description are manufactured.

## CHRIST CHURCH, MOSTYN QUAY.

This beautifully situated church was built in 1845, by the munificence of the two ancient families of Mostyn of Mostyn and Pennant of Downing, as an additional accommodation to the extensive and thickly populated parish of Whitford. It is erected on a delightful rural eminence above the estuary of the Dee, and contains a nave and a chancel; is admirable in its proportion, and correct in its details. It is in the pointed Gothic style of the thirteenth century, and designed to accommodate 516 persons. At its western extremity is an elegant spire, 110 feet high, which rises from a tower of the nicest form and finish. We have no hesitation in stating that it is one of the prettiest churches in the principality, and does infinite credit to the architect, Mr. Poynter of London. School-houses of the most convenient arrangement, for the accommodation of about 400 children, and in a style of architecture corresponding with the church, as well as houses for the master and mistress, have lately been completed from the design of the same gentleman, and at the expense of the same munificent families.

On the shore, is the ancient smelting town of Llanerchymôr, above which the worthy proprietor, J. P. Eyton,

Esq. has built a new house in the Elizabethan style. After passing the Honest Man inn, we ascend the hill to Rhewl Mostyn, and at the distance of two miles is the rural village of

## WHITFORD,

Where a handsome new church has lately been built. It is dedicated to St. Mary, and consists of a nave and two aisles, and retains the ancient site it had at the time of the conquest. The Rev. Dr. Briscoe is the incumbent, and is exceedingly attentive to his parochial duties. The Rev. J. H. M. Luxmoore, of Marchwiell, is the rector. Mr. L. is a son of the late Bishop of St. Asaph and a brother to the present Dean.

On a lofty eminence, two miles from hence, stands Garreg, an ancient building of great height, in form not much unlike a windmill. This is a Roman pharos or lighthouse, erected by that people to conduct navigators to and from the Deva: it is tolerably entire, but partially obscured by Mr. Mostyn's plantations. The keen antiquary would not regret a walk to examine this ancient relique, bequeathed to us by the conquerors of the world. In this township, and close to Garreg, stands a very curious cross, called Maen Achwynfan, or the "Stone of Lamentation;" because penances were concluded with weeping and the usual marks of contrition before such pillars. This stone cross is of an elegant form; it is twelve feet high, two feet four inches wide at the bottom, and ten inches thick. Neither Mr. Pennant nor the annotator to Camden were able to state the period in which it was erected.

## ANGLING STATION.

<i>Distant from Holywell</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Ysceiviog, on the Clwyd.....	3½

About two miles on the right is the pleasant village of

## LLANASA.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Denbigh.....	10½	Rhuddlan.....	6
Holywell.....	6½	St. Asaph.....	10

The well-known and much-respected vicar is the Rev. Henry Parry, of whom the late Mr. Pennant, the historian, thus speaks in his "Tour in Wales:"—"Mr. Parry is an

amiable and cheerful companion, endowed with much knowledge of the history of his country, and much classical learning; one who, by his mirthful turn and innocent conviviality, often soothed the waning evening of my life."

The church contains some finely stained glass from Basingwerk Abbey, and several curious tomb-stones. The living is a vicarage in the diocese of St. Asaph.

In this parish are situated Talacre, the elegant modern mansion of Sir Pyers Mostyn, Bart.; Gyrn Castle, built by John Douglas, Esq.; and Goldengrove, the admired residence of Edward Morgan, Esq., built in 1578.—About three miles hence is the antiquated town of

#### CAERWYS.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Denbigh .....	7½	Mold .....	12
Holywell .....	6	St. Asaph.....	7

Caerwys is celebrated for its fairs for cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses, which are attended by a number of English agriculturists. This place is also noted as having been the Athens of North Wales, the theatre where the ancient British bards held their meetings—

" Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,  
Amused my childhood, and informed my youth."

Here, in honourable contention, they tried their skill, poured forth their extemporaneous effusions, and awakened their harps to melody.

Under the British princes, the bards were patronised and rewarded according to their skill in their respective sciences, before competent judges appointed to preside on the occasion, under a formal commission from the princes of Wales. An Eisteddfod was held here by royal commission on the 2d of July, in the fifteenth year of Henry the Eighth. The last royal summons for holding these national festivals was issued in the ninth year of the reign of Elizabeth. From this time, these meetings were discontinued at Caerwys and throughout Wales, till towards the close of the last century; when, in 1798, an Eisteddfod was again held here, the ancient place of meeting. Since this period, eisteddfodau have been frequent in various other places in the principality. In the autumn of 1850, there was one appointed at Rhuddlan Castle.

The neighbourhood of Caerwys affords some pleasant strolls; the wooded dell, called Maes-mynan Wort, is a local celebrity: at the end of it the last native prince, Llywelyn ap Gruffydd, is said to have had a palace—the site is marked by Pandy Mill.

NEWMARKET

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Caerwys .....	5	Rhuddlan .....	4
Holywell .....	7	St. Asaph.....	6

Was formerly, as well as its namesake, a place of racing celebrity. It had also stated fairs, good markets, and a town-hall, where the quarter sessions were held. The magistrates still meet here to transact the fiscal affairs of Prestatyn hundred. The church living is held in commendam by the Bishop of St. Asaph. The Rev. Edward Evans, the present incumbent, has lately caused an excellent and commodious dwelling to be erected for the resident minister, which has long been a desideratum. There is a charity school here which was founded, in 1726, by Dr. Williams, of London. Near the village is a hill called Cop'r Leni, on the summit of which is one of the largest *carnedd* or tumuli in North Wales; it is formed of limestone, and covers nearly an acre of ground, and is between 20 and 30 yards in height. It is supposed to have been erected over some distinguished chieftain slain in battle, and in later times served as an observatory to discern the approach of an enemy, for which purpose it is well calculated, as it commands an extensive view of the neighbouring encampments, as well as the estuaries of the Dee and Mersey. Beneath it is the little church of Gwaen-ys-gor, remarkable for its ancient register; and Goldengrove, the genteel and antique residence of Capt. Morgan, built in 1578, which has been much improved within the last 40 years. The house is well sheltered by a thriving plantation, and forms a pleasing prospect from this place. The summer-house on the hill above the hall commands a most enchanting view of sea and land.

One mile westward of the town of Newmarket, and a little out of the road, is Ffynon-Asa, or Asaph's Well, where the stranger will be much surprised at the amazing flow of water therefrom, which, in rolling along its course, produces a beautiful cascade, the height of which is 17 yards. This spring is supposed to be nearly equal in bulk

to that of St. Winifrede's, resembling it also in its crystalline transparency. The polygonal stone-work about it shews the estimation in which it was once held; and formerly it had its votaries as well as St. Winefrede's. The stream that issues from the fountain, as well as that from Llynhelyg, abounds with trout, of the most delicious flavour, affording good sport to the angler.

The Cross Keys in this place is a good inn, where tourists may find every comfort and accommodation.

The road from hence to Dyserth is very pleasant. About half a mile on the right we pass Gop, a respectable farmhouse, and formerly the residence of John Wynne, Esq. who erected the schools and built the town of Newmarket. Proceeding onwards, the celebrated vale of Clwyd bursts upon the view. Exquisitely beautiful does it appear as it stretches far away rejoicing under the beams of the soft morning sun, and is almost sure to extort an exclamation of surprise and delight. After passing Tre'r Castell, we reach the village of

#### DYSERTH.

<i>Dist. from</i>	<i>M.</i>	<i>Dist. from</i>	<i>M.</i>	<i>Dist. from</i>	<i>M.</i>
Holywell .....	9	Rhuddlan .....	2½	St. Asaph.....	5

The church of this village stands in a romantic situation, finely shaded with yew trees, and is dedicated to St. Bridget. There are some good paintings in the south window, and in the chancel is inscribed "Sir John Conway, 1636." In the cemetery is an ornamental pillar of great antiquity. A short distance from hence is,

#### DYSERTH CASTLE.

This ancient castle, now nearly in ruins, was probably a fortress originally built by the ancient Britons, before the invasion of their country by Edward the First, as the foundation cannot be traced. It has gone by the names of Dincolyn, Castell-y-Ffailon, and Castell Cerri, and was probably the last of the chain of British posts on the Clwydian hills. Henry the Third, in 1241, fortified it; but its date was very short, for in 1261, Llewelyn ap Gruffydd rased both this castle and that of Deganwy. It was at a siege of this place, that Einion, the son of Ririd Flaidd, was slain. A cross was erected on the spot, called Cross Einion, the shaft of which, ornamented with strange sculpture, is now

supposed to form the stile into the churchyard at Dyserth, in which is another cross of curious workmanship. The castle occupied the summit of the rock, whose sides are escarpe, or cut steep, to render the access more difficult. In a field adjacent is a ruinous building, called Siamber Wen, which is said to have been the seat of Sir Robert Pounderling, formerly constable of the castle, a knight valiant and prudent, who had one of his eyes knocked out by a gentleman of Wales in the rough sport of tournament; but being requested to challenge him again to feats of arms, on meeting the Welsh gentleman at the English court, declined the combat, declaring that he did not intend the man should beat out his other eye! His tomb is still to be seen in Dymerschion church.

Close to the ruins of Dyserth castle are Talargoch mines, long recognised as having produced more lead ore during the last century than any other mine in the county. The quantity of ore raised here averages upwards of 3,000 tons annually. This place gives employment to a great number of industrious men.

About a mile from Dyserth, on the way to Rhuddlan, situate in the midst of a forest of fine timber, we pass

## BODRYDDAN,

The venerable seat of the Conwys, now represented by William Shipley Conwy, Esq. This was formerly the residence of the enlightened and much-respected Dr. Shipley, dean of St. Asaph, whose sister married the late illustrious Cambrian, Sir William Jones, the celebrated linguist, and chief justice of Bengal. His son, Col. Shipley, married a sister of the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, bart. and his daughter gave her hand to that revered and amiable divine, Dr. Heber, bishop of Calcutta, who died there in consequence of his laborious duties in evangelising the heathen.

## RHUDDLAN.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Abergele.....	5	Holywell .....	11
Flint .....	16	London.....	220

This place was formerly of great importance and considerable magnificence. The town lies on the eastern bank of the river Clwyd, about two miles from the influx of the sea. The river here admits, at high water, of vessels of

fifty tons burden up to the bridge, where a good shipping trade is carried on between Chester, Liverpool, and the interior of the country. The church has nothing remarkable about it, except an ancient grave-stone with a cross and flaming sword. Near the centre of the town is the fragment of an old house, which the inscription on a stone tablet inserted in the wall, by the late Dean Shipley, of St. Asaph, states to be that in which Edward held his parliament. Below the town is Rhuddlan Marsh, where in 795, was fought a dreadful battle between the Welsh under the command of Prince Caradoc, and the Saxon forces under Offa, king of Mercia. The Welsh prince is said to have been killed in the battle. The disastrous event is commemorated by a Welsh air called "Morfa Rhuddlan," which is deservedly admired for the plaintive sweetness of its melody. According to the Welsh chronicles, it would appear that Offa himself fell in this engagement.

Rhuddlan Marsh was secured from the encroachments of the sea, in 1799, by an embankment nearly eight miles in length, and of various dimensions, according to the force of the tide. About 27,000 acres of rich sandy loam land were enclosed; 500 acres of which were appointed by an act of inclosure to be sold, towards defraying the expense of securing the whole marsh from the encroachments of the sea, which committed some ravages on Tywyn Abergele. Some of the allotments were sold at that time for from £30 to £35 per acre. The Black and the New Inns afford good accommodation.

#### RHUDDLAN CASTLE.\*

The present castle was erected by Edward I., and formed a main link in the great chain of fortresses commenced by the first Norman invaders of Wales. In form it is a quadrangle, with massive towers at the angles. One is called Twr-y-Brenin, or the King's Tower. The original founder is said to be prince Llywelyn ap Seisyllt, in 1020. Harold, son of Edwin, earl of Kent, took the castle in 1063, and "burnt it down." It was again restored by the Welsh, and in 1098 it was wrested from them by Robert, nephew to Hugh Lupus, earl of Chester, who received a mandate from William the Conqueror to refortify the place. In

\* A beautiful view of this castle, by Mr. Pickering, has recently been published by T. Catherall, Eastgate Row, Chester.







R. H. Y. L.

Published by Thomas Catherall Chester

1169 it was attacked by Owen Gwynedd and his forces: after two months' blockade, they took and dismantled it. Seen from the river, in connection with the bridge and part of the town, the appearance is highly picturesque; the effect being increased, perhaps, by the general flatness of the neighbourhood.

In 1399, Richard the Second dined here on his way to Flint castle. It was occupied by the royalists during the civil wars, and surrendered to general Mytton and the parliamentary forces in 1646: the same year it was dismantled by order of parliament: merely the shell is now standing.

. . . . . "In ivy-tress'd array,  
 Sublime in ruin, Rhuddlan Castle frown'd;  
 And, gazing there, the heart religious grew,  
 To think how glory, pomp, and all the world adores,  
 Becomes a dream for moralists to scan!—  
 Home of the Warrior! where the banner wav'd,  
 And towers! where Cambrian kings and chieftains reign'd,  
 Within whose halls the harps of Cymru rang,  
 While melodies, from freedom's soul outdrawn,  
 Pour'd tides of feeling over princes' hearts,—  
 In thy decay how eloquent thou stand'st!  
 Gigantic emblem for the mind to read  
 How perishing is glory!"

About two and a half miles from Rhuddlan is the celebrated watering place of

## RHYL.\*

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Abergele .....	7	Holywell .....	13
Chester .....	30	St. Asaph.....	5

Rhyl is situated at the entrance of the beautiful Vale of Clwyd, and is justly ranked as the best bathing place in the principality. It has increased during the last few years from a small village to a large and respectable town. The salubrity of the air, the beauty of the scenery, its contiguity to the sea, and the extent and firmness of the sands, render it a place of considerable attraction, and it is accordingly frequented by visitors from all parts of the kingdom.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Rhyl are many objects

\* A very picturesque view of Rhyl, taken from the shore, by Mr. Pickering, has just been published by T. Catherall, Eastgate Row, Chester.

of interest: on the eastern side, the famed Talargoch mines, which for several centuries have produced no less than 3,000 tons of the finest lead ore annually; the ruins of Dyserth castle, and those of Rhuddlan, where Edward the First and his queen resided for two or three years; and the thickly wooded parks and mansions of the following noblemen and gentlemen:—Bodryddan, the seat of W. Shipley Conwy, Esq.; Pengwern, the seat of Lord Mostyn; Bodelwyddan, the seat of Sir John Hay Williams, Bart.; Kinnel Park, the seat of Lord Dinorben; and Gwyrch Castle, the seat of Lloyd Bamford Hesketh, Esq.

In addition to three spacious hotels and a number of inns, there are many respectable lodging-houses for the accommodation of visitors; bathing-machines; hot and cold baths supplied with sea water, to which are attached billiard and news-rooms, and a spacious bowling-green.

A church has been erected here, capable of containing 500 persons, in which there is divine service in the English language every Sunday. Several chapels have also been erected. Provisions of all kinds are cheap; fish, vegetables, and poultry, are abundantly supplied.

Cars may be obtained from the inns. Steam-packets ply regularly from Rhyl to Liverpool, and occasionally to Bangor and Beaumaris; thus affording visitors an opportunity of seeing the magnificent scenery of the Welsh coast. The Royal, the Mostyn Arms, and the Bellevue are the principal hotels. Rhyl is a first-class station on the Chester and Holyhead railway.

#### ANGLING STATION.

<i>Distant from Rhyl</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
The Clwyd and the Elwy .....	3½

Returning through Rhuddlan, we now proceed towards St. Asaph. On the right hand, about a mile off, is

#### PENGWERN,

The hospitable mansion of Lord Mostyn, situated at the entrance of the celebrated Vale of Clwyd. It is a handsome modern structure, built by his lordship's great uncle, the late Sir Edward Lloyd, Bart. of whom it was said that he set a noble example to the gentry of Wales, by making extensive plantations on his estates, and stimulated others

to benefit society by various agricultural improvements. His lordship must have imbibed the notions of his worthy ancestor in a very great degree, having carried out his views in every possible way, to an extent far surpassing any other individual in the principality. Indeed, his lordship's long and valuable life has been devoted to the furtherance of every improvement calculated to benefit his native country. Previous to his sovereign calling him to the House of Lords, his lordship represented the Flintshire boroughs in the British House of Commons for seven successive parliaments, during which time he faithfully and consistently adhered to those principles which always sided with the liberty of the subject and the religious toleration of his country. His lordship is invariably to be found at home, (except when on his parliamentary duties), spending his large income among those from whom he derives it. Pengwern is noted for its hospitality, "and from this door the poor is ne'er sent empty away." His lordship keeps two packs of hounds for the amusement of his friends and the neighbouring gentry; and though in the 81st year of his age, seldom omits mounting his scarlet, particularly if the hounds turn out within eight or ten miles of his mansion. In the house are several family portraits and other paintings by the first artists: there is also a good family library, including several ancient Welsh MSS.

## ST. ASAPH.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Abergele.....	7	Holywell .....	10
Conway .....	19	Ruthin ... ..	14
Denbigh.....	6	Rhyl .....	5

The city of St. Asaph is situated on a delightful eminence between the streams, and near the confluence of the rivers Elwy and Clwyd, from the former of which is derived its British name Llanelwy. The township in which it stands is called Bryn Polin, or Bryn Paulin, from, it is supposed, having been a place of encampment of Paulinus, a Roman general, on his way to the island of Mona. The see is of very ancient date, having been established as early as the year 543. The principal attraction of this city is the cathedral, which was first built of wood. The present structure was erected by bishop Anian, about 1284; it was destroyed during the wars of Owen Glyndwr, and afterwards restored

and partly built by bishop Redman, about 1480, with the exception of the choir, which was rebuilt about 1770, by the Dean and Chapter, with the funds which had been invested in their hands, as trustees for that purpose, arising from the tithes of some parishes in Montgomeryshire, amounting to £1000 a year. The plan of the church is like most others, cruciform, with a square embattled tower rising from the intersection of the nave and transepts, surrounded by a cemetery kept in excellent order, and preserved from all improper intrusion by a neat iron railing. The visitor on entering the sacred place will be impressed with the solemnity which pervades the building; the chastened light, entering from the richly painted windows, throws a softened tint over the Gothic stalls and chequered pavement of the choir, which, to the eye capable of appreciating the beauty of the scene, has a pleasing effect.

The east end is ornamented with a window which is said to be a *fac simile* of one in Tintern abbey, but originally from a church in Italy. The following description of it may not be uninteresting to the stranger. The large star at the top represents the one in the east at the birth of our Saviour. In the centre is the word JEHOVAH, in Hebrew characters, and the words "Made perfect through suffering," in Greek characters above and below it. The centre compartment contains the figure of our Saviour on Mount Calvary: hovering over his head are two winged figures, one with the passion cup, the other prepared with the crown of thorns; and in the back ground is seen at a distance the city of Jerusalem. In the compartment to the right of the principal figure, are others actively engaged in the preparation of the instruments of the passion; in that on the left is a soldier armed with a spear, and two others with him, intently engaged with the cross. To the north and south sides of the three centre pieces, are two compartments, and below the whole are seven others, emblazoned with the royal arms and those of the nobility and gentry who contributed to the expense of the window, as follows:—Lords Powis, Mostyn, Dungannon, Bagot, Gwydir, Dacre, and Orkney; Sir Thomas Mostyn, bart., Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, bart., Sir E. P. Lloyd, bart. Sir Robert Williams Vaughan, bart. Sir Foster Cunliffe, bart., Sir John Williams, bart., Sir Thomas Hanmer, bart., Messrs. Wynne, Dod, Yorke, Pennant, Peyton, Shackerley, Ormsby, Owen, Finch, Shipley, Bagot, Rushont, Lloyd of

Hafodunos, Biddulph of Chirk Castle, and Williams of Pembedw.

The beauty of the interior of the choir has been much added to by the presentation of two magnificent painted windows, by the Lord Bishop of the diocese, as a tribute to the memory of the late Mrs. Short. They are placed on the north and south sides of the great eastern window. The subject on the north side is our Saviour reproving Martha and commending Mary, (Luke x. 41, 42.) "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." On the south side the unbelief of Didymus, (John xx. 27.) "Then saith he to Thomas, reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless but believing." The painting displays first-rate artistic power. The groupings exhibit great taste and judgment, and the lights and colours cannot be surpassed in brilliancy and effect.

During the unfortunate differences between King Charles the First and his parliament, this cathedral was made a garrison, afterwards used as an hospital, and during the commonwealth it was nearly demolished.

There are several very elegant monuments by the first masters, erected in the transepts of the broad aisle of this cathedral. The chapter consists of a dean, archdeacon, six canons, and seven minor canons; besides four vicars-choral, six lay clerks, six choristers, and an organist. The bishopric is worth £6300 a year. The choir is neatly fitted up, and the general appearance of the interior, owing to the excellent order in which it is kept, is very gratifying. A part of the broad aisle has been added to the choir, which is thereby made more commodious. The present organ was built by Mr. Hill, of London, in 1834, but was considerably enlarged and improved in 1847, under the direction of Mr. Atkins. A pedal organ is placed behind the stalls, at a considerable distance from the great organ, which when used in the service, the sweetness and power of tone of the instrument, under the skilful touch of Mr. Atkins, the talented organist, is brought out with most delightful and majestic harmony. It is probably one of the most effective cathedral organs of the present day.

Dr. T. V. Short is the present Bishop of St. Asaph. The episcopal palace was rebuilt on a more extensive

scale, and in an appropriate style, at the expense of Dr. Carey, the late Bishop. The deanery, about a quarter of a mile from the cathedral, was also rebuilt by the present Dean, the Rev. J. H. M. Luxmoore.

The diocese of St. Asaph comprises the counties of Flint, Denbigh, and Montgomery, containing 121 parish churches, and 106 benefices in the gift of the bishop. The parish church is at the lower end of the street, close to a fine bridge over the river Elwy. The population of the parish is about 3,500. The market-day is Friday. The Mostyn Arms, the Ship, and the Plough are good inns, where post chaises and cars may be obtained. The rivers in the neighbourhood are favourite resorts of anglers, and fish are found in great abundance and variety.

Tourists, previous to leaving St. Asaph, will be highly gratified with a view of the Vale of Clwyd from the tower of the cathedral, which the Rev. R. Montgomery has beautifully described in the following lines:—

. . . . . —“thy heart might beat  
 In thrilling answer to the strain I sing,  
 Hadst thou beside me, from the sacred tower,  
 Beheld the beautiful Vale:—or ere I left,  
 One long, enamoured, and delicious gaze  
 It bade me fasten on the faultless scene;  
 The sunshine in its dreaming calm reposed  
 On tree and mountain: cot and castle gleam'd,  
 And field and flower their blending graces show'd;  
 But when the breeze, with sudden life arose,  
 How richly all the stirring landscape shined!—  
 'Till the glad meads like emerald sunshine glanc'd,  
 So lustrously the living verdure play'd!”

Among the objects of interest presented to the eye of the spectator, the most conspicuous are Bodelwyddan, the seat of Sir J. H. Williams, bart.; Kinmel Park, the seat of Lord Dinorben; Pengwern, the hospitable mansion of Lord Mostyn; Bronwylfa, the classic seat of Col. Sir Henry Browne; also Wygfair, Cefn, and Brynelwy. The Clwydian range of hills, with the jubilee monument in the centre, has a very fine effect. On the south, the eye stretches over scenes of fertility and beauty; and Denbigh, with the shattered fragments of its castle, crowning the summit of an isolated hill, rises gradually and pre-eminently into view. On the right are seen the venerable and magnificent ruins of Rhuddlan castle, the town of Rhyl, and the ocean. The intervening space is diversified with luxuriant meadows,

woods, and water, enlivened with numerous herds, farms, and cottages, which appear in every direction; and the *coup d'œil* may challenge comparison with some of the most celebrated scenery in the world.

In the neighbourhood are some magnificent caverns, extending for a considerable distance within the lime-stone rocks; in some parts of these the roof is more than forty feet in height, and near the river Elwy, the base of the rock is perforated by a lofty natural arch twenty-one yards in length, and thirty-six feet high, through which is a road capable of admitting a wagon loaded with hay.

In these caverns various fossil remains have been discovered, which were considered by Professor Buckland worthy of personal scrutiny.

#### ANGLING STATIONS.

<i>Distant from St. Asaph</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Bodfari .....	4
Cwm .....	5
Wygfair .....	2

Proceeding along the vale, at the distance of six miles, we reach

#### DENBIGH.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Abergele.....	14	Mold.....	16
Chester.....	28	Ruthin.....	8
Holywell.....	14	St. Asaph.....	6

This town is picturesquely situated on the side of a steep hill, and the noble castle on its summit greatly contributes to its venerable appearance. It is the capital of the county, as well as one of the contributory boroughs. It is governed by a mayor and council under the general statute. There is a good Town-hall, and a Welsh literary society. An excellent market is held on Wednesday. Its principal manufactures are shoes and gloves. It supports two banks and several good schools. The parish church, now ruinous, is at Whitchurch, about a mile from the town. The inhabitants have lately realized a handsome subscription, and erected a new church after a design by Mr. Penson, of Oswestry, the site of which was liberally given by the late Captain Mostyn, of Segrwyd. There are places of worship



for Baptists, Independents, and Calvinistic and Wesleyan Methodists. The population is between 4000 and 5000. The two principal inns, both of which are very respectable, are the Crown and the Bull.

Denbigh was the native place of Sir Hugh Myddelton, whose name will always rank amongst the greatest benefactors to the city of London. He, at his own expense, brought the new river from Ware, twenty miles distant, to that city. Sir Hugh was ruined by the undertaking, but the New River Company, which is now one of the most affluent in London, reaps the benefit of his perseverance.

The CASTLE is situated on the summit of an isolated rock, rising abruptly to the height of 240 feet from the western boundary of the Vale of Clwyd. The principal entrance is on the north, under a lofty and magnificent gothic arch, and flanked by two large towers, now in ruins; above it is a niche, in which is a robed figure of its founder, Henry Lacey, Earl of Lincoln. The whole of the rooms and towers are in a state of extreme dilapidation. The citadel is surrounded with walls a mile and a quarter in circumference, which enclose the whole of the ancient town. From this spot there is an admirable prospect of the Vale of Clwyd, and the mountain range of which Moel Fammau is the chief. About twenty years ago the Eisteddfod was held in the extensive area of the castle, and was honoured by the presence of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, together with most of the nobility and gentry of the surrounding country. On the south-west front of the castle there is an extensive terrace, and splendid Bowling Green, which is laid out with considerable taste, and is well worth a visit..

The DENBIGHSHIRE DISPENSARY, and asylum for the recovery of health. This useful charity was instituted in 1807, as a dispensary for the relief of out-poor, the gratuitous supply of trusses, and for vaccine inoculation. As time progressed, its advantages became so apparent, that in 1810, a subscription was commenced for the purpose of erecting a suitable building, and in 1813, a considerable portion of the present structure was finished, with suitable apartments for the reception of in-patients, to be admitted upon the payment of a certain weekly sum, as would merely defray the expense of maintenance, upon a principle originally pointed out by the philanthropic Howard, and similar to those in France named Maisons de Santé. The wards for

these highly useful purposes, remained unappropriated until the month of March 1826; from that period, however, to the present, they have been constantly occupied, to the great advantage and benefit of the poor of the surrounding districts. In 1834, an additional building was erected for the reception of fever patients, or other infectious disorders, and when not required for such, are used in general with the other apartments. It is worthy of remark that this institution claims the priority throughout the whole principality, and the eminent success of its benefits and merits, soon called others, in more distant parts, into operation, both in North and South Wales. In the board-room is placed a portrait of Dr. Cumming, by Pickersgill, R.A. and in the entrance-hall a bust of Dr. Phillips Jones, now of Chester, modelled by the late Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. and executed in marble by N. Weekes, Esq. R.A.

The LUNATIC ASYLUM, is a remarkably fine edifice, well adapted to its object. The late Mr. Ablett, of Llanbedr Hall, presented 18 acres of land, valued at £2000, for the site of the institution, which has been built by public subscriptions, and by contributions from the adjoining counties. It was erected after designs by Mr. Fulljames, of Gloucester, and was opened for the reception of patients in 1848.

Denbigh is surrounded with gentlemen's seats, which add considerably to its beauty and importance: Galltfaenan, Plâs Heaton, Llysmeirchion, Green Bank, Brynbella, Llyweni Hall, Pontriffith Hall, Glanywern, Astrad, Tros-y-Park, Segrwyd, and Gwaynynog. The latter mansion, which is within two miles of Denbigh, was a favourite resort of the great moralist, Dr. Johnson, and was at that time the property of his friend, the Rev. Dr. Myddelton. In the hall is an easy chair in which Dr. Johnson was accustomed to sit. In the park, and in a retired situation, overhung with trees, is a monument to his memory, bearing the following inscription:—

Samuel Johnson, L.L.D., obit xiii. die Decembris, 1784,  
ætatis lxxv.

And on the other side, on a marble tablet—

This spot was often dignified by the presence of Samuel Johnson, L.L.D. whose moral writings, exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity, give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth.

A few miles from hence is

## NANTGLYN,

The birth-place of David Samwell, who sailed round the world as surgeon in the ship *Discovery*. He was an eye-witness of the death of that celebrated navigator, Captain Cooke, a detailed account of which he wrote, which appeared in the *Biographia Britannica*. Here also lived and died one of our best modern bards, Robert Davies, better known by the cognomen of *Bardd-Nantglyn*. In the neighbourhood is *Egryn*, the residence of the late much respected Welsh lexicographer, Dr. W. Owen Pughe, whose labours on behalf of the literature of his country will never be forgotten.

## LLANRHAIADR.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Denbigh .....	4	Ruthin .....	4

About midway between Denbigh and Ruthin, we pass through the pretty village of *Llanrhaiadr*. The church is a very interesting structure. On the east window is a painting of the genealogy of Christ from Jesse, executed in the year 1480. The Rev. Dr. Howard is the present vicar.

## RUTHIN.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Chester .....	22	Mold .....	10
Denbigh .....	8	St. Asaph.....	14

This town is pleasantly situated on the summit of an eminence at the end of the picturesque Vale of Clwyd. There is no particular trade carried on here, except what is necessary for the accommodation of the inhabitants, who are principally engaged in agriculture. The market, which is well supplied with corn and every other commodity, is held on Monday; and a second market is held on Saturday for provisions. The population is about 3,500. It is a borough town, and is governed by a mayor and council, elected according to the municipal act.

The town-hall is situated in the market-place, and was erected in 1663. The county gaol and house of correction are modern structures. Ruthin has long been celebrated for its free grammar-school, in which some of the greatest men whose talents have adorned the bar, the bench, and

the mitre, have received their education. The church is an interesting edifice, the roof of which is of finely carved oak, panelled, richly sculptured, and is apparently of the time of Henry VII. The rector is the venerable arch-deacon Newcome. The principal inns are the White Lion, and the Cross Foxes.

The CASTLE was built by Edward the First, who in 1281, gave it, with the hundred of Dyffryn Clwyd, to Reginald de Grey. From the family of the Greys, it devolved to Richard, earl of Kent, who sold it to Henry the Seventh. It was afterwards granted to Dudley, earl of Warwick, by queen Elizabeth, and is now the property of Miss Harriet Myddelton, one of the co-heiresses of Chirk Castle. The Hon. F. West has erected, within the ruins of the old castle, an elegant castellated mansion, which forms a beautiful feature in the prospect of the town, and commands a most extensive and picturesque view of the surrounding country.

Returning to St. Asaph, we proceed onwards to the Holyhead road; and after ascending Rose Hill, the first objects which attract the notice of the tourist are the turrets of

#### BODELWYDDAN,

a modern and elegant castellated mansion, the residence of Sir John Hay Williams, bart. The house was considerably enlarged by the late Sir John Williams (created a baronet in 1798), and perfected by the present baronet, who has very considerably improved the castle, ornamented the grounds, and built a splendid park-wall round the demesne. The estate was purchased from an ancient family of the name of Humphreys, by the celebrated Sir Wm. Williams, speaker of the house of commons in the last two short parliaments of Charles the Second, and who was subsequently appointed solicitor-general in the following reign, and afterwards a Welsh judge.—From Bodelwyddan the road leads onwards to

#### KINMEL PARK,

the stately residence of Lord Dinorben. A few years ago, this mansion was destroyed by fire, but has now been extended, and indeed almost rebuilt, by Hopper, of London, in a style of princely elegance. The scenery from the house is very rich and beautiful. The sloping park is well stocked with deer, of the choicest sort. The grounds are extensive, and the gardens tastefully laid out. The park

wall continues for a considerable distance, but the monotony of its appearance has been broken by the introduction, at regular intervals, of some neat iron railings, which affords a very pleasing view into the park. His late royal highness the Duke of Sussex, for several years previous to his death, was in the habit of spending some weeks at Kinmel, during the shooting season. Close to this place, is Dinorben, the ancient manor-house, from which Lord Dinorben takes his title. We now approach the neat little village of

ST. GEORGE,

which overlooks the beautiful scenery of the vale. The church is pleasantly situated, and has recently been restored by the patron, Lord Dinorben, who has also erected a handsome Gothic mausoleum over the vault in which the remains of the late Lady Dinorben are interred. At the distance of two miles is

ABERGELE.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Bangor .....	27	Rhyl .....	7
Conway .....	12	St. Asaph.....	7

Abergele is a pleasantly situated market-town, within a mile of the sea-shore, on the Chester and Holyhead road. It consists of one wide street, not remarkable for regularity or beauty; but the salubrity of the air, and the superiority of its shore, render it a favourite resort for sea-bathing. The population is about 1300, the majority of whom are employed in mining and agriculture. The church is a neat little edifice, dedicated to St. Michael, and was built in the reign of Henry VIII. A dateless epitaph in the churchyard states that a man lies buried there, who lived "three miles to the north." This will surprise many when we tell them that the sea is not five furlongs off! but there are several old people in the neighbourhood, now living, who remember having seen houses and arable land where the sea now is. The Bee Hotel possesses very superior accommodation, and is decidedly one of the best inns in the principality. There are also some excellent private lodgings to be had in the town; and for those who prefer being contiguous to the sea, there are cottages close to the beach, suitable for respectable families. Omnibusses ply regularly between the town and the railway station, to meet the trains

to and from Chester and Holyhead. The neighbourhood is pleasantly surrounded by hamlets, domestic villas, and seats of the aristocracy; amongst the latter may be enumerated:—Garthewin, the residence of Brownlow Wynne, Esq.; Coed Coch, the seat of J. Ll. Wynne, Esq.; Pentre Mawr, the residence of Bateman Jones, Esq.; Havodunos, the seat of H. Sandbach, Esq.; and Dyffryn Aled, the modern and well built mansion of the ancient family of P. Yorke, Esq.

#### ANGLING STATION.

<i>Distant from Abergele</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Llanfair, on the Elwy	6

About a mile from Abergele, on the left of the road towards Conway, stands the modern castellated mansion of

#### GWRYCH CASTLE,

The property and residence of Lloyd Hesketh Bamford Hesketh, Esq. It is beautifully situated on a rocky eminence, well shaded with timber, and affords a magnificent sea view. The front extends nearly 500 yards; on each side there is a noble terrace 420 yards in length; and the grounds are laid out with considerable taste. The lodge entrance is through a lofty arch well flanked with two embattled towers. The principal tower, called Hesketh Tower, is about 90 feet high. There is another lodge on the road to Conway, called *Tan-yr-ogo*, being interpreted, is *under the cave*, which is well worth a visit. Its mouth resembles the huge entrance of a Gothic cathedral. A few feet inside, and immediately in the centre of it, is a rock rising from the floor to the lofty roof, not unlike a massive pillar rudely sculptured, which divides the cavern into two apartments. The hollow on the left soon terminates; but that on the right spreads into a large chamber, thirty feet in height, and stretching to an uncertain depth, such as human curiosity has never been hardy enough to ascertain. Making a short turn, a few yards from the entrance, and sweeping into the interior of the mountain, the form and dimensions of the abyss are concealed in impenetrable darkness, and its windings can only be followed with prudence about forty yards, when the light totally disappears, and the flooring becomes both dirty and unsafe. Stalactites of various fanciful forms decorate the fretted roof and sides of this extraordinary cavern.

Under the foot of the rock, called Cefn-Ogo, is one of the entrance gateways, on the face of which are four modern inscriptions, descriptive of the historical events connected with this locality, and are as follows :—

I.—“Prior to the Norman conquest, Harold in his attempt to subjugate this pass of the principality, was encountered by Gruffydd ap Llywelyn, prince of North Wales, on the plain near Cefn-ogo, and after a sanguinary battle, in which he was defeated, was driven back to Rhuddlan.”

II.—“In the reign of William the Conqueror, Hugh Lupus, on his march to invade the Island of Anglesea, passing through this defile, was attacked by an armed band of Welshmen, which had been posted here to intercept his progress, and of which, after an obstinate and protracted battle, one thousand were left dead on the spot.”

III.—“In the reign of Henry the Second, Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, in his retreat from Flintshire, fortified himself in this pass, when he gave battle to the forces of the monarch, and repulsed them with great slaughter. After having secured this important post, he retreated to Pen-y-Parc, in the adjoining parish, where he made a stand against the English forces, and effectually checked the further invasion of his dominions.”

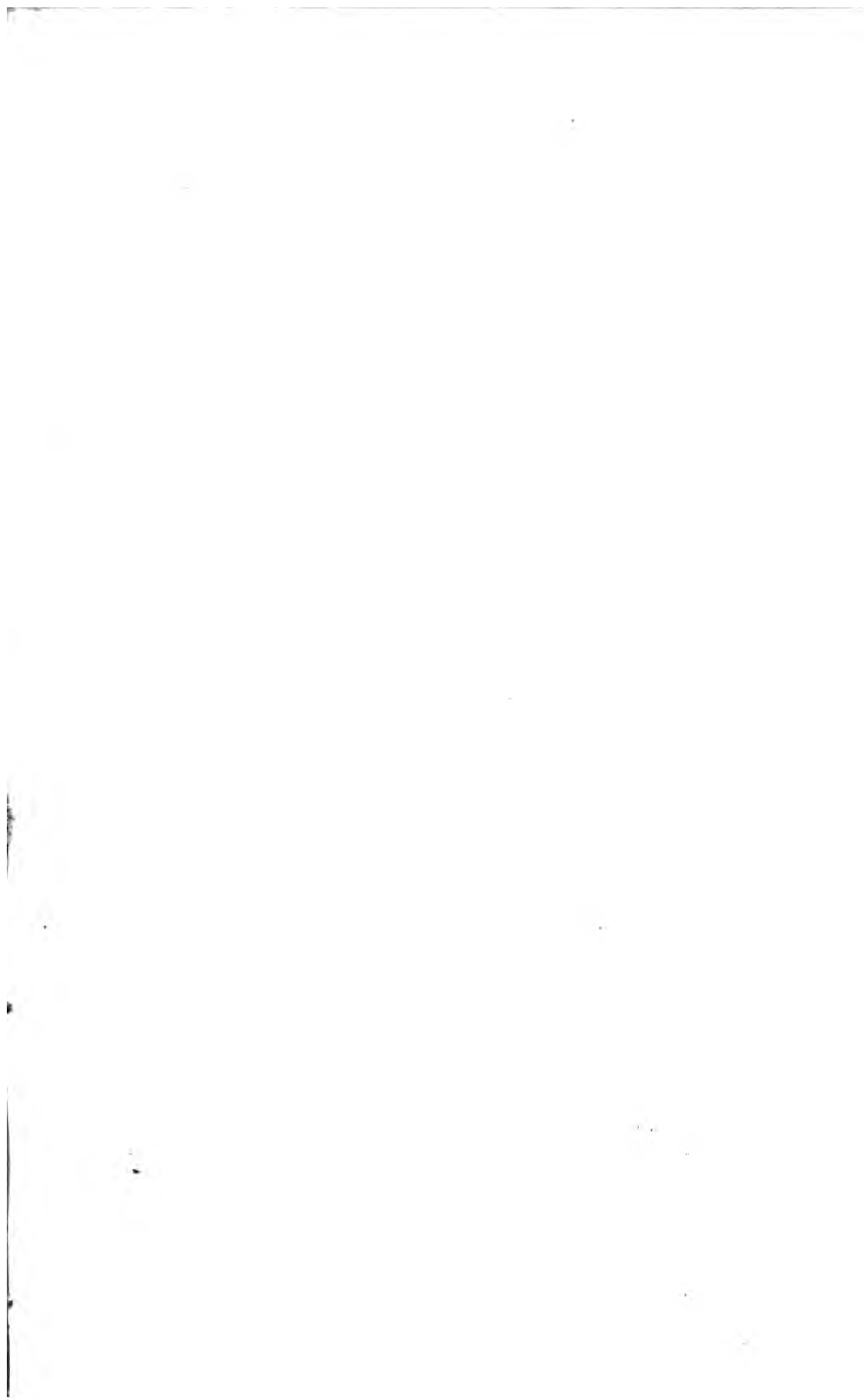
IV.—“Near this pass Richard II., whom Percy, earl of Northumberland, under pretence of an amicable interview with Bolingbroke, had inveigled from Conway Castle, after his return from Ireland, was, by a military band bearing the Northumberland banner, surrounded and conducted to Flint Castle, where he was treacherously betrayed by the earl into the power of the usurper. From these circumstances it has been justly remarked, that on no spot in the principality has more blood been shed than in the defile of Cefn-ogo.”

The prospect from Cefn-ogo (cavern hill) is exceedingly fine. In clear weather a great portion of Cheshire, Lancashire, and the town of Liverpool, are distinctly seen on the right. The Isle of Man is visible before you; and on the left, the Snowdonian mountains and the Island of Anglesea.

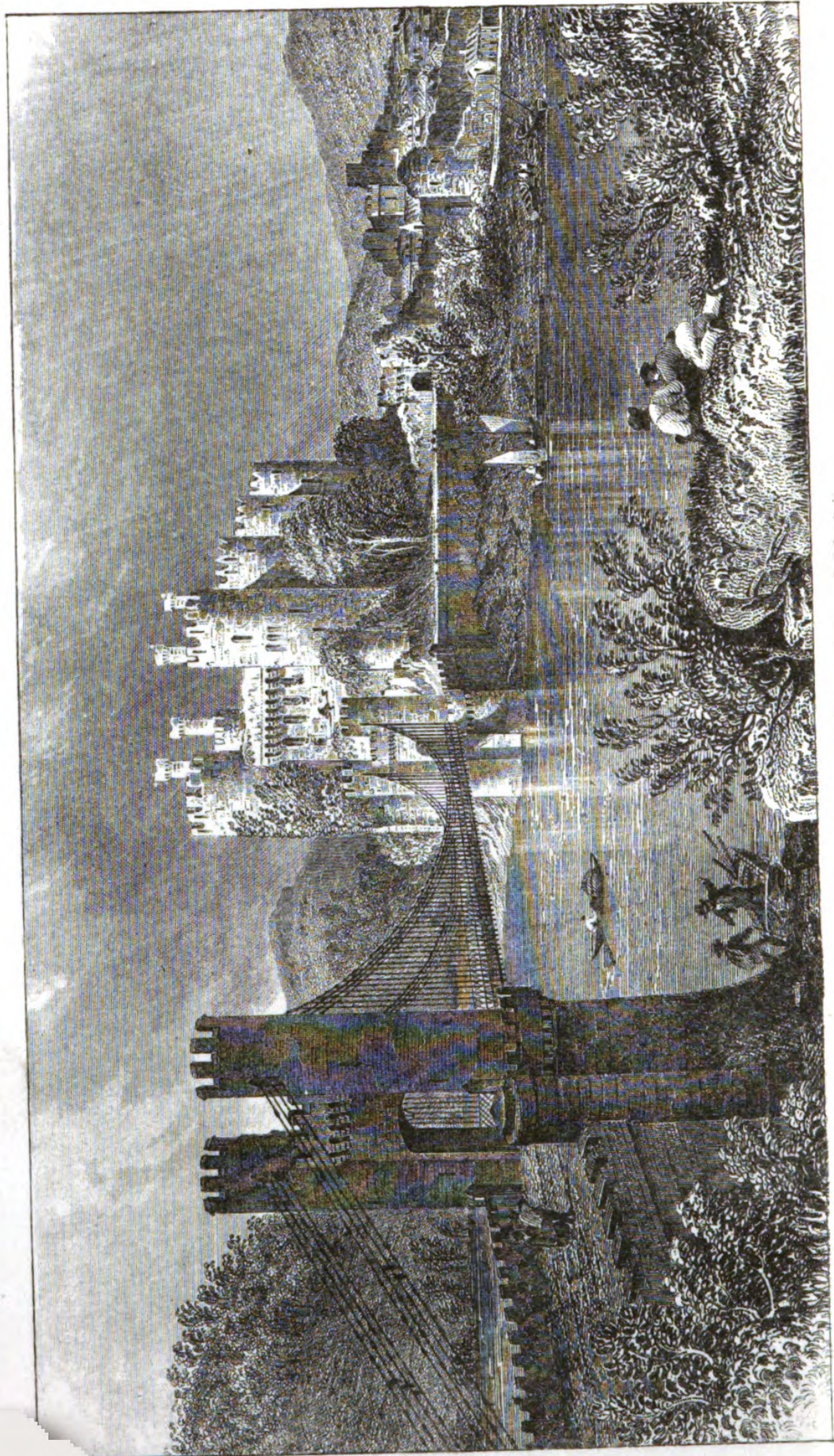
On the mountains and rocks in this neighbourhood are some rare plants and curious fossils, which have lately been brought before the Geological Society, in an able paper by Mr. Bowmall, who recommends this locality as worthy the attention of the botanist and geologist.—About half a mile down a recently-improved road, is the village of

#### LLANDULAS,

(or Black and Blue,) situated in a glen surrounded with lime-stone rocks. This place is celebrated as having been the spot where the unfortunate Richard the Second was

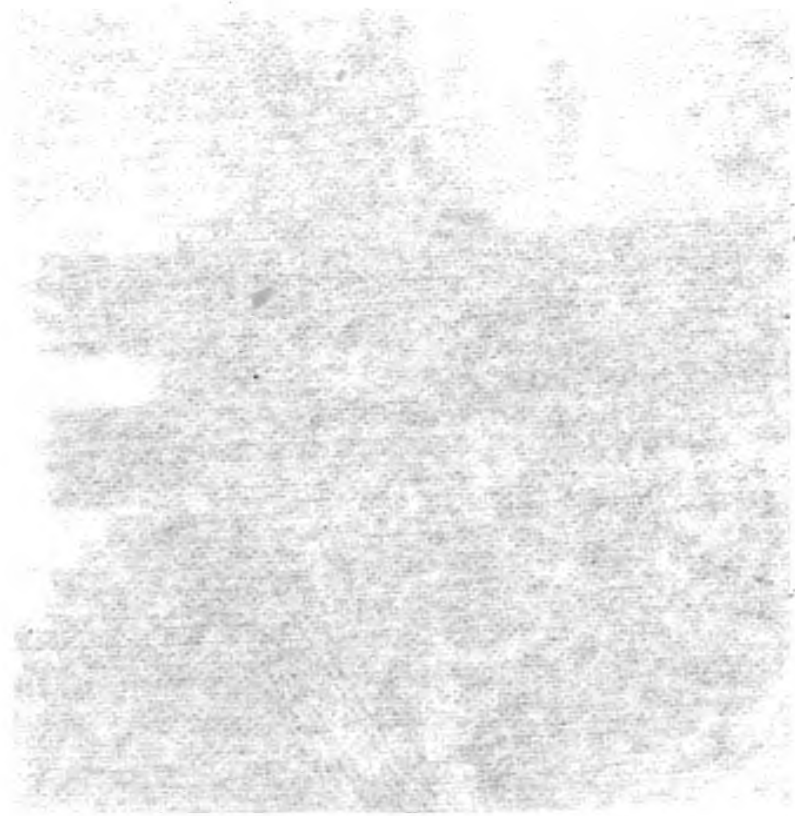
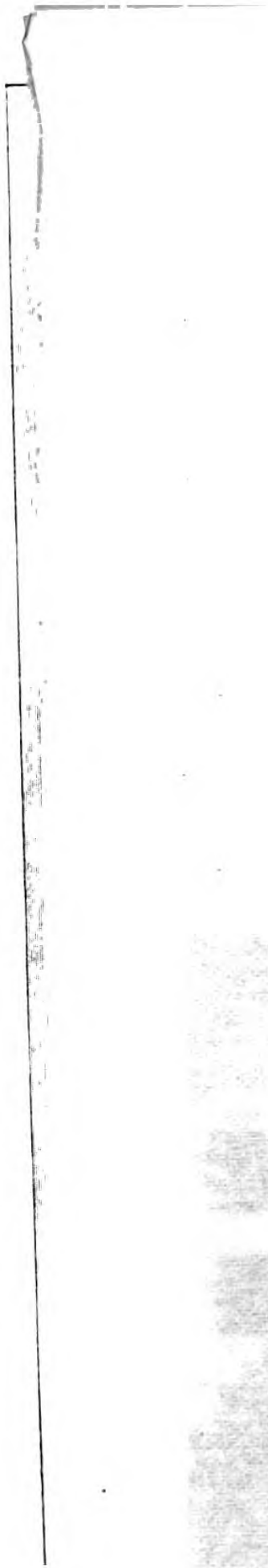






COMBAT OF THE BATTLE OF BUNSLYBANE  
Published by the Edinburgh Book Co.





betrayed into the hands of his rival to the throne. A railway, several miles long, has been constructed to convey the stone and lime from Llysfaen quarries, down a very steep incline to the sea shore, from whence it is shipped to all parts of the country for agricultural and other purposes. About two miles further is the pretty village of

## COLWYN,

Which of late years has considerably increased in size, and a new church has been erected. The sea-bathing is very good; and every accommodation is provided for visitors. The air is salubrious, and the scenery fine. Min-y-don, the seat of Mrs. Clough; Bryn-du-las, the seat of J. B. Hesketh, Esq.; and Glan-y-don, the seat of Henry Hesketh, Esq., of Chester, are in the neighbourhood. Up the valley, on the left, is the village of Llanelian, celebrated for its Well, which, owing to a foolish tradition, was for a long time the terror of the neighbourhood. Further on towards the shore, is the village of Llandrillo, which formerly was the residence of Maelgwyn Gwyned, a British king, who reigned in the fifth century. It was afterwards the residence of Ednyfed Vychan, chief of one of the royal tribes of Wales. Proceeding onwards through the neat village of Mochdre, and passing the newly-erected and rurally-situated church of Llangwstenyn, we arrive at

## CONWAY.\*

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Aber .....	9	Llandulas .....	9
Abergele .....	12	Llanrwst .....	12
Bangor .....	14½	Llandudno or Ormes-head	5
Carnarvon .....	24	London .....	236

The site of Conway occupies a steep declivity, descending to the margin of the river, here nearly half a mile in breadth, while its majestic Castle presents from a distance an aspect of singular grandeur.

This interesting and picturesque town is strongly fortified in the ancient style and is surrounded by lofty walls;

\* A series of Views, by Mr. Pickering, consisting of the town of Conway, Conway Castle, Tubular Bridge, Suspension Bridge, and Plas-Mawr, has recently been published by T. Catherall, Eastgate Row, Chester.

in the circuit of about a mile and a quarter there are twenty-one strong towers rising considerably above the walls, besides three entrances to the town, with two stronger towers to each. Among other curiosities of this place is PLAS MAWR, or the great mansion, situated in High-street, an ancient house built in a quadrangular form by Robert Wynne, Esq., of the house of Gwydir, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and is adorned in the fantastic fashion of that period. It bears the date of 1585. Over the door facing the street are carved the arms of Queen Elizabeth. Beneath it are very extensive cellars, and the ascent to the rooms above is by a winding staircase, which is continued in a tower several feet above the house, and commands a beautiful view of the country. The walls and ceilings throughout are ornamented in stucco, with swans, owls, cranes, ostriches, bears, mermaids, ragged staves, and a variety of curious figures. The house is now the property of the Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn. The oldest stone house is that known by the name of the college, which has a singular window fronting Castle-street, and the sculptured ornaments beneath are unusual: among them an eagle pouncing upon a child, and coats of arms, relating to the great family of Stanley and others.

The trade of Conway is not considerable, as the port is a dry harbour. It has, however, a good quay, and is frequented by a few small coasting vessels.

The Church has no pretensions to architectural beauty, but it is a very spacious and venerable structure, dedicated to St. Mary, with a square embattled tower, 63 feet high. The present Vicar is the Rev. Morgan Morgan, M.A., who is also a magistrate of the county of Carnarvon. There are two services every Sunday, English and Welsh. In addition to the Established Church, there are several dissenting chapels.

The monuments in the Church are comparatively modern: the most curious is that of Nicholas Hookes, who lies buried in the chancel, of which the following is a transcript:—

Here lyeth ye body of Nichs. Hookes of Conway, Gen. who was ye 4Jst child of his Father Wm. Hookes, Esqr. by Alice his wife, and ye father of 27 children, who dyed ye 20th day of March, 1637. N. B. This stone was reuived in ye year 1720 att the charge of John Hookes esqr. & since by Thos. Bradney & W. Archer, esqs.

The CASTLE, built in 1284, under the eye of Edward

the First, by the architect, it is supposed, whom he employed in the erection of Carnarvon, is very justly regarded as one of the most beautiful fortresses in a country distinguished for the splendour and magnificence of its military structures. It stands on a bold projecting promontory, and its architecture and position are truly grand. Within the walls are two spacious courts; and the external line of the fortifications contains eight lofty towers, each with a slender turret, singularly graceful and elegant in form, springing from its summit. There are two entrances into this fortress, both contrived for security. The principal one is at the N. W. which formerly had a deep ditch and a draw-bridge. The great hall suited the magnificence of the founder; it measures 130 feet in length, and is 30 feet wide. The roof was supported by eight noble arches, four of which still remain. The view from the top of the battlements is most imposing; and, indeed, from whichever point this interesting ruin is viewed, the solemn grandeur of the whole cannot fail to raise the most sublime sensations. To a thoughtful mind, the contemplation of this mouldering fabric will afford a rich treat, and teach lessons of morality upon the instability of human greatness. Few spots in the kingdom have more frequently called forth the talent of the artist and the man of taste; it has been made the scene of dramatic representation in that popular piece, the *Castle Spectre*, and the theme of the poet in numerous effusions of the pen. Speaking of this castle, Pennant says, "a more beautiful fortress never arose. It is a castle of matchless magnificence!" Lord Lyttleton said, that "if his builder at Hagley had seen the architect, he would have fallen down and worshipped him!"

It appears to have been used as a fortress for nearly 400 years. It was garrisoned for King Charles the First, by Dr. Jno. Williams, archbishop of York, who was a native of Wales. His lordship was compelled to surrender to the parliamentary forces on the 6th of November, 1646. The Castle was subsequently granted to the Earl of Conway, by whom the timber, lead, iron, and other moveable parts of its materials were ordered to be sent to Ireland. A suitable fate attended this desecration of one of the finest structures of antiquity, the vessels which conveyed the materials being wrecked, and the whole of the property lost.

The best view of the Castle is from the opposite shore,

where all its towers and battlements and minaret turrets come out in great relief.

The SUSPENSION BRIDGE, by Mr Telford, is constructed on the same principle as that of the Menai, though on a smaller scale, and presents an appearance singularly elegant, lying at the foot of the antique castle, and surrounded by scenery of the most enchanting description. It is 320 feet in length between the supporting towers, and 18 feet above high-water mark. The chains on the western side pass upwards of 50 feet under the castle, and are fastened in the granite foundations on which it is built. On the farther side they are bolted into an insular rock, which rises in the bed of the river, and forms the strait through which the gushing waters pass on their way to the sea.

The piers of the bridge, and the toll-house at the western extremity, are built in strict keeping with the architecture of the castle. An embankment, formed of hard clay, faced with solid masonry of stone, and stretching from the insular rock to the western shore of the county of Denbigh, a length of 671 yards, with a breadth of 30 feet, and an extreme elevation of 54 feet, exhibits one of the finest and firmest *chaussées* in the world.

On the third of April, 1822, the first stone was laid, and in July, 1826, the bridge and embankment were opened to the public.

The TUBULAR BRIDGE stands close beneath the old castle walls of Conway, and within a few feet of the beautiful suspension bridge of Telford. The design of the masonry is in keeping with that of the castle. It is similar in its construction to that over the Menai Straits, but consists only of one span of four hundred feet clear, which is sixty feet less than that of the Britannia, its height above high-water being but eighteen feet. The tubes have not the advantage possessed by the Britannia, of end tubes counterbalancing them over the land, but have, nevertheless, proved themselves to be of abundant strength. The weight of each tube, with castings, &c., as lifted, is thirteen hundred tons. The first tube was tested with a load of three hundred tons of iron, which is many times greater than can ever be required to pass through it, and with this load its deflection was nearly three inches; and, immediately on the weight being removed, it rose again to its former position uninjured: similar results were obtained with the

second tube. The first stone of this bridge was laid on the 15th June, 1846, by Alexander M. Ross, Esq., acting engineer of the line from Conway to Chester; the contracts both for the masonry and tubes were executed by Mr. Evans. The first tube was commenced in March, 1847; it was floated on the 6th March, and raised to its position on the 16th April of the following year, and on the 1st May the trains were passing through it; thus exemplifying one of the advantages of bridges of this construction—viz. that both the bridge and its support can be completed at the same time, and when ready, it can be erected and used at once. The second tube, which was built on the same platform, was floated on the 12th October, 1848, and raised on the 30th of the same month. The trains have now been passing daily through these tubes for many months, without any injury or effect whatever, and no motion can be detected by the eye during the passage of a train, although instrumental observations detect a deflection of about the eighth of an inch. The noise produced by a train in passing through them is not at all greater than in an ordinary bricked tunnel. The rails are laid on longitudinal balks of timber, which rest on transverse plates of iron, placed on edge across the bottom of the tube, at intervals of six feet, as in the Britannia; like it, too, one end of each tube rests on cast iron rollers below, and on five metal balls at the top, to allow freedom for expansion with changes of temperature, the other end being fixed; the variation in length from this cause is about one inch. Their exterior is painted a light stone-colour, and is protected from the weather by an arched roof of thin corrugated zinc.

The RIVER CONWAY takes its rise from Llyn Conway, situate among the mountains near Penmachno, at the southern extremity of the county. The tide flows about twelve miles up to Trefriw, to which place it is navigable for small vessels. Its course from its rise is about thirty miles, and the scenery in its neighbourhood is unrivalled. This river divides the counties of Denbigh and Carnarvon, and has been celebrated from the earliest period of British history for its pearl fishery. Pliny asserts that Julius Cæsar dedicated to Venus Genetrix, in her temple at Rome, a breast-plate set with British pearls; and other authorities go so far as to assign the desire to get possession of these pearls, was one of the reasons of invading the



British Isles. Some years ago, Sir Robt. Vaughan appeared at court with a button and loop set with pearls from the Conway ; and Edwd. Llwyd says, that the pearls formerly found here were as large and as well coloured as any in Great Britain. One presented to the Queen of Charles the Second, by Sir R. Wynne, of Gwydir, is now honoured with a place in the royal crown. There are several persons still employed in searching for pearls ; but those found are of a small size and little value.

The following beautiful verses were composed by the late Mrs. Hemans, of whom Byron used to say, he was not afraid of any writer of his day, except the Lady of the Vale of Clwyd.

SCENES OF THE CONWAY.

“ On the banks of the Conway with rapture I stray’d,  
 While the sun-beam was bright on the flood ;  
 And charm’d by the prospect around, I survey’d  
 The water, the hills, and the wood.  
 When the curtain of ev’ning was spread o’er the scene,  
 And sweet was the mild summer gale ;  
 Ev’r’d by the side of the river serene,  
 And gaz’d on the fisherman’s sail.  
 ’Twas thus that I mus’d, while I wander’d away,  
 Through the tow’rs of the castle sublime,  
 Where the boughs of the ivy conceal the decay,  
 Which is made by the ravage of time.  
 Now the sun is departing, with lingering smile,  
 He sinks in the billows to rest !  
 How soft are the colours which glow on the pile,  
 How bright are the clouds of the west.  
 In these mouldering tow’rs by the mild placid beam,  
 That silvers the high waving trees ;  
 The poet might listen in fanciful dream,  
 To the sighs of the murmuring breeze.  
 ’Tis mournful to view these deserted old halls,  
 Where the harp of the minstrel has rung ;  
 Where the banners of chivalry wav’d on the walls,  
 And the bards at the festival sung.  
 But the turrets o’ermantl’d with ivy around,  
 Shall echo to music no more ;  
 No longer the chords of the harp shall resound,  
 And the carol of gladness is o’er.  
 These walls have been deck’d with the trophies of state,  
 This building was noble and proud ;  
 But short is the sun-beam of fortune and fate,  
 Like the rain-bow that shines in a cloud.  
 The woods and the ruins I left with regret,  
 And bade them with sorrow adieu ;  
 But the scenes of fair Conway I ne’er can forget,  
 For mem’ry their charms will renew.”

There are several attractive places in this neighbourhood, and the tourist may spend a few days very pleasantly. The inns are good, and afford every accommodation, particularly the Castle Hotel, where post-chaises and cars may be had at the shortest notice. After crossing the river, about a mile along the shore, are the ruins of DIGANWY, or Gannock Castle. The remains of this castle stand on two small hills on the Denbighshire side of the river Conway. The Crusaders, Baldwin and Giraldus, in pursuing their journey along the sea coast, crossed the estuary of the river Conway under Diganwy, which is a fortress of great antiquity, and some authors have supposed it to have been the Station Dictum, where, under the late Roman emperors, the commander of the Nervii Dictenses kept guard. The first mention made of it in the Welsh Chronicle is in the year 810, when it was destroyed by thunder, during the reign of Conan Tindaethwy. In the year 1262, it is spoken of as a royal castle of king Edward, and rased by prince Llywelyn. After the final subjection of Wales, and the incorporation of it with England by the statute made at Rhuddlan, anno 12th of Edward the First, we hear no more mention made of Diganwy.

Not far distant, on the top of a low hill near Bryniau, is an ancient circular watch tower.

A little further on along the shore, is the genteel mansion of Diganwy, formerly occupied by Lord Kirkwall, but of late years it has been the residence of Sir John Hilton.—Crossing the flat at Gogorth, we arrive at

## LLANDUDNO.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Abergele.....	16	Conway .....	5

This village has increased very much in population and extent during the last few years, having become a favourite resort for sea-bathing, and is so situated that persons resorting to it are surrounded by sea air, almost as much as if they were on the deck of a ship. It is well known that many persons in delicate health require to reside at a low level; to live, as it were, under the full weight of the atmosphere, and within the gaseous influences of the lower lands; others are benefitted by a residence in elevated places. Some kinds of asthma, and most cases of relaxa-

tion of the vocal organs, are relieved by living on high ground. Here, then, we have the shore and the plain for one description of visitors, and the mountain (all within a mile) for the other. It would be difficult to point out any spot on a coast, within three hours' sail, or three hours' rail of Liverpool, where so many sanatory varieties of position may be had, and therefore the attention which is now being turned to Llandudno is warranted by the circumstances. There are several very extensive copper mines here carried on with great spirit. On Wednesday, October 10th, 1849, the miners in the course of their labours broke into what appeared to be an extensive cavern, the roof of which, being one mass of stalactite, reflected back their lights with dazzling splendour. On examination, the cavern turned out to be an old work, probably Roman, the benches, stone hammers, &c., used by that ancient people having been found entire, together with many bones of mutton, which had been consumed by those primitive miners. The bones are, to all appearance, as fresh, though impregnated with copper, as they were when denuded of their fleshy covering, after remaining, as they must have done, nearly 2,000 years in the bowels of the earth. The cavern is about forty yards long, and is a subject of great interest to those fond of investigating the remains of by-gone ages.

A new Church has been erected, and also several dissenting Chapels. The old church is situated near the

#### GREAT ORME'S HEAD,

a lofty promontory which projects into the sea, and forms the eastern entrance to Beaumaris Bay. This great rock is inhabited by myriads of sea birds, who are secured from molestation in the steep and inaccessible crags.

The top of the promontory may be reached by a long and difficult path commencing at the village of Llandudno. The curious traveller will, however, find his trouble well repaid. Much gratification may be found in botanizing; and the sea views are extremely fine. Here is also a telegraphic station, forming a post of communication between Liverpool and Holyhead. In various parts of the promontory are Druidical and other British antiquities, one of which is a curious rocking stone, called Cryd-Tudno, or St. Tudno's Cradle. In the neighbourhood is

## LLANRHÔS,

a neat little village, surrounded by the mansions of several families. "From the road to this place," says Mr. Pennant, "are most august views of the expanse of the river Conway. Similar views, and old fortified towns, I have seen frequently on the Rhine; but in magnificence far inferior to these our *British glory*." The view from Bryn Maelgwyn, above Llanrhôs, is equally attractive. The church is celebrated for the death of Maelgwyn Gwynedd,\* who had taken shelter here, to avoid the *vâd velen*, or yellow pestilence, which at that time raged through Europe. In the east window is the figure of a man kneeling, dressed in a herald's mantle, with the arms of Englefield. From the maimed inscription, it would appear to have been that of Howel ap Tudor of Mostyn, and that he had bestowed this window on the church. In this place are interred the different members of the ancient families of Mostyn, Gloddaeth, and Bodysgallen. Close by Llanrhôs, is Gloddaeth, one of the seats of the Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn, M.P. built by his ancestor, Sir Roger Mostyn, in the reign of queen Elizabeth. This house is famed for being the depository of a valuable library of ancient Welsh and other MSS. splendidly illuminated, which have lately been brought to Mostyn Hall, where a new library has been built for the reception of these, and two or three other valuable collections of ancient British lore. The walks of Gloddaeth may justly vie with any thing similar in the kingdom: those on the declivity follow the inclination of the hill, and those on the plain diverge from a centre where is placed a statue of Hercules.

Every flight of the path in Gloddaeth grounds, says Mr. Pennant, presents new and grand objects: first, the great windings of the river towards Llanrwst; the lofty towers of Conway, and the venerable walls of the town; and beyond is a long extent of alps, with Moel Siabod, Carnedd Llywelyn and Davydd, towering with distinguished height. From a little higher ascent, is opened to us the discharge of the Conway into the sea, sublimely bounded by the lesser Penmaen and the immense Orme's Head; between which appears a fine bay, the vast promontory of Penmaen

\* Maelgwyn was buried in this church, which gave rise to the adage—" *Hun Maelgwyn yn Eglwys y Rhos*,"—The sleep of Maelgwyn in the church of Llanrhôs.

Mawr, the isle of Priestholme, and the long extent of Anglesea. After gaining the summit, beneath is seen a considerable flat, with the estuary of the river Conway falling into the sea on one side, and the beautiful half-moon bay of Llandudno on the other; one of whose horns is the great headland of the same name, and the other the lofty rock of Rhiwfelen, or the Little Orme's Head. A little further brings us in sight of a great bay sweeping semicircularly the shores; beyond are the distant hills of Flintshire, and the entrance into the estuaries of the Mersey and Dee. Besides the adventitious trees and shrubs, these walks afford great amusement to the botanist, from the variety of rare plants, all comprised within a very small compass.

Not far distant is BODYSGALLEN, Caswallon's abode, the seat of Miss Mostyn. This is a place of very great antiquity, being mentioned in the records of Caernarvon. The situation is commanding, and finely shaded with venerable woods. It is noted for its hospitality; and a bill of fare for a Christmas dinner in former times is preserved in Mr. Pennant's Wales.—Half a mile off, and exactly opposite Conway, is the mansion of MARLE, picturesquely seated under a lofty rock, almost covered with wood.

#### ANGLING STATIONS.

For Angling Stations, see Llanrwst.

We now return to Conway, and take an excursion up the vale leading to Llanrwst. Having passed the village of Gyffin, the Vale of Conway affords many very interesting prospects. The turnpike road passes through a luxuriant vale, bounded on one side by moderately rising hills, and on the other by the eastern termination of the Snowdonian chain.

#### CAERHUN,

the fort of Rhun, lies at the distance of five miles: it is a charming little village on the western bank of the river, surrounded with wood. To this site has generally been assigned the ancient Roman station of Conovium. In the year 1801, the Rev. H. D. Griffith had many apartments cleared, where several Roman antiquities were found; among others, a brick with "Leg. XX." inscribed on it. This place was afterwards explored by Messrs. Lysons, who had the result published. Just below is Tal-y-Cafn Ferry; and further on the road, about eight miles from Conway,

is Pont Porthlwyd. Here the scenery becomes highly interesting. The irregularity of the mountains, continually changing their face from barren crag and fissured rock to verdant down and wooded hill. This bridge crosses a stream issuing from Ffynnon Dyffont and Llyn Geirionydd, not far distant from Carnedd Llywelyn. Pont Dolganwy, a mile further, takes you over a stream issuing from Llyn-Cowlid, rushing over a barrier forming two immense falls, surrounded by woods, and its perpendicular descent is upwards of 180 feet.

## TREFRIW,

is a neat little village, delightfully situated on a small eminence, and commanding an extensive view of the Vale of Llanrwst. The river Conway is navigable to this place, for vessels of 60 tons burden, from whence a good trade is carried on in slates, coal, lime, &c.

The celebrated lake of Geirionydd, which is of considerable extent and affords some excellent fishing, is situated a little above the pretty village of Trefriw, on the banks of which lived the prince of bards, called by way of eminence, Taliesin Ben Beirdd, the chief of the bards. This place is the frequent resort of pic-nic parties in the summer season. Lord Willoughby d'Eresby has erected a monument, which is intended to identify the spot where the poet resided. About a mile from Llyn Geirionydd is the mountain village of Llanrhychwyn.

The church is said to have been built by Llywelyn the Great in 1260.

## LLANRWST.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Abergele.....	22	Cernioge .....	14
Bettws-y-Coed .....	4	Conway .....	12
Capel Curig.....	10	Denbigh .....	22

Llanrwst is a market town, pleasantly seated in a luxuriant vale, on the Denbighshire side of the river Conway, and is surrounded by majestic and well-wooded hills. From its central situation, in a busy and thriving district, distant from any other mart, it has become the little metropolis of the neighbourhood. Llanrwst was formerly famous for its cattle fairs, and peculiar manufacture of Welsh harps; but the branches of industry chiefly cultivated at present, are, the spinning of woollen yarn, and knitting of stockings.

The church, which is one of the most interesting in Wales, and well worthy of a visit, contains some old monuments and tombs. The carved screen, which is said to have been brought from the abbey of Maenan, is also a beautiful relic. In the south transept, which is railed off, is Gwydir chapel, built in the year 1633, by Sir Richard Wynne, of Gwydir, from a design of Inigo Jones. Against the wall at the west end, are five brasses, remarkable for the excellence of their execution. Each, beside an inscription, contains a portrait of the person to whose memory it was erected, and the whole are commemorative of different members of the Wynne family. To this chapel has been removed an ancient monument of Hoel Coytmor, which used to lie in the church, under the stairs leading to the gallery. It is an armed recumbent figure, with his feet resting upon a lion, and this inscription:—"Hic jacet Hoel Coytmor ap Gruffydd: Vychan ap Gruffydd, Arm."—Near this place is a large stone coffin, supposed to have been that of Llewelyn ab Iorweth, surnamed the Great, son-in-law of king John, who was interred in the abbey of Conway, in 1240, but removed here upon the dissolution of that abbey, about the 26th of Henry VIII. There is another monument deserving of notice, which has a long and curious inscription, containing the pedigree of the Wynne family, from Owen Gwynedd to Sir Richard Wynne, who died in 1649.

A new church, called by the inhabitants the English church, has lately been erected about half a mile from the town.

The population of Llanrwst is about 4000. It has a new town-hall, a good market on Tuesday, and a branch of the North and South Wales Bank. The Eagle and King's Head are the principal inns.

The solid old bridge is an object of some interest, being built by the celebrated Welsh architect, Inigo Jones, in 1636, and is said to be constructed on such nice principles, on its visible foundation of rock, (for the river is very shallow,) that a sudden pressure, like a cushioned blow, on one of its side walls or parapets, gives a perceptible vibration to the whole structure, though it is decidedly broad and massive. Indeed, strangers are generally asked if they would wish to feel the bridge shake. If they assent, a man, who habitually loiters about, "bumps" his round back against one parapet, while they stand against

the other, when the effect is at once perceived, and a few pence is the reward of the poor fellow, who, probably, from thus "backing his friend" the bridge, has become shaped like another Richard the Third, or a Master Walter.

About half a mile distant from the town, stands GWYDIR House, the ancient seat of the family of Wynne, built in 1555, at the foot of a lofty rock called Carreg-y-Gwalch; but a great part of it was taken down in 1816. The present structure is on a much smaller scale than the old mansion, though built in the same style. The woods around are truly magnificent, and the views from the high grounds of the park very striking. Gwydir derives its name from gwaed-dir, or the bloody land, in allusion to the battle fought here by Llywarch-Hen, about the year 610. The Wynne's of Gwydir, (long eminently known as Talwyth Sion ap Meredydd), were for centuries the chiefs of an extensive district in southern Snowdonia. The ancient seat of Gwydir continued in the family of the Wynne's till 1678, when it passed into that of Ancaster, by the marriage of Mary, the heiress of Sir Richard Wynne, to the Marquis of Lindsey. It has since become the property of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, who possesses it in right of his lady. His lordship has fitted up the interior in an antique and elegant manner. The pleasure-grounds are laid out very tastefully. On the top of the rock, and imbedded in wood, is GWYDIR UCHA, Upper Gwydir, which was originally built for the enjoyment of the beautiful view it commands, and well deserves the panegyric bestowed on it in the following Welsh lines placed over the entrance:—

" Bryn Gwydir, gwelir goleu,—adeilad  
Uwch dolydd a chaerau!  
Bryn gwych adail yn ail ne'  
Bryn wen Henllys, brenhin-llle!"

(A conspicuous edifice on Gwydir Hill, towering over the adjacent land; a well-chosen situation, a second paradise, a fair bank, a place of royalty.)

Near Gwydir, is a cataract, called Rhaiadr-y-Parc-mawr, the fall of which is about 100 feet.

#### ANGLING STATIONS.

<i>Distant from Llanrwst</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Bettws-y-Coed .....	5
Dolgarrog .....	4
Dolwyddelan .....	8
Llanbedr.....	5
Trefriw.....	2



There are also several celebrated lakes near Llanrwst, Llanrhychwyn and Dolgarrog:—Llyn Geirionydd (4 miles), Llyn Cowlid (5), Llyn Bogynnyd (3), Llyn Afangi, Llyn Tal-y-llyn, Llyn Crafnant, &c.

Great quantities of salmon are taken here in the fishing season; and in the months of February and March a vast number of smelt.

Returning to Conway, for the sake of variety, we will take the other side of the river, where a beautiful new road has lately been made along the banks, on a dead level all the way, which is a great acquisition to the neighbourhood.

#### THE VALE OF LLANRWST,

acknowledged by the great Mr. Burke to be “the most charming spot in North Wales,” is seen to great advantage from this side. The continued chain of high mountains, which form the western boundary, together with the thriving plantations reaching to the summit of the hill, presents a fine background for many miles; the foreground is enlivened by the “sparkling waters of the sportive Conway,” and the animated scene of the fishing coracles and trading vessels passing to and from Trefriw.

Passing by the Abbey, the occasional seat of Lord Newborough, and Bodnod, the seat of W. Hanmer, Esq. through the pleasant village of Llan-St. Ffraid, Glanconway, we again cross the suspension bridge to the venerable town of Conway. Proceeding onwards, the next object that attracts the attention of the stranger, is an immense hill called PENMAEN BACH, through which the Chester and Holyhead railway company have made a tunnel, 630 yards long; at the farther end of which is PEN DYFFRYN, the pretty marine seat of Sir Charles Smith. The little plain, called Dwygyfylchi, is situated in a recess of a mountain screened from every harsh wind, and it is characterized by a most luxuriant fertility. One year, in particular, its crop of barley was mowed on the 10th of July! We now approach the foot of

## PENMAEN MAWR.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Aber.....	4	Conway.....	6
Bangor.....	9	Port Penrhyn.....	8

“Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,  
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!  
 Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,  
 And bluest skies that harmonize the whole!  
 Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll,  
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.”

Penmaen Mawr is a most stupendous mountain, being nearly 1400 feet perpendicular from its base, and formerly to be passed only by a path very dangerous to travellers. At that time there was an inn at each end of the path, and the witty Dean Swift is said to have composed the following couplets, which greeted the admiring traveller as he entered and debouched from it:—

“Before you venture hence to pass,  
 Take a good refreshing glass.”

“Now you are over, take another,  
 Your drooping spirits to recover.”

And the advice was no doubt taken on both sides.

In 1772, a good turnpike road was carried over the middle of it, with a wall about five feet in height, as a protection from the precipice, and from the sea, which roars at its base, and it has since been further enlarged and improved, under the direction of Mr. Telford. A tunnel has also been constructed, for the Chester and Holyhead Railway, through the rock, 220 yards in length.

Penmaen Mawr is the terminating point of the Snowdonian range of mountains, the length of which, by following the zig-zag direction of the summit, is 40 miles.

On the summit stands *Braich y Dinas*, an ancient British fortification, supposed to have been afterwards occupied by the Romans. The way, or entrance, to it ascends by so many turnings, that 100 men might defend themselves against a legion; yet there appears to be room for 20,000 men within its ruinous walls. At the summit of the rock, within the innermost wall, is a well, affording plenty of water even in the driest summer.

About one mile from Braich y Dinas, is *Y Meini Hirion*, one of the most remarkable monuments in all Snowdon. It is a circular entrenchment, of eighty feet diameter, with ten stones standing on the outside, placed endways; the whole enclosed by a stone wall. Near this are four other circles, but smaller, one of which shows the remains of a cromlech.

This tract has certainly been much inhabited, for all round there are the remains of small and rude buildings. Tradition says, a bloody battle was fought here between the Romans and Britons, and that the *carneddau*, now visible, were raised over the bodies of the Britons who fell.

“Here Cambria still can trace the friendly tower,  
One watchful guardian in her dangerous hour,  
To check the inroad—to avert the blow—  
And shield her Mona from the restless foe!”

#### ABER.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Conway .....	9	Port Pearhyn.....	5
Penmaen Mawr .....	4	Llandegai .....	3½

Aber is a small but pleasing village, situated on the Chester and Holyhead road, at the entrance of a deep glen, which extends about two miles, bounded on one side by a mountain covered with wood, and on the other by a magnificent rock, called *Maes y Gaer*. At the extremity of this glen a mountain presents a concave front, down the centre of which a celebrated cataract, called *Rhaidr Mawr*, precipitates itself upwards of sixty feet.—

“Sea and sky,  
Mountain and rock, and wood-hung vales, and hills,  
Deep glens, or lakes, or thunder-mocking cataracts,  
Round him appear like inspiration’s home.”

Near the village is a conical mount, on which formerly stood a castle, said to have been the residence of Llewelyn the Great, and the place at which he received a summons from Edward I. to deliver up the principality to the crown of England.

Aber is a station on the Chester and Holyhead railway, and is very conveniently situated for parties wishing to visit Penmaen Mawr and the surrounding neighbourhood.

The church is an ancient edifice, with a square tower: the living is in the gift of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley.

The Bulkeley Arms is a comfortable inn, where post chaises and cars may be had.

## LLANDEGAI.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Aber.....	4	Conway.....	10
Bangor.....	2	Port Penrhyn.....	2

At the distance of four miles beyond Aber, we arrive at the village of Llandegai, observable for its handsome church, adorned at the expense of the late Lady Penrhyn, and containing an elegant marble monument, executed by Westmacott, which was erected to the memory of that lady and the late Lord Penrhyn. There is also a marble monument to Archbishop Williams, of which the following is a translation of the Latin inscription thereon:—

“Sojourner, read, and in these few words, particularly observe that which you would not expect to find in this obscure chapel. Here lies buried John Williams, the most renowned of prelates, descended by his father’s lineage from the Williams’s of Cochwillan, and by his mother’s from the Griffiths of Penrhyn, whose great parts and eminence in all kinds of learning raised him first to the deanery of Sarum, and afterwards advanced him to that of Westminster by the favour of King James. At one and the same time he was the most intimate favourite of and privy councillor to that great king, lord keeper of the great seal of England, and Bishop of the see of Lincoln, whom Charles the First honoured with the archiepiscopal mitre of York. He was thoroughly versed in all sciences, a treasury of nine languages, the very soul of pure and undefiled theology, an oracle of political tact, the very acmé and ornament of wisdom, whether sacred, canonical, civil, or municipal. His conversation was engagingly sweet, his memory more tenacious than human, a repository of all species of history, expended in magnificent edifices the sum of £20,000, an exemplary pattern of liberality, munificence, generosity, hospitality, and compassion for the poor. In those lamentable times which followed, being worn out with the things which he saw and heard, when, by reason of the fury of the rebels, he could no longer serve his king nor his country, having lived 68 years, on the 25th of March, which was his birthday, with strong faith in Christ, and stedfast allegiance to his king, he most devotedly resigned his soul to

God, dying of a quinsy. It matters little that so small a monument, placed in this obscure spot, preserves the memory of so great a man, since years and ages shall never cease to celebrate his virtues. He died 25th of March, A. D. 1650.

“Pass on, traveller, it is enough, your curiosity is gratified.”

The ancient family residence, Cochwillan, is within a short distance of the church, where the good prelate sought his final resting-place on earth.

During the civil wars in 1648, a severe battle took place here, between our loyal countryman, Sir John Owen, who, with his humble number of men, 150 horse, and 120 foot, attempted to stop the progress of the enemy—the parliamentary army under the command of colonels Carter and Twistleton. The parties met close to Penrhyn castle, where a severe engagement ensued. Sir John was overpowered by numerical strength, and defeated; about thirty of his men perished, and he himself and a hundred others were taken prisoners. Sir John was sent to Walmer castle, and put on his trial with the Duke of Hamilton, Lords Holland, Goring, and Cope. Sir John shewed a spirit worthy of his country; he told his judges that he was a plain gentleman of Wales, who had always been taught to obey the king: that he had served him honestly during the war; and finding many honest men endeavouring to raise forces, whereby they might get him out of prison, he did the like. He was condemned to lose his head, for which, with a humorous intrepidity, he made the court a low reverence, and gave his humble thanks. A bystander asked what he meant? He replied aloud: “It was a great honour to a poor gentleman of Wales to lose his head with such noble lords; for he was afraid they would have hanged him!” Sir John was deprived of “the honour” he was flattered with; strong remonstrances were made in parliament on behalf of the noble lords; but finding no one speak in favour of Sir John, Ireton proved his advocate: he told the house, “there was one person for whom no one spoke a word, and therefore he requested that he might be saved by the sole motive and goodness of the house.” He was pardoned, and retired to Wales, where he died in 1666. Upon this the whole of North Wales became subject to parliament. A monument was erected to his memory at Penmorfa church, Caernarvonshire.

Close to the church, and near the Chester and Holyhead road, stands

PENRHYN CASTLE.

This truly magnificent castellated mansion is the property and residence of the Hon. Col. Douglas Pennant, the member for the county, who succeeded to the estate in right of his late lady, daughter of the late G. H. D. Pennant, Esq. In January 1846, he married a member of a ducal house, in the person of the fair and accomplished daughter of the Duke of Grafton.

This stupendous castle replaces an ancient building, originally founded, it is said, by Roderick Molwynog, prince of Wales, A. D. 720, and rebuilt in the time of Henry VI.

The present noble castle was commenced by Lord Penrhyn, and finished by his late successor, G. H. Dawkins Pennant, Esq. who was for years engaged in rebuilding the whole on an extensive scale, and in a magnificent style, so as to render it one of the most complete castellated mansions in the kingdom.

“Behold yon fortress rising  
 Aloft in midway air,  
 ’Tis not a marcher’s bidding,  
 But Pennant’s mansion fair.  
 All hail, thou castell Penrhyn!  
 May abundance crown thy board;  
 Strike up ye bards, the telyn;  
 Give joy to Penrhyn’s lord.”

It is built of Mona marble, in the ancient style of architecture, and displays a splendid range of buildings, crowned with lofty towers, of which five are circular. The keep and another of the principal towers are square, with angular turrets. The internal decorations are extremely elegant, and correspond with the magnificence and grandeur of the exterior. The triumph of carving in slate is a curious state-bedstead. This valuable material is also employed on the estate for a great variety of purposes. The outbuildings are also on an extensive scale, particularly the stables, which may vie with any in the kingdom. Miss Costello has well characterized the sensations awakened by Penrhyn, when she says that “to wander through its wondrous halls is like struggling along in a bewildered dream, occasioned by having studied some elaborate work on the early buildings of the Saxons and Normans. The eyes

are dazzled and the mind confused with the quick succession of astonishing forms, but the result is rather wonder at the imagination, or close copying of the artist, and at the enormous wealth which could repay such an exertion of skill, than admiration of the beauty created."

At the castle is still preserved an elegant specimen of the *hirlas*, or ancient drinking horn, similar to the wassail bowl in use among the Saxons. The large bugle of an ox is chased with silver, and suspended by a chain of the same metal. At the end are engraved the initials of Piers Gruffydd and family. "Reach the horn for the sake of conviviality," says Cyveiliog, impatiently longing for the liquor of the ninth wave. "Hirlas its appellation, its cover gold."

" Fill with mead the hirlas high,  
Nor let a soul this day be dry;  
The hall resounds—the triumph rings—  
And every bard the conflict sings:  
Ednyved's trophied shield displays  
Themes of glory—themes of praise."

The situation is unrivalled, and commands a full view of the varied scenery in the neighbourhood. The park is surrounded with a splendid wall, thirteen feet high and seven miles in circuit. There are several lodges, forming entrances to the park, all elegant in their design and noble in their elevation. The principal one is near the junction of the London and Chester roads, and may be considered a stately and beautiful specimen of the whole.

#### PENRHYN PORT.

This spot lies a little to the east of Bangor, just under Penrhyn castle. 250 tons of slates are said to be shipped here daily, which are brought by railway from the quarry, about six miles distant. The quay is upwards of 1000 feet in length, and capable of accommodating more than 100 sail of traders; and there are generally a considerable number of vessels of from 40 to 300 tons burden, from various parts of the world, waiting to receive their cargoes. —A neat stone bridge over the Cegin connects the quay with the city of

## BANGOR.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Abergele .....	27	Conway .....	14½
Beaumaris .....	7	Holyhead.....	25
Caernarvon .....	9	Plas Newydd .....	5
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The original foundation of Bangor is very ancient. It derives its name from *Ban*, the Superior, and *Cór*, choir; and in addition was called *Vawr*, to distinguish it from Bangor *Iscoed* in Flintshire. It is situated in a sheltered hollow, between two ridges of slaty rock, towards the northern end of the Menai Straits, possessing the appearance of a snug place for a winter's sojourn, and has within these few years participated in the general spirit of improvement so evident throughout the principality. It has much increased in importance since the formation of the road and railway round Penmaen Mawr, the Menai bridge, the Britannia tubular bridge, the working of the Penrhyn quarries, and the establishment of steamers to Liverpool. It consists chiefly of one street, above a mile in length, and is not so much distinguished for its external appearance as for its numerous local advantages and attractions. The beauty of the scenery, and the salubrity of the air, induce many families of respectability to fix their residence here; and some elegant villas are scattered around this charming spot in every direction. Several genteel houses have lately been erected at Garthpoint, from which are some of the most pleasing and magnificent views in this neighbourhood.

Bangor is a place at which tourists almost always make some stay, and is accordingly well supplied with suitable accommodation for them. The Penrhyn Arms, which is delightfully situated, is one of the largest hotels in the principality, making up, it is said, a hundred beds; the next in importance are the Castle, Liverpool Arms, and Royal Oak, where the traveller will meet with the best attention. Post chaises, cars, &c. can be obtained on the shortest notice. What a contrast to the place as described by Dr. Johnson in his visit to this city in 1774, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale! "At an hour somewhat late, we came to Bangor, where we found a very mean inn, and had some difficulty of obtaining a lodging. I lay in a room, where the other bed had two men."

One of the most attractive sources of amusement in



Bangor, and which is not by any means known so extensively as it ought to be amongst visitors, is the museum, a private collection of decidedly striking and valuable curiosities, gathered from various regions of the world by Captain Jones, and permitted by him to be exhibited to the public on payment of a very small fee to defray the costs of the needful attendance. The house in which the museum is placed stands in an elevated garden, on the right hand, in the first street from the railway station, where, in the foreground, are to be seen several carved figures and other rude specimens of ancient and modern art. But within the house, and crowded into the most economized space, there is a mass of rarities of great singularity and worth, which far exceed the expectations of all visitors; and the wonder is how so much capital, taste, and it may be added good fortune, should have brought so many varied and truly estimable results into one spot so retired and so unpretending as this. The catalogue embraces from four to five hundred articles, and the explanations given by the Misses Jones render the whole worthy of attention.

Bangor furnishes a central situation from which the traveller may radiate in all directions, both by land and water, in exploring the beauties of the surrounding country. Within a moderate distance lie Aber, Conway, the slate quarries, Beaumaris, Puffin Island, Caernarvon, Capel Curig, Plas Newydd, Snowdon, &c. affording the happiest interchange of scenery.

The Chester and Holyhead Railway has a station at Bangor, and there are daily coaches to Caernarvon, Pwllheli, and Barmouth.

Three banks have been established here, viz:—A branch of the Chester bank of Williams and Co.; a branch of the North and South Wales bank; and a branch of the National Provincial.

The CATHEDRAL is a venerable Gothic building, commodious and convenient, in the pointed style of design, but destitute of any richness of ornament. It was destroyed in the year 1071, and was soon afterwards rebuilt; for, we find that in 1212 king John invaded the country, forced the bishop from his altar, and obliged him to pay two hundred hawks for his ransom. In the year 1402 it was again reduced to ruin by the turbulent Owen Glyndwr, and continued neglected for ninety years, when the choir was restored by Bishop Deane or Deny. The present body and

tower were erected by that liberal prelate Bishop Skeffington, as appears by the following inscription at the west end, "*Thomas Skevington, Episcopus Bangoriæ, hoc companile et Ecclesiam fieri fecit Ann. partus 1532.*" The height of the tower is about sixty feet, it was to have been raised considerably higher, but the death of the bishop prevented the execution of that design. The body of the edifice is used for the performance of the ritual in Welsh. The chantry, transept, and chancel, are exceedingly beautiful. Here are the monuments of Bishops Glynn, 1558; Morgan, 1673; Robinion, 1584; and Vaughan, 1597, also another with cross on the south transept, ascribed to Owen Glyndwr, buried at Monington, in Herefordshire; (but Mr. Pennant, with apparently better reason, ascribes it to Owen Gwynedd;) and many others sacred to affection.

The origin of the principal revenues is curious in an historical light, having been bestowed in lieu of its property confiscated by Henry III., on Anian, a bishop of the diocese in the reign of Edward I., and a favourite of that monarch, whose son, Edward II., he had the honour of christening at Caernarvon.

The choir was fitted up in a style of neat and simple elegance by the late Dr. Warren, and ornamented with a good organ, the gift of Dr. Thomas Lloyd. In the library is a curious M.S. called "*Liber Pontificalis Domini. Aniani Bangor Episcopi.*" This pontifical is a moderate sized folio. It contains a missal, including, besides the rubric, 32 offices, with anthems set to music, drawn up by Bishop Anian, and consented to by the clergy at a synod held in 1291. The chapter consists of twelve dignitaries—the dean, the bishop (Dr. Bethell) as archdeacon of Bangor, the bishop as archdeacon of Anglesea, archdeacon of Merioneth, the prebendary of Llanfair, the prebendary of Penmynydd, the treasurer, the chancellor, the precentor, *canonicus primus*, *canonicus secundus*, *canonicus tertius*. The last five are unendowed. There are besides, two vicars choral, four lay clerks, four choristers, and ten children, who wear surplices, and assist in chanting.

The Welsh morning service concludes at eleven, and the English commences half an hour afterwards.

Some considerable improvements were made in the cathedral in 1827. Upwards of £2000 were collected in different parts of the united kingdom, through the praiseworthy and indefatigable exertions of Dean Cotton, the whole of which

has been expended in the most beneficial and tasteful manner, under his superintendence. Some years ago, the citizens of Bangor originated a subscription to this worthy dignitary, for the many benefits he had conferred on them and the neighbourhood; he, with his characteristic regard for the fabric, devoted it to ornamenting the cathedral with a splendid painted window, a lasting memorial of the veneration in which he is held, and of his laudable disinterestedness in advancing the interests of that church to which he is so ardently attached.

The Bishop's palace is an irregular building, situate on the side of the hill, about one hundred yards to the north of the cathedral; it was partly rebuilt by Bishop Warren, and several handsome and commodious apartments added to it, and has been in other respects greatly improved by the worthy prelate, Dr. Majendie. The residence of the Dean is nearly adjoining the church-yard.

Tudor ap Gronwy, of Penmynydd and Trecastell in Anglesea, founded here, upon the sea-shore, a house of Black Friars, and was himself there interred in 1311. Upon the site of this Friary, Dr. Jeffery Glynne afterwards founded a Free School, for the education of poor men's children, as is expressed by his will, dated July 8, 1557; this seminary is at present well conducted, and deservedly held in great repute: from having been for many years the third in eminence, (Beaumaris and Ruthin being considered superior,) this establishment is now the most flourishing place of education in this portion of the principality.

Bishop Rowlands, born at Plas Myllteyrn, in Lleyn, founded here an Hospital, and also a free school at Bottwnog in this county, about the year 1616. The Dispensary, a most useful and benevolent institution, was established in this city, October, 1809, under the patronage of Lord Viscount Bulkeley, the Lord Bishop of the diocese, the Dean, and many other noblemen and gentlemen. At this place the poor receive advice gratis, and every attention is paid to the patients.

A new market-house, town-hall, and shambles, were erected by subscription some years ago, which are an improvement to the town, and a great convenience to the farmers, and others. The market-day is on Friday.

Within two miles of Bangor stands that stupendous effort of human genius,

## THE MENAI SUSPENSION BRIDGE.\*

The violent rush of water, and consequent inconvenience, delay, and danger, when the wind and tide were unfavourable to the passage over *Bangor Ferry*, in the constant and very rapid communication with Ireland, gave rise to the idea of forming the present magnificent bridge over the Menai. In the years 1810 and 1811, several plans of bridges were proposed for effecting a regular and unobstructed passage. All these bridges were to be of cast iron, and of sufficient width of span and height of elevation not to obstruct the navigation. Among those approved by the committee of the House of Commons, after due investigation, was one of a single arch, projected by Mr. Telford, at the estimated cost of £70,000. The first stone was laid on the 10th of August, 1819, without any ceremony, by Mr. Provis, the resident engineer, and Mr. Wilson, the contractor for the masonry; and owing to the necessary preparations for so large an undertaking, it was not until the 26th of April, 1825 that the first iron chain was thrown over the Straits of Menai. As the day was fine and highly propitious for the occasion, a vast concourse of persons, of all ranks and conditions, began to assemble on the Anglesea and Caernarvonshire shores about twelve o'clock at noon, to witness a scene which our ancestors never contemplated. Precisely at half-past two o'clock, it being then about half-flood tide, the raft prepared for the occasion, stationed on the Caernarvonshire side, near Treborth Mill, which supported a part of the chain intended to be drawn over, began to move gradually from its mooring, towed by four boats, with the assistance of the tide, to the centre of the river, between the two grand piers; when the raft was properly adjusted, and brought to its ultimate situation, it was made fast to several buoys, anchored in the channel for that specific purpose. The whole of this arduous process was accomplished in twenty-five minutes.

A part of the chain, pending from the apex of the suspending pier, on the Caernarvonshire side, down near to high-water mark, was then made fast by a bolt, to that part of the chain lying on the raft, which operation was completed in twenty minutes.

\* A view of this bridge, by Mr. Hawkins, has recently been published by T. Catherall, Eastgate Street Row, Chester.

The next process was fastening the other extremity of the chain (on the raft) to two immense powerful blocks, for the purpose of hoisting the entire line of chain to its intended station, the apex of the suspending pier on the Anglesea side; the tension of the chain then being forty tons. When the blocks were made secure to the chain, (comprising twenty-five ton weight of iron) two capstans, and also two preventive capstans, commenced working, each capstan being propelled by thirty-two men. In order to preserve an equanimity in the rotatory evolutions of the two principal capstans, two fifers played several tunes, in order to keep the men regular in their steps, for which purpose they had been previously trained.

At this critical and interesting juncture, the attention of the spectators assembled on the occasion, seemed rivetted to the novel spectacle now presenting itself to their view; the chain rose majestically, and this truly gratifying sight was enthusiastically enjoyed by every individual present.

At fifty minutes after four o'clock, the final bolt was fixed, which completed the whole line of chain, and the happy event was hailed by the hearty exclamations of the numerous spectators, joined by the vociferations of the workmen, which had a beautiful effect from the reiterations of sound, occasioned by the heights of the opposite banks of the river. Not the least accident, delay, or failure in any department took place during the whole performance, which did infinite credit to all employed in this great undertaking.

From the casting off of the raft to the uniting of the chain, took up only two hours and twenty minutes, which appears truly astonishing, when the magnitude of the work is considered, and which could only be appreciated by those who had an opportunity of viewing it—a work differing in design from every other bridge, and which undeniably, has not its equal in the world.

When two chains only were thrown over, a shoemaker had the temerity to attain the centre of the curve, and composedly sat himself down on the upper chain, with his feet resting on the lower one, and continued there for two hours, during which time he actually went through the process of making a pair of small shoes, which were afterwards purchased and kept for curiosity.

The following is a summary account of the dimensions of the bridge: the extreme length of the chain, from the

fastenings in the rocks is upwards of 1700 feet. The height of the road-way from high water line is 100 feet. Each of the seven small piers, from high water line to the spring of the arches is 65 feet. The span of each arch is 52 feet. Each of the two suspending piers is 52 feet above the road. The road on the bridge consists of two carriage ways of 12 feet each, with a foot path in the centre. By this division of the bridge, there can be no confusion or danger from carriages, cattle, or persons meeting; as carriages going in one direction will take one side, and those passing the contrary way the other; whilst the pedestrian will be secured by a strong iron railing on each side, so that neither cattle nor carriages can come near him. The carriage roads pass through two arches, in the suspending piers, of the width of 9 feet, by 15 feet in height to the spring of the arches. To counteract the contraction and expansion of the iron, from the effect of the change of the atmosphere in winter and summer, a set of rollers are placed under cast-iron saddles, on the top of the suspending piers, where the chains rest. The vertical rods, an inch square, suspended from the chains, support the sleepers for the flooring of the road-way, the rods being placed five feet from each other. The chains, sixteen in number, consist of five bars each; length of the bar nine feet nine inches, width three inches by one inch square, with six connecting lengths at each joint, one foot six inches, by ten inches, and one inch, secured by two bolts at each joint, each bolt weighing 56lb. and the total number of bars, in the cross section of the chains, is 80.

The whole is suspended from four lines of iron cables by perpendicular iron rods, placed five feet apart, and these rods support the road-way framing. The suspending power is calculated at 2016 tons, and the weight to be suspended, exclusive of the cables, is 342 tons, leaving a disposable power of 1674 tons. The whole weight of the bridge between the points of suspension is 489 tons. The abutments consist of the masonry-work; each of the two piers are 60 feet by  $42\frac{1}{2}$  wide at high-water mark, having a foundation of rock. These piers are connected with the whole of the remainder of the masonry, and form a mass constructed with blocks of hard lime-stone, of much greater weight than is necessary for supporting a bridge of this kind.

It was opened for general intercourse on Monday, the

30th of January, 1826, at half-past one in the morning. As the season was considered unfavourable for a public celebration of the event, the commissioners determined that the opening should be quite private; and in pursuance of this resolution, a meeting was held the previous evening at Bangor Ferry, to make the final arrangements.

Mr. W. A. Provis, the resident engineer, was then dispatched to meet the London (*via* Shrewsbury) down mail, and to take charge of it across the bridge. Having mounted the box with Mr. David Davies the coachman, and Mr. Jas. Reid the guard, the mail proceeded, and on its way to the bridge took up Mr. Akers, the mail coach superintendent, Mr. Hazledine, the contractor for the iron-work from Shrewsbury, Mr. J. Provis, the superintendent for proving and examining it, Mr. Rhodes, who had the charge of erecting the iron and timber work, Messrs. W. and J. Wilson, sons of the contractor for the masonry, Mr. Esplen, an overseer, and as many more as could either be crammed in or find a place to hang by. Thus loaded, amidst the blaze of lamps, the cheers of those assembled, and the roaring of a heavy gale of wind, the gates were thrown open, and the mail passed triumphantly across!

About nine o'clock, that excellent and indefatigable commissioner, Sir Henry Parnell, and the chief engineer, Mr. Telford, passed over in the carriage of the latter. Throughout the remainder of the day the number of carriages belonging to the gentry of Anglesea and Caernarvonshire, and many others, as well as horses and persons, that passed over, were immense; the bridge was literally crowded, (as many as 20 or 30,000 persons crossed in the course of the day); and tickets could not be issued fast enough for the demand.

When seen at a distance, it hardly comes up to our previous conceptions; but on reaching the structure, all the faculties seem absorbed in wonder and astonishment. It is not from the road, however, but from the shore below, that its majestic proportions are best appreciated. The tourist should descend, and standing beneath this great work cannot fail to excite that feeling of enthusiasm which accompanies the first view of any of the chief marvels of human skill and enterprise; its appearance combines the solid grandeur of the Romans, who built for eternity, with the airy lightness of our modern chain architecture.

The scenery from the bridge, every where within the sphere of vision, is most enchanting :

. . . . . What scenes !  
 What various views unnumber'd spread beneath !  
 Woods, towers, vales, caves, cliffs, and torrent floods ;  
 And here and there, between the spiry rocks,  
 The broad flat sea.

A ship of 300 tons burden, with all her sails set, can pass under it, and have several feet to spare. When the wind blows with any degree of strength, a slight undulating motion is very discernible to a person not on it ; but no visible effect is produced by the passing of the heaviest carriages.

One of the principal and great attractions to the stranger in North Wales is that magnificent structure, the

#### BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE,\*

Situate about a mile nearer to Caernarvon than the suspension bridge.

The design of the tubular bridges had its origin from the peculiar difficulties to be encountered and overcome in carrying the Chester and Holyhead Railway over that great arm of the sea known as the Menai Straits. These, when taken in relation to the erection of the ordinary form of bridge, such as the suspension and the span, were found to be almost insuperable, owing to the difficulties of the site, the great extent of the stream, and the height at which either would have to span the intervening space, so as not to interfere with the vast navigation—vessels of large size and in full sail continually trading up and down—and at the same time to establish adequate means of communication for the great mercantile transport between London and Dublin, which was delayed for upwards of an hour on account of the break that existed in the transit over the Straits. Originally it was intended permanently to appropriate one side of Telford's celebrated suspension bridge, but it soon became evident that so light a fabric would not answer for heavy trains ; that the line could never be considered complete, or commensurate with the requirements of the public, unless carried by a rigid instead of a flexible struc-

\* A view of this bridge, by Mr. Hawkins, has recently been published by T. Catherall, Eastgate Street Row, Chester.



ture over the stream ; and the idea, moreover, of using the suspension bridge was altogether abandoned on an intimation from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests that they objected to the use of the suspension bridge at all. Mr. Robt. Stephenson then proposed an arched bridge, about a mile to the south or Caernarvon side of Telford's suspension bridge, on a site admirably adapted for the purpose, there being a huge rock in the centre of the straits rising above high-water mark, with sufficient base for the most ponderous pier. It was determined, by the aid of this natural foundation, to throw over a large iron bridge of two cast-iron arches, each of 450 feet span, or exactly 210 feet longer than the large arch of Southwark bridge, familiar to every reader, and which, though only 240 feet, is the largest rigid span hitherto attempted. The height of both these arches was to be 100 feet at the crown, and the total cost would have been £250,000. Ultimately this design was also abandoned, the Admiralty insisting on a height not merely of 100 feet at the crown of the arch, but also close to the piers, conceiving that the structure would otherwise interfere injuriously with the navigation. It was this that led to the grand and untried design of the present rigid wrought-iron tubular bridge, which Mr. Robt. Stephenson, after great thought and labour, assisted by Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Hodgkinson, of the Royal Society, Mr. Edwin Clark, the engineer of the works, gentlemen well known for their mathematical and scientific attainments, matured. The entire length of the stupendous structure is 1,841 feet from end to end, consisting of four large sections, the two side tubes being each of them 230 feet long, and the two middle ones 460 feet each. When originally proposed before the committee of the House of Commons, the plan was received with general incredulity. The word "tube," it may here be observed, is not one of the best epithets that could be used to describe the structure, seeing that the bridge, instead of being round, is a perfect square. Though almost a misnomer, the name arises from the circumstance of the experiments that were to decide the form of the bridge having been made with cylindrical, elliptical, and rectangular tubes ; but in reality the structure, as it now rests on the banks of the Menai, the site of its construction, is an immense closed-in iron corridor, forming a horizontal iron gallery or passage, within which the rails for the trams are to be placed, and 450 feet in length.

It is hollow from end to end, and would, if filled with shops, and lighted by skylights, make a Burlington Arcade. A structure of this kind, though on a rude and miniature scale, appears to have existed for years on the Cambridge line of the Eastern Counties Railway, and Mr. Stephenson, the originator of it, amplifying upon this, designed the present tube. A long series of experiments, by engineers and mechanics fully conversant with such researches, were made and have been continued to the present time, directed to the ascertaining, divested of all preconceived ideas, the strongest form for a sheet-iron tubular bridge, and the inquiry, in addition to the more immediate object it had in view, has been of immense public service in determining the strength of the materials used in the formation of railways. These experiments have been extremely laborious and very costly. In the course of them the remarkable fact has been disclosed, that the power of wrought-iron to resist compression is much less than its power to resist tension, or exactly the reverse of that which holds with cast-iron; and the important fact has also been arrived at, that rigidity and strength are best obtained by throwing the greatest thickness of material on the upper side. While the cylindrical tube, with a given weight, was ruptured by tearing asunder at the bottom, the elliptical showed weakness at the top. Both were consequently discarded; and the rectangular tube, which indicated strength of a higher order and greater rigidity, was adopted. The results of very recent experiments on this species of structure, on a small scale over the Conway, are very interesting, as confirming the accuracy of the original calculations. Measured by a cord line in the inside of the tube, formed by the axis of a powerful telescope fixed to its side, the deflections have been, with a weight of 52 tons, 0.48 inch; 112 tons, 0.98; 173 tons, 1.30; 235 tons, 1.47; and, on the removal of these loads, the tube has recovered its rigidity in ten minutes. The tube is constructed to bear, in addition to its own weight, 2,000 tons, a load ten times greater than it will ever be called upon to sustain. The deflection caused by trains and locomotives passing at full speed is very slight. A weight of 300 tons has produced a deflection of three inches. A very remarkable phenomenon is connected with this huge mass of iron of 1,600 tons, caused by changes of temperature in the weather, which affect it like a thermometer. A little sunshine raises the

centre an inch, and produces a horizontal deflection of an inch and a-half. Its great length and the nature of its material, so sensitive to temperature in the peculiar form that it takes, causing it to expand 0001 of its length, or half an inch for each increase of fifteen degrees of Fahrenheit, and contracting in the same ratio, is the assigned cause of its being such a delicate thermometer. Alternate sunshine and showers of rain cause these tubes to expand and contract, and one of them, if placed on end in St. Paul's churchyard would be 107 feet higher than the top of the cross! It is calculated that the wind, at a velocity of eighty miles an hour, the rate of a hurricane, would only give a total pressure of 128 tons distributed over the whole side of these tubes.

In order to carry out this vast work, eighty houses have been erected for the accommodation of the workmen, and which being whitewashed, have a particularly neat and picturesque appearance: amongst them are seen butchers, grocers, and tobacconists' shops, supplying the wants of a numerous population. A day school, sunday school, and meeting house, also conspicuously figure. Workshops, steam-engines, store-houses, offices, and other buildings meet the eye at every turn.

A brief description of the works of one of the largest engineering structures of the day will fully illustrate the arduousness of the task involved in the vast operation. The masonry work, by reason of its gigantic character, attracts great attention. The abutments on either side of the straits are huge piles of masonry. That on the Anglesea side is 143 feet high and 173 feet long. The abutment on the Caernarvonshire side is nearly as large, but owing to the elevation of the ground, the masonry is less in altitude. The wing walls of both terminate in splendid pedestals, and on each are two colossal lions couchant, of Egyptian design, lifting their limestone foreheads in the face of every train. These lions, like the tube they adorn, are on a gigantic scale, each being 25 feet long, 12 feet high, though crouched, nine feet abaft the body, and each paw two feet four inches. Each weighs 30 tons. The eye is of the size of a man's head. They contain, *in toto*, 8000 cubic feet of stone, and weigh, one and all, 120 tons. The towers for supporting the tube are of a like magnitude with the entire work. The great Britannia tower in the centre of the straits is 62 feet by 52 feet at its base upon

the rock ; its total height from the foundation 230 feet ; it contains 148,625 cubic feet of limestone, and 144,625 of sandstone ; it weighs 20,000 tons, and there are 387 tons of cast-iron built into it in the shape of beams and girders. Its province is to sustain the four ends of the four long iron tubes which will span the straits from shore to shore. The central tower was intended, originally, to have been surmounted with a statue of Britannia, some 60 feet high ; unfortunately, however, a depreciation in railway property induced the directors of this railroad to relinquish this truly grand design ; but we must hope that the idea is only postponed and not finally abandoned. The total quantity of stone contained in the bridge is 1,500,000 cubic feet. The side towers stand at a clear distance of 460 feet from the central tower, and again the abutments stand at a distance from the side towers of 230 feet, giving the entire bridge a total length of 1840 feet. The side or land towers are each 62 feet by 52 feet at the base, and 190 feet high. They contain 210 tons of cast-iron. The chief centre of attraction was the interior and exterior of the novel and gigantic tubes—the one floated on the pontoons, and the others as they lay upon the platforms, presenting the appearance of stupendous iron tunnels. As these were the lions of the day, and as one of the largest was safely floated to its final resting-place, interest will attach to its description, and a description of the one in question will be a description of them all. The length of the great tube is exactly 472 feet, being 12 feet longer than the clear span between the towers, and the greatest span as yet attempted. This additional length is intended to afford a temporary bearing of six feet at each end after they are raised into their places, until there is time to form the connexion between them across the towers, and the total weight of one tube is *five thousand tons*,—in size far surpassing any piece of wrought-iron work ever before put together, and in weight nearly double that of a 120 gun ship ready for sea. Their greatest height is in the centre 30 feet, and diminishing towards the end to 22 feet. Each tube consists of sides, top and bottom, all formed of long narrow wrought-iron plates, varying in length from 12 feet downward. The direction in which these plates are laid and rivetted together is governed by the direction of the strains in the different parts of the tube. They are of the same manufacture as those for making boilers, varying in

thickness from three-eighths to three-fourths of an inch. Some of them weigh nearly seven cwt. and are among the largest it is possible to roll with any existing machinery. In the sides the plates are six and eight feet long, and half an inch thick; but the longest plates are in the bottom, being 12 feet long by two feet four inches wide, arranged in double layers. At the top they are six feet in length, and one foot nine inches in breadth. The connexion between top, bottom, and sides, is made much more substantial by triangular pieces of thick plate, rivetted in across the corners, to enable the tube to resist the cross or twisting strain to which it will be exposed from the heavy and long-continued gales of wind that, sweeping up the channel will assail it in its lofty and unprotected position. The rivets, of which there are 2,000,000, each tube containing 327,000, are more than an inch in diameter. They are placed in rows, and were put in the holes red hot, and beaten with heavy hammers. In cooling they contracted strongly, and drew the plates together so powerfully, that it required a force of from four to six tons to each rivet to cause the plates to slide over each other.

The machine used to effect the lifting of the tubes was the HYDRAULIC PRESS, a contrivance invented by Bramah, and extensively used in this country, in expressing oils, packing soft materials, and in many operations where an intense pressure is required. Its construction is so simple, that it may be readily understood by any person, however unacquainted with machinery. It consists only of an exceedingly thick and heavy iron cylinder, like a mortar; a strong piston or plunger, also of iron, called the ram, works up and down inside this cylinder, and is fitted with a leather collar at the shoulder, so as to be water-tight. Water is forced into the cylinder, by a force-pump, through a small hole, which we may compare to the touch-hole of a gun, and this water gradually forces the piston up. Now the whole secret of the immense power of these machines consists simply in the prodigious force with which the water is driven into them, and which, in the present instance, is so great, that it would throw the water to a height of nearly twenty thousand feet, which is more than five times as high as the top of Snowdon, and five thousand feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc! The whole affair, in fact, exactly resembles the piston of a steam-engine; but, instead of using *steam*, at thirty or forty pounds pressure on the

inch, *water* is used, at a pressure of eight or nine thousand pounds. The cylinder requires, of course, to be very strong to withstand this pressure. The sides of the largest of the presses used in raising the Britannia tubes are eleven inches thick, and the weight of the cylinder alone sixteen tons; it is of cast-iron, in one piece. The ram, or piston, which works within it, is twenty inches in diameter. The whole machine, complete, weighs above forty tons. It is the largest press in the world, and is, indeed, the most powerful machine ever constructed, and, if worked to its utmost power, would be alone quite capable of raising one of the tubes. *Its action, nevertheless, is guided and controlled by one man, with the most perfect precision and ease.* It was constructed by Messrs. Easton and Amos, of Southwark, by whom the lifting apparatus at Conway was also made.

This press stands on two beams, composed of wrought-iron plates, rivetted together, at the top of the side towers, about twenty nine feet above the level to which the bridge has to be raised; and two smaller presses, with rams eighteen inches in diameter, the same that were employed in raising the Conway tubes, are placed, side by side, at a similar level in the Britannia tower, and act in conjunction. The chains, by which the power exerted by the presses in their lofty position is communicated to the tubes lying at the base of the tower, resemble the chains of an ordinary suspension-bridge, and are very similar in appearance to those of Hungerford bridge, in London. They are made by the patent process of Messrs. Howard and Ravenhill, of London. They consist of flat links, seven inches broad, one inch thick, and six feet in length, with an eye at each end, and are bolted together in sets of eight and nine links alternately; the eight links are made somewhat thicker than the nine, so as to make their strength equal at all parts. Their weight is about one hundred tons—far exceeding that of the statue of the Duke of Wellington, recently erected at Hyde Park, which was justly regarded as one of the greatest lifts ever made. The manner in which they are connected with the press is easily understood:—An exceedingly thick and heavy beam of cast-iron, strengthened by wrought-iron ties across the top, rests like a yoke upon the shoulder of the ram, and is called the *cross-head* of the press. The two chains pass through square holes at either end of the cross-head, and are securely gripped on the top of it by an apparatus, called the *clams*, consisting of two

strong cheeks of wrought-iron, drawn together by screws, like a blacksmith's vice—the shoulders of the links being made square, so as to afford a secure hold between the clams.

Now the stroke of the presses is six feet ; that is, they are only capable of raising six feet at one lift ; the tube, when lifted that height, has consequently to be sustained while the presses are lowered, and a fresh hold obtained ; this is effected, not by building up under the tube, which is left wholly unsupported below, but by gripping the chains between another set of clams at the foot of the press, twelve feet below those on the top of the cross-head ; these sustain the weight while the press is lowered, the upper set of links taken off and laid aside, and arrangements made for another hoist. The upper clams are then again closed, and the operation repeated as before. Each six-foot stroke of the press is performed in about thirty minutes ; but an additional half hour is occupied in adjusting the machinery for taking another stroke.

The water is forced into the presses by two steam-engines of forty-horse power each, with tubular boilers, as in a locomotive. The steam cylinder is horizontal ; a continuation of the piston rod, which passes through both ends of the cylinder, forms the pistons of the force pumps, which are placed one at each end, in the same line as the cylinder. The diameter of the pumps is one inch and one-sixteenth ; that of the ram of the hydraulic press twenty inches, their respective areas being in the proportion of one to three hundred and fifty-four. The pipe through which the water is forced into the press is of wrought-iron, and is much smaller than would be expected.

The tube having been pulled up to its proper level, three large cast-iron keys or beams are thrust in at each end, across the opening up through which the tube has ascended, and it is finally lowered upon them. These key-beams are each twenty-four feet long by four feet high, and weigh eleven tons. They have been previously drawn back from over the opening on to a projecting scaffold, through cast-iron boxes built into the masonry, so that they can be readily moved backwards or forwards. To ensure perfect security while lifting, a contrivance is adopted, by which the chains as they rise, are continually followed up by wedges, so that, in the event of any accident arising to the lifting machinery, no injury would happen to the tube.

The beams on which the presses stand, the cross-heads, and all parts that are subjected to a very severe strain, are either constructed of, or strengthened by, *wrought-iron*, which is found to be less brittle, and much more trustworthy than cast-iron.

The execution of this vast project has been entrusted by Mr. Stephenson to his two assistants, Mr. Frank Forster and Mr. Edwin Clark; the former having the charge of the stone work, &c., as well as of the line generally, between Conway and Holyhead; the latter, as at Conway, of the iron work and operations for floating and raising. The lions were carved by Mr. Thomas, of the new houses of parliament. Messrs. Nowell & Co. are the contractors for the masonry; Mr. Mare, of Blackwall, and Messrs. Garforth, of Dukenfield, for the tubes; Messrs. Easton & Amos, for the raising apparatus; Messrs. Howard & Ravenhill, for the chains for lifting; and the Bank Quay Foundry, Warrington, for the cast-iron work. The designs for the masonry, both for this and the Conway, were furnished by F. Thompson, Esq. of London.

The greatest number of men employed at one time was about 2000.

The accidents that have occurred on the work have, fortunately, not been numerous, seven persons only have lost their lives. In the vicinity of the bridge, on the Anglesea side, may be observed a monument in stone, erected by the masons of the work, to the memory of those of their companions who have been killed during the progress of the undertaking.

The great engineering achievement of floating the first tube, took place on Tuesday, June 19, 1849. At three o'clock, the spectators by tens of thousands, had taken their place upon the piers. The tubes and shores on either side of the straits for a mile in length presented a vast amphitheatre of human beings. The pilots, to the extent of 200 or 300, took their stand on the pontoons, to ply the gigantic tackle. As many more stood ready for action at the capstans; the cables, six inches in thickness and of league-long lengths, were attached to the steamers that were to have the towing of the tremendous freight. All eyes were fixed, with mingled feelings of confidence and fear, on the gigantic fabric, upon which stood Mr. Stephenson and Captain Claxton, who formed, if it may be so said, the *mens animat molem*, amid the ominous silence of the sur-



rounding thousands. The utmost excitement ensued on the sudden springing up, on the Anglesea side, of the first signal flag, and a shrill strain from the trumpet of Captain Claxton, from the top of the tube, to the pilots to take the tide and pipe all hands for the exploit. This was resounded to by a loud burst of enthusiasm from the seamen, whose immense efforts, united to those of the steam tugs, told upon the screws and tackles, and upon the hitherto motionless monster, who then glided very slowly, and amid intervals of increasing cheers and salutation, without injury or jar, and with a majesty that could only be compared to that of a mountain moving on the waters, to the site of its final resting place. It appears that during this operation, the capstan broke, and the floating of the other tubes into their position was postponed in consequence until seven o'clock the following morning. The great experiment would unquestionably have been completed on Tuesday evening had it not been for the untoward event of the great capstan breaking. This, it is said, arose from no insufficiency of strength in the capstan itself, but from the fact of the shore lashings behind the tube not having been cut away or detached from the tube, and, as a natural consequence, while the capstan was employed in drawing the tube out into the stream, the shore lashings detained it, and the capstan, failing to overcome the resistance, started, strained, and broke. On the announcement of this result, which was immediately communicated from point to point along the straits, the vast multitude dispersed in a state of great disappointment, some of the more facetious amongst them denouncing the whole affair as "a sell." It was announced, far and wide, that the floating would take place at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, and even at an earlier hour vast numbers had assembled, but they were again doomed to disappointment, the capstan, on the renewed attempt, again failing, and Captain Claxton having received some fall or injury. Renewed attempts were fixed for eight o'clock the same evening, and at half-past nine o'clock the final operations for placing this magnificent work were completed, and the tube fixed firmly upon its bed, amidst the loudest demonstrations of approbation from all the spectators assembled upon the interesting occasion.

The second tube was floated to its place at the foot of the pier on the 4th December, 1849. The original position of the tube was in a line with that of the one first floated, and

therefore at right angles to that which it now occupies ; but the operation was rather increased in difficulty over the former floating, by its distance being much smaller as well as its destination nearer to the shore, so that the space in which the "sluing round" had to be accomplished was very much reduced. The principle of the operation was the same as before,—two strong ropes being laid down the stream so as to act as guide ropes for the combined mass of pontoons and tube ; other ropes from different parts of the pontoons being connected to capstans at various points on the shore and Britannia rock, by hauling on which, as directed from the top of the tube, the sluing was accomplished. The pontoons floated the tube up from its bearings at fifteen minutes past eleven in the morning ; immediately on which, the hauling-out commenced ; at fourteen minutes past twelve the tube was safely in its place between the piers, and by twenty-two minutes past twelve firmly at rest on its bed at each end. Mr. Stephenson and his staff were on the top of the tube, whence all the signals to the different superintendents were made by figures, and flags of different colours. This tube spans the Caernarvonshire opening of the bridge.

The OPENING of this magnificent structure, looked forward to with so much interest, came off on Tuesday, March 5, 1850, with the grandest success. At half-past six o'clock a.m., three powerful engines, (the Cambria, the St. David, and the Pegasus), of from 50 to 60-horse power each, decorated with flags of all nations and union jacks, steamed up, and harnessed together, started from the Bangor station, carrying Mr. Stephenson, who drove the first engine through the tube, and the following gentlemen :—Mr. Bidder, engineer, Mr. Trevethick, locomotive manager of the London and North-Western Railway ; Mr. Edwin Clark, Mr. Latimer Clark, Mr. Appold, and Mr. Lee. At precisely seven o'clock the adventurous convoy, progressing at a speed of seven miles an hour, were lost sight of in the recess of the vast iron corridor. Instead of being driven through with a dispatch indicative of a desire on the part of those who manned it to get in and out with the utmost expedition, the locomotives were propelled at a slow and stately pace, with the view of boldly proving, by means of a dead weight, the calibre of the bridge at every hazard. The total weight of the locomotives was 90 tons. The appearance of the interior of the tube during the interesting experiment was

of a novel and remarkable character. The pauses that occurred during the progress of the transit, furnished an imposing view of the interior of the gigantic structure, which, as contrasted with that of a tunnel of similar length, was rendered comparatively cheerful by the recurrence at intervals of loopholes of light, which served the three useful purposes of ventilating, and lighting, and divesting the tube of steam from the passing engines. The locomotives were brought to a standstill in the centre of each of the great spans, without causing the slightest strain or deflection. The first process—that of going through the tube and returning—occupied altogether ten minutes. The second experimental convoy that went through, consisted of 24 heavily-laden wagons, filled with huge blocks of Brymbo coal, in all, engines included, an aggregate weight of 300 tons! This was drawn deliberately through, at the rate of from eight to ten miles an hour, the steam working at quarter power; and on the engines of this train, besides the gentlemen already enumerated, there were Mr. Hedworth Lee, the resident engineer; Mr. Charles Rolfe, Mr. J. Maclaren, Mr. Borthwick, Mr. T. L. Gooch, Mr. Frank Foster, engineer; Mr. Binger, manager of the line; Mr. J. C. Mare, maker of the tubes, and a large number of scientific gentlemen. During the passage of this experimental train through the tube, a breathless silence prevailed that was almost solemn, until the train rushed out exultingly, and with colours flying, on the other side of the tube, when loud acclamations arose, followed at intervals by the rattle of artillery down the straits. Upon the return, which occupied about seven minutes, similar demonstrations ensued, and during the progress of the train those who stood upon its top to ascertain any possible vibration, reported they could detect no sensible deflection. After this, Mr. Stephenson and his staff steamed up to Plas Llanfair, Mr. Foster's seat, and partook of a handsome repast. Meantime the locomotives were passing up and down the interior of the tube, without eliciting the slightest manifestation of strain. An ordeal stronger still was then resorted to: a train of 200 tons of coals was allowed to rest, with all its weight, for two hours in the centre of the Caernarvonshire tube, and at the end of the time, on the load being removed, it was found to have caused a deflection of only four-tenths of an inch. It is remarkable that this amount of deflection is not so much as one half-hour of sunshine would produce

upon the structure, it being moreover calculated with confidence that the whole bridge might with safety, and without injury to itself, be deflected to the extent of 13 inches. These loads it is most material to remember are immensely more than the bridge will ever be called upon to bear in the ordinary run of traffic, though the engineers are of opinion that it would support with ease, and without much show of deflection, a dead weight on its centre of 1000 tons. Twelve miles an hour is the limit of speed at which Mr. Stephenson intends that the trains shall at first go through, more particularly as there are sharp curves at the termini of the tube.

During the trial of the dead weights a very interesting episodical proceeding took place in the interior of the Caernarvonshire land tube—that of putting the last rivet into the plates, making exactly the 2,000,000th that have been used. The rivet having been put in by Mr. Mare, was driven home and fastened by Mr. Stephenson with successive strokes of a huge hammer. This ceremony was followed by the waving of hats and the deafening acclamations of the workpeople.

Mr. Stephenson, in a brief address, eulogized the industry of these men and their devotion to their work. He could never forget the ingenuity and the labour exhibited in the humbler sphere of the great operation, nor the masterly manner in which the work had been carried out under the superintendence of Mr. T. Fleet, who had distinguished himself as a sterling and honest workman.

It being now nearly twelve o'clock another testing train was prepared to be taken through the tube. It consisted of the three engines, the 200 tons of coal, and from 30 to 40 railway carriages containing between 600 and 700 passengers packed together as closely as figs in a basket, all so clamorous and eager to "go through the tube," that it became impossible to accommodate them. At length, obediently to a long wild whistle, the train, which was almost long enough to cover the extent of tube, glided slowly into the interior, saluted by a loud burst of "Rule Britannia" from an array of Liverpool seamen up aloft in the towers at the entrance, on the front of which, cut deeply in the stone, were the words, "Erected Anno Domini, 1850: Robert Stephenson, Engineer." As the huge train trailed slowly through the tube successive salvos of artillery were fired at each end. This accomplished, the steam was got up, and the company assembled proceeded at the rate of 35

miles an hour, amid the magnificent scenery and snow-capped hills of Wales, to Holyhead, where they were received by all the principal townspeople, and with salutes from the steam-ships in the harbour.—About six miles from Bangor are the stupendous

#### SLATE QUARRIES,

The property of the Hon. Col. Douglas Pennant, M.P., of Penrhyn Castle. They were discovered as far back as the time of Queen Elizabeth, but were not rendered profitable until the late Lord Penrhyn, at the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Dawson, uncle to the Earl of Portarlington, took them in hand, by whom the quarries were opened at a great expense, and they are now worked with considerable spirit by the present proprietor, under the management of Mr. Wyatt. It is computed that upwards of 70,000 tons of slate are annually conveyed down to Port Penrhyn, on a railway six miles long, which, with the port and quay, is said to have cost his lordship £170,000. The operations are on an immense scale, the weekly wages amounting to about £1,700; but the outlay has been amply repaid by the return of a splendid revenue to the proprietor, amounting, it is said, to the enormous sum of £200,000 a year. These quarries, employing nearly 2000 work-people, are alone worth a journey from London and back to see. They present a “new reading” in the annals of human industry, and are a vivid exemplification of the sovereignty of man over his mother earth.

The visitors, if possible, on their arrival at the quarry, should obtain permission to accompany one of the overlookers of the works in his round; or employ a proper guide, who will point out all the extraordinary sights, and conduct the stranger to every portion of the quarry, explaining in a communicative manner all particulars. In one place the workmen are seen in hundreds, suspended by ropes a considerable height from above, against the precipitous side of the rock, busily employed in splitting down every projecting shelf of the blue slate. In another, persons are employed in boring and blasting the rock with powder; others are employed in removing the rubbish; and numbers occupied in splitting the detached masses, and cutting them into various sizes—denominated duchesses, countesses, ladies, &c.; which names were bestowed upon them in 1765, by General Warburton.

A few years ago the writer of these pages had the pleasure of being in the quarry at the same time as the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, and at the request of her grace, he accompanied them throughout the different departments. On being informed that duchesses were manufactured there, her grace immediately expressed a wish to see the ceremony performed, which, to her great surprise, was no sooner said than done, and the workman presented her grace with a full-size duchess. Her grace laughed heartily at the manner in which it was done, and in return gave the workman half a sovereign. The party retired much gratified with what they had seen.

The following verses, by the late Mr. Leicester, one of the judges on the North Wales circuit, are much to the point, and are deservedly admired :

#### ON LORD PENRHYN'S SLATE QUARRY.

It has truly been said, as we all must deplore,  
 That Grenville and Pitt have made peers by the score ;  
 But now 'tis asserted, unless I have blunder'd,  
 There's a man that makes peeresses here by the hundred.  
 He regards neither Portland, nor Grenville, nor Pitt,  
 But creates them at once without patent or writ ;  
 By the stroke of a hammer without the king's aid,  
 A lady, or countess, or duchess is made !  
 Yet high is the station from which they are sent,  
 And all their great titles are got by descent :  
 And where'er they are seen, in a palace or shop,  
 Their rank they preserve and are still at the top.  
 Yet, no merit they claim from their birth or connexion,  
 But derive their chief worth from their native complexion ;  
 And all the best judges prefer, it is said,  
 A countess in blue, to a duchess in red.  
 This countess or lady, though crowds may be present,  
 Submits to be dress'd by the hands of a peasant.  
 And you'll see when her grace is but once in his clutches,  
 With how little respect he will handle a duchess !  
 Close united they seem, and yet all who have tried 'em,  
 Soon discover how easy it is to divide 'em.  
 No spirit have they—they're as thin as a rat ;  
 The countess wants life, and the duchess is flat.  
 No passion or warmth to the countess is known,  
 And her grace is as cold and as hard as a stone :  
 Yet I fear you will find, if you watch them a little,  
 That the countess is frail, and the duchess is brittle ;  
 Too high for a trade, yet without any joke,  
 Tho' they never are bankrupts, they often are broke :  
 And tho' not a soul ever pilfers or cozens,  
 They are daily ship'd off and transported by dozens !  
 In France, jacobinical France, we have seen,  
 How nobles have bled by the fierce guillotine ;

But what's the French engine of death to compare  
 To the engine which Grenfield and Bramah prepare ;  
 That democrat engine by which we all know,  
 Ten thousand great duchesses fall at one blow !  
 And long may his engine its wonders display,  
 Long level with ease all the rocks in its way,  
 'Till the vale of Nant Francon of slates is bereft,  
 Nor a lady, or countess, or duchess is left.

The process of slitting and cutting the slates to their various sizes, is performed with astonishing rapidity ; and the blasting of the rock, and the sound of the explosion, rattles through the extensive levels with terrific grandeur.

Near the quarries is OGWEN BANK, a charming Gothic cottage, belonging to the Penrhyn family, and used as an occasional place of resort. This neat pavillion, says Llwyd, is the "Eden of the mountains : the plantations that screen it, and the flowers that adorn it, are surprising and exemplary proofs of the power of cultivation, however forbidding the face of nature."—Not far distant is the village of

#### BETHESDA,

which is rapidly increasing in wealth and population. The late Lord Penrhyn built and endowed the church of St. Ann for the accommodation of the workmen. There are also large and convenient chapels erected by the different dissenting denominations.

In the immediate vicinity is NANT FRANCON, so beautifully described by Mr. Burke, in his *Beauties of Nature* : "If you would be sublimely captivated, visit Nant Francon or Nant Gwynant. Range along these crags and precipices, where rocks are reared in fantastic style, even to the clouds ; and where nature, bold and rough, 'sits alone, majestic on her craggy throne.' There rove, transported among scenes so awful and sublime, that the breath is suspended, while the eye is gazing upon the wonders ; there where the race of man seems extinct, where not a tree, shrub, nor cottage, remind him of humanity, and where no sound is heard, but rushing of waters, the solemn roars of the wind, the cries of the eagle, and the screams of the kite. Pursue the windings of the defile, stand upon its edge, and cast your eyes below ! A beautiful and romantic glen stretches at the bottom. No, scarcely in all nature can a scene more truly grand, or more exquisitely captivating, be seen. May he, who capable of viewing Nant Francon, and beholding it

with indifference, stand at the bottom of the glen—a marble monument of his indifference!”

The ride from here to Llyn Ogwen is very solitary, awful, and magnificent; the mountains on either side rise rather abruptly, to an astonishing altitude; and their aspect in many places, is rugged, bold, and terrific.

Those parties who wish to proceed to Capel Curig, will find it a most splendid drive, and the scenery very beautiful; but, according to our route, we visit that romantic neighbourhood from Llanberis. We shall, therefore, return to Bangor, cross the bridge, and enter the

ISLAND OF ANGLESEA,

well known as the last asylum of the ancient Druids, whose altars and monuments, or cromlechau, are scattered over the island. From the suspension bridge to Beaumaris, the road runs along the edge of rocks, which are dashed by the waves below, forming a beautiful terrace, &c. well clothed with wood for about four miles, and commanding a fine view of the Menai Straits and the whole range of the Snowdonian mountains, rendering it one of the most charming rides imaginable.

The sail thither along the Straits is a delightful one. The Caernarvon coast, with Penmaen Mawr and the lofty mountains of Snowdonia, form a great addition to the pleasure which the sail along a bold river or arm of the sea is sure in itself to excite.

BEAUMARIS.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Amlwch .....	17	Conway .....	14½
Bangor, by the bridge.	6½	Holyhead.....	27
Caernarvon .....	12	Snowdon .....	12

Beaumaris, the capital of Anglesea, is a fashionable and thriving watering place, with an excellent pier, terraces of large and handsome houses, hotels of more than common size and style, good shops, and all the appliances of a well-frequented bathing town. The streets, too, are more regular, neater, and better kept, than those in most Welsh towns. The town itself is pleasantly situated in the hollow of Beaumaris Bay; and there are beautiful rides and walks in the vicinity. The steamer which plies between the Menai Bridge and Liverpool calls at Beaumaris, so that a constant and easy intercourse is kept up with the great



northern port, from which a large proportion of its summer residents come.

The civic affairs of the town are conducted by a mayor, recorder, two bailiffs, and twenty-one common councilmen. It has the privilege of sending one member to parliament. By the parliamentary reform act, a share in this privilege is extended to the towns of Amlwch, Holyhead, and Llangefni.

Edward the First granted the same *favours* and *privileges* to the inhabitants of Beaumaris, as to those of Flint.

Between two and three centuries ago, a considerable part of the West Indian trade was carried on at Bristol, and by coasters to Beaumaris, and thence to Liverpool. That Beaumaris was a place of considerable traffic about a century and a half ago, is evident from the tokens\* (of which we have two in our possession) circulated by its opulent tradesmen, as substitutes for copper coin, and which were common at that time in trading towns. It is likewise confirmed by old Sir John Wynne's mode of describing the inhabitants of the three towns—"the lawyers of Caernarvon, the merchants of Beaumaris, and the gentlemen of Conway." Sir John's mind was, probably, a little biassed in favour of the gentility of Conway, by the residence of a branch of his own family (Tylwyth Sion ap Meredydd) at Plâs-mawr there; and to those who admire the taste and decorations of 1585, that huge house will be a treat, the founder having been lavish in ornament and the display of family achievements.

The CHURCH is a handsome structure, with a large square embattled tower; it was formerly called "the Chauntry of our Lady of Beaumaris," and is considered as a chapel of ease to Llandegvan. It consists of a broad and two side aisles, and a chancel. The edifice was repaired by the late Lord Bulkeley, to which he gave an organ, a set of handsome communion plate, a clock, and a peal of six fine toned bells.

The north aisle is called St. Mary's Chapel; and the south, St. Nicholas' Chapel. In the chancel is a beautiful

\* One has, on one side, a castle, triple towered; legend John Davies, his penny; on the reverse, the cyphers J. D. ornamented; around them, Beaumaris; date, 1669; and something less than a 6d. piece. On the other is an ancient ship, the square sail unfurled, and thereon the quartered coats of France and England; legend, Ben. Jones, John Worsley; on the reverse, the town coat; around it, in Beaumaris; no date; but as the Lion of Scotland is not in the quarterings, it was probably coined before the accession of James I.

monument of a knight and lady, in white alabaster, recumbent on an altar-tomb, to the memory of Sir Richard Bulkeley and his lady. He was appointed chamberlain of North Wales, and in great favour with queen Elizabeth. This monument was brought here at the dissolution of the neighbouring monastery. To the left of the altar is a beautiful white marble monument by Westmacott, in memory of Lord Bulkeley, who died in 1822. On a half pillar is a bust of his lordship: his widow is represented at the foot of the pillar in a dejected attitude; a figure of Faith leans over her, and points at the same time towards the bust, and to heaven.—Also, a splendid monument of a female, kneeling in the attitude of devotion, on a pedestal by Ternouth, to the memory of Charlotte Mary, first wife of Sir Rd. Bulkeley, Bart. and daughter of Lord Dinorben. There are other monuments and tablets to the memory of the following persons:—Sir William Jones, chief baron of England; Lady Beatrice Herbert, daughter of the celebrated mirror of chivalry, Lord Herbert of Cherbury; Rev. Goronwy Davies, Rev. David Hughes, &c.

In the churchyard are interred the bodies of the unfortunate beings who perished in the wreck of the Rothsay Castle.

Beaumaris contains a Town Hall, built in the sixteenth century; and a Free School which was erected and endowed in 1603 by David Hughes, a native of this island, who had once filled a menial station, but by industry and perseverance accumulated a good fortune in England.

The principal inns are the Bulkeley Arms Hotel, and the Liverpool Arms. The former is a magnificent establishment, equal to any in England, and was erected by Sir Richard B. W. Bulkeley, Bart. In a large room in this house there is a picture gallery, containing portraits of all the controllers of the Beaumaris Hunt, painted by Mr. H. Jones, a clever native artist.

The CASTLE, which is situated on the estate of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, was built by Edward I. about the year 1295, and was undoubtedly a very elegant and strong fortress; but from the lowness of the site, the expansive diameter of its circular towers and bastions, together with the dilapidated state of the walls, it does not now possess that prominent character and imposing effect so strikingly apparent in the more proud piles of Caernarvon and Conway. It was surrounded by a ditch, with an entrance on the east, between

two embattled walls, with round and square towers. The gate opens into a court of fifty-seven yards by sixty, with four square towers, and on the east side an advanced work, called the Gunner's Walk. Within these was the body of the castle, nearly square, having a round tower at each angle, and another in the centre of each face. The area is an irregular octagon, about fifty-seven yards from north to south, and sixty from east to west. In the middle of the north side is the hall, about seventy feet long and twenty-three feet broad, with two round towers, and several about the inner and outer walls.

There has been a communication round the buildings of the inner court, by a gallery two yards broad, at present nearly entire. In recesses, in different parts of the sides of this gallery, are square holes, which seem to have had trap-doors, or openings into the dungeons beneath. The two eastern towers served also as dungeons, with a narrow and dark descent.

On the east side of this building are the remains of a small chapel, having an elegant groined roof, the ribs of which spring from pilasters, between which are lancet-shaped windows.

Within the ruins of the castle, there is an area, 190 feet square, in which was held, in August, 1832, a splendid congress of bards, or ROYAL EISTEDDFOD, under the munificent patronage of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley. It was attended by most of the nobility and gentry of the neighbouring counties; and what gave peculiar *éclat* to the meeting, was the presence of her Most Gracious Majesty (then Princess Victoria) and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, who had been residing in this neighbourhood during the summer months. Her Majesty invested with her own hands the successful candidates with elegant silver medals, having the royal arms and an inscription engraved on them to commemorate the event.

A grand regatta in the bay followed the literary and musical contests, which afforded great amusement; and the evenings were agreeably spent in splendid concerts, balls, and singing pennillions with the harp.

On a gentle eminence, in the front of an extensive wood, which shades it from the north, is BARON HILL, the elegant and much-admired mansion of Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams Bulkeley, Bart. M.P. for the county of Anglesea, commanding an unrivalled view over the town of Beauma-

ris, the straits, the romantic Welsh mountains, the island of Priestholme, Bangor, and the insular looking crag of the Orme's Head.

“ We hie where Baron Hill attracts the muse,  
The sunny glades, the brow, and varied views—  
Isles, towns, the rising hills, the spreading bay,  
The muse, delighted, owns the grand display ;  
Here Flora smiles, and flowers of every hue,  
Their glowing petals spread, and drink the dew,  
Luxuriant rise beneath her fostering care,  
And shed their fragrance on the ambient air ;  
For Art and Nature here their beauties blend,  
And Taste and Bulkeley for the palm contend.”

The mansion was originally built in 1618, by Sir Richard Bulkeley, ancestor of the present noble proprietor ; but since that period the house has received additions and improvements. Nothing can surpass the walks, which are freely opened to the public, through the domain of Baron Hill. Sir Richard is justly lauded for his efforts to improve the agriculture of his native county by the introduction of modern and scientific culture.

In a recess, not far distant from the house, is a stone coffin, supposed to be that of the Princess Joan, wife of Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, prince of Wales in 1105. It was originally placed in the neighbouring monastery of Llanvaes, but after a long period of oblivion, and undergoing various base uses, was discovered in 1812, by Mr. Llwyd, author of “ Beaumaris Bay,” and removed to its present position.

A short distance from Baron Hill is Henllys Lodge, the property of Captain Hampton : it contains a valuable collection of curiosities, which any respectable person is at liberty to inspect.

In the immediate vicinity is The Friars, the residence of the late Lady Williams, mother of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley.

Not far distant is Llanvaes Friary, founded by Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, in the year 1237, on the supposed spot where a battle was fought between the Saxons and the Welsh. This abbey was founded in honour of Llywelyn's wife, natural daughter of King John, who at her own request was buried here.

Two miles distant from Llanvaes Friary are the ruins of Penmon Priory, a place of great sanctity, whose favourite chief, Idwall, has been described by the poets of the times as

“the sunshine of the country.” It was dedicated to St. Mary, and was founded by Gwynedd, king of the Britons, about A.D. 540, and afterwards endowed by Llywelyn ap Iorwerth.

#### BEAUMARIS BAY,\*

at full tide, presents a noble expanse of ocean, nearly surrounded by an extensive range of some of the loftiest mountains in the principality. On the extreme left is seen Puffin Island, which by a narrow sound divides Anglesea from the sea; whence the eye glances down to the estuary of the Conway, where the giant Orme's Head stretches far into the bosom of the sea, and Penmaen Bach and Penmaen Mawr raise their heads almost perpendicularly. To the right is seen “the cloud-capped towers” of Carnedds Davydd and Llywelyn; immediately below is the village of Aber and the majestic towers of Penrhyn Castle, embosomed in a splendid park, covered with wood of ancient date. On the extreme right are seen the Menai Straits, with the richly wooded and cultivated shores, terminating with those wondrous specimens of human skill, the Menai bridges. The spacious piece of ground in front of the bay, called the Green, affords a breezy and cheerful promenade, and is enlivened by the constant passage of shipping.—In the immediate vicinity of Beaumaris is

#### PUFFIN ISLAND,

which, during the season, is much resorted to by tourists. Its British name is “Ynys Seiriol,” from the residence of St. Seiriol upon it in the sixth century. It is above a mile in length, and on all sides except that towards Anglesea, presents to the view steep and inaccessible rocks, and is inhabited only by various species of sea-fowl, more especially puffins, which congregate here in vast numbers, and in their habits and manners greatly resemble the penguins of the tropical climates. Their legs are placed so far back that they walk with their heads in nearly an upright position. These birds appear annually in the beginning of April, and immediately on their arrival take possession of

\* “An elegant poetic description of this charming place was published some time since, by Mr. Llwyd, and enriched with copious historical notes and observations; a work now exceedingly scarce, and to be found only in the libraries of the curious.”

the burrows formed by rabbits which formerly abounded here, but which they have now nearly expelled by seizing on their burrows. They form their nest by putting together a few sticks and grass, and on this the female lays a single white egg, which is generally hatched in the beginning of July. The male and female sit alternately relieving each other at intervals for the purpose of procuring food. Puffins do not breed till they are three years old ; and are said to change their bills annually. During their stay, a great number of the young are taken and pickled in small casks, which, together with barreled oysters, forms a source of traffic and emolument. If, on passing this island, a gun is fired, the birds will rise in great clouds, as at the Orme's Head.

The hazardous method practised here, and at the Orme's Head, of gathering the rock samphire, *crithmum, maritum*, suspended over the cliffs by a rope, Shakspeare might well describe as a fearful trade !

“ How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !  
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down,  
Hangs one who gathers samphire. Dreadful trade ! ”

The many accidents which have occurred in this bay, have induced the Corporation of Trinity House to erect a light-house on the south-western point of the island, at a part called Black Point.\* This light-house is a splendid work of art, in the bell form, and contains more courses of masonry under sea-water mark, than that of Eddystone. The light is thrown out to sea by means of a strong reflector erected on the opposite or Anglesea coast. It is worthy of attention ; and tourists will find a pleasant sail to this place and Puffin Island, either from Beaumaris or Bangor.

We shall again direct our route towards Beaumaris, and commence a tour round the Island of Anglesea, which has been noted from the remotest period of antiquity as the asylum of the ancient Druids, and afterwards of the Christian religion. Here the sacred historian traces the rudiments of a primitive church in a long line of primitive

\* It was near this spot that the melancholy wreck of the Rothsay Castle steamer occurred, on the night of the 17th August, 1831, upon which occasion upwards of 100 lives were lost.

saints,\* whose names still attach to the most sacred edifices, who founded an establishment which for centuries was independent, and enjoyed a polity and exercised a discipline perfectly distinct from that into which it subsequently emerged. Anglesea is devoid of those varieties of mountains, vales, lakes, and falls which characterize the greater part of North Wales; nevertheless it is rich in druidical remains and antiquated lore.

“ Here, Cambria opes her tome of other days,  
And with maternal pride, the page displays:  
Dwells on the glorious list, and loves to trace  
From Britain’s genuine kings,—her noblest race.  
The landscape’s various charms the muse explores,  
The Druid haunts, and Mona’s hallow’d shores.”

Anglesea was formerly called “ Môn, mam Gymru,” Môn, the mother or the nurse of Wales. Some attribute this appellation to its being a very fruitful place, and that in time of scarcity, it supplied the principality with corn, cattle, and other necessaries.

When this isle was invaded by the Saxons, they called it Money, Ey in their tongue signifying an island; but since its subjection to the English, it has been called Anglesey, or Anglesea, that is, the English-men’s Island.

The greatest length of the island is from Penmon in the east to Holyhead in the west, which measures thirty miles; and its greatest breadth, measuring from Llaneilian in the north to Llanddwyn in the south, is twenty-six miles. Its form is somewhat irregular, having a great number of bays and creeks, which come a great way into the country.

A celebrated bard of the thirteenth century has handed down the hospitality of the inhabitants of this island, in the following memorable couplet, which is indicative of their cooking apparatus being frequently in use:—

“ Gorddu yw brig y Werddon,  
Gan vwg ciginau o Von!”  
Mona’s fat kitchen smokes for many a mile,  
Curls o’er the deep to tinge the Emerald isle.

To which the worthy translator, the venerable Archdeacon Newcome, of Ruthin, added—

“ Indignant Erin spurns the stranger’s soot,  
And sends it back in clouds of Lundyfoot!”

\* For a list of the saints who flourished in this island as well as other parts of Wales, during the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, see Cressey’s Church History and Rees’ Welsh Saints.

Leaving Beaumaris, and after passing the grounds of Baron Hill Park, the next place we arrive at worthy of notice is an ancient mansion, called PLAS GWYN, formerly the residence of the Rev. H. Rowlands, the author of *Mona Antiqua*. This place is noted for having been the asylum of a large collection of ancient British MSS., which the late Mr. Panton, with the assistance of the Rev. Evan Evans, Ieuan Brydydd Hir, collected together at a great expense. To Mr. Panton's fine taste this country is, and posterity will be, indebted for the preservation of the late Rev. Evan Evan's collection of British antiquity; and for his humanity in securing that wayward child of genius, in the evening of his days, from penury and wretchedness. There were formerly ninety-one vols. of manuscripts, mostly Welsh, in the library. Llwyd says, "To the lovers of British literature, the name of Panton will ever be dear."

In a field close to Plas Gwyn are two stones, placed, as tradition says, to mark the bounds of an astonishing leap, which obtained for Einion, the active performer of it, the wife of his choice. There were two competitors, and the lady whose name was Angharad, of the family of Plas Gwyn, decided their claims by taking the man who could leap furthest. Einion, it is said, sometime afterwards went to a distant part of the country, where he had occasion to reside for several years, and he found on his return, that his wife had, on that very morning, been married to another person. He took his harp, and sitting down at the door, explained in Welsh metre who he was, and where he had been resident. His wife narrowly scrutinized his person, unwilling to give up her new spouse, when he exclaimed—

- “ Look not, Angharad, on my silver harp,  
Which once shone bright of golden lively hue :  
Man doth not last like gold,—he that was fair  
Will soon decay, though gold continue new.
- “ 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 harp, 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 in Aber Newydd, which thou, fair flower!  
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'd my worth within thy breast.”



About a mile from Plas Gwyn, and in the vicinity of Redwharf Bay, is the village of

PENTRAETH,

*the end of the sands.* It is pleasantly situated, and its little church has such a picturesque appearance, that Mr. Grose was induced to insert a print of it in his Antiquities.

The coast between Traeth-coch and Moelfre Point produces several kinds of excellent brown, grey, and mottled marble, which are manufactured into monuments and ornaments for architectural decorations. The specimens obtained at Bodior quarry are celebrated for their brilliancy and diversity of colour. Buonaparte had a table made from this quarry, executed by Bullock, and sent to him at St. Helena ! The Panton Arms is a good inn.

Two miles from this place is PLAS PENMYNYDD, the ancient residence of the ancestors of the royal family of Tudor. The celebrated Owen Tudor was born here, in 1385, and after a scholastic education, he went to London to study the law ; but not liking his profession, he travelled abroad. After visiting several countries, he returned to the metropolis, and got admission into the English court. Soon after the death of Henry the Fifth, his widow, Catherine of France, was enamoured with Owen, and the dowager queen became a subject's wife. His introduction was rather singular : being an active gentleman, very comely in person, and courtly in his behaviour, he was once commanded to dance before the queen ; but in footing it, down he slipped, and unable to recover himself, he fell into her lap as she sat on a stool, with the maids of honour around her, admiring his agility ; " Who," as honest Hall informs us, " beying young and lustye, followyng more her owne appetyte than frendely counsaill, and regardyng more her private affection then her open honour, toke to husband privily (in 1428) a goodly gentyman, and a beautiful person, garniged with many godly gyftes, both of nature and of grace, called Owen Teuther, a man brought furth and come of the noble lignage and auncient lyne of Cadwalader, the last kynge of the Britonnes." They lived together till her death in 1437, after she had brought him three sons and one daughter ; one of their grandsons was Henry, earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, king of England.

“ If Britain saw her regal fire,  
 In brave Llywelyn's breast expire,  
 Her pride to dust return,  
 A day, though distant, cheers my view,  
 A spark in Mona's hearth renew—  
 A brighter blaze shall burn.”

In visiting this place, Mr. Hutton walked 33 miles to examine it, though at the age of 77, and spent two days in making enquiries. His remarks are as follow:—“The chief that is said of Owen is, that ‘ he was an accomplished and handsome Welsh gentleman;’ and is this all the man merits who furnished England with a numerous race of kings and queens? Shall he be consigned to oblivion whom history has not charged with error? Let him live, then, in my page, since he has not found another.”

Not far from Pen-mynydd, and close to the sea-shore, is TRE'R CASTELL, an ancient castellated mansion, formerly the residence of Marchudd, founder of one of the royal tribes of Wales. Here,

“ In days when outrage occupied the hour,  
 When law and justice bent the knee to power,  
 When the chieftain's safety was the moated wall,  
 The hero's helmet, and the crowded hall,”

lived in a style of magnificent hospitality, Sir Tudor ap Goronwy. Of this distinguished character, the following anecdote is recorded in Welsh history:—

The king, Edward the First, hearing that Sir Tudor had assumed the honour of knighthood without his permission, called him to account for so extraordinary a procedure. Sir Tudor replied, that by the laws of the round table, he had a right to do so, having the three requisites: first, he was a gentleman; secondly, he had an ample fortune; and, thirdly, as to his prowess, he was ready to fight any man, be he whom he would, that was hardy enough to dispute it. The king, admiring the dignity of his manner, confirmed to Sir Tudor the honour he had so justly assumed and so well deserved.

Sir Tudor was one of the great proprietors, who, holding their estates *in capite*, did homage to Edward, prince of Wales, at Chester, the 29th of Edward the First. His three sons were, in their time, styled the three temporal lords of Anglesea, viz. Ednyfed of Tre'r Castell, Goronwy of Pen-mynydd, and Rhys of Arddreiniog. The three spiritual lords being the archdeacon of Anglesea, the president of

Holyhead, and the prior of Penmon.—A short distance hence is CASTELL ABER LLEINIOG, where there are still vestiges of a small ancient fort, at the back of a neat farmhouse, near the sea-beach. This fortress was founded by Hugh Lupus, the fat earl of Chester, and Hugh, the red-headed earl of Shrewsbury, when they leagued together against the Welsh, attacked Anglesea, and committed more savage barbarities on the poor natives than ever stained the annals of any country. These outrages, however, were afterwards fully retaliated; history states that Magnus, king of Norway, attempting to land, was opposed by the earls; the earl of Shrewsbury was shot in the eye, as he stood armed, *cap-a-pie*, on the shore, by an expert bowman; Magnus, at the same time, tauntingly crying out, "*leit loup!*" (let him dance), when the earl was in the agonies of death. Hugh Lupus, upon the fall of his colleague, quitted the isle, built a castle at Bangor, ravaged the promontory of Llëyn, so that it was desolate for seven years, returned to Chester, and then died.

## LLANGEFNI.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Beaumaris .....	12	Llanerchymedd .....	7
Menai Bridge.....	7	Mona Inn .....	3

This town is considered the centre of Anglesea, and is celebrated for its large markets and fairs, where considerable business is transacted in buying cattle for the English market. It is one of the contributory boroughs. The Bull Inn is a comfortable house. In this parish is Tre-garnedd, now only a farm house, but once the residence of a most valiant and distinguished chieftain, Ednyfed Vychan, the able minister and councillor of Llywelyn the Great, in the thirteenth century. It was also the birth-place of Sir Gruffydd Llwyd, who first brought intelligence to Edward the First, then at Rhuddlan, of his queen having been delivered of a son at Caernarvon castle. On this occasion he received the honour of knighthood, and subsequently did homage to the young prince at Chester. But the yoke of submission did not sit easy; he felt indignant at an offence offered him, and a deep resentment at the wrongs and oppressions of his duped and suffering countrymen. He meditated a revolt, and for that purpose formed a plan for liberating his country from the slavery to which by his sig-

nature, he had unintentionally contributed, and was determined to put his plans into execution. In the year 1322, he took up arms, and aided by the diversions occasioned by two other insurrections, under Madoc and Owen Glyndwr, for some time overrun the country with resistless impetuosity; but suffering a defeat by the English army, he retreated into Anglesea, to his house at Tre'r-garnedd, which he had strongly fortified with a fosse and ramparts. Here, however, after a desperate struggle, he was taken prisoner and executed.

About three miles from Llangefni, on the Llanerchymedd road, is TREGAIAN, the ancient residence of the late Admiral Lloyd, a brave old veteran and worthy companion of Nelson. This place is also noticed as the birth-place and residence of William ap Howell ap Iorwerth, called "the Welsh patriarch," who lived to the advanced age of one hundred and five. This person was not less remarkable for his numerous issue than for his longevity. He had successively three wives; the first of whom brought him twenty-two children, the second ten, and the third four; and two concubines bore him seven; making in the whole forty-three. From this stock descended, during the lifetime of the sire, no less than three hundred people, eighty of whom lived in this neighbourhood. What is further a singular fact, in the year 1581, when his youngest son was only two years old, his eldest was eighty-four; so that from the first to the last child an interval elapsed of eighty-two years!

Between Tregaiian and Llanerchymedd, is Maen Rhôs Rhyfel, where a most decisive battle was fought by Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, and an invading army, composed of Erse, Manks, and Normans; an event which, though not mentioned by Warrington in his detail of Welsh affairs during the reign of this magnanimous prince, who was justly entitled to the distinguished appellation of his ancestor, "insularum draco," redounded more to the glory of Cambrian prowess than any thing which had occurred in the two preceding centuries.

In repulsing the various attempts made by Henry the Second, he acquired considerable glory, and in none more so than on this occasion; for here both the naval and military powers of the principality were engaged.

The lover of intellect and the admirer of genius will be induced to visit Llanfair Mathafarn Eithaf, to venerate the place which gave birth to as brilliant a star as for centuries

appeared in the Cambrian hemisphere—the Rev. Goronwy Owen. This neglected man was probably not inferior in talents to any that Wales ever produced. He was the son of a humble peasant, who, unacquainted with the value of learning, was totally unmindful of bestowing any education on his children. Goronwy, however, was endowed with a mind that would be informed, a spirit of enquiry no power could resist, and an ardour for research which defied all obstacles to extinguish it. He went to school at first by stealth, through the indulgence of his mother, where, at an early period, he exhibited such uncommon abilities, and evinced so close an application to books, that at the age of fifteen he became a prodigy. By the munificence of our great antiquary, Lewis Morris, Esq., he was sent to Oxford, and received an university education: he was graduated, and received holy orders; and after remaining in this country for a great number of years, with the paltry pittance of £40 a-year, to support his family, to the great disgrace of the then bishops of Wales, after having been worn out with expectation of obtaining some small preferment in his native soil, as Mr. Morris emphatically says, “this fairest flower of British genius was transplanted to wither in the ungenial soil of America!”—The next place we come to is

## LLANERCHYMEDD.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Beaumaris.....	17	Amlwch .....	6
Holyhead .....	16	London .....	263

This is a considerable town, and was formerly noted as having the largest and most numerous attended markets in Anglesea; but within a few years past it has considerably diminished, owing to the opening of one at Llangefni, which being more central, affords greater convenience for commercial transactions with the several parts of the island. This place enjoys no manufacturing trade, except for that high dried toast, Welsh Lundyfoot, alias *Llwch mân Llanerchymedd*, which is now so generally snuffed by connoisseurs throughout the three kingdoms, and considered by many superior to Lundy's own, which it bids fair to supersede.

To give an idea of the simplicity and manners of the country people in this district, we insert the following colloquy, related by Mr. Pugh in his *Cambria Depicta*, when

sketching some of the beautiful scenery. "Passing Llan-algo, near Dulas, I met an aged woman, whom I addressed in Welsh, and inquired if I was on the road to Amlwch. She said I was on the right way to that place. Eyeing the portfolio under my arm, she asked why I carried such a large book; I replied for my amusement on the road. 'Did you bring it a long way, Sir?' 'From London.' 'From London!' said the old woman, catching hold of my arm, 'From London, Sir! God bless you, Sir! do you know John Thomas; was he well? O, call at his mother's house, which is on the way, and how happy will she be to hear from him.' Owing to the rapidity with which she spoke this, I found it impossible to say, I did not know John Thomas; and she proceeded, and said that John Thomas was a most clever young man, whose merits and indefatigable industry in his master's service were justly appreciated by him."

AMLWCH.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Beaumaris.....	17	Llanerchymedd .....	6
Holyhead .....	20	Menai Bridge .....	18

This is a market-town on the coast, chiefly supported by the copper mines with which the district abounds. It possesses a spacious harbour cut out of the solid slate rock, capable of admitting thirty vessels of 200 tons burden. In connection with Beaumaris, Holyhead, and Llangefni, it returns one member to parliament. The church, an elegant building, was erected by the Parys Mine Company, at an expense of £4000. There are numerous other places of worship belonging to dissenters. Visitors will find excellent accommodation at Ty Mawr, an inn of first-rate character, where cars and every requisite for the tourist are provided.

Close to Amlwch are the celebrated PARYS COPPER MINES, two in number. One of them, that on the eastern side, is called the Mona Mine, and is the entire property of the Marquis of Anglesea; the other, named Parys Mine, is the joint property of the Marquis of Anglesea and Lord Dinorben. They took their name from a Robert Parys, chamberlain of North Wales in the reign of Henry IV.

These mines, which have been discovered since the year 1768, and are still worked with spirit and profit, highly merit a visit from the pedestrian, the mineralogist, and the admirer of nature. The scene materially differs in appear-

ance and grandeur from any other copper mine in the world ; for, on the first discovery the ore (as in other mines) was not found to lie in veins or lodes, but in large conglomerated masses, which admitted of being raised like the workings of an open quarry, and are exposed to the present day. They thus exhibit a most romantic wildness of character, which appears to a visitor as if nature had played her gambols, and in lieu of other amusements, had tossed the rocks and hills about in sport :

“ And laugh to scorn  
All the proud boast of art, in various colours ;  
Uprear, barren, and bleak ; as if in contempt  
Of vegetable laws.”

The excavations in these mines are immense, as may be inferred from the fact of there having been at one time a stock of 44,000 tons of ore lying on the surface ; and, at the most flourishing period it is computed that 80,000 tons of ore were extracted annually from these celebrated mines, which at that time commanded the market of the world. The open excavations, worthy of notice, are the “ Hill Side” and the “ Open Cast.” The former fell in with a tremendous crash, about 50 years ago, in consequence of the pillars that supported the surface work having been blasted for the valuable portion of ore which they contained. Many years of assiduous labour have, however, partially cleared the fallen rubbish away. It has exposed to open day the most extensive field for geological research ever known. The unconnected and broken appearance of the rocks, the diversity of colours, in strata, layers, and veins, coupled with the busy working of the miners, blasting the adamantine rock, some ascending from caves, others descending, with lighted torches, several scores of fathoms, to shafts below

“ Their rugged path,  
And prospects oft so dreary and forlorn,  
Moves many a sigh at the disheartening depths,”

impress on the mind admiration of that Power which created all with a word, and by whose will, creation, with its wonders, exists. Not even Adam, when he scanned the works of Deity, and chaunted the praise of his Creator, tuned his soul with a sight more sublime. With him we would raise our feeble notes :—

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good !”

The other excavation is the Open Cast, where the most lucrative ore is obtained. The descent to this stupendous geological amphitheatre is easy, and will well repay the curious. The spectator will find himself surrounded with layers of ochre and calcareous earths, subterraneous cavities, different lodes, veins, shales, headings, hangings, adits, large broken tumblers, loose rocks, some of which have borrowed their colours from vitriolic salts, and others have been crystallized by the properties of the noted mineral waters.

In the bottom of the Open Cast are several shafts, the deepest of which, the engine shaft, is 120 yards. There are other deeper shafts in Mona mine, viz. the Pearl shaft, which is upwards of 200 yards in depth, with an engine of 40 horse power.

Among the many curiosities in the mines are the roasters or kilns, where the process of calcining, for the purpose of extracting the sulphur from the ore, is carried on. When these kilns are full, timber is ignited and applied, and in 48 hours the ore takes fire, and smouldering, slowly disengages the sulphur, which is carried to a chamber connected, by means of flues, with the kilns. This process lasts from seven to ten months, according to the quantity of ore operated upon.

The celebrated mineral waters of these mines are found to hold in solution a great portion of sulphate of copper, which is separated in the following manner:—Extensive dams are erected, to contain the water, in which are ranges of square pits filled with old iron and tin clippings, imported from all parts. The water is then made to flow from the dams, when several old miners are kept employed in agitating the remnants of iron. A slow and continued action takes place, by which the iron is gradually dissolved, leaving nearly an equal quantity of oxide of copper precipitated in its stead. The water is then run off, after having been reduced to a standard of seven or eight grains, into large shallow pools, when it is strongly impregnated with sulphate of iron. In these pools a precipitation of iron takes place, which, being collected and dried, is sold as yellow ochre, and generally used as Venetian red.

The subterraneous architecture and working of these mines are sublime and extensive. When the ore has been dug out from the bottom of a working, it is conveyed in barrows



to the mouth of the shaft, there put into large wooden trussels, and drawn to the surface by a whimsey of two-horse power, from the various depths of 100 to 200 yards. In Mona mine there are 16, and in Parys mine six to eight of these whimseys in continual work. After one has been brought to the surface, it is wheeled to a commodious spot, to be broken. For this operation the miners use the phrase of "rapscalling." This being done, it is conveyed to long wooden tents, each containing from 10 to 20 "*copper ladies*," whose occupation is to break the ore into lumps of about an inch and a half in size, at the same time collecting as much waste as possible from the ore. The appearance of these women, called copper ladies, is very singular. They sit in a row, before a square block of iron, on which they break the copper. The fingers of the hand which grasp the copper are covered with iron, while the other gaily handles a hammer of about 4 lbs. weight, and thus they toil and sing from six to six. The copper thus broken is conveyed to the kilns, for calcining, as before mentioned.

The mines are let out in portions to different companies, by whom the works are now carried on. There are also alum works and a green vitriol manufactory in the neighbourhood. It is well known that the produce of these mines brought to the fortunate possessors, for many years, no less a sum than from 2 to £300,000 per annum! Proceeding towards Holyhead, we reach

#### BODEDEYRN.

This village, one of the most extensive in Mona, is pleasantly situated on the old Holyhead road. The spinning of woollen yarn is carried on here. The church, dedicated to St. Edeyrn, is a small ancient structure, displaying some good architectural details. A national school was erected here in 1822, which affords instruction to about 70 children. Tre Iorwerth, the residence of Mr. Wynne Jones, is in this parish; a good family mansion, beautifully situated in the midst of thriving plantations. On the demesne of Presaddved, are the remains of one or more "*cromlech*," or druidical altars, situate about a mile from the church eastward.

Between Bodedeyrn and Holyhead, we cross an arm of the sea, called the *Stanley Sands*, by means of an embank-

ment, which cost the government £60,000, and shortened the road from Bangor to Holyhead two miles. It is three quarters of a mile in length, and on an average 16 feet in height, near the centre of which is a bridge, through which, owing to the confinement of so large a body of water, the tide rushes with inconceivable velocity and terrific noise.

“ Here Ocean rushing from her wide domains,  
With distant roar salutes the sandy plains ;  
Now slow, serene, the placid currents creep,  
Then backward roll terrific to the deep.”

At the end of the embankment to the right, we pass the entrance gate to PENRHOS PARK.

This handsome modern mansion is embosomed in the wood, and is the residence of the Honourable William Owen Stanley. It was built under the direction of Mr. Defford. The principal entrance faces the sea, of which it commands a very extensive view.—About a quarter of a mile east of Penrhos is Penrhyn, a cliff projecting into the sea, which has been the residence of the family of Owen for many centuries, who were descended from one of the five sons of Hwfa ap Cynddelw, lord of Llifon in 1157, now represented by the Hon. W. O. Stanley. Hwfa was cotemporary with Owen Gwynedd, one of the most celebrated princes of North Wales, who, on more than one occasion, gave battle and completely routed the English army, under the personal command of Henry the Second of England. Hwfa founded one of the 15 royal tribes of Wales; and his five sons inherited his princely property, extending from Aberffraw to Holyhead, and including a great part of the island of Anglesea.

During the tremendous gales in January, 1802, the *Die Liebe*, a Dutch galliot, bound from Rotterdam to Ireland, and the *Brothers*, from Liverpool, were wrecked near Penrhos; the unfortunate sufferers found all the comfort and attention which beneficence, united with affluence, can so happily bestow. The crew of the first vessel consisted of people of various nations, and some of them continued at Penrhos for a considerable time.

A very short distance from hence will bring us to

## HOLYHEAD.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Amlwch.....	20	Chester .....	86
Bangor.....	25	Dublin .....	60
Beaumaris .....	27	London, by Rails....	272 $\frac{3}{4}$

Holyhead is a small island, divided by a narrow strait from the western extremity of Anglesea. It is generally believed that Anglesea once formed a portion of the mainland; and Holyhead was doubtless in the same way united with Anglesea: and as the larger island, though cut off by nature from the parent land, has been again united with it by the hand of man, so has Holyhead been joined to Anglesea, being connected with it by the embankments and bridges of the great Irish coach-road, and of the Chester and Holyhead Railway.

It is a seaport, borough, and market town. The natives call it *Caer Cybi*, in honour of a certain religious man, who founded a small monastery here about the year 380. Its situation, relative to the coast of Ireland, has ever rendered it of considerable importance, from the facilities it affords for a communication with that country, the passage being much less difficult and dangerous than from any other part of the coast. The chief interest attaching to Holyhead arises from its being the station for the Dublin mail packets. The distance to Kingstown harbour is 54 nautical miles, and the passage is considered much safer than from Liverpool. This preference hence arises. The shipping being able to clear land in a shorter time, is in less danger of being embayed. From Liverpool to Dublin the sea voyage is about 130 miles, requiring, according to the report of the commissioners of railways in Ireland, a mean time of 13 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours. It must be remembered also, that during storms and low water, vessels encounter much danger and delay in leaving Liverpool harbour, and particularly the Hoyle sands, extending along the Welsh coast from 20 to 30 miles. It is said that between Holyhead and Dublin no packet has been lost since the days of queen Elizabeth.

For the use chiefly of the packets, there have been constructed a harbour-pier and graving-dock, with all suitable appliances, at a cost of upwards of £140,000. They were designed by the late Mr. Rennie. The pier is nearly a thousand feet in length.

The distance from London to Holyhead is about 272 $\frac{3}{4}$

miles, which, at 30 miles an hour, may be performed in nine hours.

At the entrance to the pier is an arch of Mona marble, erected to commemorate the visit of George IV., in 1821, on his way to Ireland. In an opposite direction, and on an elevated situation, is a monument to the memory of Captain Skinner, who was washed overboard whilst commanding one of the post-office packets.

The Church, dedicated to St. Cybi, is of the perpendicular style, and has been a good deal enriched with carvings on the exterior; but these being executed in soft stone, and exposed to the sea, are almost mouldered away; under the porch, however, where sheltered from the weather, they are much more perfect. They are rude, but curious; and the church altogether, will repay the time spent in its examination. The cemetery has been strongly fortified; the inclosure is 220 feet long and 130 wide; along the walls, which are exceedingly thick, are two rows of circular holes. These perforations are found in most of the British forts, and many contradictory opinions are given by writers, to which our limits do not allow us to refer.

There are several places of worship for the dissenting inhabitants. There are also an endowed school, and a national school for the gratuitous education of children. Near the seaside is the chapel of St. Ffraid. The popish legends say that this saint, a virgin of great sanctity, sailed from Ireland to this place upon a sod of green turf, which on her landing became a firm hillock, and thereon was built her chapel. One of the old bards alludes to the circumstance in the following beautifully alliterative couplet:—

“ Da y novaist hyd yn Nevi  
Dull Duw, ar dy vantell di ! ”

Swift o'er the sea the floating island fled,  
While glorious rays illumined her Holy head.

There are no manufactories carried on at Holyhead: the trade consists chiefly in the building of coasting vessels, the repairing of the post-office packets belonging to the several ports of England and Wales, and the making of ropes and cables. The market is held on Saturday. The North and South Wales bank has a branch here. There are two or three good inns at Holyhead, but the principal one is the

Royal Hotel, an establishment of the first order for comfort and attention. The Hibernia Hotel is the next in importance, and is a respectable house.

Some fine veins of mona marble, called "verde antique," have been discovered in this parish, and worked to some extent.

There are several remains of military forts in the neighbourhood, whose appearance indicate them to be of Roman origin. Many Roman coins of the time of late emperors were found a few years ago in Holyhead mountain; and in 1835, in removing some old walls at Ty mawr, the property of Lord Stanley of Alderley, were found several spear heads, axes, and rings of bronze, with red amber blades, which, from the form and nature of the materials, appear to be of Phœnician origin. At Trefigreth, another farm of Lord Stanley's, is to be seen a small but perfect cromlech. And at Tywyn-y-capel, about two miles distant, there is a singular artificial mound, formed of sea sand. It is filled with graves, and the coffins are made of rude flat stones, placed in rows above each other. This place is worth the investigation of the antiquary.

The promontory, called the Head, presents a most interesting object of curiosity to the traveller, furnishing one of those sublime spectacles which are occasionally met with, formed by the plastic hand of nature, and defying the weak attempts of human art to imitate: it consists of an immense mass of rocks, in which have been formed, by the continual action of the waves, various grotesque and stupendous caverns; one of these, which has received the vulgar appellation of the Parliament House, is particularly worthy of attention. The cliffs and craigs above afford protection to numerous birds, among which is to be found the celebrated peregrine falcon: the eggs of some of these birds are considered a most delicious dainty; and much skill and dexterity is evinced by the natives in collecting them. These caverns are only approachable in a boat.

The South Stack Lighthouse stands on the summit of an isolated rock, three or four miles westward from Holyhead, and separated from the island by a chasm 90 feet in width, over which a suspension bridge has been thrown. The elevation of the rock on which the lighthouse is erected, is 140 feet above the level of the sea at high water mark: the height of the lighthouse, including the lantern, is 72 feet.

ABERFFRAW.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Mona Inn .....	8	Newborough.....	7

Aberffraw is a village situate at the conflux of the river Ffraw and the sea. It was formerly a considerable place, and is rendered famous as being the residence of the princes of North Wales, from the time of Roderick Mawr, in the ninth century, to the death of Llywelyn, in 1282. Their palace was at this place; and some remains of building, now worked into a barn, are shown as those of the princely residence. In this palace was kept a copy of the celebrated code of laws, enacted by Howel Dda, in the year 940, for the better government of Wales, of which two transcripts were made, for the use of the public and the distribution of justice.

In this neighbourhood was found the curious mass of copper which is now in the Mostyn library. It is in the shape of a cake of bees' wax, weighs 42 lbs. and is impressed in raised characters with the words SOCIO ROMÆ. This curiosity was presented to Lady Mary Mostyn, daughter of Sir John Wynne, of Gwydir, by archbishop Williams, who founded an asylum at Gloddaeth, where he died.

In the year 1849, Aberffraw received the greatest dignity which the Welsh notables could confer upon it, having been selected as the theatre for holding the Eisteddvod, which was celebrated there with all the honours. The Prince Llywelyn Inn here is a very respectable house, where travellers will meet with every accommodation.

In the vicinity of Aberffraw, there is a splendid lake called LLYN CORON, two miles in circumference, abounding with trout and other fish of a superior description. It is much frequented by anglers during the summer, for the convenience of whom Mr. Jones, landlord of the Prince Llywelyn Inn, has erected on the margin of the lake a very tasteful cottage.

Not far distant is BODORGAN, the seat of Owen Fuller Meyrick, Esq. who is the representative of a long line of ancestry. It is pleasantly situated, and overlooks Caernarvon bay.

At the extreme south point of Anglesea, are the ruins of Llanddwyn Abbey, which was situated about the middle of a sandy flat, surrounded by rocks, and also, except on one side, by the sea. To judge from the present traces of its

site, the erection altogether has never been of any considerable magnitude.—We next arrive at

### NEWBOROUGH.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Aberffraw.....	7	Menai Bridge.....	12

Newborough, or as it was formerly termed, Rhos-vair, is a village containing about 900 inhabitants. It was originally a place of great importance, and for many years a residence of the princes of North Wales, who occasionally moved hither from Aberffraw. A small building is still shewn, as a vestige of the palatial chapel. Edward I. made this place a corporation, from which circumstance originated the present name of Newborough. Its principal manufactures are mats and ropes, made of sea-reed grass, a plant very common here. In the neighbourhood are several monuments of antiquity and druidical remains.

### LLANIDAN.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Caernarvon, across the Ferry	3	Menai Bridge.....	6
Llanedwen.....	2	Plas Newydd.....	3

This is a small village near the shores of the Menai, not far from the spot where Suetonius Paulinus landed with his hosts, and massacred the inhabitants and refugees by thousands. The field is about 300 yards from the Menai; it consists of about twenty acres, and is still called Maes Mawrgâd (field of the great army). After the death of Nero, in the year 67, the Druids resumed their sway, which they held till the year 76, when Agricola landed, and perpetrated a similar tragedy in a field nearly a mile further north, which still retains the name of Pont-yr-Yscraffiau (bridge of boats.)

Not far distant is LLANIDAN HALL, the seat of Lord Boston, finely situated on an arm of the sea, commanding a beautiful prospect of Caernarvon and the Snowdonian hills. The church, which is adjacent, once belonged to the convent of Bedd Gelert. MOEL-Y-DON FERRY is celebrated as being the place where, in the year 1282, a part of the English army experienced from the Welsh a severe defeat, attended with great slaughter. This was formerly one of the principal ferries on the Menai, and is still a place of

considerable traverse. The farmers of this part of Anglesea take the produce of the land to Caernarvon fairs and markets, where they find a ready sale.

PLAS COCH has long been of importance: in the beginning of the twelfth century it was the residence of Llywarch ab Brân, Lord of Cwmmwd Menai, founder of one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales. It was called Porthamael, till 1569, when Hugh Hughes, Esq. built the present house, which, from the complexion of the stone, acquired the name of Plâs Côch (red hall). The founder was queen Elizabeth's attorney for North Wales, served as high-sheriff three times, and represented his native county in parliament. Her successor, James, appointed him lord chief justice of Ireland, but he died in London, before going over. The present owner, W. B. Hughes, Esq., M.P. for the Caernarvonshire boroughs, is the twentieth resident at Plâs Côch, from his ancestor the Lord of Menai, by his eldest son Cadwgan.

In the various townships and hamlets in this vicinity are numerous monuments, indicative of druidical worship. At Bodowyr is a remarkable cromlech, the table stone of which, resting upon three strong supporters, is seven feet long, six feet broad, and six feet thick. Remains of a circle of stones and a carnedd were once visible near it, but the stones have been removed for the purpose of building. At Tanben Cefn, on the river Breint, are two large quadrangles, lying almost contiguous. Caerleb, or the moated intrenchment, is of a square form, having a double fosse and vellum, and within foundations of angular and circular buildings.

“ These mighty piles of magic planted rock,  
 Thus ranged in mystic order: mark the place,  
 Where, but at times of holiest festival,  
 The Druid leads his train. There dwells the seer  
 In yonder shaggy cave, on which the moon  
 Now sheds a side-long gleam. His brotherhood  
 Possess the neighbouring cliffs.—  
 Mine eye descries a distant range of caves  
 Delved in the ridges of the craggy steep:  
 And this way still another. On the left  
 Reside the sages skilled in nature's lore,  
 The changeful universe, its numbers, powers,  
 Studious they measure, save when meditation  
 Gives place to holy rites: then in the grove  
 Each hath his rank and function. Yonder grots  
 Are tenanted by bards, who mighty thence  
 Descend, with harps that glitter to the moon,  
 Hymning immortal strains.”



Numerous other vestiges might possibly be discovered by a careful and patient investigation; yet these appear to have been only the outworks of the grand seat of the arch-druid.

Close by is TRE'R DRYW (the habitation of the arch-druid), and the pious seat of his domestics. "Here," observes Mr. Pennant, "I met with the mutilated remains described by Mr. Rowlands. His Bryn Gwyn, Brien Gwyn, (royal tribunal), is a circular hollow of one hundred and eighty feet in diameter, surrounded by an immense agger of earth and stones, evidently brought from some other place, there not being any mark of their being from the spot. It has only a single entrance. This is supposed to have been the grand consistory of the druidical administration."

Here, in 1702, the late Rev. H. Rowlands, author of *Mona Antiqua*, while superintending the removal of some of the stones for the purpose of making an antiquarian research, found a beautiful brass medal of our Saviour, in a fine state of preservation, which he forwarded to his friend and countryman, the Rev. E. Lhwyd, author of the *Archæologia Britannica*, and at that time keeper of the Ashmolean library at Oxford. This medal, of which we have given an engraving, has on one side the figure of a head exactly answering the description given by Publius Lentulus of our Saviour, in a letter sent by him to the Emperor Tiberius and the senate of Rome. On the reverse side, it has the following legend or inscription, written in Hebrew characters, "This is Jesus Christ, the Mediator or Reconciler;" or, "Jesus, the great Messias, or Man Mediator." And being found among the ruins of the chief Druids resident in Anglesea, it is not improbable that the curious relic belonged to some Christian connected with Brân the Blessed, who was one of Caractacus's hostages at Rome from A.D. 52 to 59, at which time the apostle Paul was preaching the gospel of Christ at Rome. In two years afterwards, A.D. 61, the Roman general Suetonius extirpated all the Druids in the island. The following is a translation of the letter alluded to, a very antique copy of which is in the possession of the family of Kellie, afterwards Lord Kellie, now represented by the Earl of Mar, a very ancient Scotch family, taken from the original at Rome:—

"There hath appeared in these our days, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet, but his disciples

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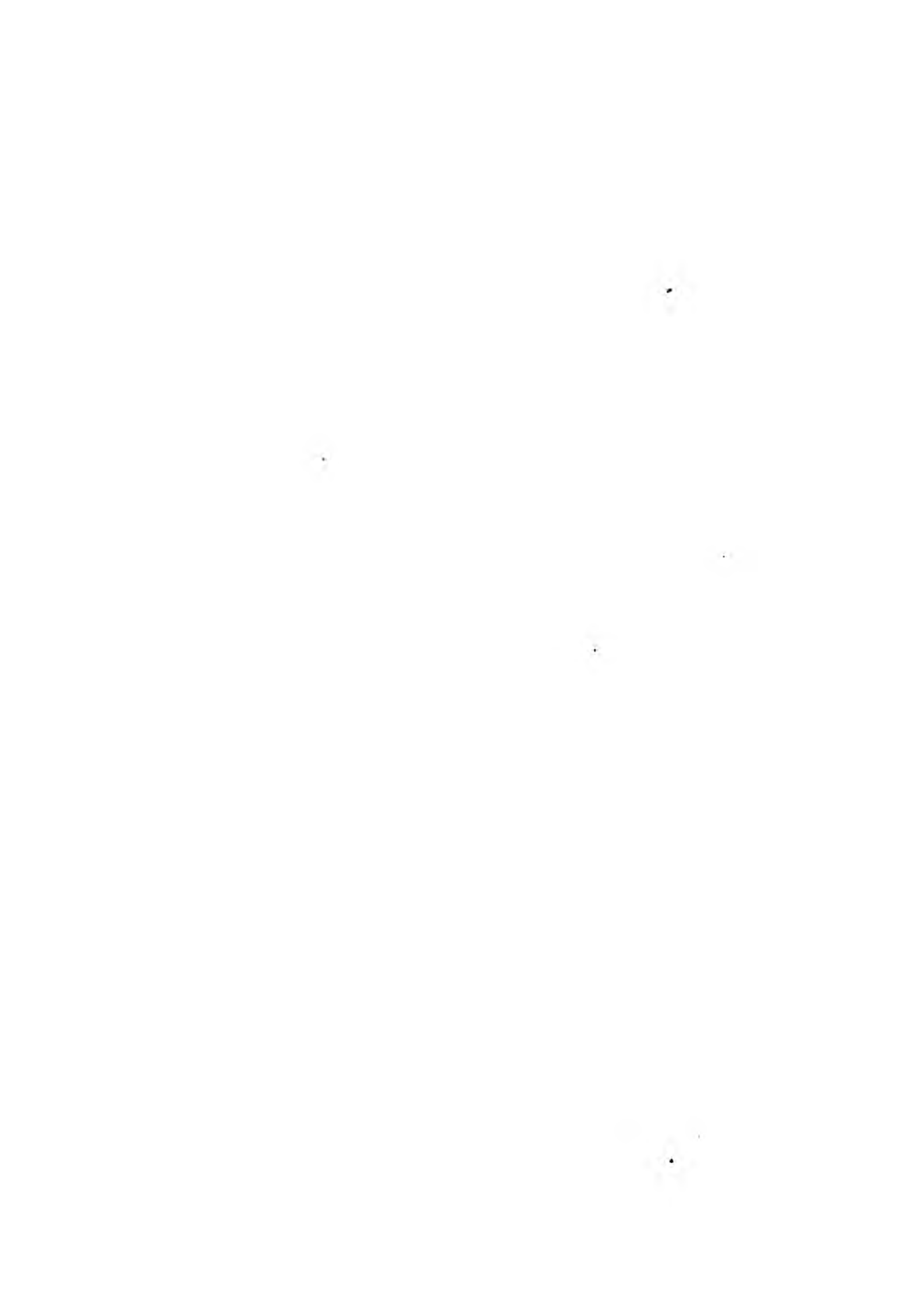
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MEDAL OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Pub<sup>d</sup> by Tho<sup>s</sup> Cathernall, Chester.



call him 'the Son of God.' He raiseth the dead, and cures all manner of diseases; a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with very reverend countenance, such as the beholders both love and fear; his hair the colour of chesnut, full ripe, plain to his ears, whence downwards it is more orient, curling, and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a seam or a partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead plain and very delicate; his face without a spot or wrinkle, beautified with the most lovely red; his nose and mouth so formed that nothing can be reprehended; his beard thickish, in colour like his hair, not very long, but forked; his look, innocent and mature; his eyes, grey, clear, and quick. In reproving, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken; pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remarked that any one saw him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, most excellent; his hands and arms most delicate to behold. In speaking, very temperate, modest, and wise. A man for his singular beauty, surpassing the children of men!"—*Waser de Nunn Heb.* fol. 63.

The representation of this sacred person which is in the Bodleian library, somewhat resembles that of the print of this medal, when compared together. It was taken from a likeness engraved in agate, and sent as a present from the sultan for the release of his brother, who was taken prisoner. There is a well-executed drawing of this in the Mostyn library.

That Christianity had taken deep root among the Britons, early in the second century, is clear from the testimony of Tertullian, a contemporary writer, who states that certain parts, "inaccessible to the Roman arms, were subdued by Christ." And we learn from other historians that the Britons had churches of their own, built after a fashion of their own, their own saints, their own hierarchy.—*See Rees' Welsh Saints.*

The antiquary will, perhaps, be pleased to hear, that British copper coins of Carron (Carausius) and of Alectus, who both reigned in the third century, were found in this neighbourhood, in fine preservation, in 1799.

The next place we approach is PLAS NEWYDD, the seat of the most noble the Marquis of Anglesea. The mansion is seated near elevated ground, richly adorned with ancient wood, and is in the style sometimes called modern Gothic,

completed after the designs of Mr. Potter, of Lichfield. The effect of the exterior is striking; and this castellated pile combines finely with the romantic scenery at many points of view. The whole is built of a dark slate-coloured stone; and the plan comprehends labelled windows, embattled parapets, and aspiring turrets. The entrance-hall has somewhat the aspect of ecclesiastical architecture. It is lofty, and lighted by a lantern dome. There are many recesses, having pointed arches; and the doors are of a Gothic character. In front is a colonnade, enriched with tabernacle work; over which a passage forms a communication with different apartments. The suite of principal rooms displays much consistency of decoration, and we may safely add much elegance of taste. The dining-hall has pointed windows, and a groined roof. In this apartment are some valuable portraits, two of which are by Vandyck. The chapel is a fine specimen of the modern imitation of ancient buildings, and is worthy of attentive examination. The scenery commanded by the Gothic windows is truly beautiful, and presents a noble variety from that of Baron Hill. The waters of the Menai are here seen to great advantage. The opposite shores are well wooded, and are enlivened by many seats of gentry. Beyond rise the Alps of Snowdon, majestic at every point of observation.

The park, although not very extensive, abounds in beauties. It is clothed with venerable oak, and some of the finest ash in the country. The modern plantations are also on a large scale, and the drives and walks are arranged with much judgment. At a small distance from the house are two cromlechs, one of which is the largest in the principality. It has an inclined table, or covering stone, nearly thirteen feet long, twelve broad, and four thick. This is supported, six feet from the ground, by five upright stones; and it may be observed that the supporters were originally eight in number. Not far from hence is a large carnedd, part of which being removed, discovered a cell, seven feet long and three wide, covered with two flat stones, and lined with others.

Plas Newydd has been honoured by the presence of royalty on two occasions. In 1821, George the Fourth, when on his way to Ireland, visited this mansion, and was received with every demonstration of respect and attachment by the noble proprietor. Her present Majesty, when Princess Victoria, accompanied by her amiable mother, the

Duchess of Kent, resided here during the summer of 1832. The many acts of charity and munificence conferred by them on the neighbouring inhabitants, have impressed the memory of their residence here indelibly on their minds.

A short distance from Plas Newydd is Druids' Lodge, the beautiful residence of Mr. Saunderson, which is, without exception, one of the prettiest little places on the island. This *multum in parvo* of comfort and elegance is unique in its well-selected treasures of ancient and modern sculpture, paintings, books, gems, cameos, fossils, minerals, &c. A small equestrian statue of Wellington is erected near a willow in the grounds.

On an eminence just above the Britannia Bridge stands the ANGLESEA COLUMN, erected to commemorate the military exploits of the gallant and noble Marquis of Anglesea, who, from his loss at the field of Waterloo, where he so particularly distinguished himself, went, as is well known,

“ To the rout, review, or play,  
With one foot in the grave.”

It is situated on the great Holyhead road, equidistant between the Menai Bridge and Plas Newydd, his lordship's mansion. The work was completed at an expense of £2000, raised by voluntary subscription in the northern counties of the principality. The column is of the Doric order, from a design of the late Thomas Harrison, Esq. of Chester. Its height from the base is 91 feet. It stands on the summit of a rocky eminence, called Craig-y-Ddinas, which is about 170 feet above the level of the sea, making the height of the column from the same level upwards of 260 feet, consequently commanding most enchanting views of the mansion and park of Plas Newydd, the Menai Bridge and Straits, the entire range of the Snowdonian mountains, and the island of Anglesea. The inscription on the column is as follows:—

The inhabitants of the counties  
of Anglesea and Caernarvon  
have erected this column  
in grateful commemoration  
of the distinguished military achievements  
of their countryman,  
**HENRY WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA,**  
the leader of the British cavalry in Spain,  
throughout the arduous campaign of 1807,  
and the second in command of the armies  
confederated against France at  
the memorable battle of Waterloo,  
on the 18th of June, 1815.



We now again approach the Menai Straits, the length of which is fourteen miles ; and after passing several beautiful villas, direct our steps towards Caernarvon.

“ We now ascend, and eastward bend our view,  
Where Rome’s imperial eagle never flew ;  
The Menai leave—the rocky heights explore—  
The Briton’s last resource—his mountains hoar—  
Where weeping Freedom from the contest fled,  
And Cambria saw her dearest heroes dead.”

At the distance of two miles, we pass the park of Vaenol, the property of T. Assheton Smith, Esq. Mr. Smith has a very extensive slate quarry at Llanberis, where he employs above 1800 men. The slates are conveyed by railroad to PORT DINORWIG, about half way between Bangor and Caernarvon. This port has within the last few years been considerably improved and enlarged ; upwards of 800 tons are daily brought here for shipment. The port is of good size, and generally contains a number of vessels from all parts of the world, waiting for cargoes. From hence to Caernarvon are several neat mansions, the most attractive of which is Cae Gwyn, the marine villa and summer residence of John Finchett-Maddock, Esq. of Chester. It commands a splendid view of the Menai Straits, Caernarvon Bay, the opposite shores of Anglesea, and the whole range of the Snowdonian mountains, which raise their cloud-capped summits in wild and glorious confusion.—A mile further on is the antique town of

## CAERNARVON.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Bangor.....	9	Ffestiniog .....	25
Beaumaris.....	14	Llanberis.....	8
Beddgelert .....	13	Pwllheli.....	20
Capel Curig .....	17	Tan-y-Bwlch .....	23
Dolbadarn .....	10	Tremadoc .....	20

Caernarvon, or Caer-yn-Arfon, meaning a fortified town opposite to Mona or Anglesea, is one of the largest and best towns in North Wales. It is governed by a mayor, aldermen, and town-council, under the provisions of the municipal act ; and, in conjunction with the boroughs of Bangor, Conway, Cricceth, Nevin, and Pwllheli, returns a member to parliament. It was formerly surrounded by walls, defended by a chain of round towers, which on three sides are nearly entire. It is extremely well adapted during

summer to afford a few months' retreat for a thinking mind from the busy scenes of life; and its situation renders it a convenient place of residence for travellers who wish to visit this county and the island of Anglesea, and has long been preferred by many English families to the more bustling, gay, and fashionable watering-places. The number of its transient visitors has been considerably increased since the erection of the suspension bridge and the Britannia tubular bridge over the Menai Straits; they make it their head quarters, and sally forth as inclination may lead them, to wander "where the old bards, the famous Druids lie;" to ascend Snowdon's height, and contemplate her

"Hoary head,  
Conspicuous many a league,"

or to lose themselves in ecstasy amidst beautifully broken and fairy vales.

Caernarvon was the first town in Wales to which Edward I. granted a charter of incorporation, which bears date Sept. 1286. It is, therefore, an old town; and yet in itself—apart, that is, from the walls and castle—has preserved little of its antique character.

In former times there were but two gates through which the inhabitants passed, but other openings have been more recently made to form communications with the suburbs. Over the eastern gate is a spacious room used as the town hall and occasionally for assemblies. Nearly opposite to the Castle-gate is the Shire-hall. Here the assizes and the quarter sessions are holden, and the county business is transacted. Not far distant is the Custom-house. A spacious market-place has been erected in Palace-street. The market, which is held on Saturday, is well supplied with provisions, particularly fish, at a moderate price.

To the public spirit of the Marquis of Anglesea, Caernarvon is indebted for a handsome building, in which are warm and cold baths, a reading-room, an assembly-room, and other accommodations.

The Parish Church of Caernarvon is at Llanbeblig, about half a mile from the town, in which there is a curious marble monument, with two recumbent figures of Sir William and Lady Griffith, of Penrhyn, who died in the year 1587. There is a chapel-of-ease to this church, situated in the north-west corner of the town-walls, and originally built for the use of the garrison, where English service is per-

formed. The interior is elegant, and has a sweet-toned organ, the gift of the Marquis of Anglesea.

Richard the Second granted the church at Llanbeblig and the chapel at Caernarvon to the nuns of St. Mary's at Chester, in consideration of their extreme poverty. On the dissolution of religious houses, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the living was attached to the see of Chester, and the Bishop of that diocese still has the right of presentation.

Dissenters of various denominations have their respective places of worship in the town. There is also a well-conducted school, in which the children of the poor are educated on Dr. Bell's system.

There are two banks, viz. Messrs. Williams & Co., which is in connection with the banks of the same firm at Chester and Bangor; and a branch of the North and South Wales bank.

On the outside of the walls there is a broad and pleasant terrace-walk along the side of the Menai, extending from the quay to the north end of the town walls, which is the fashionable promenade on fine evenings.

The CASTLE has a claim to pre-eminence, on account both of its original grandeur and of the place which it occupies in the page of the historian. Its sun, formerly so glorious, is set—the pride of its strength is gone; but, even now, amidst the devastations of time, it is impressively majestic.

We are informed by Mr. Pennant, upon the authority of the Sebright manuscripts, that Edward I. began this castle in the early part of 1283, and completed it within that year. A record, however, formerly belonging to the Exchequer of Caernarvon, states decisively that it occupied twelve years in building, and that the revenue of the archbishopric of York, which had for the purpose been kept vacant, were applied towards defraying the expenses of its erection. Henry Ellerton, or d'Elreton, a name that deserves to be remembered, received the appointment of "master-mason," or architect of this castle, under whom were doubtless employed numbers of excellent workmen; for Mr. Pennant justly observes, "the Welsh peasants were no more than cutters of wood and hewers of stone." The stone chiefly employed is a grayish limestone, of a shining and durable quality, scarcely inferior to marble, brought from Twr Kelyn in Anglesea. That used for the windows and for the

arches, a species of grit-stone, was dug at Vaenol on the banks of the Menai, about six miles from Caernarvon.

When military knowledge was in so rude a state that artillery had not yet been introduced, the natural position of the castle must have rendered it almost impregnable. On one side it is bounded by the Menai, on another by an estuary of the Seiont, on a third by a creek of the Menai, while on the fourth it seems to be insulated by artificial means.

The external walls form an irregular oblong, and enclose an area of three acres. The building is large but irregular, and much more shattered within, than, from viewing it on the outside, one would be led to imagine. The walls are from eight to ten feet thick, and within their thickness, as at Beaumaris, runs a gallery, or covered way, which is at intervals pierced with loop-holes for the discharge of arrows. Above the embattled parapet ascend, in majestic grandeur, numerous turreted towers, not uniform, but pentagonal, hexagonal, and octagonal, in their shape. Two of these are more lofty than the rest. The entrance into this stupendous monument of ancient grandeur is through a lofty gateway, over which may yet be seen a mutilated figure, supposed to be that of Edward I. In this gate there are the grooves of no fewer than four portcullises, which evince the former strength of the fortress.

The largest of the towers is the one designated the Eagle Tower, with its three beautiful turrets, which has been the admiration of ages. It takes its name, tradition says, from the figure of an eagle having been placed on its pinnacle. From the summit of the Eagle Tower, which may be reached by a close winding staircase, the prospect is magnificent. The eye wanders over Caernarvon harbour and its shipping, the Menai Straits, the isle of Anglesea, with its gently rising hills, its meadows, its trees, and its cottages; the Seiont, and a diversified and enchanting tract of country, bounded by the Caernarvonshire mountains. At the opposite extremity of the court is the Queen's Gate, so designated from Eleanor's having passed through it when she first entered the castle. It is at a great height above the ground, and could be approached from the outside only by "a jealous draw-bridge," which was occasionally dropped over a wide foss.

In the Eagle Tower are the remains of a spacious apartment, supposed to be that in which the queen gave birth, on

St. Mark's day, April 25th, 1284, to Edward the Second the first Prince of Wales of English descent.

A very interesting paper relative to this ancient pile was read by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, M.A. of Cogenhoe, Northamptonshire, at the annual meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Association, held at Caernarvon in Sept. 1848, of which the following is an extract from the Caernarvon Herald :—

“After the execution of Prince David, Edward determined to conquer Wales. Conway castle preceded that of Caernarvon in its commencement. Block plans of several Welsh castles were produced, to illustrate the dates of their erection ; and a multiplicity of public records were referred to in proof of the points to be substantiated. It was probable that the Roman station enabled Edward to commence his castle, and furnished material to complete it. Its constable was mayor of the town. It was impossible to state when the castle was begun ; but it occupied many years, and was not completed in one year, as had been stated. Its immensity, and the circumstances under which it was built, adequately prove this. Its erection occupied two reigns. This would be shewn by documents, as also would be the dates in which certain portions were erected. 1285 and 1286 were proved to be years in which lead, &c. was brought from Criccieth to the Castle for building it. Carats of lead, apparently 1cwt. each, were referred to, in order to shew the quota of each borough towards the task work, and sums of money were specified, as also the kinds of material supplied. £3,036 in the first year of his reign was exacted for task work on the castle. £5000 was spent in the eleventh year of his reign on Conway castle. Criccieth castle was repaired at the same time. From the thirteenth year to the eighteenth, the work went on at Caernarvon castle. By the second chamberlain of the castle, the wall of the town was built, in the year 1286, when a new constable of the castle was appointed. On August 4th, in the 14th year, distinct mention is made of charges for the progress of the works. William de Britain was the artilleryman or overlooker, probably of the war engines. In the years 1284 and 1285, also great progress was made. £122,913 was exacted by Edward to fight against Llywelyn, a sum now equal to £1,800,000. In 1284, on April 1st, Edward first entered the town, and on the 25th of the same month his son was born, but whether in the castle or not cannot be shewn :

but it can be shewn that the birth did not take place in the room to which tradition had attached the fact. The learned gentleman traced the progress of Edward from month to month, and proved all his points by direct or indirect reference to public records. In the 19th and 21st year of Edward's reign, but little was contributed towards Caernarvon castle, but still some money tribute for that purpose was levied on the Welsh. The castle was taken by the insurgent Welsh, under Madoc, a legitimate son of David, who soon made it unfit for use by the king, as was subsequently shewn by a writ issued to the mayor of Chester, to send men to repair Caernarvon castle. Want of money delayed the completion of the walls until the 26th February, in some period between the 23rd and 25th years of the reign of Edward. That part of the wall next the town was distinctly proved to be then built, by a bill of charges for its erection. Dearth of funds seems to have been the cause of every delay in the rebuilding. 429 men were employed on the works, between June and July, which shews how heavy the expense must have been, and what progress must have been made. Edward did not live to see its completion. After his demise, large sums were ordered by his successor to be levied for the progress of the work. Numerous instances of this were cited. In 1295, the castle of Beaumaris was commenced, and a series of records proved that the works at Caernarvon were proceeding in concurrence, although they proved that there were not adequate funds for an equal advance in both. Thomas de Estall was chamberlain of the castle at the death of Edward, and his accounts shew that the work was then going on with some rapidity. It was, however, very far from being complete, although in a great state of advancement. The ministers' accounts, only a few of which exist, were referred to, to prove the mode in which the works were subsequently advanced. Sunday, October 10th, 1316, to May 1st, 1317, is a period of time during which records exist of the number of men employed, the rate of wages paid, and the amount of work done. The tradition of the birth of Edward the Second in a certain chamber, has become a point of historical belief, but records in the national archives proved that the Eagle tower itself was not finished in the reign of the first Edward, and not until the second Edward was thirty years old, and in the tenth year of his reign. The entries on the record were recited to prove this startling fact; and their

evidence seemed most conclusive. The crown found the iron, it appearing that the king had a large supply of this valuable metal. (A gyve was produced as found in the castle during this day.) In March, 1317, an entry of charge is made for erecting the eagle on the Eagle Tower; and all the previous entries of wood, iron, work, and material, (including coal, lime, a boat, &c.) evince that the tower was not being repaired, but actually built for the first time. The low charges are of the most striking kind. Mr. Harts-horne went on to shew the use made of every portion of the building, and shewed that the effigy of the king was put up in front, in the last week of April, 1320, and the 13th year of Edward the Second; and the building was perfectly finished in 1322, having lasted from 1284, a period of 38 years. In 1343, a writ was issued to enquire into the state of the Welsh castles, and the jury estimated the damages in each. In the Beaumaris estimates, mention was made of 40lbs. of gunpowder. This was two years before the battle of Cressy. Specimens of guns found in Caernarvon castle were shewn. £295 10s. was the estimate of the repairs in the castle and its munition."

This castle has recently undergone considerable repairs, under the authority of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests.

On a gentle acclivity between the town of Caernarvon and Llanbeblig church, there are yet to be seen a few walls, the small remains of Segontium, the ancient Roman city mentioned by Antoninus in his Itinerary. It appears to have been the principal station which the Romans had in North Wales, all the rest being subordinate to it. The site comprises about seven acres, and is intersected by the turn-pike road. The remains of a Roman road are still visible from this place to Dinorwig, and a single stone bears this inscription; S. V. C., probably signifying *Segontium Urbis Constantine*.

"Here we tread  
On sacred ground, and press the mingled dust  
Of heroes.  
Far, far beneath they sleep; nor does a stone  
Or marble column rear its head to show  
The spot where now they moulder. The labourer  
Drives his yoked oxen, and, with careless step,  
Leans o'er the share, and carols as he guides  
The oblitering furrow o'er their graves."

The harbour is both capacious and safe. The shipping is chiefly employed in conveying slates, vast quantities of which, furnished by the neighbouring quarries, are sent to Liverpool, Dublin, Bristol, London, and sometimes even to America. Copper from the Llanberis and other mines, is here shipped for Swansea.

For the purpose of facilitating the transit of slates, as well as lead and copper ore, a railroad has been formed from Llanllyfni to this port, a distance of nine miles. A patent slip has also been constructed for the building and repairing of vessels. There is a regular communication by steam packets between Liverpool and Caernarvon.

From the the top of Twthill, the rock behind the hotel, there is an excellent bird's eye view of the town. From hence the castle and the whole of the town walls are seen to the greatest advantage; and on a fine day, the Isle of Anglesea, bounded on two sides by the Holyhead and Parys mountains, appears spread out like a map beneath the eye. Sometimes even the far distant mountains of Wicklow may be seen towering beyond the channel. On the opposite side to these is the fine and varied range of "British Alps, where Snowdon rises, which

. . . . . " the mariner  
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,  
Greets, with three cheers, exulting."

The Uxbridge and Sportsman hotels afford every comfort for the entertainment of visitors. The Castle and Commercial inns are also excellent houses.

Coaches pass several times each day between this place and Bangor; and the mail leaves every morning for Pwllheli, through Clynog; and for Barmouth, through Beddgelert, Tremadoc, Tan-y-bwlch, and Harlech.

The neighbourhood of Caernarvon is surrounded with delightful villas and public walks, which abound in objects of curiosity, and are well worthy the attention of the botanist, historian, and antiquarian. Tourists who are partial to rowing, sailing, or fishing, may enjoy their respective amusements here to perfection.

Some exceedingly interesting discoveries have recently been made during the progress of the excavations in building a new vicarage-house, within the limits of the ancient fortified camp or station. Several Roman coins, medals of Severus, Domitian, Constantine, &c., in fine preservation,



were found here, and are now in the possession of the worthy vicar, the Rev. T. Thomas.

The road from Caernarvon to Llanberis, a village about ten miles distant, is, for the first four miles, flat and uninteresting; but, by the time these are passed, the stranger is fully prepared for the beautiful scene about to present itself. At the further distance of about a mile and a quarter commences the lower lake of Llanberis, where a magnificent prospect bursts on the view. Lofty hills are on either hand; a broad sheet of water, black with the shadows of the neighbouring crags and fells, stretches at your feet, and a grand array of huge mountains rise up and encompass the head of the lake. These are the Snowdon mountains; but the patriarch himself is not seen from the road. A good view of him, as well as of the juniors that surround him, is obtained from the bridge at the foot of the lake; but a far finer prospect, embracing, perhaps, the finest view of Snowdon, with the Llanberis lakes and Dolbadarn castle, can be had from the slopes beyond, on the north side of the lake. In continuing along the road to Llanberis, the tourist will not fail to halt on the eminence called Cwm-y-clo, from which another of the more celebrated of the views of the lakes and mountains is obtained. On Cwm-y-clo was a British fortress; and in the days when roads were not, it must have been a commanding one.

#### LLANBERIS.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Beddgelert .....	12	Capel Curig .....	10
Caernarvon .....	8	Dolbadarn .....	2

The village of Llanberis, a rude rustic gathering of cottages, is situated in a narrow grassy glen, surrounded by immense rocks at the upper end of the valley; nestled there, in a most romantic situation, near the mouth of the Cwm-Glas, the famous Pass of Llanberis.

The church, dedicated to St. Peris, a cardinal missioned from Rome, who is said to have settled and died here, is a low structure of the most primitive character.

Camden says, speaking of this neighbourhood, "Nature has here raised high groups of mountains, as if she intended to bind the islands fast to the bowels of the earth, and make a safe retreat for the Britons in the time of war. For here are so many crags and rocks, so many wooded valleys, ren-

dered impassable by so many lakes, that the lightest troops, much less an army, could never find their way among them. These mountains may be truly called the British Alps; for, besides they are the highest in the whole island, they are, like the Alps, bespread with broken crags on every side, all surrounding one, which, towering in the centre far above the rest, lifts its head so loftily, as if it meant not only to threaten, but to thrust it into the sky."

Two miles from hence will bring the tourist to Dolbadarn, so called from a British saint of that name.

Since the opening of the new road from Caernarvon to Capel Curig, Llanberis has become the principal resort of parties visiting Snowdon. In addition to the spacious and comfortable inn at Llanberis, a splendid hotel has lately been erected by T. A. Smith, Esq.; and in consequence of a visit from her Majesty, when princess royal, is called the Royal Victoria Hotel. It is erected in a most eligible situation, and capable of accommodating the increased number of visitors which this truly far-famed district draws together in the summer months. Every facility is afforded here for ascending Snowdon. Near the junction of the two lakes stands the ruins of the old castle of Dolbadarn, commanding a view of the whole length of the Pass of Llanberis.

Owen Goch, brother to Llywelyn, last prince of Wales, was imprisoned here for upwards of twenty years, for having joined in the rebellion against his brother. The castle must have been long in ruins; for, when Leland visited this place, there was only a piece of the castle left. The key of the castle is kept at the hotel, and may be had on application. Nothing can exceed the view of the ruins from the lakes below; the reflection of them on the crystal waters have a picturesque effect, and the whole scenery around is most enchanting.

At the end of the lakes, was the abode of Margaret Uwch Evans, of Penllyn, who lived to a great age. This extraordinary female, says Pennant, was the greatest hunter, shooter, and fisher, of her time. She kept a dozen dogs, terriers, greyhounds, and spaniels, all excellent in their kind. She killed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts do in ten. She rowed stoutly, and was queen of the lakes; she made her own boats, shod her own horses, and made her own shoes; and at the age of seventy was the best wrestler in the country.

The memory of this singular character has been thus

“wedded to immortal verse,” by Mr. Hutton, of Birmingham :

“Here lived Peggy Evans, who saw ninety-two,  
 Could wrestle, row, fiddle, and hunt a fox too ;  
 Could ring a sweet peal, as the neighbourhood tells,  
 That would charm your two ears—had there been any bells.  
 Enjoyed rosy health in a lodging of straw,  
 Commanded the saw pit, and wielded the saw ;  
 And though she’s deposited where you can’t find her,  
 I know she has left a few sisters behind her.”

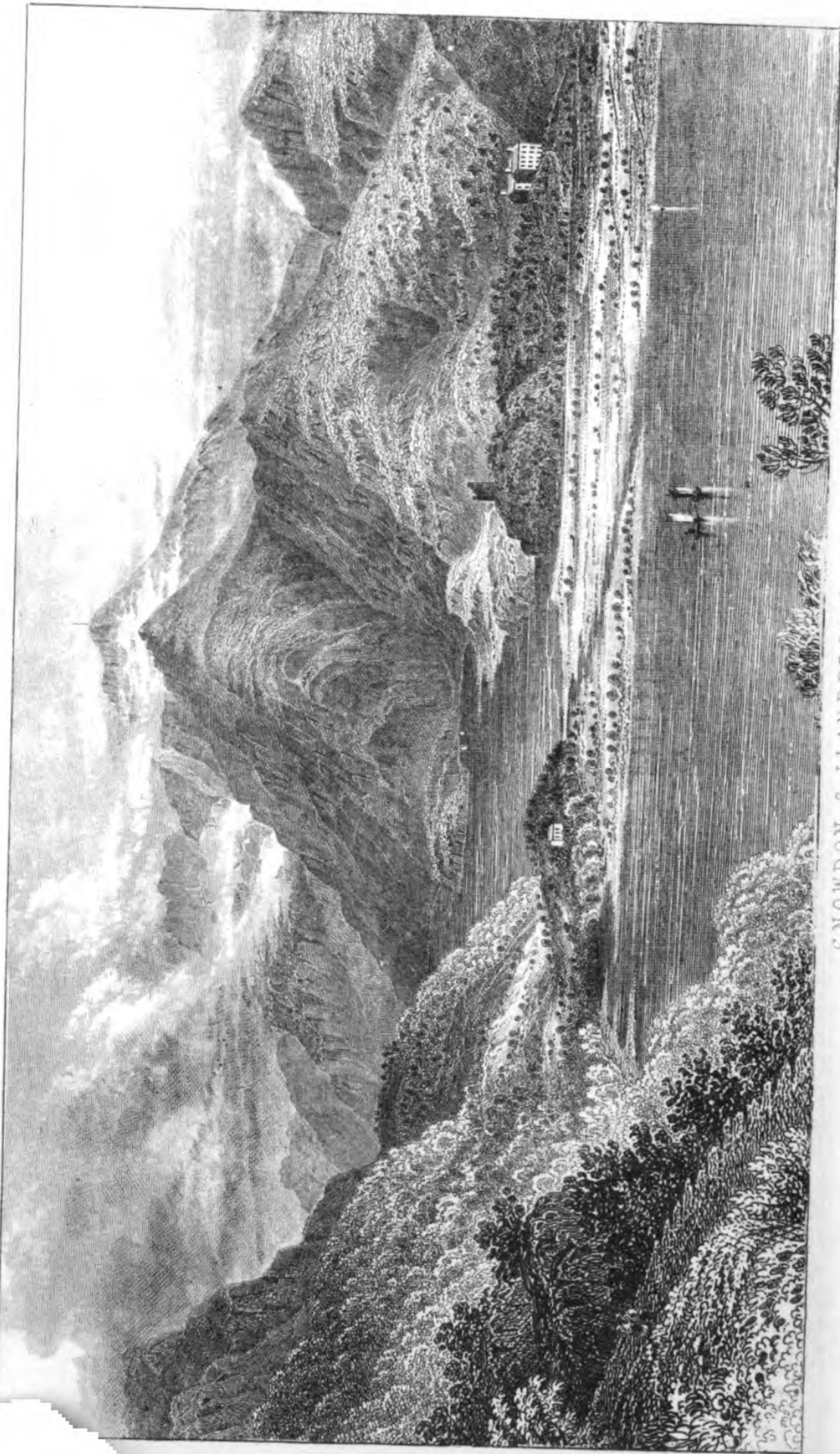
The two lakes are about three miles long, and in many places 150 yards deep. They abound in various sorts of fish. A few years ago, the writer, in company with two friends, was strolling along the lake, when they were hailed by a man in a boat, “will you have a chance?” On enquiry, we found that the boatmen were in the habit of hiring their boat and the use of their net for 1s. a draught. We accepted the offer, and directed our course to a certain point, and when we got there, and hauled the net in, we found to our great gratification, that there were no less than six dozen of fine trout and other fish in the net, which, according to the terms agreed upon, were our own. With this booty we returned to the hotel, where we partook of a portion of them for dinner ; being fresh from the water, they proved to be delicious.

The Slate Quarries are situated in the parish of Llanberis, across the lake opposite Dolbadarn castle. They are the property of T. A. Smith, Esq. who, it is said, derives a splendid income of upwards of £100,000 a year. Mr. Griffith, one of Mr. Smith’s respected agents, proved before the admiralty commission, that 44,881 tons were shipped eastward in 1844. It appears that during the same year 653 vessels, laden with slates from this quarry alone, left port Dinorwig eastward for different parts of the world. The accidents at this quarry were formerly very frequent, but of late years they have been prevented by the present excellent arrangements. At the sound of a horn, which takes place every twenty minutes or half hour, the men go to their hiding place until the blasting has exploded, when the horn again sounds for the men to return to their work.

A railroad winds along the side of the lake, and down the valley of the Seiont, to the wharf under Caernarvon Castle. Only at intervals is anything seen of this railway, unless you are close to it ; but it is not a little curious, while you

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SNOWDON & LLANRIPPIS LAKES

Published by Thomas, Carpenter & Co. Bristol

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for ensuring the integrity and reliability of the data collected.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze the data. It describes the procedures followed to ensure that the data is representative and unbiased.

3. The third part of the document presents the results of the study. It shows that there is a significant correlation between the variables being studied, which supports the hypothesis.

4. The final part of the document discusses the implications of the findings and suggests areas for further research. It concludes that the study has provided valuable insights into the relationship between the variables.

The data collected during the study shows a clear trend. As the independent variable increases, the dependent variable also increases, indicating a positive correlation. This relationship is supported by the statistical analysis performed on the data.

The results of the study are consistent with previous research in this area. This suggests that the findings are not unique to this specific study but are part of a broader pattern.

The study has several limitations. One of the main limitations is the sample size, which may not be representative of the entire population. Additionally, the study was conducted over a short period of time, which may not capture long-term trends.

Despite these limitations, the study provides a solid foundation for further research. Future studies should aim to address these limitations and explore the relationship between the variables in more detail.



are gazing over the seemingly solitary landscape, to hear the puffing of a locomotive engine, and then to behold it, with its train of heavily laden wagons, emerge from behind some huge crag, and come panting along the edge of the lake. On the opposite side of the lake is another but less extensive slate quarry; there are also two or three copper mines in the valley. These works together give employment to some two thousand workmen. A large proportion of them live at a distance; and it is amusing to watch them, after work is done, returning to their homes in the evening. Many, to save the labour of walking, skim rapidly along the railway by means of machines which run on the rails, and are propelled by the action of the feet upon treadles; while others descend the lake in boats, forming quite a little procession.

#### ASCENT OF SNOWDON.

“ Father of hills! I greet thy friendly face,  
 The last best shelter of thy country's race:  
 The smile that led them to thy sinewy arms,  
 Where Nature revels in unvarnished charms;  
 Stretched for their safety all thy realms of rock,  
 Repelled invading hosts' repeated shock.”—*Llwyd*.

Llanberis is undoubtedly the easiest point from which to ascend Snowdon, and guides may of course always be obtained, though the ascent is indeed often made without them. But the risk of losing the way, the difficulty of making enquiry, where Welsh is almost exclusively spoken, and the suddenness with which mists and storms come over the precipitous summit of the mountain, bewildering even the experienced mountaineer, render this attempt somewhat imprudent, especially if it be the traveller's object to *cross* over the mountain, either to Beddgelert, or the tavern called the Snowdon Ranger; the path on the other side being more difficult than that next to Llanberis. Horses ascend to within three quarters of a mile of the summit; and they will of course be used by ladies and dandies; but men, who can climb a mountain, will not require their assistance.

There are various accounts of the ascent of Snowdon, but we shall adopt the description given by a friend of Mr. Smith, of Liverpool, and companion to the late lamented Belzoni, who made no less than three ascents to the summit. We give the account nearly in the narrator's own words;



since they convey precisely the same impression, and describe correctly the objects on the route adopted by ourselves.

It was about half-past twelve when we left our inn at Dolbadarn, and I think a more lovely morning we could not be favoured with: nature did indeed seem at rest; not a cloud appeared to move, and a bright and nearly full moon, which had passed the meridian, seemed as if waiting to light us on the way. Our guide was equipped with a leathern belt, to which was buckled a tin vessel containing some water, and a staff which seemed well worn with the hard service in which it was employed.

We proceeded across a small rivulet a short distance from the inn, and soon entered on a kind of mountain horse-path, composed of loose slates and stones, of which pedestrians soon weary. After ascending this about a mile, we arrived at a rough fence of turf and stones, where the road wound round the side of a mountain, and entered a kind of defile, through which we had to proceed. Here our guide desired us to look back at the view beneath us, and when we did so, our feelings and expressions of delight and astonishment were general. Below us the lake of Llanberis lay stretched like an immense mirror in the shade, with one bright silvery ray resting on its surface, on which part of the steep mountains surrounding it appeared reflected. To attempt to describe the beautiful and varying tints on these mountains would be a useless task, as the most vivid colours would be foolishly employed in trying to represent them. In the distance, and on the right, Dolbadarn tower was first visible at the head of the lower lake, and on our left, the inn, surrounded with the only trees in the neighbourhood, formed a striking object.

We again turned our faces towards Snowdon, on the same road I have before mentioned, and the mild, yet awful and magnificent scene before us, afforded abundant themes for conversation and remark. In three or four places light fleecy clouds, edged with silver by the moon-beams, and which at first appeared resting on the sides of the mountains, now seemed to be rolling down their steep sides, and generally mixing with the gloom of the valley below us. Though surrounded by nature's grandest works, I fancy some of our party were tired even here, as many inquiries had been made relative to the distance we had still to proceed. However, the guide, suddenly stopping, informed us that we were now at the "half-way-house;" but no house

was to be seen, and on looking down for it, one could perceive nothing but a small stream which trickled down the steep, and which replenished our guide's water vessel, which had been emptied some time before by the continual demands upon it.

We had proceeded now about three miles, and left our late road by going through a small wicket gate, which opened on the heath. The soft turf we were now passing was a relief to our feet, though it was so steep that we were sometimes obliged to wait to regain breath. At this time we were on the top of a hill, which we fancied was the last we had to mount before the peak of Snowdon, and willingly thought the summit of the bold front before us was to be the end of our journey. Thence the way was over a kind of ridge, perhaps forty feet wide, one side of which was perpendicular for several hundred feet, and the other so steep that no one could stop or steady himself upon it. Daylight now began to appear, to shew us more distinctly the steeps we were amongst; and though we well knew the breadth of the ridge was such that there could be no danger, yet I am sure we all felt that unpleasant sensation which few can approach the edge of a precipice without experiencing in some degree. Tremendous gusts of winds, too, which passed over the long heath with a singular whizzing noise, giving warning of their approach, and almost blowing us off our feet as they assailed us, did not make any of us feel easier.

However, we went boldly on without accident, and nearly reached the top of what we had taken to be our journey's end, when the guide exclaimed, pointing to a high peak before us, "There is Snowdon top," and we had the mortification to find, that we had still a climbing of three quarters of a mile before us. This powerfully reminded us of a couplet by Pope :

"The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, and alps on alps arise."

A few minutes more brought us to a small enclosure of stones, when the horses were put up, as they could proceed no further, and now all were obliged to foot it. The road here is along the edge of the steep side of the mountain, which is almost perpendicular, and is broken with large fragments of slate, stone, and spar, of various kinds, to the very summit, which, to our great joy, we at last attained

about half-past four o'clock. Had we waited for months we could not have had a more beautiful time ; as the guide expressed himself, " Snowdon has its day, and this is one of them." We sat down ; in a few minutes the moon which had so favoured us, declined behind one of the western mountains, and almost at the same instant, the red tints on the eastern horizon foretold the approach of the king of day, the effect of whose rising on such a scene as that below and around us, was the most magnificent sight we ever beheld.

After resting ourselves awhile, we rose to look around us, and we acknowledged ourselves amply repaid for the fatigue we had experienced.

" Amidst the vast horizon's stretch,  
In restless gaze the eye of wonder darts  
O'er the expanse ; mountains on mountains piled,  
And winding bays, and promontories high,  
Lakes and meandering rivers, from their source,  
Traced to the distant ocean ; scattered isles,  
Dark rising from the watery waste, and seas  
Dividing kingdoms."

Upon the extreme summit is a huge wooden pillar placed on a large mound of stone work, erected by government in 1827, covered with hosts of names of persons who thus aspire to immortalize themselves, each apparently endeavouring to outvie the last inscribed ; to effect which they must have made use of each other's shoulders.

Marvellously beautiful is the scene, when, in a moment, the clouds are rent asunder, and let in the view of a wide stretch of distant country, embracing the Ingleborough mountains in Yorkshire ; the mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland ; the Highlands of Scotland ; the Isle of Man ; the mountains of Wicklow, and a good deal of the Irish coast, smiling softly in the gentle sunshine : it is like the revelation of a new land. Then, too, what a magnificent gathering of majestic mountains are around you, the clouds rolling away one after another, and displaying ever new wonders—peaks and chasms and glassy lakes ! Again, as the shadows fly swiftly over the seemingly level campaign, how does one and another mountain appear to rise into existence, as a shadow rests upon it, while all around is vivid light—or a gleam of sunshine touches it, and causes it to start forth from the neighbouring gloom ! And then the soft, almost invisible distance—the glittering sea—the placid llyns—no, we do not envy those who have only been here on a clear day.

There are a couple of huts on the summit, erected especially for the accommodation of wanderers, wherein all plain provision is made for their comfort. And there may be compensation found, if the sunrise be not witnessed ; for it is affirmed that the Druids proclaimed that the man who stayed all night on Yr Wyddfa would certainly become, for the nonce, inspired. These huts are really pleasant things to find in this bleak spot, even in the day-time. A snug fire-side, with a cigar and a noggin of whiskey, if that way inclined ; or a cup of coffee, if it be preferred, is a real luxury, while the mountain-top is wrapped in a dense damp cloud.

Snowdon has its seasons ; there are periods when it is enveloped in clouds for days, with little intermission. Occasionally the sky becomes obscured immediately after the tourist has accomplished the ascent ; but if of firm mould, and provided for the emergency, the phenomena of storms may be studied here in all their grandeur and sublimity. Pennant was thus on one occasion overtaken by a thunderstorm. "A vast mist enveloped the whole circuit of the mountain : the prospect was horrible. It gave an idea of a number of abysses, concealed by thick smoke, furiously circulating around us. Very often a gust of wind formed an opening in the clouds, which gave a fine and distinct view of lake and valley. Sometimes they opened only in one place ; at others in many at once, exhibiting a most strange and perplexing sight of water, fields, rocks, or chasms in fifty different places. They would then close at once, and leave us involved in darkness ; in a short time they would separate again, and fly in wild eddies round the middle of the mountains, and expose in parts both tops and basis clear to our view." While descending from this varied scene the thunderstorm overtook him. Its rolling among the mountains was inexpressibly awful, and the rain uncommonly heavy. The little rills which, when ascending, trickled along the valley on the sides of the mountain, were now swelled into torrents, and he experienced some risk, though on horseback, of being swept away by these sudden waters. A similar occurrence was witnessed by the author of "Letters from Snowdon." "A great change took place in the temperature of the atmosphere as we ascended the mountain. When we had gone half way up, we found the wind rather high, attended with scudding clouds ; but when we arrived at the summit, the air was calm and serene, and

seemed much more subtle and rarefied, less impregnated with vapour, and more agreeable for respiration.

‘ Hid above the clouds,  
Though wind and tempests beat their aged feet,  
Their peaceful heads nor storm nor tempest know,  
But scorn the threatening rack that rolls below.’

DRYDEN.

“ The sun had now gained its meridian height, and shot forth its noontide rays with unusual fervour. When we began to descend the hill, we perceived a small murky cloud rise out of the sea; the cloud condensed and increased, until the whole atmosphere became enveloped in darkness, and night seemed to have regained her ebon throne. Neither house nor tree was near to afford us protection, but all was one vast continued waste.

“ When the storm was appeased, and the face of heaven had reassumed its wonted serenity, we continued our journey; and pleased, though fatigued, we regained our homely dwelling.”

The descent from Snowdon may be very well made to Beddgelert, if it be desired to visit that place. The views in that direction are very different from those on the side by which we ascended, and exceedingly fine.

Snowdon affords an extensive field for the researches of the botanist. The rose root, *rhodiola rosea*, grows here, and fills the whole mountain with scent for three or four weeks in the summer; its pale green branches are found on the steepest rocks. Its flowers are yellowish green, and are even more sweet than the roots. The summit of Crib Gôch is covered with *festuca vivipara*, the alpine viviparous grass, which bears a cluster of young seedlings on a very slender stem. These waving in the wind, apparently without support, give a singular appearance to the rocks, which look as if they were in motion. The opposite-leaved saxifrage generally flowers here either in April or May. Clogwyn-y-Garnedd was noted even in Camden's time for its alpine flowers; but many species have since then been utterly exterminated by the numerous explorers of the rocks. But the botanist will find ample amusement for hours in this locality, from the multitude of rare plants which yet clothe the gloomy rocks which they inhabit. Grasses, rushes, ferns, mosses, and lichens, vegetate in great variety. Some fine branches of that elegant fern, *pteris crispa*, and the

Snowdon pink, are found in great perfection. The aspidium conchitis, an exceedingly rare alpine fern, is met with, but the specimens are inferior to those found in Scotland ; here it rarely exceeds six inches in height, but it is a most delicately pointed and highly finished plant.

Snowdon is also rich in geological treasures, so much so as to render it impossible for us to give them a distinctive character, for they begin as high as the calcareous, and descend as low in the system as the softest argile. The prevailing strata, however, whereof the highest summits from the Conway to Snowdon, are composed, consist of petro silex, grey granite, slate, shattery, schistus, intermixed with rich veins of metallic substances and quartzpar ; of the latter, Llanberis mine produces a remarkable kind, being of a bright ruby. The intelligent mineralogist will be highly delighted in his ramble over these romantic hills.

Most of the old writers who have mentioned this mountain, assert that it is covered with snow through the whole year. Such, however, is by no means the case, for this, as well as all the other Welsh mountains, has in general no snow whatever upon it from the months of June to November.

Snowdon was formerly a "*royal forest*" that abounded with deer, but the last of these were destroyed early in the seventeenth century.

The following is a comparative view of the height of the principal mountains in Wales, taken by lieutenant Colby, of the engineers, by a most powerful theodolite made by Ramsden, and at the public expense :—

	<i>Feet.</i>		<i>Feet.</i>
Snowdon . . . . .	3571	Cader Verwyn . . . . .	2503
Carnedd Llywelyn . . .	3469	Moel Eilio . . . . .	2377
Aran Vowddwy . . . . .	2955	Y Reivl . . . . .	1866
Cader Idris . . . . .	2914	Moel Vadyn . . . . .	1864
Arenig . . . . .	2809	Moel Famau . . . . .	1845
Plinlimmon . . . . .	2463	Penmaen Mawr . . . . .	1540

While here the tourist should not omit visiting

#### CAUNANT MAWR,

(The Waterfall of the Great Chasm), which is within half a mile of the Victoria Hotel. This tremendous cataract is upwards of sixty feet in height, and is formed by the mountain torrent from Cwm Brwynog, which breaks with

impetuous force through a cleft in the rock above, and rushes down a long diagonal ledge with a thundering noise into the deep black pool below. Abundant foliage starts from the crevices, and overhangs the noisy current.—Quitting this delightful spot, we enter the famed

#### PASS OF LLANBERIS.

This celebrated mountain gorge was not passable for carriages until within the last few years, when an excellent new road was made to communicate between Caernarvon and the Holyhead road. The following account of the old road through this pass, is given by Mr. Bingley:—"A bad horse path led from the village into Cwm Glass (the green hollow). For four miles I was hemmed in on each side by high rocks that almost approach each other. The sun cast a sloping shade on those on the right, which fully marked all their deepest hollows; various in themselves, and varied in their tints and colourings, I was at every step interested by their terrific grandeur. They had no character of softened beauty; there were here none of the delicate features of a cultivated vale, not even a single tree; but rocks towered over rocks, till their summits reached the clouds, whose partial gloominess added still greater sublimity to the scene. Sometimes I beheld above me a gentle hollow, then a few steps further, the deepened precipices and towering basaltic like columns of an adjoining range of rocks. In some places there appeared three or four ranges, one above another, with the most fantastic outlines imaginable, and receding in distance as in height. The tints on the prominences were of darkened purple, in the hollows sombre, and olive brown on the nearer ranges. The foreground was overspread with masses of rock, and a rapid mountain-stream forced its way along the middle of the narrow vale. Such is this tremendous hollow, whose grandeur continues undiminished throughout."

At the top of the pass, and four miles from Llanberis, is Gorphwysfa (the resting-place); a very appropriate name for such a spot, in such a district.

#### ANGLING STATIONS.

Llanberis Lakes.		
Llyn-y-Dinas,	on the east of	Snowdon.
Llyn Gwynant,	"	"
Llyn Glaslyn	"	"

CAPEL CURIG.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Bangor.....	14½	Cernioge.....	16
Beddgelert.....	12	Llanberis.....	10
Caernarvon.....	17	Llanrwst.....	10

The spacious and comfortable hotel here is situated on the London and Holyhead road, surrounded by the most lofty and terrific mountains in the principality. In the neighbourhood are some of the finest lakes in North Wales. No wonder then that it should be a fashionable place of resort for tourists and families of distinction during the summer months. Behind the inn there are two lakes, on which a boat is kept for the accommodation of visitors. The scenery in this locality is truly grand, not surpassed even by the most romantic parts of Westmorland or Cumberland. The bold and prominent rocks which ascend almost immediately from the edges of the lakes, and tower in the sky, cast a pleasing gloom upon the whole landscape.

From this place the recesses of Snowdonia may be traversed at leisure, and with the satisfaction of having within reach the noon-day repast and the evening retirement. This district abounds in mineral wealth. A great quantity of calamine has been obtained here; and in the neighbourhood is found the rock called serpentine. From Capel Curig, Snowdon, with the contiguous mountains, burst at once in full view, forming the finest approach to our boasted Alps.

The prospect from GLYDER FAWR is very grand: Snowdon, the deep vale of Llanberis and its lakes, Nant Francon, &c. are seen to great advantage. The elements seem to have warred against this mountain; rains have washed, lightnings torn, the very soil has deserted it, and the winds make it the constant object of their fury. The shepherds style it Carnedd-y-Gwynt, (the Eminence of Tempests.)

At a short distance from the hotel southward, rises the mountain of MOEL SIABOD, whose height is 2,878 feet; it is exceedingly precipitous, especially on that side towards Bettws-y-Coed, and the summit is thickly strewed with fragments. From this elevated situation is a most magnificent view of the mountains of Snowdonia, of nine different lakes, and the distant sea. The distance from the inn to the summit is about three miles and a half.

Beneath Moel Siabod, towards the east, and about five



miles from Capel Curig, is DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE. This fortress is said to have been one of the primitive castles in Wales. It is situated on a high rock, inaccessible on one side, and consists of two square towers. It was built about the year 500, was the residence of Iorwerth Drwyndwn, and it is said to have been the birth-place of Llywelyn the Great.

From Capel Curig the tourist may enjoy one of the finest drives in this or any other country, along the great Holyhead road, passing the stupendous waterfall, Rhaiadr-y-Wennol, over the celebrated Waterloo Bridge, Bettws-y-Coed, Pont-y-Pair, &c. through the fine mountain scenery of Pentre'r Voelas, Cernioge, Corwen, and Llangollen. In conducting the tourist along this route, it will not be necessary to describe every object which presents itself, but Rhaiadr-y-Wennol, Bettws-y-Coed, and Pont-y-Pair, are objects well worthy of his attention.

The drive to Beddgelert exhibits a wonderful variety of sublime scenery. The road is excellent, and conveys the traveller along the Llyn Gwynant and Llyn-y-Ddinas.

The vale of Capel Curig is bounded by Snowdon, along which is a new line of road to Bangor, and another to Caernarvon, formed through the celebrated pass of Llanberis, affording a most picturesque landscape.

Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Matthews, the popular actors, have been in the habit of visiting this romantic place and making a long stay every summer. It was here that they composed the admired song, *Jenny Jones*.\* In fact, taking it all in all, to a person fond of quietness, mountain scenery, fishing, good cheer, and a comfortable fireside, which are generally to be met with here, we don't know a place that we could recommend a friend to spend a few weeks in better than this. The sweet tones of the Welsh harp is another inducement, to hear which we have often been compelled to extend our time.

#### LLYN OGWEN.

None, it is supposed, who have penetrated to Capel Curig, from populous and more cultivated scenes, to examine the grand and savage part of nature's vagaries, will omit an excursion to the bold shores and cataract of Llyn Ogwen, lying about midway towards Bangor, remarkable for its

\* A Portrait of Jenny Jones, with the air attached, has recently been published by T. Catherall, Eastgate Row, Chester.

excellent trout, superior in colour and flavour to those of other lakes in Caernarvonshire ; their hue is bright yellow, and they cut as red as salmon in full season : the river Ogwen also abounds in trout and salmon. In approaching this lake, the biforked *Trivaen* soars into the clouds. At the extremity of the pool, says Mr. Hutton, the stranger, after advancing through a narrow pass, will be astonished to find himself suddenly on the brink of a precipice of two hundred feet high, and in a moment a most beautiful valley bursts upon him of nearly four miles long and one wide. The river Ogwen rushes down this precipice in several stages, and winds full in view through this beautiful valley. The rocks appear tremendous, the mountains sloping, and the verdure increasing with the descent to the bottom, where, if poetically inclined, we might say, "Nature sat in majesty, adorned in her best robe of green velvet."

About three miles from Capel Curig, is the great waterfall, RHAADR-Y-WENNOL (waterfall of the swallow), lying on the edge of the road, on the left-hand side, and approached through a small wicket-gate leading down to it. The noise of this cataract is heard from the road, but the wood prevents a view of the fall until seen from below. The sight is awfully grand ; a mighty torrent rushing down a precipice about eighty or a hundred feet high, between two wood-covered rocks, exhibiting, in our estimation, a fit subject for a noble picture. The roaring noise is almost deafening. "When sketching Rhaiadr-y-Wennol," says Mr. Pugh, the lamented author of *Cambria Depicta*, "I stood about forty yards distant from the fall : my drawing paper became saturated from the effects of the spray which was occasioned by the fall." The same author observes, "that though the Niagara cataract in Canada, so celebrated by travellers, is of very great breadth, and no less than 162 feet fall, yet, so far as I can judge of it from pictures, it is not by any means so picturesque as the one under notice."

## BETTWS-Y-COED.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Capel Curig .....	5	Llanrwst .....	4

This is a small romantic village about two miles from the waterfall, situated not far distant from the Llugwy and the Conway. The church contains a monument of Griffith, the son of David Goch, who was a natural son of David, the

last prince of Wales. He died in the fourteenth century, and is here represented by a large armed recumbent figure, in a recess in the north wall. On one side of the figure there is yet left this inscription:—"Hic jacet Gruffydd ap Davydd Goch: Agnus Dei, misere mei."

Within a mile distant is the Waterloo bridge, so called from the circumstance of its having been erected in the same year that the battle of Waterloo was fought. It consists of one single arch of iron, of 105 feet in the span, and carries the Holyhead road over the Conway.

In the immediate neighbourhood is the singular bridge, Pont-y-Pair, flung over the Llugwy, consisting of four arches, placed on rude rocks, which are precipitous, and in high floods exhibit to the passenger most awful cataracts below the bridge. The scenery is exceedingly beautiful and romantic. The river Conway here affords good trout and salmon fishing. Having described the principal objects of attraction on this road, we will now resume the route, and return to Capel Curig, whence we had diverged.—At the distance of six miles we enter the far-famed

#### VALE OF NANT GWYNANT,

(the vale of waters), extending beneath the southern and western sides of Snowdon. It is about six miles long, and affords such a variety of woods, lakes, meadows, waterfalls, and mountains, especially on the right, awfully towering one above the other, the top of Snowdon bidding defiance to them all, and seeming like another Atlas, supporting the very sky, that one can scarcely conceive it to be excelled; comprehending, as it does, within itself the whole of the charms peculiar to the diversity of the Cambrian vales. From some points, the order and beauty of colouring is so perfectly delineated, that the artist would indeed pronounce it "a rich bit." It brings to our recollection those descriptive lines by Mason:—

. . . . . " Vivid green,  
Warm brown, and black opaque the foreground bears  
Conspicuous. Sober olive coldly marks  
The second distance. Thence the third declines  
In softer blue, or lessening still, is lost  
In faintest purple."

On the right hand side, and about half a mile from the end of the vale, is Dinas Emrys, a round high rock, where tradition says Vortigern retreated, after calling in the aid

of the Saxons, by which he for some time avoided the persecution and odium of his country. It is probable that on this precipitous rock he erected a temporary residence, which lasted him till his final retreat to Nant Gwrtheyrn, or Vortigern's valley, near Nevin.—From hence is a pleasant drive through a narrow pass to

## BEDDGELERT.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Aberglaslyn.....	1½	Snowdon summit.....	6
Caernarvon.....	13	Tan-y-Bwlch .....	9
Llanberis .....	12	Tremadoc .....	7

This romantic little village, says Mr. Pennant, is the fittest in the world to inspire religious meditation; amid lofty mountains, woods, and murmuring streams. It is seated on a beautiful tract of meadows at the junction of three vales near the conflux of Glaslyn and Colwyn, which flows through Nant Colwyn, a vale that leads to Caernarvon. This place had the reputation of being the most ancient foundation in the country, excepting Bardsey. The church formed part of a convent belonging to a priory of Augustines, dedicated to St. Mary. In 1194 Llywelyn the Great bestowed some land to support the church. The prior in those days had fifty cows and twenty-two sheep. In order to enable this place to keep its usual hospitality, after it had suffered by a casual fire in 1283, Edward the First most munificently repaired all the damages; and Bishop Einion, about the year 1286, for the encouragement of other benefactors, remitted all such who were truly repentant of their sins, forty days of any penance inflicted on them. In 1535 Henry the Eighth bestowed it on the abbey of Chertsey, in Surrey; and in 1577 it was given as an appurtenance to that of Bisham, in Berkshire. Tradition says that it owes its name to the following circumstance:—At a period when wolves were formidable and numerous in Wales, Llywelyn the Great came to reside here for the hunting season, with his princess and children; but while the family were one day absent, a wolf entered the house, and attempted to kill an infant that was left asleep in the cradle. The prince's faithful greyhound named Gelert, that was watching by its side, seized the rapacious animal and killed it; but in the struggle the cradle was overturned, and lay upon the wolf and child. On the prince's return, missing the infant, and

observing the dog's mouth stained with blood, he immediately concluded Gelert had murdered the child, and in a paroxysm of rage, drew his sword, and ran the faithful animal through the heart; but how great was his astonishment when, on replacing the cradle, he found the wolf dead and his child alive. He, however, caused the faithful creature to be honourably interred, and, as a monument to his memory, erected a church on this spot, as a grateful offering to God for the preservation of his child. In a field contiguous to the churchyard are two grey stones, overhung with bushes, which point out the grave of "Gelert," and a rustic seat is placed near, where visitors may recline and meditate the legend.

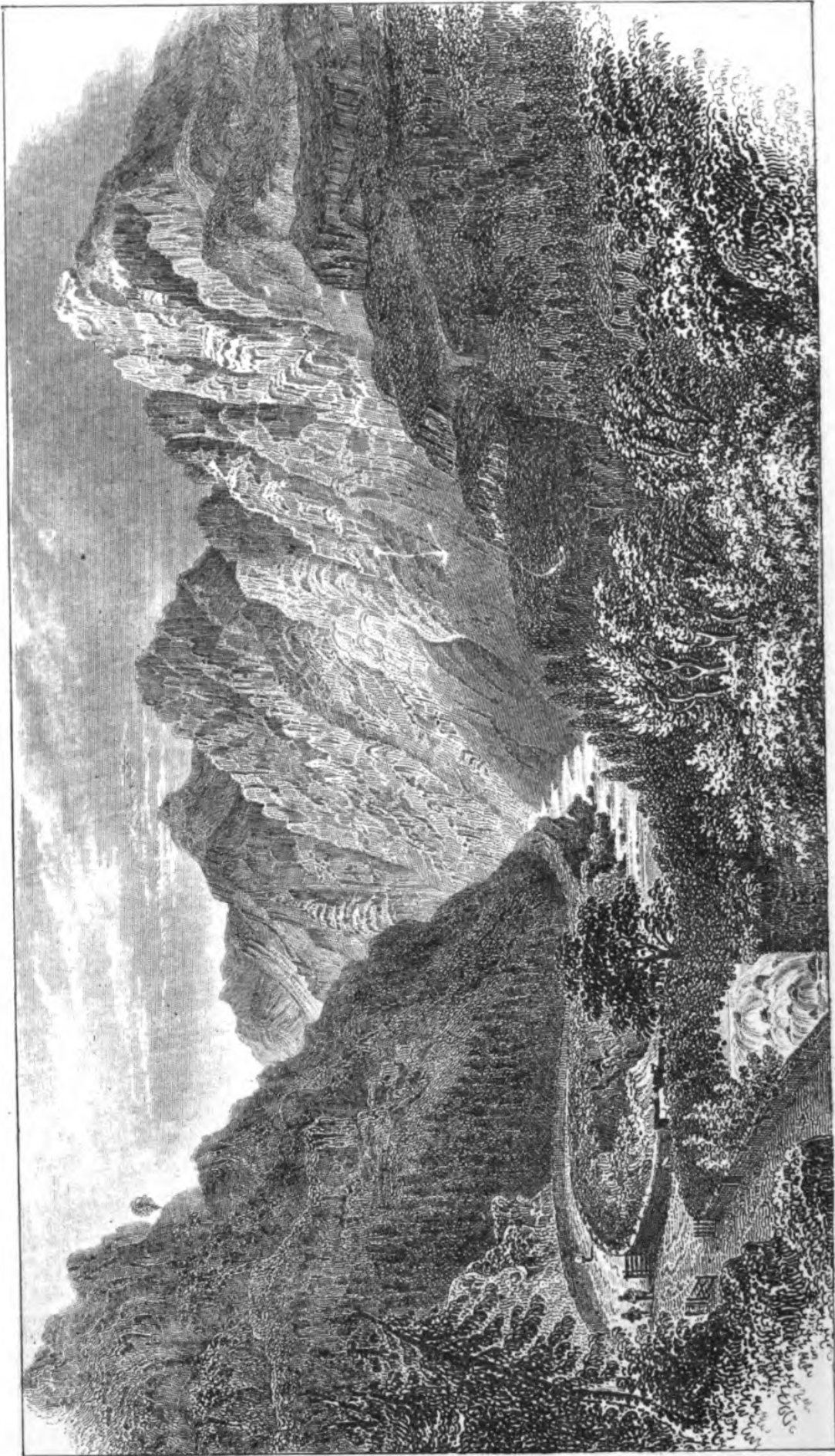
The Goat Hotel is an excellent house, and has lately been much improved and enlarged. The accommodation is of first-rate character. Mr. Prichard, the landlord, in the true spirit of an ancient Briton, keeps an excellent harper, who sweeps the "trembling strings" in such a style, as excites the admiration of all visitors. This house is generally full of company, and it is evident that the Welsh harp is not amongst the least of the attractions which induces the tourist to stay longer than he otherwise would do.

The neighbourhood of Beddgelert is surrounded with objects well worthy of the tourist's attention; and a guide may be had at the Goat hotel, who will conduct the stranger to Snowdon and the various lakes, waterfalls, moels, and mountains in the vicinity. The landlord keeps boats for the accommodation of tourists; and the lakes and rivers abound in fish of every description.

The Caernarvon and Tan-y-Bwlch mail coach passes twice a day through the village.

About five miles and a half from Beddgelert, on the road to Caernarvon, is the celebrated lake of LLYN CWELLYN. The road lies close to its margin. "This lake," says Mr. Evans, "is noted for a species of char, (*salmo alpinus*, Linn.) called Tor-goch, or Red-belly, found formerly in Llyn-Peris, and in some of the lakes in Switzerland. They seldom wander beyond the limits of the lake. During the frosty months they sport near the margin of the pool, where they are taken; but in the heat of summer confine themselves to the deep. The scenery here is like that from Grenolbe to Susan." At the upper end of this lake stood the house of Cae-uwch-y-llan, (the Field above the Lake) which, by contraction, forms Cwellyn. This house was





PONT ABERGLASLYN

Published by Thomas F. Chubb, 21, Gresham Street

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once the residence of the family of Cwellyns, now represented by Mr. Cwellyn Roberts, of Chester. At the south end of the pool is a place called Castell Cidwm, (the Wolf's Castle) which forms a bold and striking feature; and close to it is that beautifully picturesque spot called NANT MILL.—Various are the descriptions which travellers have given of this spot, and some have passed it as beneath notice. “I avail myself,” says Nicholson, “of the enthusiasm of Burke, and let those censure it who have the inclination. ‘If you would behold one of these waterfalls, which combines sublimity with beauty,’ says he, ‘visit the admirable instance of Nant Mill. Exercise that fascinating art of which nature and practice has made you such a master; make a faithful representation of it; clothe it in all its sublimity, in all its grace and beauty; and let the finest imagination in the world of painting or of poetry tell me if, in all the fairy villas which the finest fancy has created, a scene more perfect can be formed. The far-famed cataract in the vale of Tempe has nothing to compare with it. In surveying this scene, our sensations cannot fail to resemble those of the celebrated Bruce, when he beheld the third cataract of the Nile; ‘a sight,’ says he, ‘so magnificent, that ages, added to the greatest length of life, could never eradicate it from my memory.’”

On the right is Plas-yn-y-Nant, one of the shooting boxes of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, seated at the foot of Moel-Enlli, near the outlet of Llyn Cwellyn, and fronted by a craggy rock of a peculiar character.

The road winds along a narrow stony vale, where the huge cliffs on each side approach so nearly that there is only sufficient width at the bottom for the road, and the bed of the impetuous torrent that rolls along the side of it. Here and there lofty rocks, which appear nothing to the eye but a series of the rudest precipices, “raised tier upon tier, high piled from earth to heaven,” seem to forbid all further progress, and to frown defiance on the tourist.

While gazing and wondering at the rocks around us, we reach the far-famed PONT ABERGLASLYN, a bridge which unites the counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon. It consists of one wide stone arch across the torrent of the Colwyn, and connects two perpendicular precipices, the arch being in diameter 30 feet. An impending craggy cliff, full 800 feet in height, projects from every part of the frightful chasm crossed by this bridge, and

darkens the torrent, which rages like a cataract amid huge masses of disparted rock. There was formerly a salmon-leap at this place, which has been destroyed; but the river still abounds with that fish, and tribes of speckled trout, which afford excellent sport to the experienced angler.

Close to Pont Aberglaslyn is Dolfriog, where the late Dr. Thackeray, of Chester, planted upwards of 160 acres of trees, for his stepson, Wilson Jones, Esq. of Hartsheath Park, above forty years ago, which, owing to his skilful and superior management, are now in a flourishing condition, and add considerably to the romantic beauty of the surrounding neighbourhood, where the hills are clothed to the summit with thriving plantations.

Proceeding onwards along the skirts of high and over-reaching cliffs, a noble scene presents itself. The view to the left, across the Traeth, and indeed all around, is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined, and continues varying in aspect until we reach

## TREMADOC.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Beddgelert.....	7	Ffestiniog.....	13
Caernarvon.....	20	Tan-y-Bwlch.....	10

Tremadoc is a town of modern origin, having been built by the late W. A. Madock, Esq., whose name it bears, with the Welsh word *tre* (a town or village) prefixed to it. This gentleman having projected a plan for regaining from the sea a portion of the land on the western side of the wide sandy estuary, called Traeth Mawr, purchased in 1798 the estate of Tan'r Allt, in the immediate vicinity; and in 1800 succeeded in recovering a tract of nearly 2000 acres of rich land, then forming Penmorfa Marsh, which now produces excellent crops of wheat, barley, and clover.

Mr. Madock having succeeded so well in his first attempt, was induced to undertake a more arduous enterprise, that of reclaiming the whole of Traeth Mawr. In 1808 he obtained an act of parliament for that purpose, vesting in him and his heirs the whole extent of these sands, from Pont Aberglaslyn at their head, to the point of Gêst at their lower extremity.

Notwithstanding the numerous unforeseen obstacles which threatened to frustrate the undertaking, Mr. Madock suc-

ceeded in constructing across the mouth of Traeth Mawr, at the eastern extremity of Cardigan Bay, an embankment of timber, earth, and stones, nearly one mile in length from north to south, varying from 100 to 400 feet in breadth at the base, and diminishing gradually to the summit, which, from the foundation, is 100 feet high. By means of this embankment an excellent road has been made, which forms a line of communication between the counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth. It encloses an area of 7000 acres. This wonderful undertaking was completed in 1811, at an expense of more than £100,000.

Tremadoc is situated by the side of a lofty rock, on the western side of Traeth Mawr, on a portion of the first tract of land recovered from the sea, and is built in the form of a square.

On the southern side a commodious market place has been erected, over which is a large assembly room. The gothic church with its pointed spire, built at Mr. Madock's expense, forms an interesting object, and adds greatly to the appearance of the place. The church is a great accommodation to the English families residing in the neighbourhood, there being no other church within twenty miles where divine service is performed in the English language. Here is also a large chapel, built in a neat style, also at the expense of Mr. Madock. The tourist will find at the Madock Arms inn every requisite accommodation. The mail coach passes every day to and from Caernarvon and Barmouth. The scenery of this place is exceedingly fine, and romantic in the extreme; therefore, we are not surprised that there should be so many neat and classic mansions in the neighbourhood.

From Tremadoc a pleasant excursion might be made to Criccieth, Pwllheli, Bardsey Island, and Lleyrn, by Clynog, to Caernarvon.

## CRICCIETH.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Beddgelert .....	11	London.....	240
Caernarvon.....	20	Pwllheli .....	9

Criccieth is a small borough town about six miles from Tremadoc, on the road to Pwllheli. It has neither beauty nor regularity, but the remains of the castle merit the attention of the antiquary. They stand upon an eminence on a long neck of land, projecting into the bay; the fortress

was of considerable strength, but by whom erected is uncertain. It was enlarged and repaired, with other castles, by Edward the First, yet exhibits little of the grandeur so conspicuous in the erections of that monarch.

The castle was the residence of Sir Howel-y-Fwyall, who had the honour of taking the king of France, at the battle of Poitiers. The event is recorded by one of our bards in the following lines:—

“—Pan roddodd  
Y frwyn ymhen Brenin Ffrainc.”  
When on the head of royal France  
A bridle strong he placed.

The above is only a figurative expression for Sir Howel having struck off the head of the king of France's horse with his battle-axe; thus, indeed, most effectually bridling him. For his prowess on that occasion, the Black Prince made him constable of this castle, with the privilege of having a mess of meat served up before his pole-axe, with a guard of eight yeomen, at an allowance of eightpence a day from the king. The town is governed by two bailiffs.

If the tourist is a pedestrian, and wishes to go the nearest way to Harlech, he may enquire the way to Porth-y-Gêst, which is near the mouth of the estuary of Traeth Mawr, where the ferry boat attends at all times of the tide, to convey passengers over to Harlech.

PEN MORFA (the head of the marsh), is a wood-clad village, romantically situated between some high rocks at the end of a tract of meadows on the western bank of Traeth Mawr. The church contains a monument to the memory of Sir John Owen, a valiant commander and a staunch supporter of Charles the First.

About two miles from Criccieth is Llanystyndwy, and on the right, between here and Pwllheli, we pass several parks and gentlemen's seats; Plâs Hen, one of the old baronial mansions of the Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn, M.P.; Gwynfryn, the seat of Major Nanney, &c.—Four miles hence we reach the town of

#### PWLLHELI.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Caernarvon.....	20.	Criccieth.....	9
Chester.....	93	Nevin.....	7

Pwllheli is a market-town and seaport of some consideration, situated on the edge of Cardigan Bay. This place has

of late years greatly increased in size and population, and, like numerous others in Wales, undergone many and great improvements; the most considerable is that of embanking the marshes, by which several hundred acres of excellent land have been reclaimed, and are now in a full state of cultivation. The principal trade consists in the shipment of salted herrings, butter, cheese, pigs, and poultry, and the importation of shopkeepers' goods, which, together with that of coals, for the supply of the neighbourhood, causes a constant succession of small vessels to be moving in and out of the port.

Pwllheli is proverbial for its fine lobsters, oysters, crabs, and particularly muscles.

Provisions of all sorts, not imported, are cheaper here than in any other part of the principality, which, together with the fine beach, so well adapted for sea bathing, will no doubt, ere long, cause it to be resorted to as a watering-place in the summer months, by those who are inclined to unite convenience with economy. Salmon of a large size are frequently taken at the entrance of the river, which are much esteemed for their superior flavour and colour.

The market is held on Wednesday and Saturday; and from the circumstance of there being no town but this, of any consequence, for an extent, in one direction of nearly twenty miles, the markets are numerous attended; and to a person who has never had an opportunity of seeing a large assembly of the natives in their holiday dress, it will appear remarkably striking, and different from a scene of similar nature in England, where the color of the cloaks, gowns, coats, stockings, and every article of dress, are nearly as various as the persons who wear them: but here, on the contrary, one uniform tint pervades the whole; the men being dressed chiefly in blue, which is the prevailing colour, and the women wearing blue cloaks and men's hats, with a white muslin handkerchief tied round the head and under the chin; thus exhibiting one sombre moving mass of black and blue, in all its various shades and modifications.

The town-hall, erected in 1818, is a good substantial building, the lower part of which is appropriated on market days as shambles, and the upper part contains an excellent assembly-room, and a room in which the petty sessions are held.

There is a branch of the North and South Wales bank here, also one of the National Provincial.

The Crown and Anchor, and the White Hall are the principal inns; where post chaises, cars, &c. may be had.

There are several gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood of Pwllheli; among which we may mention, Bodegroes, the seat of — Griffith, Esq.; Madryn, the seat of General Sir Love Parry, K.G.; and Bodfel Hall, the birth-place of the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi, the constant companion and friend of the great Dr. Johnson.

#### ABERDARON.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Nevin .....	16	Pwllheli .....	16

Aberdaron is a miserable poor village, at the very extremity of Caernarvonshire, seated on a sandy bay, beneath some high cliffs. The church is a very old structure, of English architecture, was formerly collegiate, and had the privilege of a sanctuary. This place is noted as being the birth-place of Richard Robert Jones, *alias* Dic Aberdaron, the celebrated linguist. This singular person was born in 1778. His father was a carpenter, and he attempted to bring his son up to his business; but, besides constitutional defects, particularly a weakness of sight, there was a great disqualification,—that of a want of capacity on every subject except the acquisition of languages, and this he possessed in the highest degree. When fifteen years old he began to study Latin, by the assistance of a boy in the parish school. Although he never attended the school with other children, he frequently contrived to get in stealthily to use the books; and it is said he learned more in one month than another boy could learn in six. About the same time he acquired a method of writing, which, although self-taught, was perfectly legible, which he afterwards applied with equal facility to any language with which he was acquainted. At nineteen he began the study of Greek, and read some of the Greek writers, together with their commentators. His chief pleasure, however, was derived, not from the facts related, but from the form and construction of the language; so that, except his grammatical knowledge, he seemed nearly as ignorant of the contents of a book as before he began to read it. He also studied Hebrew, Persic, and Arabic, and could converse with great fluency in French and Italian.

He is said to have acquired thirteen different languages

without the aid of a master. He was very poor, and his exterior appearance dirty, wretched, and miserable, to which a brown bushy beard, six or eight inches long, greatly contributed. The poverty and extraordinary genius of this prodigy attracted the notice of the late benevolent Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, who sought his company, and learnt from him the history of his eventful life. With the view of ameliorating his condition, he undertook the task of writing and publishing his memoir, for which a handsome subscription was raised, and the produce placed in the hands of trustees, who engaged to allow the poor scholar six or eight shillings a week.

The poor fellow died at St. Asaph in 1845, in his 67th year. He was buried very respectably, and his funeral was attended by several of the gentry, clergy, and the respectable portion of the inhabitants. Was he not worthy of a grave-stone or a tablet, to commemorate his extraordinary abilities?

Aberdaron was formerly much resorted to by devotees, for embarking to Bardsey Island on their pilgrimage there.

#### BARDSEY ISLAND.

This place is about a league from the shore, and contains about eight or ten houses; the few inhabitants of which subsist chiefly by fishing, and raising a few crops of barley, the soil in some parts being well adapted to the culture of that grain. There are likewise a few sheep kept on the more rocky parts. A considerable number of rabbits are also bred on the island, whose skins are a valuable article of traffic to the natives. Bardsey once afforded an asylum to the votaries of monastic seclusion from Bangor Is-y-coed, who escaped the persecution of the Saxons under Ethelfred, and who were joined by such persons as preferred banishment to living in a state of bondage to their invaders and conquerors. Vestiges of their religious foundation are sometimes discovered on the spot where the monastery is supposed to have stood, consisting of curiously lined graves, sculptured stones, and other fragments.

#### NEVIN.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Caernarvon.....	21	London .....	270
Criccieth .....	15	Pwllheli .....	7

Nevin is a small fishing town on the northern side of the



peninsula, having a pier running into the sea, in such a manner that small vessels may ride in safely during the tempestuous gales that too frequently blow from the southward. The herrings that are taken along this coast are greatly esteemed, and fetch a ready market and good price, while those taken at the same time in Cardigan Bay, are not more than half the size of the former; the one being known by the name of Nevin, and the other of Criccieth herrings.

The church is a neat building, erected in 1824.

On a narrow head-land, jutting into the sea, about a mile distant from Nevin is Port-yn-Lleyn. Here are a few houses situated at the foot of a small semicircular range of low mountains, with, in front, a large and extensive bay. The harbour is chiefly frequented by coasting and Irish vessels.

## CLYNOG.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Caernarvon.....	10	Pwllheli .....	10

This beautiful little village lies about midway between the towns of Pwllheli and Caernarvon. The mail passes to and fro daily, and changes horses at the Newborough Arms, which for comfort and accommodation is much superior to the generality of inns in small country villages. The church is a very fine antique building, and is entitled to rank amongst the most beautiful in North Wales. Here formerly stood a monastery, founded by St. Beuno in the year 616, and from which the present stately edifice had its origin; the interior is much in the cathedral style. Adjoining the church is St. Beuno's chapel; the passage to it is of far greater antiquity than either the church or chapel. Leland speaks of the first as "newe worke," and the architecture verifies his account. He speaks also of the old church where St. Beuno lieth being near the new. In the midst is the tomb of the saint. Votaries were wont to have great faith in him, and did not doubt that by means of a night's lodging on his tomb, a cure would be found for all diseases. It was customary to cover it with rushes, and leave sick children on it till morning, after making them first undergo ablution in the neighbouring holy well. Mr. Pennant says that in his time he saw on it a feather bed, on which a poor paralytic from Merionethshire had lain the whole night, after undergoing the same ceremony. St. Beuno was the

reputed uncle of St. Winifrede, who is also said to have been buried in this church. Her mutilated effigy in stone, like an Egyptian mummy, yet remains.

The Rival mountains on the left, and the sea on the right, make a picturesque view. About two miles from Clynog, in the mountain, is a celebrated waterfall, called Rhaiadry-Dibin Mawr.

Between Clynog and Caernarvon is Glynllifon Park, the seat of Lord Newborough. Some years ago it was destroyed by fire, but has since been rebuilt.

Near the sea-coast, opposite this place, is Dinas Dinlle, a Roman station, thirty acres in extent, supposed to have been artificially raised by the soldiers of Agricola; the sea has made an inroad into it, and the strata is irregular. We now return to Tremadoc, whence we diverged, and proceed onwards with our route.—At two miles distance we reach

#### PORT MADOC.

This place has increased within the recollection of the writer from some half a dozen houses, to a large and populous town. In 1821, Mr. Madock obtained an act of parliament for improving the navigation of that part of the bay in which it is situated, under the provisions of which he rendered it accessible to vessels of 300 tons burthen, which now lie here in safety. Large and commodious quays and wharfs have lately been constructed for the landing and shipping of goods. The principal exports are slates, which are brought by railway a distance of 14 miles, from the Ffestiniog slate quarries. From fifteen to twenty thousand tons of slates are shipped annually from this place. Lead and copper ore are also brought from the mines in the neighbourhood, and shipped here for the English market. The chief imports are timber, coal, lime, and other necessaries.

There are several very excellent houses here. The town forms an extensive square, nearly as large as that of Grosvenor-square, London. The trade is very considerable, and supports two flourishing banks.

Quitting Port Madoc, we proceed over the celebrated embankment already spoken of, on the summit of which a railroad has lately been constructed, to convey the slates, lead and copper ore to the port. The scenery on this side is, if possible, still more romantic than on the other side :

the rocks and mountains are of considerable altitude, and grouped in masses of great sublimity.

On the right hand is Bron-yr-Eryri, the seat of D. Williams, Esq., the respected clerk of the peace for the county of Merioneth. Proceeding onward for about seven miles, through a picturesque and thickly wooded country, we arrive at the

#### TAN-Y-BWLCH HOTEL.

This delightful and charming place has of late become one of the most fashionable resorts for families and tourists during the summer months. It is situated on a gentle declivity in the centre of the far-famed vale of Ffestiniog, of which the visitor will have a good view from the house; but if he would see it to perfection, he should take a walk through the plantation to the terrace in front of the Mansion of TAN-Y-BWLCH, the residence of Mrs. Oakeley, who kindly permits the visitors from the inn to view the lovely vale from these grounds. This house is embosomed in an extensive and thriving plantation, and commands a splendid and romantic view, embracing the panorama of the entire vale of Ffestiniog, from Blaen-y-Ddôl (the head of the vale) to the ocean in Cardigan Bay. The river Dwyryd, with its serpentine windings through the vale, has a beautiful effect; while the lofty range of the Merionethshire mountains form an admirable back ground to this fine landscape. Mr. Wyndham, who visited this spot in 1774, was quite enchanted with the sight: he says, "That if a person could live upon a landscape, he would scarcely desire a more eligible spot than this."

Coins, urns, and inscribed stones, of Roman origin, have been found in the neighbourhood, which are in the possession of Mrs. Oakeley, the owner of this property. The Roman road from Uriconium to Segontium passed through this vicinity, and another from Tommen-y-mur, where England's monarchs oft encamped, also advanced to Caer Gai. Several days might be spent here very agreeably, in viewing the natural beauties of this romantic district. If the weather is fine, it will be a rich treat for the stranger to visit Moel-Gwdion, but one degree lower than that called Moel-Hebog (the hill of the hawk). From hence may be seen a phenomenon common to Wales. "On the one side," says Mr. Pugh, "midnight appeared; on the other, bright day! The whole extent of Snowdon on our left was wrapt

in clouds from top to bottom ; on the right, the sun shone most gloriously over the sea-coast of Caernarvon. The hill on which we stood was perfectly clear ; the way we came up was a tolerably easy ascent ; but before us was a precipice of many hundred yards ; and below a vale, although not cultivated, has a primitive appearance, and much savage beauty." The tramroad for conveying slates from the Ffestiniog quarries to Port Madoc passes on a high elevation above the houses. It is one of the most enterprising conceptions of the day, being cut through rocks nearly the whole length of fourteen miles, and forming an inclined plane all the way of 1 inch in 120. The descent from its commencement to its termination is a most delightful ride. Tourists and visitors may enjoy this high treat in perfection without personal fatigue, as a carriage connected with the Oakeley Arms Hotel has been placed on the line.

There are several waterfalls in the neighbourhood, the nearest of which is the one behind the house ; each of them is about thirty feet in depth. When looked at from the base of the rock, over which the river descends, it has a sublime appearance. The scenery from the top of the wood above the inn is much admired. Walks either way are exceedingly pleasant and picturesque. About two miles on the Harlech road, up a wooded valley, are two most interesting waterfalls, one called Rhaiadr-Du (the black cataract), and the other Ravenfall. From the former the water runs down a deep channel for about one hundred yards, and is thence thrown with great force over three rocks ; each takes a different direction from the other ; the depth of the fall is about forty feet. The latter is not more than a quarter of a mile distant, and is quite equal in beauty and grandeur.

The Caernarvon and Barmouth mail passes to and fro daily.—Quitting Tan-y-Bwlch, and crossing the vale about half a mile further on, will bring us to

MAENTWROG.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Beddgelert.....	10	Ffestiniog.....	2½
Caernarvon.....	23	Harlech.....	10
Dolgelley.....	18	Tremadoc.....	10

This village is situated on the southern bank of the river Dwyryd, in the highly picturesque vale of Ffestiniog. The church was rebuilt in 1814, and is a neat stone edifice with

a square embattled tower. The celebrated Welsh poet, Archdeacon Prys, was formerly rector of this parish. It is to him that the Welsh people are indebted for the first rendering of the Psalms in metrical verse, which is in use to this day. He died in 1623, and was buried here. There is an excellent inn, where cars may be had; and good fishing in the river Dwyryd.—We shall now proceed up the hill to

## FFESTINIOG.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Bala .....	19	Maentwrog.....	2½
Caernarvon .....	25	Tan-y-Bwlch.....	3
Capel Curig.....	20	Tremadoc .....	13

This small but interesting village stands on an eminence at the head of the vale just alluded to. The population has much increased of late, in consequence of the employment afforded in the slate quarries in the immediate neighbourhood, which are carried on with considerable spirit by some wealthy companies. The quarries are worthy of inspection: they belong to Lords Newborough, Palmerston, and Powlett; Mrs. Oakeley; S. Holland, J. Greaves, W. Turner, and G. Casson, Esquires.

A new church, near the quarries, has been built and endowed by Mrs. Oakeley, of Tan-y-bwlch.

The view from the churchyard is not to be surpassed in any part of Wales. The natural beauty and boldness of scenery, the rocky projections, deep glens, dreadful precipices, and wonderful cataracts, are truly characteristic of this wild and romantic country: and the traveller feels a laudable propensity to examine these mighty regions, the sight of which fill his mind with amazement, and rivets the fancy to the delight of exploring the beauties of nature in its rudest and most fantastic forms.

There are two good inns here, the Pengwern Arms, and the Newborough Arms; at the former cars may be obtained. There is also attached to it a very comfortable boarding house, kept by Mrs. Owen; the terms being very reasonable, the house is generally full of company. Many visitors resort here during the season for fishing, and "Martha," as she is called, provides bountifully for her guests. The scenery here is said to resemble that of St. Helena, and Sandy Hook Cove.

The vale which gives celebrity to this village has been

eulogised by many distinguished travellers. Mr. Pennant calls it the "Tempe of the country." Mr. Warner observes "that it comprehends every object that can enrich or diversify a landscape." Mr. Wyndham affirms, that "it affords as rich studies for the painter as the neighbourhood of Tivoli or Frescati." And Lord Lyttleton, who visited the place about 1756, is still more lavish of his encomiums: "With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a study of books," says his lordship to his friend, Mr. Bower, "one might pass an age in this vale, and think it a day. If you have a mind to live long, and renew your youth, come with Mrs. Bower, and settle at Ffestiniog. Not long ago, there died in this neighbourhood a honest Welsh farmer, who was 105 years of age. By his first wife he had 30 children, 10 by his second, 4 by his third, and 7 by two concubines. His eldest son was 81 years older than his youngest son; and 800 of his descendants attended his funeral. From the heights of this village you have a view of the sea. The hills are green, and well covered with wood. There is a lovely rivulet which winds through the bottom; on each side are meadows, and above are corn fields, along the sides of the hills. At each end are high mountains, which seem as if placed there to guard this charming retreat against any invasion. When we had skirted this happy vale for an hour or two, we came to a narrow branch of the sea, which is dry at low water."

About half a mile from the village are two beautiful waterfalls; they are called Pistill-y-Cynvael (the cataract of the river Cynvael). These two falls are about a quarter of a mile distant from each other; the upper one consists of three steep rocks, over which the water foams into a dark basin, overshadowed by the adjoining rocks. To see this fall to perfection, persons should cross a rustic bridge, which has been thrown over the river between the two cataracts. The lower fall consists of a broad sheet of water, ter, precipated down a rock forty feet high, and darkened by the luxuriant foliage around it almost to the margin of the stream.

" Torrents loud, impetuous cataracts  
Through roads abrupt, and rude unfashioned tracts,  
Roll down the lofty mountain's channelled sides,  
And to the vale convey the foaming tides."

Close by, and in the middle of the river, is a high columnar rock, called by the inhabitants Pulpit Huw Llwyd

(Hugh Lloyd's pulpit), the place where the peasantry say a magician of that name used to deliver his nightly incantations. The magic staff of this celebrated bard, magician, and warrior, is still in existence; and we have lately been favoured with an inspection of this curious relic, which is now in the possession of Mr. Robert Lloyd, of Ffestiniog, his descendant, who, although no conjuror, contrives to charm his friends and visitors by spirits no less potent than those of his progenitor, namely, urbanity and hospitality. Hugh Lloyd, after his wife's death, enlisted into the parliamentary forces, and obtaining a commission, he remained in the army until the restoration. Growing old, he determined to return to his own country, and directed his course to his old house, where he found his sister-in-law, her husband, and children, eating flummery and milk. He addressed them in English, but none of them were acquainted with the language; nevertheless, guessing his request, they provided him with a bed, after requesting him to partake of their humble meal. This he did, and then addressed them in their native language, in the following extempore verse:

“ Yn Ffrainc y mae gwin yn ffraeth:—in Llundain  
 Mae llawnder cynhaliaeth;  
 Yn Holand, menyn helaeth;  
 Yn Nghymru llymru a llaeth.”

For wines delicious mighty France is praised,  
 And various dainties are for London raised;  
 With butter, Holland half the world supplies;  
 But Cambria's milk and flummery more than all I prize.

“ What, are you a Welshman, my good friend ? ” exclaimed his sister. “ Yes, I am, ” said he : “ it is many years since I had three kisses from the girl who first sat on this bench ! ” This allusion to a bygone circumstance caused them to recognise him immediately, and he was welcomed with great joy. The incident to which he referred was this: when young, he had made the stone seat to put before his door; and when finished, his wife's sister was the first who sat on it: “ Molly, ” he said, “ you have sat first on this bench, and you must pay me three kisses for it. ” The demand being satisfied, after the usual hesitation, no doubt left its impression on their memories, and after a lapse of years served to unveil the incognito under which he presented himself. To make this little episode end well, we must not forget to add that the aged warrior did not return without

a good supply of gold, and retained his predilection for flummery while he lived.

To those gentlemen who are fond of angling, Ffestiniog will afford much amusement. There are several lakes in the neighbourhood, where fish are found in abundance. In order to protect the lakes and streams issuing from them, a society has recently been formed, consisting of some of the most respectable inhabitants, who are very vigilant in preserving them from poachers, and preventing illegal means of destroying the fish.

CWM-OERDDIN LAKE.

“The fish,” says a gentleman who visited it, “rise here more eagerly to flies than any I ever saw, but they are rather small.”

LLYN-Y-MORWYNION.

The fish in this lake are large in size and of good quality.

LLYN-Y-PYSGOD AND LLYN MAONOD

are good lakes for trout; they are not so shy as those in the neighbouring lakes. There are three or four lakes on the road to Bala, where boats are not to be found. The angler is therefore recommended to take a long rod, so as to reach a proper distance without inconvenience.

Quitting Ffestiniog, we again return to Maentwrog, and proceeding onwards, pass by Sarn Milltyrn-Glynn, an old Elizabethan mansion, the property of Wm. Ormsby Gore, Esq. M.P. for North Shropshire.

A little further in the wood on the left, we pass Maes-y-Neuadd, the seat of Sir William Wynn, governor of the Isle of Wight. In ascending the hill to Harlech, the tourist should look back toward the Snowdonian mountains.

HARLECH.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Barmouth.....	10	Tan-y-Bwlch .....	10
Maentwrog .....	10	Tremadoc, thro' Tan-y-Bwlch	20

Harlech, once the principal town in Merionethshire, is now dwindled into an insignificant village, containing about 500 inhabitants. This place was made a free borough by Edward I. The parish church having become dilapidated,



a new one has been built, which was consecrated in 1841. The Blue Lion, which is pleasantly situated, is the principal inn, where cars may be obtained, and every information requisite for the tourist.

The CASTLE is a venerable structure, situated upon a rock of great elevation, which projects into the Irish sea. It is a square building, each side measuring seventy yards, and has at every corner a round tower. From each of these issued formerly a circular turret, nearly all of which are now destroyed. The entrance is between two great towers, as at Caernarvon and Conway.

Our Welsh histories attribute the original castle upon this site to Maelgwyn Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, about the year 530. But the present structure was unquestionably erected by Edward I. In 1404, Owen Glyndwr seized the castle from Henry IV., but it was again retaken in 1408, and sheltered Margaret of Anjou, after the battle of Northampton, in 1460.

In the civil wars, this fortress more than once changed masters: Major Hugh Pennant defended the place with spirit against a large force under General Mytton, to whom, in March, 1547, it surrendered on good terms. It had the honour of not only being the last place that held out for the house of Lancaster, but also for king Charles the First.

In 1692, a golden torque was dug up in a garden near this place. A long disquisition is given by Camden, on this celebrated piece of antiquity, which is preserved with several other objects of curiosity at Mostyn Hall, the seat of the Hon. E. M. Lloyd Mostyn. It is in the form of a wreathed bar of gold, highly polished and twisted. It is about four feet long, flexible, and hooked at both ends.

The botanist will find some very rare and curious plants on the walls, the banks, by the road side, and on the coast in the neighbourhood of Harlech.

In 1694, this neighbourhood was visited by a very extraordinary phenomenon, related by Camden: the tradition is still strong on the minds of the people. It was a mephitic vapour that rose from the sea, commencing from the shore of Morfa Bychan, near Criccieth, and extending in every direction for several miles, carrying devastation and dismay wherever it came. It set fire to several hayricks, appeared like a blue lambent flame, and so infected the herbage, that numbers of the cattle died from its effects; and yet men could go into it without receiving any injury.

It generally appeared in the night, and continued its devastations for eight months. The occasion of this singular phenomenon has never been satisfactorily accounted for by any of our scientific men.

The vicinity of Harlech abounds with numerous monumental remains, more particularly such as have been esteemed referable to the bardic system, or druidical religion; but as most of them are some distance from the high road, they require a conductor to point out the places where they are to be met with. A few miles south of Harlech, at the ebb of the tide, may be seen a part of a long stone wall, which runs into the sea. It extends for nearly twenty miles, and is about 24 feet thick. This astonishing work is called Sarn Badrig, or St. Patrick's Causeway. Sarn-y-Bwlch runs from a point N.W. of Harlech, and is supposed to meet the end of this. The space between these formed some centuries ago a habitable hundred of Merionethshire. It is supposed that the walls were built to keep out the sea, the eruption of which is recorded in the Triads of Wales.

To those gentlemen who are fond of angling, this vicinity will afford much amusement, there being several lakes in the neighbourhood, where trout and every description of fish are found in abundance. The following are the principal

#### ANGLING STATIONS.

<i>Distant from Harlech</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Llanbedr, on the Bychan .....	3
Llyn-y-Cwm Bychan .....	5

At the distance of about four miles is Cwm Bychan, situated in a narrow grassy dell, and though the valley is not a mile in length, yet it is encompassed with scenery as black and dreary as imagination can conceive, and may bid defiance to the pencil of a Salvator Rosa to delineate.—The next place we come to is the village of

#### LLANBEDR.

The church stands by the river Nantcoll, on the skirt of an extensive sea marsh. It is dedicated to St. Peter. The high rock forming the northern side of the sublime scene divides this parish from that of Trawsfynydd. The scenery in the neighbourhood of Llanbedr is very beautiful. The river Artro runs through the village, and is furnished with a good supply of trout and salmon. There are several lakes

in this locality, which afford excellent sport for anglers. Strangers visiting this part of the country will find Mr. Hughes, post-master and druggist, a very intelligent and communicative person, who will be happy to point out the different curiosities, antiquities, fishing stations, lakes, and waterfalls; they are numerous, and he is acquainted with them all. There is very good accommodation at the Victoria Inn, and the charges are moderate.

The tract along the coast from Llanbedr through the Dyffryn must have been formerly much inhabited, for the neighbourhood for some miles abounds in the remains of small rude buildings. The houses stand in the same order as the Tartars pitch their tents when returning from a predatory excursion. The country round has a very primitive appearance; there is scarcely a tree or a hedge to be seen for miles; the walls that divide the fields are very thick, in some instances eight or ten feet! It is not improbable that this neighbourhood formed a part of Cantref-y-Gwaelod (the lowland hundred) of Merionethshire, respecting which see Legend of the Lowland Hundred.

Drws Ardudwy (the pass of Ardudwy) was anciently fortified, and at times occupied by contending chieftains. In the neighbourhood are two upright, uninscribed stones, called Meini gwyr Ardudwy (the stones of the heroes of Ardudwy).—The next place is

#### LLANENDDWYN.

The church is situated about the centre of the plains of Ardudwy, nearly a mile from the sea. The rocks forming the south side of Drws Ardudwy and the conspicuous hill of Moelfre are in this parish. On a farm called Bron-y-coed, at the north-west base of Moelfre, there is a cromlech of considerable magnitude.

#### LLANDDWYWE.

This church and village are situated about three quarters of a mile from Llanenddwyn, close to the road side, where there is a national school, built by Bell Lloyd, Esq.

A little further on, we pass two antique lodges, forming an entrance to a long avenue of a mile in length, up hill, leading to Cors-y-Gedol, one of the old baronial mansions of the principality, and the property of the Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn. The house is built in the Elizabethan style, and

approached through a porch leading to a court usually attached to houses of distinction.\*

Cors-y-Gedol is noted in British history as being a place of hospitality, and the asylum of ancient British MSS. particularly the works of the poets, who were very lavish with their encomiums on the owners of this mansion.

It is the occasional residence of the lord-lieutenant of the county, and is surrounded by a noble plantation; the grounds are well laid out, and very considerable improvements have taken place in this neighbourhood of late years, under the superintendence of the late Bell Lloyd, Esq., who, during his residence here, was universally respected. There is a splendid view from this place, and an extensive prospect of Cardigan Bay. There are several monuments of antiquity in the vicinity of Cors-y-Gedol, well worthy the attention of those who are fond of bardic, druidical, and other remains of our forefathers.

About a mile distant from the house, and close to the church of Llanddwywe, is Coeten Arthur, (Arthur's quoit). It is a large flat stone, somewhat of an oval form, about ten feet long, and in the widest part nearly seven broad, two feet thick at one end, and not more than an inch at the other. It stands upon three rude stone pillars, each about half a yard broad. The quoit has a large hand ingeniously cut on it, as if sunk in by the weight occasioned by holding it. Tradition says that the renowned Arthur threw it here from the top of Moelfre, and that the mark on the stone is the impression of his hand.

In the mountains, nearly two miles east of Cors-y-Gedol, are the remains of stone ramparts, on a ridge of rocks called Craig-y-Ddinas; and there are vestiges of druidical works scattered about the place.—Proceeding onward towards Barmouth, the next place we come to is

#### LLANABER.

The church stands on the south extremity of the plain of

\* In a M.S. history of this place, now at Mostyn, written by Wm. Vaughan, Esq. it states that the Gate-house at Cors-y-Gedol, and the monument at Llanwndda church, erected to the memory of W. Vychan, in 1616, were designed by his friend and countryman, (Ynyr Shon,) Inigo Jones, the royal architect.

“ Gwr oedd fwyn, gwir iddo fawl,  
A gadwai Gors-y-Gedawl;  
Marchog ardderchog ei ddydd,  
A mawr enaid Merionydd ! ”

Ardudwy, within about a furlong of the sea. It is dedicated to St. Mary. There are several mountain streams in this parish; the largest is Avon Egryn. Ffynnon-y-Tyddyn Mawr is a fine mineral spring near a farm of that name.— A mile and a half further will bring us to

## BARMOUTH.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Dolgelley .....	10	London.....	225
Harlech .....	10	Towyn .....	12

Barmouth, or, as the Welsh designate it, Aber-maw, is situated partly on the sands and partly on the declivity of a great rock, at the mouth of the river Maw. The late Mr. Bingley says, when speaking of this place, "Some of the houses are built amongst the sand at the bottom, and others, at different heights, up the side of a huge rock, which entirely shelters the place on the east. The situations of the latter are so singular, that it is really curious for a stranger to wind up along the narrow paths among the houses, where, on one side, he may, if he please, enter the door of a dwelling, or, on the other, look down the chimney of the neighbour in front. The inhabitants might almost cure their bacon in some parts of this town by the simple process of hanging it out of their windows."

Barmouth is frequented during the summer season by many genteel families, who resort thither for the benefit of sea-bathing.

The parish church being distant about a mile and a half from the town, a chapel-of-ease was erected here in 1830, where divine service is generally performed in English.

Barmouth is the only haven in the county. The port is small but convenient, having a small pier for increasing the depth of water in the harbour, and facilitating the lading and unlading of cargoes. The vessels are confined to the coasting trade. There was formerly a good trade carried on here in webs, flannels, and stockings. Mr. Pennant observes, prior to the year 1781, that upwards of £40,000 worth were exported in the course of one year. The principal trade now is the importation of coal and shopkeepers' goods from Liverpool and elsewhere, for the accommodation of Barmouth and Dolgelley.

Several good vessels have lately been built here. The beach forms a most excellent walk. The wide river Mawdd-

ach winds delightfully among the mountains, having many elegant promontories on its margin, which rise to a considerable height on each side, some clad with dense wood, some exhibiting naked rocks, and others covered with the purple heath-flower. There are boats at Barmouth for the purpose of conveying tourists by water within a short distance of Dolgelley: those who are fond of the water, will find this excursion very interesting, and the scenery exceedingly varied and picturesque.

The Cors-y-gedol Arms and the Commercial are the principal Inns, which afford every requisite accommodation to the tourist. There are also several good lodging houses. Here are two baths, a billiard-room, and bowling-green. There is a good circulating library at the post-office, where views and guide-books may be procured. There is a mail to and from Caernarvon daily, which passes through Harlech, Tan-y-Bwlch, Tremadoc, and Beddgelert.

The royal mail leaves Barmouth every morning at a quarter to eleven o'clock, via Dolgelley, Bala, Llandrillo, Corwen, and Llangollen, arriving at Ruabon in time for the mail train to London, Birmingham, Liverpool, &c. &c.

The royal mail leaves Ruabon every morning at a quarter before seven o'clock for Dolgelley, Barmouth, &c.—Passengers leaving London by the mail train at night, will arrive at Ruabon in time for the Barmouth mail, either via Shrewsbury or Chester.

On a mountain plain two miles east of Egryn, in the next parish, are two large heaps of stones, lying parallel, about thirty yards distant from each other, called Carneddi Hengwm. There are two cromlechs in one, and an obelisk in the middle of the other. The largest is fifty-five feet long and twelve feet high. There are also near them several vestiges of bardic circles.

On the crown of a hill, about half a mile to the north-west of Carneddi Hengwm, there is a circular camp, called Dinas Corddyn, which is a singular place, and commands a full view of the plains of Ardudwy.

There are several lakes in the neighbourhood, which afford ample sport to those gentlemen who are fond of angling. There are no less than eleven streams that run into the estuary of Barmouth harbour, all of which abound in salmon, trout, eels, and mullet.

## ANGLING STATIONS.

<i>Distant from Barmouth.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Arthog Chapel .....	3
Llyn Bodlyn .....	4

Quitting Barmouth we proceed to Dolgelley. The distance is ten miles, which perhaps is as delightful a ride as any in the kingdom. The river forms an arm of the sea, and when the estuary is full of water the scenes which present themselves are truly picturesque. In the composition of the different views scarcely anything can be conceived wanting: every requisite for a fine landscape,—mountain and valley, rocks and woods, meadows and water, are here grouped and arranged in the most beautiful order. In the back ground, towering above the mountains, which seem like advanced guards, soars in clouds the mighty bifurcated Cader Idris. The road runs along the shelf of one vast mountain that impends over it for two miles, when it winds among the hills at a small distance from the river, which from different openings and eminences appears partly hid by intervening mountains, and often assumes the appearance of a beautiful lake.—About eight miles from Barmouth, we reach the village of

## LLANELLYD.

From the bridge below, the vale is seen to great advantage. A finer combination of interesting and magnificent scenery than that which is presented to the eye of the traveller on this route is not, perhaps, in an equal space to be found in any country. Geese, gulls, black and white sea-crows, penguins, puffins, ring-ouzes, cormorants, wheat ears, and many smaller birds, frequent this coast. Here also are several good specimens of strata for the study of geologists, and numerous rare plants for the gratification of botanists.

About half a mile from Llanelltyd are the celebrated ruins of CYMMER ABBEY, situated in a verdant bottom, near the banks of the Maw. The ruins do not evince much former grandeur, but constitute a picturesque object. The east end of the church has three lancet-shaped windows, over which are three smaller openings, almost hidden by ivy. The refectory, and part of the abbot's lodge, are now worked into an adjoining farm-house.

This house was designed for monks of the Cistercian order, and is thought to have been founded in the year

1198, by Meredith and Gruffydd, descendants of Owen Gwynedd. In the "Notitia" of Bishop Tanner, it is mentioned as being founded by "Lleweline, the son of Gervase," about 1200; which is evidently erroneous. The abbey seems to have been in a flourishing condition in 1231, for Henry III. in marching against Llywelyn ap Iorworth, would have burnt it, had not the abbot ransomed it by paying three hundred marks, and some other recompense for the injury done to the king by the treachery of a monk of this house.

In returning, and after passing the village of Llanelltyd, we cross the river, over a very fine bridge, close to which, on a gentle eminence, is situated the old mansion of HENGWRT, the seat of Sir Robert Williams Vaughan, Bart. formerly the residence of Mr. Vaughan, the celebrated antiquarian, author of several works, and contemporary with Camden. He collected a vast number of Welsh MSS. relative to the history and antiquity of his country, which are still carefully preserved here by its present owner.—A mile further will take us to the town of

## DOLGELLEY.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Bala .. . . . . .	18	Machynlleth .. . . . . .	15
Barmouth.....	10	Maentwrog .. . . . . .	18
Chester.....	57	Towyn .. . . . . .	16

This town is situated in a fertile vale, between the rivers Aran and Wnion, and surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, which are well wooded to the very summits.

Formerly considerable trade was carried on here in webs, coarse cloths, and flannels. The principal market for these goods was at Shrewsbury, but of late years they are purchased by agents on the spot.

The town is very irregular, but there are several good houses and shops built within the last few years. A traveller sitting over his wine was asked to describe Dolgelley, when taking up a handfull of nutshells, and placing the cork on its end, he threw the shells carelessly around it, saying at the same time, "there is the plan of Dolgelley: the cork representing the church, and the shells the small houses."

The church, dedicated to St. Mary, is built of limestone, having a large tower and nave in the Grecian style of



architecture. A handsome monument has been erected to Baron Richards, who was a native of this parish; there is also a monument to the Rev. J. Jones, archdeacon of Merioneth. Service is performed in the English language every alternate Sunday in the afternoon. The Rev. H. W. White is the rector. The county gaol is a strong edifice, and is situated at a short distance. Being a county town, the assizes are held alternately with Bala. The county hall is a very neat, modern, and convenient building. In the grand jury-room is a portrait of the late Sir Robert Vaughan, Bart., by Sir M. A. Shee.

The principal inns are the Golden Lion, the Ship, and the Angel, at all of which guides may be obtained to Cader Idris, and the waterfalls. There are three banks, viz.: the Old Bank, a branch of the North and South Wales, and a branch of the National Provincial.

The "Defiance" leaves the Llangollen Road Station at a quarter to twelve o'clock a.m., after the arrival of the 10. 40. train from Chester, and 10. 15. a.m from Shrewsbury, passing through the beautiful Vale of Llangollen, Corwen, Bala, and Dolgelley. It leaves the Ship Hotel, Dolgelley, daily, (Sundays excepted) at a quarter to ten o'clock a.m., for the Llangollen Road Station, arriving in time for the express trains to Shrewsbury, Birmingham, and London; also to Liverpool, Manchester, and all parts of the north.

Near the Ship Inn is a part of the building in which Owen Glyndwr assembled his parliament in 1404,\* when he formed an alliance with Charles, King of France. In the civil wars between Charles the First and his parliament, about 100 of the King's troops attempted to raise a fortification around this town, to defend it against the parliamentary forces.

The whole of the vale in which Dolgelley is situated, is remarkable for its beautiful views, and picturesque landscapes. Tourists sometimes make this a kind of central station for embracing opportunities of investigation.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare asserts, that he knows of no place in the principality whence so many pleasing and interesting excursions may be made, and where nature bears so rich, varied, and grand an aspect as at Dolgelley. The waterfalls in this vicinity form an important attraction to strangers, and several days may be spent here very agreeably.

\* A view of this building has recently been published, from a sketch by Mr. Pickering, by T. Catherall, Eastgate Row, Chester.

## NANNAU PARK

is the elegant residence of Sir Robt. Williams Vaughan, Bart. It is about two miles distant from Dolgelley, and on the ascent all the way. It is said to be the highest mansion in Great Britain, being 702 feet above the level of the sea. The estate is covered with fine wood, and the park is remarkable for its excellent venison.

About five miles from Dolgelley, on the road leading towards Maentwrog, is the waterfall called RHAIADR DU (the black cataract). It is a double fall, about sixty feet high, where the water foams with a thundering noise down some black rocks, giving to the scene a singular appearance, which is increased by their being covered in many places with a pure white lichen. The torrent falls into a small but deep basin, from whence it dashes itself along its rugged channel.

In this vicinity is another cataract, called RHAIADR-Y-MAWDDACH, situated on a river of that name, where the water forces itself down a rock of about 60 feet high, on which the stream is three times broken in its fall to the basin. The rocks and trees form an amphitheatre around it, but the upper part of the rock is too much hidden by intervening obstructions. Near the latter is PISTYLL-Y-CAIN, which is by far the highest and most magnificent of the three. It consists of a narrow stream, rushing down a vast rock, at least 150 feet high, whose horizontal strata run in irregular steps through its whole breadth, forming a mural front; but this regularity is injurious to picturesque beauty. The immense fragments of broken rocks, scattered around in every direction at the foot of the fall, communicate a pleasing effect, which is farther heightened by the tints of oak and beech foliage; and, as a whole, this fall may safely be said to possess unusual beauty.

In the immediate neighbourhood is CADER IDRIS, the majestic father of the Merionethshire mountains, and in height second only to Snowdon. This stupendous mountain is the commencement of a chain of primitive mountains. The peak of Cader Idris is said to be 2850 feet above Dolgelley. Few strangers will attempt to ascend without an experienced guide, but the following particulars will explain one path, and the objects to which it conducts.

The ascent, in the direction to which we allude, commences at a pool, called Llyn-y-Gader, about a mile and a half on the high road to Towyn. When we have surmounted

the exterior ridge, we descend a little to a deep and clear lake. Hence we climb a second, and still higher chain, up a steep but not difficult path, which leads to a second lake, overlooked by steep cliffs, and bearing some resemblance to the crater of a volcano. A loud echo repeats every sound that is made near this lake. We now begin the last and most difficult part of our ascent, which, when completed, conducts to a small plain, with two rocky heads, of nearly equal height, one looking to the north and the other to the south. To gain this point will usually take the labour of between three and four hours.

The views obtained, in recompense for our toil, are extremely grand. To the north, Snowdon and its dependencies close the magnificent scene of rock, vale, and water. On the west is seen the whole curve of the bay of Cardigan, bounded, at a vast distance, by the mountains of Caernarvonshire. The southern view is terminated by Plinlimmon; and on the east are the lake of Bala, the two Arenig mountains, the two Arrans, the long chain of the Berwyn mountains, the Breiddin hills on the borders of Shropshire, and, dimly in the distance, the Wrekin, rising singly from the fertile plains of Shropshire. A second eligible path of ascent commences near the lake of Tal-y-Llyn, on the Dolgelley road.

#### ANGLING STATIONS.

<i>Distant from Dolgelley.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Dol-y-Gamedd.....	3½
Llanfachraeth.....	3½
Lly-y-Gader .....	1½
Llyn Geiriw .....	5
Llyn-tri-graienyn.....	6
Tal-y-Llyn, Cader Idris .....	8

We shall now accompany the tourist and visit the celebrated scenery and lake of Tal-y-llyn, at the foot of Cader Idris. For the first three miles the road is very hilly; on the left you pass the mansion of Caerynwch, built by the late Chief Baron Richards, now the residence of his son, Richard Richards, Esq. the member for the county. After passing between a chain of primitive and lofty mountains, we arrive at Llyn-tri-graienyn, (Pool of the three grains), from three huge fragments of basalt lying at the east end of it. At a short distance further, we reach the Blue Lion public house, which is considered half way between Dolgelley and Machynlleth. After proceeding onwards, at the distance of two miles, we arrive at

## TAL-Y-LLYN.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Dolgelley .. . . . . .	8	Machynlleth.....	8
Dinas Mowddwy .. . . .	11	Towyn .. . . . . .	10

Tal-y-Llyn is a neat little village, very picturesquely situated at the foot of the lake,—which is generally called Tal-y-Llyn, but whose real name is Llyn Mwyngil.

There is a small chapel by the bridge, which, when seen across a corner of the lake, forms a pretty little picture.

Ty'n-y-cornel Inn at this place is very delightfully situated, commanding a full view of the lake and the beautiful scenery that surrounds it. The accommodation is good, and the charges moderate.

From a field at the back of the inn, is a most enchanting view of the Vale of Tal-y-llyn, with the river Dysynni, meandering its course through fine meadows, which affords some good fishing. The river terminates with the sea, at Towyn, a distance of ten miles. The following are the names of the most prominent hills that flank this vale, Moel cae'r berllan, Gwmmallt, Graig-wen, and Graig Goch, which have a very fine effect. A few miles down the vale beyond Tal-y-llyn church, the hills almost meet at their bases, the sides of which are covered with verdant sylvan clothing. One of the principal in the neighbourhood is called Pen-y-Delyn, from some resemblance it bears to the Welsh harp: another is called Llan-y-Lladron, or the thieves' leap.

The LAKE OF TAL-Y-LLYN is a mile and a quarter in length, and nearly half a mile in breadth, and is assuredly one of the most beautiful of lakes, and truly deserves all the eulogy hitherto bestowed upon it. It is greatly resorted to by anglers, being famous for yielding abundance of a very delicate trout, and is the property of Sir Robt. W. Vaughan, Bart. a gentleman, to whose courtesy and good nature, strangers, no less than friends, are indebted for the amusement of a day's angling at pleasure; and for those who prefer a sail there is a boat at hand for their accommodation.

The flies used on this lake, are the March brown, blue dun, coch-y-bondy, and black gnat. Three of these should be on the foot-line together, the numbers always used in lake fishing. Two gentlemen killed in this lake and neigh-

bourhood, within six days, 512 trout, averaging three quarters of a pound each. The season commences in March, and continues until September. In the lake are to be seen the remains of a considerable carnedd, which cover nearly an acre of ground. When the water is low the stones are visible; this is considered to be the best place for fishing.

During the winter, an immense number of wild fowl make their appearance at this place, which afford great sport to several gentlemen, some of whom come from a considerable distance.

The regular road from Tal-y-Llyn to Dolgelley passes over the foot of Cader Idris, by Llyn-tri-graieny, but Mr. Pennant made a more direct route. Advancing to Allt Llwyd he gained a full view of the flat, called Towyn Merioneth, watered by the Dysynni. Hence he descended through fields, and crossing the river, dined upon a great stone, beneath the vast Craig-y-deryn, (the Bird's Rock), so called from the number of cormorants, rock pigeons, and hawks, which find a habitation there. At the foot is an immense line of stones, extending some hundred yards from the base of the rock. Here the Dysynni waters a fertile vale, which extends two miles farther. Near its terminus, is a long and high eminence, narrow on the summit, where stood the Castle of Tyberri, which extended lengthways over the whole surface.

Craig-y-deryn is well worth a visit. In front this eminence shoots up 200 feet, from a declivity covered with enormous stones; its height from the base is 700 feet.

We shall now proceed to Machynlleth. The new road to this place, which is nearly all the way down hill, is an exceedingly fine drive; it follows the course of the river Dyfi, the rapid torrent of which running over broken rocks, and not unfrequently interrupted by immense fragments, from which it falls in large cataracts, has a very fine effect. There are several slate-works on this road, the quality of which is considered very good. We now quit the county of Merioneth, and enter upon that of Montgomery. After passing a handsome bridge thrown over the confluence of the Dulas and Dyfi, we reach the town of

## MACHYNLLETH.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Aberystwyth.....	18	Mallwyd.....	12
Dolgelley.....	15	Newtown .....	28

Machynlleth is a large and respectable borough market-town in Montgomeryshire. The streets are remarkably spacious and regular: the inhabitants display a spirit of building superior to most parts in North Wales. The town is pleasantly situated and is supposed to be the "Maglona of the Roman Itineraries," where in the reign of Honorius, a lieutenant was stationed to awe the mountaineers. Several silver coins of Augustus and Tiberius have been found in the neighbourhood. The manufacture of flannels is carried on here to a great extent, and forms the centre of the woollen trade to this part of the country, where much business is done.

The church is dedicated to St. Peter, and with the exception of the tower, was rebuilt in 1827. There are also various dissenting places of worship, which are well attended. The town-hall is a plain, unadorned, but substantial structure, erected in 1784, by the grandfather of the present Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. M.P., who is lord of the manor, and holds court leet twice a year. The news room and book society are well supported. The Herbert Arms Hotel and the Unicorn Inn are two good houses, where tourists will find every comfort, and the charges reasonable.

Owen Glyndwr held his parliament here, and the house is still in being wherein he and his adherents assembled; its exterior appearance is barn-like, and is now made into cottages. Its interior exhibits great age; at the back is a flight of stone stairs in ruins, leading into the great room, in which are carved ribs, &c. Glyndwr convened the states of his country at this place, for the establishing of himself on the throne, and causing his title to it to be acknowledged: he was accordingly crowned, and reached the zenith of his ambition. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

The road to Towyn, particularly the new line, is beautifully picturesque: in some parts it is cut out of the solid rock. It passes the north bank of the Dyfi; and what with the craggy eminence on the one side, and the rising ground on the other, presents most attractive views.

To Llanidloes, cross the race-course. Further above the Ferge is an ivy-coated bridge; and close to it a cavern, called Hester Matthews' Parlour, which, superstition says

the dissembled spirit of the old woman frequently visits. Plinlimmon is visible at the distance of four or five miles. About half way to Llanidloes, a mile and a half to the right, is the cataract Ffrwd Fawr (great stream.) The rock whence the water falls is nearly perpendicular. In height it is exceeded by few cataracts, except Pistyll-Rhaiadr. Llyn yr Avange (beaver pool) is also seen on this road.

The road to Mallwyd presents many striking beauties of landscape. The valley is inclosed by lofty mountains, some of which, particularly the Aran, vie, in respect to height, with the most lofty in Wales.

The road to Aberystwyth presents several beautiful views. After passing the chain of Plinlimmon hills, you enter into the county of Cardigan.

#### ABERYSTWYTH.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Aberdovey .....	11	Llanidloes .....	30
Devil's Bridge .....	12	Machynlleth .....	18
Dolgelley .....	33	Tal-y-llyn .....	28
Hafod .....	16½	Towyn, across the Dovey	15

Aberystwyth, a fashionable sea-port, borough, and market town, is situated on the conflux of the rivers Ystwyth and Rheidiol, in Cardiganshire. Of late, this celebrated watering place has greatly improved, both in extent and importance, forming at present the largest town in the principality. The gentle inclination of the beach, situated in a noble bay, the clearness of the water, salubrity of the air, and the neighbouring springs, have established its reputation as an excellent resort for invalids, who can here enjoy every luxury connected with sea-bathing. The houses are in general well built, many are large and handsome, and the streets are regular, well-paved, and macadamized. The government is vested in a mayor, recorder, and town council, assisted by a town-clerk and subordinate officers.

The church, dedicated to St. Michael, was consecrated in 1833, and cost nearly £4000, towards which the commissioners for building new churches contributed £1000, and the society for the re-building and enlargement of churches and chapels £400. Divine service is performed in English at eleven and six. The Baptists, Independents, Wesleyans, and Calvinistic Methodists have chapels here. There is also a grammar and national school.

The assembly rooms are spacious and convenient, and

comprise a ball and promenade room, which is used as a reading room, a card room, and a billiard room. The season commences in July, and ends in October; but many families come as early as April, at which period lodgings can be obtained. Owing to the well-known mildness of the winter months here, the number of permanent visitors has been steadily on the increase. During the season, concerts, balls, and assemblies, are held here, as at Brighton, Ramsgate, and other fashionable English sea-bathing places. The Marine Parade forms an elegant crescent, and the Marine Terrace is a range of modern buildings, affording every accommodation for private families. They command a fine view, including the sea and beach, from which pleasure-boats are constantly starting.

This attractive watering place also contains a town hall and theatre. The two dispensaries have merged into one infirmary or general hospital, which is open to all the kingdom.

The bathing department is well conducted: hot and sea baths are provided at the shortest notice, with every requisite accommodation; and bathing machines are in use nearly all the day. From the sloping declivity of the beach, a facility of bathing is afforded at almost any time of the tide, within a very short distance of the shore. In addition to these advantages, Aberystwyth possesses a chalybeate spring, similar to those of Tunbridge Wells. It contains valuable medicinal properties; it is neither acidulous nor saline to the taste; but should not be used without medical advice.

The Gogerddan Arms and the Belle Vue Hotel are first-rate establishments, where every accommodation may be obtained.

The public libraries are Mr. Cox's, bookseller, Pier street; Mr. Careswell's, at the Assembly-rooms, Church-street; and Mr. Cranston's, Church-street. The Post-office is in Pier-street. The markets take place on Monday and Saturday.

Aberystwyth races are rising into importance. They take place in the month of August, and generally last two days. Steeple chases are held in January. Archery and cricket clubs have also been established, and are conducted with spirit.

Aberystwyth was once fortified with walls, a portion of which, stripped of its facings, still remains on the shore.



The CASTLE, situated west of the town on a bold eminence, was founded in 1189, by Gilbert de Strongbow, son of Richard de Clare, who, having obtained permission of Henry the First to dispossess Cadwgan ap Bleddyn of all the lands he could wrest from him by superior force, invaded Cardigan, subdued it without much difficulty, and erected a number of fortresses. About the year 1193, prince Gruffydd ap Rhys having attacked with success the castles of several of the Norman lords, and devastated their estates, failed in his attempt on the castle of Aberystwyth. Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, the reigning prince of North Wales in 1208, marched an army against Maelgwyn ap Rhys, who, not being able to resist him, destroyed his castles, and withdrew. Llywelyn rebuilt the castle. In 1212, it fell into the possession of the English, but was soon afterwards seized and dismantled by Maelgwyn and Rhys Vychan. In 1277, it was rebuilt by Edward the First. This was a fortress of great strength, and once the residence of Cadwaladr. It was used as a mint by Charles the First, and was held by the royal troops for some time after his decease; but it afterwards sustained an assault by Cromwell, from Pen-dinas hill, a neighbouring eminence, who effected its demolition. On the north-west is a tower about forty feet high, in which an arched doorway still remains.

In the neighbourhood are valuable lead mines, which formerly yielded 100 ounces of silver from a ton of lead, and produced a profit of £2000 a month. From the produce of these mines Sir Hugh Middleton amassed the property that enabled him to carry into execution his spirited design of conducting the New River to London. They were afterwards worked, with great success, by Mr. Thomas Bushell; who established at the castle, under license from King Charles I. a mint for coining his silver, to defray the current expenses of his works.

The vicinity of Aberystwyth, in almost every direction, is noted for its romantic and splendid scenery. During the season, the spirited proprietors of the two principal inns send an omnibus every day to that most enchanting spot, Devil's Bridge, on the road to which is

#### LLANBADARN FAWR,

situated at the distance of about a mile from Aberystwyth.

It is a manor belonging to the Duke of Leeds. In the year 1038, Gruffydd ap Llywelyn ap Seisyllt laid this town

in ashes. There are several British fortifications in this parish, but the most remarkable is Pen-y-Ddinas. The sanctity of St. Dubricius and St. David drew into Britany from foreign parts, St. Paternus, a devout young man, who built here a church and monastery: the former was destroyed by the Danes in 987, and the latter in 1038. The present church is large, built in the early pointed style. A flat stone in the church covers the grave of Lewis Morris, Esq., the celebrated antiquarian and collector of ancient manuscripts. The suffragan bishop of Llanbadarn Fawr was one of the seven who had conference with Augustine the monk, who wished to establish his own supremacy over the British church. St. Paternus instituted this place as an episcopal see, which was afterwards united to St. David's. The church seems to have been given, A.D. 1111, to St. Peter's, of Gloucester, and was afterwards appropriated to the abbey of Vale Royal, in Cheshire.—*Turner's Not. Mon.*

#### THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Aberystwyth.....	12	Havod.....	4

This celebrated bridge is called by the Welsh, Pont ar Fynach (the bridge on the Mynach): it consists of two arches, one thrown over the other. The foundation of the under one is of great antiquity, and vulgarly attributed to the invention of the Devil. It is supposed to have been erected as far back as the year 1087, in the reign of William Rufus, by the monks of Strata Florida abbey, the ruins of which are still visible. Geraldus Cambrensis mentions his passing over it, when he accompanied Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, at the time of the crusades. The original arch being suspected to be in a ruinous state, the present bridge was built over it, at the expense of the county, in 1753; the iron balustrades were added by Mr. Johnes, of Havod, in 1814.

This bridge, so much the object of curiosity and admiration, might well be styled the eighth wonder of Wales. It has occupied the lavished pen of distinguished historians and writers, but no description can picture the full magnificence of the prospect that here presents itself before us; though it may paint the grandeur and elegance of the outline, yet it cannot equal the archetypes of nature, or draw the minute

features that reward the spectator at every new choice of his position. In reviewing this sublime, marvellous, and thundering cataract, the eye is confused by the sublimity of the scene, and loses its faculty in attempting to judge its dimensions. The first descent may be made to the right, after passing the bridge from the Havod Arms, to the bottom of the aperture, through which the impetuous Mynach urges its furious course. The depth from the present bridge to the bed of the river is 114 feet. On regaining the road, the second descent lies at the distance of a few yards on the other side of the bridge, where may be viewed the four concentrated falls of the Mynach, from the point of the rock in front. This truly achronic stream, which forces itself through masses of opposing rocks, tearing deep crevices for the deposition of its unfathomable waters, and thickening the misty gloom of a recess impervious to sunshine, is equalled only by the cataract of Narni. The first fall occurs about fifty yards below the bridge. The river here is confined to a narrow channel by lofty precipitous rocks; and from the deep inclination of its bed, is thrown with great violence over a rock about twenty feet in height, into a black pool beneath. Scarcely has the water been forced from this foaming receptacle, when it is projected into another precipice of not less than 60 feet with a similar reservoir; from this it hurries to a third fall of 20 feet; and shortly after, is precipitated in an unbroken cataract, full 100 feet in perpendicular height.—From this spot, with the assistance of a guide from the inn, may be visited

#### THE FALL OF THE RHEIDIOL.

The fall of the Rheidiol, the approach to which is difficult and entirely impracticable during heavy rains, is generally considered the finest portion of the scenery. The basin into which this cataract falls, is agitated like the sea, by the violence of the shock; the rocks which lie across the channel are enormous; the hue of the waters dark; the hills aspire to the clouds; and the foam and roar of the torrent adds to the gloom profound. The perpendicular height of this cataract is not less than 210 feet. "I have seen," says Mr. Barber, "waterfalls more picturesquely grand than the cataract of the Mynach; but none more awfully so, not even excepting the celebrated fall of Lodore, and Scaleforce in Cumberland. After repassing the bridge, a descent may be made at the side of the Mynach falls, to the Robber's

Cave, at the jet of the lower fall. Nothing extraordinary attaches to it, except an uncommon tradition. About the middle of the fifteenth century, it was inhabited by two men and a woman, known by the epithet of Plant Matt (or Matthew's Children.) The father kept a public-house at Tregaron. These persons were notorious robbers. The entrance to the cave admitting but one at a time, they were able to defend it against hundreds. Here they lived for several years, but at length being found guilty of murder, they were taken and executed.

One wonder more yet remains—the Parson's Bridge, a scene both sublime and horrible. It is on the Rheidiol, but further up. There are two ways to it, either by Yspytty Cynfyn church-yard, or by climbing the precipice from the foot of the Rheidiol, and descending at the place upon the opposite side, whence alone it can be sketched.

The Havod Arms was built by Mr. Johnes. The house was much enlarged and improved a few years ago, by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, and may now be ranked among the best inns in Wales.

Four miles from hence, on the Rhaiadr road, is situated the celebrated mansion of HAVOD. This most delightful and romantic place, commonly called the Eden of Wales, was built by the late patriotic and universally beloved gentleman, Thomas Johnes, Esq. M.P. and lord lieutenant and custos rotularum of the county of Cardigan. The mansion was erected from designs by Mr. Nash, composed of Greek and Saxon, blended with the prevailing Gothic. The original entrance to the grounds is on the left of the turnpike, and is marked by a neat lodge and gateway. The carriage road winds hence to the right, partly through groves of young trees, and partly through a forest of majestic oak, and nothing is seen of the house till a turn round a projecting rock at the extremity of the wood brings it in full view. Many people of the first taste have considered themselves amply recompensed for the fatigue of long journeys, by the delightful prospects they here beheld; and the many elegant descriptions of Havod, given by writers of great eminence, fortunately assist in conveying just notions of its excellencies and charms to the untravelled.

Mr. Cumberland's masterly hand has furnished the following notice of this domain. "Havod is a place in itself so pre-eminently beautiful, that it highly merits a particular description. It stands surrounded with so many noble

scenes, diversified with elegance as well as with grandeur; the country, on the approach to it, is so very wild and uncommon; and the place itself is now so embellished by art, that it will be difficult, I believe, to point out a spot that can be put in competition with it, considered either as the object of the painter's eye, the poet's mind, or as a desirable residence for those who, admirers of the beautiful wildness of nature, love also to inhale the pure air of aspiring mountains, and enjoy that "Santo pace," as the Italians expressively term it, which arises from solitudes, made social by a family circle. From the porticoes it commands a woody, narrow winding vale; the undulating forms of whose ascending shaggy sides are richly clothed with various foliage, broken with silver water-falls, and crowned with climbing sheep-walks, stretching to the clouds.

Neither are the luxuries of life absent; for, on the margin of the Ystwyth, where it flows broadest through this delicious vale, we see hot-houses, and a conservatory beneath the rocks; a bath; amid the recesses of the wood, a flower-garden; and, within the building, whose decorations, though rich, are pure and simple, we find a mass of rare and valuable literature, whose pages here seem doubly precious, where meditation finds scope to range unmolested.

In a word, so many are the delights afforded by the scenery of this place, and its vicinity, to a mind imbued with any taste, that the impression on mine was increased after an interval of ten years from the first visit, employed chiefly in travelling among the Alps, the Apennines, the Sabine Hills, and the Tyrolese; along the shores of the Adriatic, over the glaciers of Switzerland, and up the Rhine; where, though in search of beauty, I never, I feel, saw any thing so fine—never so many pictures concentrated in one spot; so that, warned by the renewal of my acquaintance with them, I am irresistibly urged to attempt a description of the hitherto almost virgin haunts of these obscure mountains.

Wales, and its borders, both north and south, abound at intervals with fine things—Piercefield has grounds of great magnificence, and wonderfully picturesque beauty. Downton castle has a delicious woody vale, most tastefully managed; Llangollen is brilliant; the banks of the Conway savagely grand; Barmouth romantically rural; the great Pistill Rhaiadr is horribly wild; Rhaiadr Wennol, gay,

and gloriously irregular:—each of which merits a studied description.

But, at Havod, and its neighbourhood, I find the effects of all in one circle; united with this peculiarity, that the deep dingles, and mighty woody slopes, which, from a different source, conduct the Rheidiol's never-failing waters from Plinlimmon, and the Mynach, are of an unique character, as mountainous forests, accompanying gigantic size with graceful forms: and, taken altogether, I see the sweetest interchange of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains, and falls, with forests crowned, rocks, dens, and caves; insomuch, that it requires little enthusiasm there to feel forcibly with Milton:—

“ All things that be, send up from earth's great altar  
Silent praise!”

There are four fine walks from the house, chiefly through ways artificially made by the proprietor; all dry, kept clean, and composed of materials found on the spot; which is chiefly a course stone, of a greyish cast, friable in many places; and like slate, but oftener consisting of immense masses, that cost the miner, in making some part of these walks, excessive labour; for there are places where it was necessary to perforate the rock many yards, in order to pass a promontory, that, jutting across the way, denied further access, and to go round which, you must have taken a great tour, and made a fatiguing descent. As it is, the walks are so constructed, that few are steep; the transitions easy, the returns commodious, and the branches distinct. Neither are they too many, for much is left for future projectors; and if a man be stout enough to range the underwoods, and fastidious enough to reject all trodden paths, he may, almost every where, stroll from the studied line, till he be glad to regain the friendly conduct of the well known way.

Yet one must be nice, not to be content at first to visit the best points of view by the general routine; for all that is here done, has been to remove obstructions, reduce the materials, and conceal the art; and we are no where presented with attempts to force the untamed streams, or indeed to invent any thing where nature, the great mistress, has left all art behind.”

Mr. Johnes was a truly great man, and distinguished himself in every possible way for the honour and benefit of

his native country. In 1783, this estate could be considered very little better than a dreary waste ; but when Mr. Johnes took it under his superintendence, it commenced gradually to unfold its surprising capabilities and superlative attractions. From Oct., 1795, to April 1801, the number of trees planted on this estate amounted to no less than 2,065,000 ! From midsummer, 1806, to that of 1807, upwards of 600,000 more were added ! The hospitable board which he kept was the theme of the whole country. A printing establishment, with an apparatus for publishing extensive works, was formed on the grounds. In this seclusion, were committed to press voluminous translations from Froissart, Joinville, Brocquiere, and Monstrelet. But, alas ! every friend of learning and of the polite arts must lament the total loss by fire of the elegant and magnificent mansion of Havod. This dreadful accident took place on Friday the 13th of March, 1807. The plate, some furniture, and paintings, were saved ; but the greater part of the magnificent library was consumed. From the period of the destruction of the Alexandrian library, no greater loss, perhaps, has befallen literature, than the conflagration at Havod. By this painful dispensation, were annihilated a splendid collection of many rare and expensive volumes and Welsh MSS., the fruits of forty years' pursuit, which were thus consigned, not only to destruction, but to oblivion. The extent of the loss was estimated at about £70,000, but Mr. Johnes had insured for only £20,000.

The Havod estate was purchased a few years ago by his grace the Duke of Newcastle for about £62,000 ; and after adding several farms to it, and other improvements, it was sold by his grace in 1845, to H. Bold Houghton, Esq. for £150,000.

We now, for twenty miles, pass through a barren and most dreary country, completely encircled with hills ; and we only climb one, to observe others in the distant perspective : not even a house or tree appears to interrupt the awfulness of the mountains.

#### THE VILLAGE OF LLANGURRIG,

is considered the nearest point to Plinlimmon, where any sort of refreshment can be obtained. The parish is about 20 miles across. The church, dedicated to St. Currig, has an ancient tower and a very elegant font.

PLINLIMMON

(or Plumlumon-fawr) occupies a great extent of barren and dreary country. The surrounding region is a mineral tract, containing many subterranean passages. The distance from Machynlleth is eight miles, and from Llanidloes eleven miles. Few travellers think themselves repaid by a visit to this mountain, its perpendicular height being far exceeded by Snowdon and Cader Idris, and is certainly one of the most dangerous mountains in Wales, on account of frequent marshes concealed under a smooth and apparently firm turf. The ascent to Plinlimmon should never be attempted without a guide. It is remarkable, however, that this dreary spot gives birth to four considerable rivers, two of which stand unrivalled in point of picturesque beauty, and the third (after Father Thames) in commercial importance. The Llyfnant, Rheidiol, Wye, and Severn. The Rheidiol flows from Llyn-llygad-Rheidiol, and taking a south-west course, joins the Mynach at Devil's Bridge, meanders its serpentine course through a vale of the same name, and empties itself into the sea at Aberystwyth. The Wye issues from two large fountains, so called by way of eminence, which shortly becomes so impatient of control, as to rush with great precipitation, and rolling its impetuous torrents over a ledge of rocks, forms a bold cascade, taking a south-east direction; and after watering the counties of Montgomery, Radnor, Brecon, and Monmouth, flows into the Severn at Chepstow. The springs on the north side of the mountain unite in a considerable lake, called Glas-llyn, whence flows the mountain river Llyfnant, which joins the Dyfi near Machynlleth. The Severn rises at Llyn Bugeilyn, on the north-east side of the mountain, and runs through the counties of Montgomery, Salop, Worcester, Gloucester, Monmouth, and Somerset, and empties itself into the Bristol Channel, near Chepstow. It is navigable for about 200 miles.

This mountain is not only famous as a parent of rivers, but also as an important station held by Owen Glyndwr, in the summer of 1401, who posted himself here at the head of a great number of men in arms.

LLANIDLOES.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Aberystwyth .....	30	Newtown .....	14
Devil's Bridge.....	19	Plinlimmon.....	7

This town has of late been greatly improved by the sub-



stitution of several respectable buildings, on the site of ancient houses of framework and timber, which formerly prevailed. The streets form right angles; the situation is pleasant, and the different areas spacious. A handsome stone bridge has been erected over the Severn, near the confluence of the Clywedog. The church is dedicated to St. Idloes; the living is a discharged vicarage. The old market-place stands in the middle of the town, and is a very ancient edifice. The market-day is on Saturday. The petty sessions for the hundred are held here. It is one of the five contributory boroughs with Montgomery, and one of the polling-places for the election of a county member. It retains the appendages of a corporate town, in a mayor and subaltern officers. The manufacture of flannels in this town, notwithstanding the rivalship of Newtown, has continued to increase. There are now more than 40 carding engines, 18 fulling mills, and nearly 35,000 spindles, constantly in operation in the town and neighbourhood, affording considerable employment to a number of men, who weave the flannel at their own dwellings. A coarse slate abounds in the neighbouring hills, and good building stone is in abundance. Lord Mostyn is lord of the manor. The Trewithan Arms Hotel, the Lion and Queen's Head Inns, are the best places for affording accommodation to tourists.

From Llanidloes to Newtown, the road winds with the Severn through beautiful and well-wooded valleys. On the summit of a hill, close to, is the remarkable encampment of *Gaerfechan* (Little Fortress), indented by several fosses, of British origin. The church of Llanddinam stands pleasantly on an abrupt elevation, which obtrudes like a promontory into the vale.

#### ANGLING STATIONS.

<i>Distant from Llanidloes.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Bôdaioch, on the Tarannon .....	5
Glyn Trêvnant .....	5
Llangurrig.....	5
Llanddinam.....	6½

#### CAERSWS

is a small hamlet about midway between Llanidloes and Newtown. It was formerly a Roman station, and the site of the encampment is discernible to this day. It is a quadrangular rampart of 150 yards square. In the south-west angle were dug up some Roman tiles, which were used in the erection of a chimney in a public-house hard by.

The extremely small and uninteresting church of Pen-ystrywad generally draws attention for its liliputian size. In the churchyard is a yew-tree of most extensive growth. For the next three miles you pass through a fine expanse of rich pasture and corn land, at the end of which you enter

NEWTOWN.

(*Montgomeryshire*).

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Llanidloes.....	14	Montgomery.....	8½
Llanfyllin.....	19	Welshpool.....	14

Newtown (or Tre Newydd) is situated on the road from Welshpool to Aberystwyth, and is nearly surrounded by the Severn. It is a very respectable town, and contains several streets of well-built houses. The manufacture of flannels, introduced here about half a century ago, is now carried on to a very great extent. Fifty factories have been established, revolving 50,000 spindles, working 12,000 looms, and 50 carding machines, propelled by water and steam. About 4000 persons are thus employed; and 1500 pieces of the finest flannel are sold every alternate Thursday, in a spacious erection opened in September, 1832. Machinery of every description is manufactured here. There are also founderies, potteries, tanneries, malt kilns, wharfs, and lime kilns; in short, Newtown has rapidly become the Leeds of Wales. The church is an ancient structure, dedicated to St. Idloes; the living is a discharged rectory, in the patronage of the lord of the manor. A new church in the Gothic style, has lately been erected to accommodate the increasing population of this town and neighbourhood. An ancient screen, which separates the chancel from the nave, is adorned with various devices. The small altar-piece over the communion table contains a picture by the poet Dyer. The antique font and screen are of most curious workmanship, said to have been brought from the abbey of Cwm-hir, Radnorshire.

The principal inns are the Boar's Head, the Angel, and the Elephant.

ANGLING STATIONS.

<i>Distant from Newtown</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Aberavesp .....	3
Bettws.....	4
Llanmerewig.....	4
Llanwynog.....	6½

## WELSHPOOL.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Llan-y-mynach.....	9	Oswestry .....	16
Montgomery.....	8	Shrewsbury.....	18

Welshpool is the assize town for the county of Montgomery, and one of the contributory boroughs for the same. It consists of one long, wide and spacious street, intersected by another at right angles, besides several collateral ones of lesser breadth. It is well paved and lighted with gas. The houses and shops are handsomely built, and characterised by cleanliness and uniformity. The market for provisions is on Monday; and every alternate Monday for Welsh flannels, which are manufactured in great quantities. The old church, dedicated to St. Mary, is singularly placed at the bottom of a hill, and the cemetery nearly equals the height of the building. The living is a discharged vicarage, with the perpetual curacy of Buttington attached. The bishop of St. Asaph is the patron. Among its sacramental ornaments, there is a chalice of pure gold, which holds a quart, and is valued at £170.

A new church has lately been erected here, to commemorate the coming of age of Lord Clive. About £5000 was subscribed for that purpose. The site was given by the Earl of Powis. It is on a commanding eminence, and bounded by Powis castle park, the castle forming a singularly grand and imposing object in the distance. Southward a very extensive range of finely cultivated country extends towards the Long mountain. The structure is strictly Norman in its architecture. The elevation is beautiful in design, its length being 80 feet, with a bold tower at one angle.

The county hall is a new building, situated in the centre of the town, and presents an elegant front with a colonnade and pilasters of stone. The upper apartments are appropriated to the administration of justice. Beneath is a spacious corn market, &c. &c., and an ample court for holding the assizes for the county. The hall room is on the second floor, measuring 64 feet by 25, and 18 feet high. Here, in 1824, one of the grand provincial eisteddfods, or meeting of the Welsh bards, together with an oratorio and a national ball, was held under the presidency of Lord Clive, now Earl of Powis, which was attended by all the nobility, gentry, rank, and talent of the surrounding

counties. His lordship is a great patron of the literature of his country, and is the president of the Roxburgh club.

The Severn is navigable for small barges as far as Pool Stake, three quarters of a mile from the town.

The population of Welshpool is between 5 and 6,000. The town is governed by a mayor and town council.

There are places of worship belonging to different denominations of dissenters, but the majority of the inhabitants are adherents to the established church. There are several delightful promenades and walks surrounding the town, presenting varied and extensive views, and the inhabitants have the gratifying privilege of enjoying the walks in Powis castle park, the upper part of which presents a view of nearly unequalled extent, richness, and variety.—At a distance of one mile from Welshpool, on a commanding eminence, stands that venerable baronial residence, POWIS CASTLE, commonly called by the Welsh “Castell Coch,” (the red castle), from its being built of red stone. This ancient domain has been the property of the Herberts for several generations, who are now represented by the present worthy and noble possessor, the right hon. the Earl of Powis, K.G., who, during his long residence here, has greatly improved both the mansion and estate.

The principal entrance is through a gateway between two massive round towers, with a niche containing full-length statues of Offa, king of Mercia, A.D. 795, and Egbert, A.D. 827. In front of the castle are three immense terraces, rising one above another, which are connected by a flight of steps. These are ornamented by vases, statues, antique remains, &c. &c. Several other towers are flanked with semi-circular bastions. The apartment best worthy of attention is the principal gallery, measuring 117 feet in length, by 20 in breadth. This was probably constructed late in the sixteenth, or early in the seventeenth century; and was originally used for the purpose of dancing. The family rooms are in general richly fitted up, but gloomy and uninviting. There are, however, some good pictures by the ancient masters, and many portraits, but not of striking interest. At the end of the gallery there is another room, a sort of museum of curiosities brought from India by the great Lord Clive, consisting of birds, fossils, &c., both rare and valuable: amongst the antiquities is a model of an elephant covered with a coat of mail, with two Indians on its back; and the celebrated old Parr's carved bedsteads, 1665.

Powis castle is one of those ancestral mansions in Wales, where the ancient baronial hospitality is still kept up with undiminished liberality.

Welshpool is surrounded with a great number of gentlemen's seats, which add considerably to the beauty of the neighbourhood.

A short distance from Welshpool lies the pleasant vale of Cyfeiliog. Below the Breiddyn hills are the ruins of Strata Marcella, (or Ystrad Marchell) a Cistercian monastery, founded by Owen Cyfeiliog 1170. To the north of Welshpool rises abruptly from the vale, Moel-y-golfa, Craig Breiddyn, Cefn-y-Castell, the tripid summits of a rock more than 1000 feet in height, on the highest peak of which is erected Rodney's pillar, to commemorate the important victory obtained by that admiral over the French fleet in 1782, commanded by Count de Grasse.

Welshpool has the convenience of a canal, which joins that of Ellesmere near Hordley, and extends in the opposite direction to Newtown. The principal inns are the Oak and the Bull.

#### ANGLING STATIONS.

<i>Distant from Welshpool.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Berriew.....	5
Llandrynio.....	9
Llanvyllin.....	12
Llandysilio.....	8
Montgomery.....	7½
Trewern.....	4

#### LLANYMYNECH

is a small whitewashed village at the distance of about nine miles from Welshpool, and is situated on the northern bank of the Ewyrnwy. Its name was evidently derived from the mines in which the neighbourhood formerly abounded, and which were worked so early as the time of the Romans. Some coins of that people, particularly one of Antonius, and one of Faustina, were found here, together with the skeleton of a man, having on his left arm a bracelet, and by his side a battle-axe.

On the slope of the hill, extending from top to bottom, runs a stupendous rampart of loose stones, with a foss at the foot of it; and at a small distance are two others, the whole supposed to be British. Across the hill runs likewise another rampart, called Clawdd-Offa, (Offa's dike), thrown up by Offa, king of Mercia, in the eighth century, to prevent the incursions of the Welsh, and to form their boundary.

## O S W E S T R Y .

*(Shropshire).*

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Chirk.....	5	Shrewsbury.....	18
Ellesmere.....	8	Welshpool.....	16
Llanfyllyn.....	14	Wrexham.....	14

Oswestry being a station on the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway, and bordering so closely upon North Wales, it is frequently visited by tourists, either at the commencement or termination of their excursion through the principality.

The following unadorned account of Oswestry is given by honest Churchyard:—

Ozestree, a prettie towne, full fine,  
Which may be loved, be likate and prayed both;  
It stands so trim and is maintayned so cleane,  
And peopled is, with folke that well do meane,  
That it deserves to be enrolled and shrynd  
In each good breast, and every manly mynd.

It stands upon higher ground than any other town in Shropshire, being 450 feet above the level of the sea. The town was formerly fortified with a wall, about a mile round, and four gates, viz. Black-gate, New-gate, Willow-gate, and Beatrice-gate. The last was a handsome building, with a guard-room on both sides, and over it the arms of Fitz-Alan, a lion rampant, said to have been built by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, in the beginning of the reign of Henry the Fourth, who bestowed the name on it in honour of his wife, Beatrix, natural daughter of the king of Portugal. The town is governed by a mayor and council.

The old church is doubtless of great antiquity; there was certainly a vicarage here antecedent to the formation of the Valor by Pope Nicholas the Fourth, A.D. 1291; for in the record, the original of which is preserved in the Exchequer, Oswestry is thus recorded:—"Church of Oswaldstra, deanery of Marchia, rectory £26 : 13 : 4, vicarage £8 : 13 : 4." It is dedicated to St. Mary. The present structure is of no great antiquity; it is spacious and not inelegant, and has a bold square tower, furnished with eight harmonious bells. In the interior are some monuments, ancient and modern. The present worthy vicar is the Rev. Thos. Salway.

A new church has been erected on the Salop road, to accommodate the increasing population of the town and neighbourhood, in which there are a great number of free

seats. An organ, the gift of the Longueville family, has been placed in it. There are chapels for the various denominations of dissenters.

Oswestry and its township can boast of about thirty charities, the most important of which is the free grammar school, said to be founded as early as Henry the Fourth, by David Holbech, and endowed with land, the present rental of which is about £270 per annum, exclusive of an excellent house and play-ground of four acres, on an elevated site at a convenient distance from the town. There is also a national school-room for boys and girls. In the immediate vicinity there is a spacious house of industry belonging to ten parishes. The guildhall is a plain but respectable stone edifice, in which the public business is conducted. There is a dispensary for the poor.

Considerable business is carried on here in every branch of trade, particularly that of malt, which is of very superior quality. The market-days are Wednesday and Saturday. There are twelve fairs held here during the year on the first Wednesday in every month, a cheese market, and an extensive Smithfield.

The Wynnstay Arms, the Cross Keys, and the Queen's Head Inns, are excellent places of accommodation.

Porkington Hall, the seat of W. Ormsby Gore, Esq., one of the M.P.s for the county; Halston, late the seat of John Mytton, Esq., and several other mansions, are in the neighbourhood.

A few miles on the right-hand side of the road to Wrexham, we pass the park entrance to BRYN KINALLT,\* the property and residence of Lord Dungannon, M.P. for Durham. It is finely situated on a rising slope of a wood-clad hill. It was formerly a large brick house, but latterly it has been re-fronted and gothicised. Through marriage, it has descended to the Hills, in which family it now remains, as representatives of the Trevors, by whom it was built. Sir John Trevor, of this house, was a highly distinguished

\* The Duke of Wellington is maternally descended from this house. His father, the late Earl of Mornington, married Anne, daughter of Arthur Hill Trevor Viscount Dungannon, of Bryn Kinallt, in the county of Denbigh, descended from Tudor Trevor, Earl of Hereford, founder of one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales. The Wellesley family is of English origin (Somerset), but resident for ages in Ireland. From this union of the nations, is the great champion, the modern Arthur, Duke of Wellington; and of this marriage, the fifth son.

and most eccentric character. He held the office of master of the rolls in the reign of James the Second, and first lord commissioner of the great seal in the succeeding reign of William the Third.

After descending a hill about half a mile long, we come in sight of the CHIRK VIADUCT\* which conveys the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway over the lovely vale of Ceiriog. It is regarded as an engineering gem, and will well repay the time which the tourist may allow for its inspection. Viewed from an eminence near Pont Feau, on the southwest side of the valley, it is seen like a beautiful transparency. Between you and the viaduct is spread a meadow of the richest verdure, from which rise on each side the steep banks clothed with noble woods: the left bank as it rises to the hill on which Chirk castle is placed, is covered with the finest timber, and is a perfect mine of beauty to the painter, from which he may select the richest groups of forest scenery.

This viaduct is 850 feet in length, and 100 feet in height. It consists of twelve arches, ten of which are of stone, of the span of 45 feet, and the extreme arch at each end is of timber, with a span of 120 feet. The viaduct was originally designed so as to have 16 similar arches. It was found, however, by the engineer, on constructing the river piers, that it was necessary, from the nature of the strata, to carry them through a bed of soft sand, about 16 feet below the bed of the river, and that it would have been requisite to found the two piers on the slope of the valley, at a similar depth. From the proximity of the Chirk aqueduct, and the shaky state of its abutments, this would have been a work of great danger and expense, and the engineer formed the novel and appropriate design of converting the last pier at the foot of the steep bank of the valley into an abutment or bastion pier, and of throwing an arch from the table land above, of sufficient span to form as it were a huge gangway to reach the stone viaduct. This has been done with a most pleasing effect, by means of the laminated timber arches of 120 feet span, which are perfect models of constructive carpentry.

\* T. Catherall, of Eastgate-row, Chester, has just published a lovely picture of this elegant viaduct, from a beautiful drawing by Mr. Pickering, who has displayed more than his accustomed good taste and artistic skill in the details of the subject.



Though but half the magnitude of Mr. Robertson's great work over the valley of the Dee, this viaduct over the Ceiriog is of exquisite design and unrivalled for picturesque effect. The elegant arch which springs from the table land above upon the main portion of the viaduct, is a happy and original thought. To have shut in the slopes of the lovely valley, by heavy and expensive abutments and embankments, according to the usual designs, might have passed without censure, or even been honoured with praise as a whole; still the present design, shewing that such treatment of the valley would have been vandalism, exhibits a mind fertile in expedients to meet adverse circumstances, and to make the works of art harmonize with those of nature. It was opened in October, 1848.

Parallel with the Viaduct is the CHIRK AQUEDUCT, which conveys the Ellesmere canal over the Vale of Ceiriog, an extent of 230 yards; it is carried on ten arches, resting on pyramidal piers of stone, which are 65 feet in the centre. It was designed by the late Mr. Telford, and was at one time considered one of the wonders of the neighbourhood. After ascending a steep hill of about half a mile, we reach the neat and clean village of

## CHIRK.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Chester (per rail).....	21 $\frac{1}{4}$	Shrewsbury (per rail).	21 $\frac{1}{4}$
Oswestry „	5	Wrexham „	9 $\frac{1}{4}$

Chirk is a charming spot, pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill, surrounded by fertile meadows and wooded banks. The neighbourhood affords various rural entertainments for tourists and visitors. There are few places where guests can be more comfortably or reasonably entertained than at the Chirk Castle Inn, kept by Mr. Moses. The village has been greatly improved within the last few years. There are several substantial houses and well-built cottages. The church is an interesting structure, and in excellent repair. It contains several beautiful monuments of the Myddelton family; perhaps the best is a bust of Sir Thomas Myddelton, with a peaked beard, long hair, and armed. By his side is a bust of his lady. Chirk has a station on the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway. Several interesting places might be visited from this locality.

The CASTLE is the property and residence of Robert

Myddelton Biddulph, Esq., lord lieutenant of Denbighshire, colonel of the militia, and for some time representative of the county in parliament. This castle is situated, like all structures of the period, on a commanding eminence, well adapted in those days for the discovery of an enemy's approach, and furnished with every convenience for hostile excursions. As seen from the principal entrance, or north approach, it appears to the eye as a large uninhabited pile of quadrangular shape, partly covered with ivy; and, as it thus presents itself to the visitor, is strikingly gloomy. Approaching nearer, the effect of its grey and venerable towers has a solemn and imposing appearance; but the eye is pleased to find that these massive emblems of gone-by days, so intimately associated with times of peril, seem to have undergone very little change since its creation. Its severe simplicity, stately proportions, and immense thickness of walls, carry instant conviction of age, and at once class it among one of the least impaired and most interesting of the feudal dwellings of ancient England.

"Thy towers,  
Unmodernised by tasteless art, remain  
Still unsubdued by time."

According to a paper communicated to the Antiquarian Society, the present castle was begun in 1011; but another account states that it was built in the time of Henry the Second, by Roger Mortimer. It continued in his family but a short time, being sold by his grandson John, to Richard, earl of Arundel, who with his family possessed it for three generations; after which it passed to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, justice of North Wales, Chester, and Flint, in right of his wife, Elizabeth, elder sister to Thomas, earl of Arundel. On the disgrace and exile of Mowbray in 1397, it was taken by the crown, and granted to William lord Abergavenny, who married the other sister, in which family it remained until the reign of Henry the Sixth. The next possessor we hear mentioned was the unfortunate Sir William Stanley. After his execution it became forfeited to his rapacious master. In 1534, it was bestowed, along with Holt castle, by Henry the Eighth, on his natural son, Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond and Somerset. By his early death it returned to the crown. Queen Elizabeth granted it, with the lordship, to her favourite earl of Leicester. On his death, Chirk castle

became the property of lord St. John, of Bletso, whose son, in 1595, sold it to Sir Thomas Myddelton, in whose family it still remains.

The principal entrance to the castle is in the north front, under a high arch, which formerly contained a portcullis and gate of massive strength, flanked by two towers, and leading into a court-yard of quadrangular shape, forming an area of 160 feet long by 100 broad.

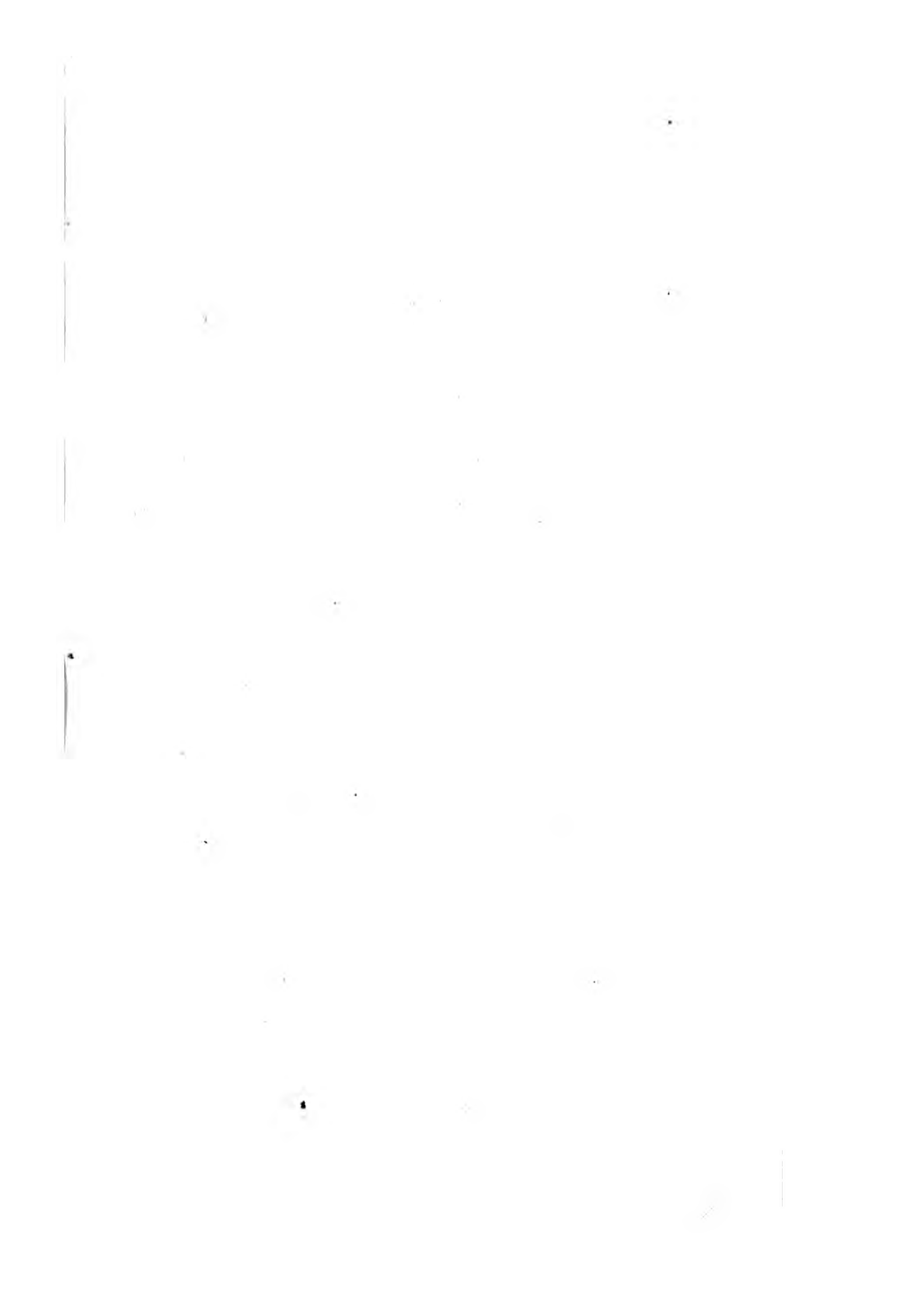
The north and east wings are occupied by the family, and the south and west given up to the offices. The most remarkable of the apartments are a saloon of 60 feet by 30, lighted by three large mullioned windows looking towards the court; a drawing-room, 30 feet square; and an oak gallery extending the whole length of the west wing, leading to a small chapel, which by the lapse of time and disuse is now out of repair. The ceilings throughout are ornamented by rich plastic work, and the rooms are hung with a large collection of paintings. The gallery contains several old cabinets, the work probably of some Italian or French artists; one in particular is very handsome, and was a gift from Charles the Second to Sir Thomas Myddelton.

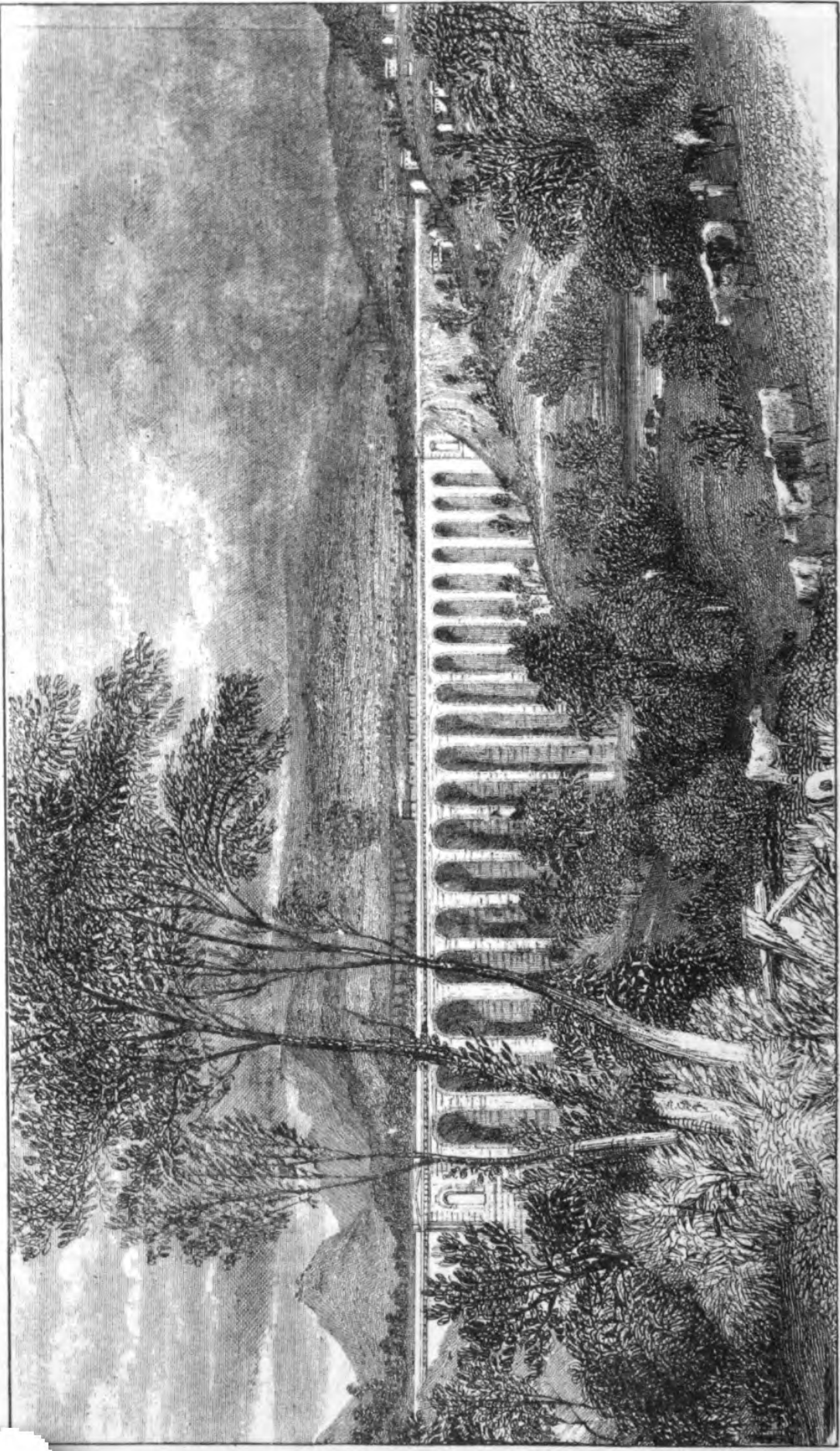
During the last few years, considerable improvements and alterations have taken place here under the direction and superintendence of Mr. Pugin, the skilful architect, and exhibit his usual taste and correctness of style. The lower apartments are of the pure gothic of the fifteenth century. The large rooms are in the style of François Premier. The identical bed, in which Charles the First slept, is still preserved in a room adjoining the gallery.

The south-west wing has not been altered by modern taste; there may still be traced the architecture of the period in which it was executed; a striking illustration of that rude and lawless time, when security was the object chiefly aimed at; narrow winding stone staircases in every tower, small rooms with window recesses terminating in a slit or loop-hole, (those towards the court are large,) doors moving on ponderous hinges, with massive bolts, spacious vaults used as prisons, &c.

From the summit of the castle the prospect is, indeed, not only extensive, but exceedingly magnificent, overlooking 17 counties.

The garden is laid out with taste, and abounds in finely grown shrubs, &c. The walks and drives are extensive, and

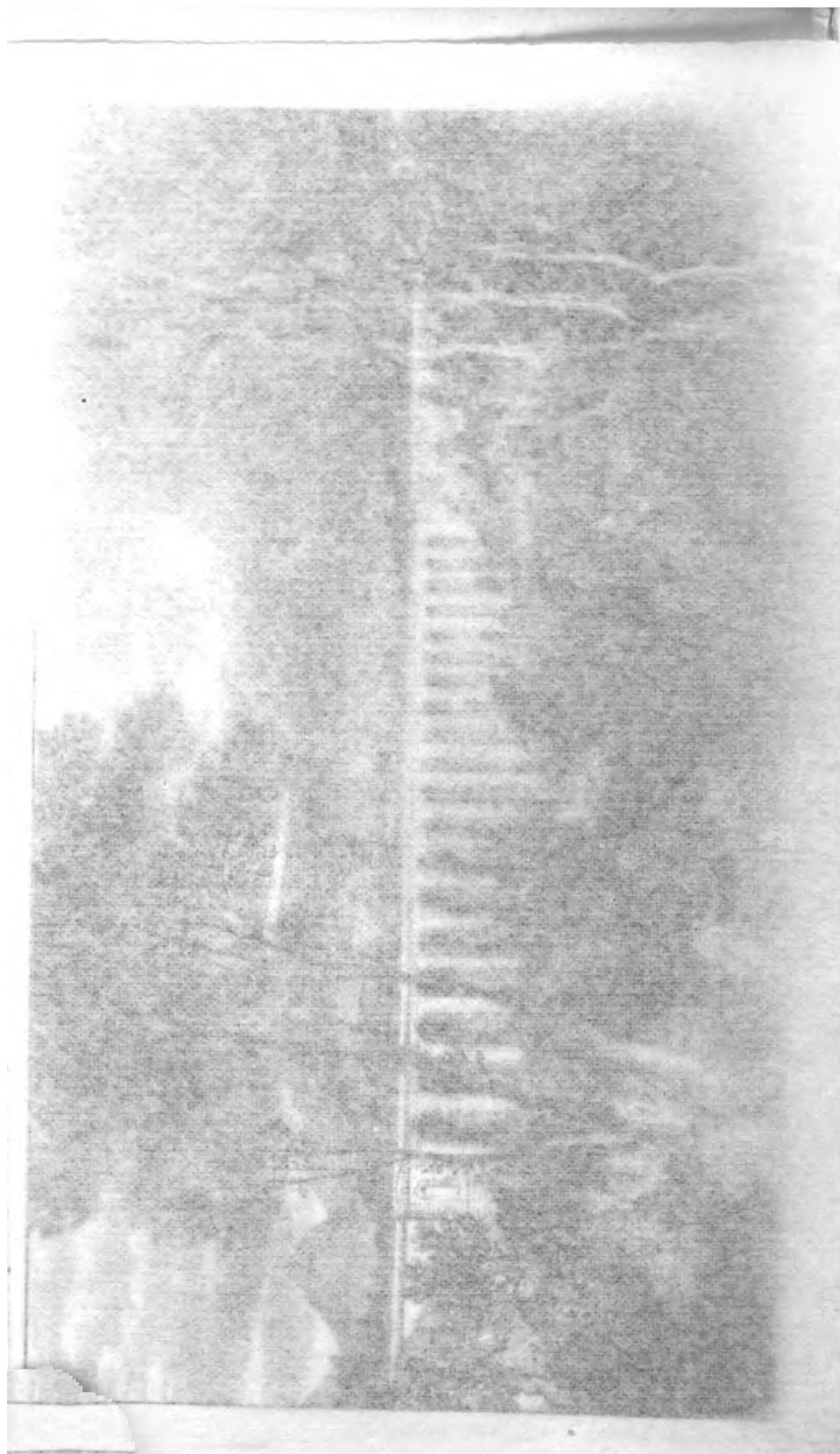




DEE VIADUCT - VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.

*Pub by T. Catherall, Architect.*

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a multi-paragraph document, possibly a letter or a report, with some lines of text being more prominent than others. The overall appearance is that of a document where the ink has transferred to the front side of the paper.



command delightful views. That from the terrace is the best, and on a fine day would well repay a long journey.

The neighbourhood is full of historical interest, and abounds with the remains of ancient British fortifications, particularly that vast embankment called Offa's dyke, thrown up as a boundary between the Saxons and Britons, in 763. During the desperate struggles of Cambria to recover her independence, the vicinity of Chirk castle, in the year 1164, was the theatre of perhaps the most sanguinary battle ever fought between the English and Welsh. Many of the English slain on this occasion were buried in Offa's dyke, and the place allusive to the event still retains the appellation of Adwy'r Beddau, (the pass of graves.)

We shall now leave this venerable place. Proceeding towards Ruabon, and passing the park lodge, with some very handsome iron gates, we soon reach the great Holyhead road, and by Whitehouse's gate turn down to the right leading to the DEE VIADUCT.\*

This magnificent structure, which is one of the greatest achievements of the age, spans the river and valley of the Dee, and justly claims the superiority over any similar work in her Majesty's dominions. It has been pronounced as one of the most extraordinary triumphs of art over the difficulties of nature which has ever been exhibited. It is indeed, a noble specimen of engineering and architectural skill; thoroughly British in design and execution, divested of all tawdry ornament, but grand in its simplicity, massive in its strength, and beautiful in all its proportions. The design is remarkable from the absence of the usual projecting springing course under the arches. The curve of the arch, which is semi-circular, meets and is imperceptibly reversed in the curvilinear slope or batter given to the face of the piers. This original feature, by allowing the mind to view the work in its simple and unbroken outline of arch and pier, gives an idea of unity and magnitude which is very impressive on a near approach to the structure. This outline is broadly marked by the deeply chamfered double quoins, which are continuous throughout the pier and arch. These quoins are neatly tool-dressed, and contrast well with the rest of the masonry, which is rough or quarry-faced

\* A very picturesque view of this viaduct has recently been published by T. Catherall, Eastgate Row, Chester, from a drawing by Mr. Pickering.



ashlar, and conveys to the mind the suitable idea of massive strength.

A bold string course projects over the viaduct, supported on square corbels, and on this rests the parapet, which is a single stone in depth. The length of the viaduct is 1531 feet, its height 148 feet, the number of arches 19, and the span of each 60 feet. It occupied in its construction about two years and six months, and cost £72,346.

It reflects the greatest possible credit upon the architect, H. Robertson, Esq. To shew the difficulties that Mr. Robertson, who designed this monster viaduct, had to contend with, we would merely state that the late celebrated George Stephenson, Esq., with his gigantic mind, was strongly impressed with the impracticability of extending the line beyond Rhos-y-medre, and expressed himself so decidedly to parties in the railway world as to cause a temporary hesitation on the part of the directors of the Shrewsbury and Chester railway, as to the prosecution of the undertaking. To see this unique gem of architecture to perfection, we recommend a close inspection from beneath as well as from above. Viewed from a gentle eminence on the south-west of the viaduct, or from the shingly bed of the river, or from the south-east bank, it forms a remarkably fine and magnificent appearance, revealing through each of its lofty arches enchanting glimpses of the arcadian panorama in which it is situated.—At the distance of two miles, we arrive at

#### RUABON.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Chester, (per rail) . . . .	16 $\frac{3}{4}$	Llangollen, (per rail)	3
Chirk                   "	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Oswestry                   "	9 $\frac{1}{2}$

The village is pleasantly situated, and in the vicinity are several mansions belonging to gentlemen of fortune. Here lived and died Dr. Powell, the author of the History of Wales. In the neighbourhood are numerous iron works and collieries, which give it a degree of importance. From this place may be visited the princely mansion of Wynnstay, the Dee Viaduct, the Pont-y-Cysylltau Aqueduct, Nant-y-Bela, and the vale of Llangollen. The Wynnstay Arms is an excellent hotel.

The church is a handsome antique building, with a good organ, given by Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. There are several

monuments commemorative of the families of Williams and Wynn, among which may be noticed a magnificent one of the first and "great Sir Watkin," whose popularity still lives in the annals of fame, and who died by a fall from his horse, Sept. 26, 1749. This work of Rysbrach will bear comparison with the admired monuments he erected for the Duke of Marlborough and Sir Isaac Newton; the one placed at Blenheim and the other in Westminster Abbey. There are also two by Nollekens. The market is held on Monday. Ruabon has a station on the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway.

In the immediate locality of Ruabon, about a mile distant from the inn, is WYNNSTAY, the mansion and residence of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., M.P., beautifully situated on an extensive lawn, having a noble artificial sheet of water in front, and commanding a very interesting and delightful prospect of a fine valley, diversified with every thing that can satisfy a cultivated mind. It is surrounded with a park twelve miles in circumference, into which there are several handsome entrance lodges.

The avenue to this well-known hospitable mansion is formed of fine oaks, elms, beeches, chesnuts, and ash, which extends upwards of a mile. One oak, called the King, measures 30 feet in circumference.

The house is a stately pile of building, possessing from its elevation a striking character of unostentatious grandeur. The interior comprises several noble apartments, embellished with valuable paintings and family portraits, by the most celebrated masters, and several marble busts of statesmen, such as Lord Grenville, Wm. Pitt, &c., by first-rate sculptors. Here also is preserved, in good condition, a fine library, which is particularly rich in ancient British manuscripts, collected by the family for generations past. In the drawing-room is an immense silver vase, or huge punch bowl, which was presented to the late Sir Watkin by his countrymen, after his return from the battle of Waterloo.

A short distance from the hall stands a handsome fluted column, 100 feet in height, erected to the memory of Sir Watkin's grandfather, after a design by the late Mr. J. Wyatt. In the grounds there is a tower erected by the late Sir Watkin, called the Waterloo Tower, to commemorate the glory of that celebrated battle.

On the verge of the demesne is Nant-y-Bela (the dingle of the martin), through which the river Dee urges its rapid

course along a narrow channel, richly fringed with impending woods. In this dingle there is a cenotaph erected after a design by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, by the late Sir Watkin, to the memory of his brother officers and soldiers who were slain during the rebellion in Ireland in 1798: it stands on an eminence, and commands one of the finest views imaginable. The rich and verdant vale of Llangollen, the aqueduct and viaduct crossing the Dee, the magnificent woody eminences shooting up in various alluring forms, render it a perfect picture.

## WREXHAM.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Chester, (per rail).....	12	Oswestry, (per rail) ..	14 $\frac{1}{4}$
Llangollen road station	7 $\frac{3}{4}$	Shrewsbury " ....	30 $\frac{1}{2}$

Wrexham is pleasantly and advantageously situated, in the centre of an extensive mining and manufacturing district on the one side, and a rich agricultural district on the other. It is considered the metropolis of North Wales, and consists of several spacious streets, intersecting each other at right angles. The town-hall is a large brick edifice, at the top of High-street. The markets are on Thursday and Saturday; the latter is the principal. A new and elegant market-hall has recently been erected, which is not only ornamental to the town, but a great accommodation to the inhabitants and the surrounding neighbourhood.

The church, formerly collegiate, the glory not only of this place, but of the surrounding counties, may vie with many cathedrals, and is ranked among the seven wonders\* of North Wales. It has protuberantly run into what has been called "the tawdry turgic Gothic," and exhibits a specimen of design, proportion, and moderate decoration, perhaps not surpassed, if equalled by any edifice built in the reign of Henry the Seventh. Statues of 30 saints, full in dimensions, are placed in the niches of the buttresses, and while they enrich the building, display the advanced progress statuary had made at the close of the fifteenth century. The ceiling of the roof is peculiarly handsome, being composed of ribs in wainscot oak, imitative of the groined

\* The seven wonders of Wales are—St. Winefred's well, Overton churchyard, Gresford bells, Llangollen bridge, Pistyll - Rhaiadr, Snowdon, and Wrexham steeple.

work in stone of the antecedent period. The corbels, supporting the bearing timbers, are carved, and grotesque heads, with various shields exhibiting the arms of those who, by their advice or pecuniary aid, promoted the erection of this noble structure, which is of considerable magnitude.

The interior of the church has a fine altar-piece, designed by Mr. Jones, of Chester, and executed in Bath stone by Mr. Blayney, of that city; and boasts of some very curious monuments, amongst which is one of Hugh Bellot, successively bishop of Chester and of Bangor, who died in 1596. But the most conspicuous monument is one executed by Roubiliac, to the memory of Mrs. Mary Myddelton, who died the 8th April, 1747. It represents the entombed female, bursting the bonds of death, at the sound of the last trumpet, when the rocks and tombs are in the act of rending asunder, to make way for the ascent of the beatified spirit, who is represented as a beautiful female rising triumphantly from the coffin, the lid of which is split, and falling off, adding greatly to the general effect. Consternation is mingled with dismay in her countenance, yet is surprise and delight most admirably depicted. The design is evidently taken from 1 Cor. xv. 52. "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible." The east window is ornamented with scriptural subjects on stained glass, by Mr. Evans, of Shrewsbury. The church was burnt down in the year 1457; and in order to rebuild it, an indulgence of forty days, for five years, was granted from Rome, to every contributor to so pious a work. It was about fifteen years in building, and was glazed in 1472 with glass brought from Normandy; but the steeple, which is 135 feet high, was not finished till 1506, as appears by a date on it. Sittings to the extent of 1500, have recently been added, of these 900 are free. The churchyard is enclosed with iron railings, and contains several singular inscriptions, among which is the following epitaph:—

" Here lies five babes and children dear,  
Three at Oswestry and two here!"

There are several good inns, but the Wynnstay Arms and the Red Lion are the best. Wrexham has a station on the Shrewsbury and Chester railway.

The circumjacent country is so fertile and so beautifully varied with gentile hills, dales, and wood, that many genteel families have been induced to make it their residence.

We know of no place where there are so many old family mansions and gentlemen's seats as in the neighbourhood of Wrexham.—We shall now proceed towards Chester; and at the end of the first mile, we pass the beautiful and much-admired lodge and carriage entrance to ACTON PARK, the residence of Sir R. H. Cunliffe, Bart. This mansion is delightfully situated upon an elevated lawn, amidst many woodland decorations. It has been considerably enlarged and modernized, and is surrounded by richly-diversified and romantic scenery. This was formerly the property of that notorious and cruel man, Judge Jeffreys, who was appointed chief-justice of Chester, 1680. Further on is Little Acton, the seat of Dr. Hughes.—After passing some neat villas and cottages, we soon reach

#### MARFORD HILL.

Here the attention of the tourist will be arrested by the expansive view that lies before him, extending over the vale of Cheshire, with the river Dee winding its course through the long range of meadows on the right, and the city of Chester, with numerous other places, in the distance: likewise, by the uncommon neatness of the cottages, which are all finished in the Gothic style, with rusticated trellis work at their entrances. The uniformity of colouring bespeaks the correct taste and judgment of their proprietor.

This is a beautiful neighbourhood. On the right is seen Trevallyn Hall, a splendid specimen of the Elizabethan style, the property and residence of T. Griffith, Esq. A small bridge will take us across the rapid stream of the river Alyn, to Pulford, a neat village, where a new church has recently been erected. On the left, close to the road, we pass a neat brick mansion, the property of the Boydells; and at the end of two miles reach the village of Pulford. Two miles further will bring us to Belgrave Lodge, which leads by a vista of venerable oaks, about two miles in length, to the princely mansion of the Marquis of Westminster. The farm-houses, cottages, &c. for a considerable distance in every direction announce their vicinity to an immense Gothic pile, all as it were acknowledging themselves the offspring, and partaking of the colour and Gothic character of their splendid parent. At the end of four miles, we enter the ancient city of Chester.

## A TRIP FROM CHESTER TO ABERYSTWYTH, &amp;c.

For the convenience of the tourist, we shall now point out a trip from Chester to Llangollen, thence to Corwen, Bala, Dolgelley, Aberystwyth, &c., which combines some of the finest, most varied, and richest scenery in North Wales; adopting the railway as far as Llangollen Road Station.

Immediately after passing over the Dee bridge, the carriages enter some deep cuttings through Brewer's Hall Hill, from which position Oliver Cromwell with his cannon bombarded the city. At the end of this cutting the Shrewsbury and Chester railway proper leaves the Chester and Holyhead railway, along which we have as yet been travelling since we left the general station at the south end of the tunnel under Northgate-street, and we arrive at the

## SALTNEY STATION,

which is about two miles from Chester. The company have obtained an act of parliament to make docks here, and to construct a railway from hence, parallel with the river Dee, up to the port of Chester, for the purpose of shipping coal, iron, &c. by canal to the interior of England.

Immediately after leaving the Saltney station, we pass on the right some very extensive premises belonging to this company, where the railway carriages are manufactured and repaired, under the able superintendence of Mr. Truss, who resides on the spot in one of the prettiest Elizabethan cottages we have seen.—At the distance of three miles and a half we reach

## PULFORD STATION,

the village and church of which are seen on the left.—A mile and half further will bring us to

## ROSSETT STATION.

Immediately on the left are the new church and village of Rossett. Directly afterwards we cross the river Alyn, a stream rendered famous in the days of yore by the miraculous halleluia victory achieved on its banks in the fifth century by Germanus and Lupus, the anti-arian church militant apostles. On the left is seen Trevallyn Hall, a pure Elizabethan structure, built by Sir John Trevor. At a short distance is a high hill, called the Rofts, which

was formerly a British encampment, defended by a treble foss and walls. The cutting through this hill is 120 feet perpendicular. During the excavation, several human skeletons were found.

On a bold eminence on the right is Mount Alyn, the residence of the late Col. Maxwell Goodwin. The railway now enters into the beautiful and highly picturesque vale of Gresford.

“ Stranger, behold yon shrubs umbrageous spread  
Where through the branches peeps yon straw-built shed ;  
Survey the sloping bank, the rising hill,  
Majestic turret, and the rustic mill.”

We now arrive at

#### GRESFORD STATION.

About 300 yards from which is the village of Gresford. The church is seated on the brow of a lofty eminence, which opens into the large expanse of the vale royal of Cheshire, and exhibits a view of uncommon elegance. It is extremely handsome. The interior is very neat, and has been repaired with much taste and judgment. The windows, seven in number, are ornamented with stained glass. The steeple is distinguished for its beautiful Gothic architecture as one of the seven wonders of Wales. The bells are noted for their uncommon melody and fineness of tone. In the churchyard are several immense yew trees.

Nearly opposite the station is Gresford Lodge, an exceedingly neat free-stone mansion, built by the late John Parry, Esq., M.P.; now the residence of Sir Henry Johnson, Bart.

The railway is on an inclined plane throughout this valley until within a mile of Wrexham.

At the ninth mile from Chester, the mineral branch diverges to the right, and passes across the coal field to the lime rocks of Minera. Its length is  $6\frac{1}{4}$  miles, and there are several smaller branches made for the accommodation of the works at Frwd, Brynmally, Westminster, South Sea, Brymbo, and Vron, to the extent of about six miles, in addition to the main branch.—At the end of twelve miles we reach

#### WREXHAM STATION.

Wrexham, from its size, is not improperly denominated the metropolis of North Wales. The buildings are in general good, and the country round very beautiful, which has induced many families to fix their residence in the vicinity.

This place has attracted the muse of Churchyard, the Elizabethan bard, who described it as "trim Wricksam town, a pearl in Denbighshire."

For an enlarged account of Wrexham, see page 208. Proceeding onwards, about two miles on the right, after passing the bridge and embankment at Velin Bilston, are Bersham iron works, where the celebrated John Wilkinson had a large foundry and manufactory.

On the left, about midway between Wrexham and Ruabon, is Erddig, the elegant domain of P. Yorke, Esq. The approach is rendered strikingly beautiful. The late P. Yorke, Esq. was a man of social habits, and possessed of considerable talent. His history of the Royal Tribes is a work abounding with much information.—At the distance of  $2\frac{3}{4}$  miles from Wrexham we arrive at

#### RHOSLLANERCHRUGOG STATION,

the pronunciation of which, we apprehend will somewhat puzzle our cockney friends, and exercise their risible faculties until we reach the

#### RUABON STATION.

Ruabon is a pleasant village situated on a rising eminence, and is surrounded by gentlemen's seats, the principal one of which is Wynnstay, anciently the residence of Madoc ab Gruffydd Maelor, founder of Valle Crucis Abbey, near Llangollen. The mansion has been built at different times, and is a commodious rather than an elegant structure. In several of the rooms are some good and interesting family portraits. The attached park is nearly twelve miles in circumference, and is finely adorned by wood and water. For a further account of Ruabon see page 206.—Proceeding onwards, at the distance of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  mile we reach

#### CEFN STATION.

Cefn is a populous village principally inhabited by the workmen employed by the British Iron Company, and various collieries in the neighbourhood.

Immediately after leaving this station, the train approaches the DEE VIADUCT, from the top of which there is not another view obtainable from a railway equal to that of the vale of Llangollen. The spectator is here placed on an elevation of 150 feet above the level of the river. The



varied prospects from this position are exceedingly beautiful and imposing, including in their glorious range the noble house and woods of Wynnstay, the park, the Waterloo Tower, the elegant aqueduct of Pont-y-Cysylltau, the meandering course of the Dee rippling in streams of living silver, among the verdant foliage which clothes its picturesque banks; vales of green luxuriance, stretching out at the base of the "eternal hills," which lift their heads in tranquil majesty over scenes of surpassing grandeur and loveliness, forming a climax as it were to the sweet succession of pictures, "ever charming, ever new," which the railway in its course from Chester to Shrewsbury is constantly developing. To the west are seen the Berwyn mountains, the picturesque cone of Castell Dinas Bran, with its ruins peeping from its summit, and the bold scarp of the Eglwyseg rocks, lording it over all. Turning to the south, the ancient and venerable towers of Chirk Castle, with its splendid undulating park, which commands a view of seventeen counties, prove its baronial dignities. Looking to the east, the view of Nant-y-Bela is seen to the greatest possible advantage. A full account of the opening, &c. of this viaduct is given in Parry's Railway Companion from Chester to Shrewsbury.—Immediately after passing over the viaduct, the train reaches

#### LLANGOLLEN ROAD STATION,

which is the most convenient, and certainly the best and shortest entrance into the heart of the finest scenery in North Wales. From this station there are coaches to Llangollen, Corwen, Bala, Dolgelley, Barmouth, Aberystwyth, &c., which meet the trains at certain times every day. By this route parties may visit the celebrated Vale of Llangollen from Chester in one hour, from Liverpool in two, from Manchester and Birmingham in four, and London in seven hours! and in one day the remotest beauties of Snowdonia's mountains may be visited and explored.

The drive on the great Holyhead road from hence cannot be surpassed in the united kingdom. It traverses the whole length of the vale of Llangollen and the valley of the Dee up to Corwen. Every turn of this road presents the most beautiful scenery. The first object of particular interest is Telford's grand aqueduct, PONT-Y-CYSYLLTAU, which is built of Portland stone, and the effect it produces from

whatever point it is viewed, is highly pleasing: it is a structure which cannot be seen without admiration.

The length of the bridge is 988 feet, and exhibits nineteen arches, each 45 feet in span. The summit has a water trough of cast-iron, 1009 feet in length, and in breadth 11 feet 8 inches. The elegant piers lessen upwards gradually, from 17 feet width, and 21 feet depth at the base, to 7 feet width, and 12 feet depth at the top. These piers are 116 feet high from the river, and from their ending to the greatest height 20 feet, making the elevation 126 feet, which renders it necessary for a person to have a steady head and a stout heart to walk over it, especially if the wind is high. The whole undertaking is said to have cost upwards of £47,000. It was opened with great ceremony on the 26th of November, 1805, in the presence of 8,000 spectators.

The charming VALE OF LLANGOLLEN was visited by a German Prince (Puckler-Muskau of Prussia), in July, 1838, who has thus left on record the impressions which his excursion in that vicinity excited:—"The most beautiful reality, however, awaited me this morning in Wales. The vision of clouds seemed to have been the harbinger of the magnificence of the vale of Llangollen,—a spot which, in my opinion, far surpasses all the beauties of the Rhine-land, and has, moreover, a character quite its own, from the unusual forms of the peaked tops, and rugged declivities of the mountains. The Dee, a rapid stream, winds through the green valley in a thousand fantastic bendings, overhung with thick underwood. On each side high mountains rise abruptly from the plain, and are crowned with antique ruins, modern country-houses, manufactories, whose towering chimneys send out columns of thick smoke, or with grotesque groups of upright rocks. The vegetation is everywhere rich, and hill and vale are filled with lofty trees, whose varied hues add so infinitely to the beauty and picturesque effect of a landscape. In the midst of this luxuriant nature, arises, with grandeur heightened by contrast, a single long, black, bare range of mountains, clothed only with thick, dark heather, and from time to time skirting the high road. This magnificent road, which from London to Holyhead is as even as 'parquet,' here runs along the side of the left range of mountains, at about their middle elevation, and following all their windings; so that in riding along at a brisk trot or gallop, the traveller is presented at every minute with a completely new prospect; and without

changing his position, overlooks the valley now before him, now behind, now at his side."

### LLANGOLLEN.\*

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Chester.....	23	Oswestry.....	12
Chirk.....	7	Ruabon.....	6
Corwen.....	10	Ruthin.....	15
London.....	183	Wrexham.....	12

Llangollen is situated in a delightful vale, through which the Dee rolls over disjointed masses of rock, with a fascinating variety of beauty, and amongst a charming diversity of meadow, woodland, and hill, and is a very desirable situation for those who wish to retire from the noise and bustle of large towns.

The church is an ancient structure, in the second style of Gothic architecture. It has a beautiful ceiling of carved oak, two richly coloured paintings of stained glass, and an ancient brass tablet to Magdalen Trevor, of Trevor Hall. Divine service is performed alternately in Welsh and English. The churchyard contains a monument to Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, and their faithful servant, Mary Caryll.

The Hand, and the King's Head Hotels are excellent houses, capable of accommodating their numerous visitors. The sweet melodious sounds of the Welsh harp generally welcome the traveller at both these establishments.

Llangollen bridge has been classed among the three beauties of Wales. But the situation is perhaps more remarkable than the form. It was built in 1355, by John Trevor, bishop of St. Asaph, who was afterwards one of Owen Glyndwr's generals!

There is excellent fishing throughout the whole of the vale of Llangollen. Salmon, trout, and grayling abound in the Dee. The favourite flies are the blue dun, the coch-y-bondy, the iron blue, the pale blue, and the wren tail. There are good angling stations from Corwen to Llangollen, and from Llangollen to Overton.

\* A beautiful view of the town and vale of Llangollen, from a drawing by Mr. Pickering, has just been published by T. Catherall, Eastgate Row, Chester.

In the neighbourhood are several places of interest, particularly Plas Newydd, Castell Dinas Brân, and Valle Crucis Abbey.

PLAS NEWYDD,\* the antique and indeed the unique cottage of the late lamented Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, is situated on a small knoll surrounded by lofty trees and beautiful grounds. These two ladies came to this neighbourhood in 1778, and being struck with the scenery, they made it their philosophical retirement from the frivolities of the fashionable world. They built this romantic cottage, and decorated it with palisade, ornamented with antique and grotesque figures, carved in oak, in a most peculiar style. Lady Butler died on the 2d of June, 1829, aged 90. Miss Ponsonby died on the 9th Dec. 1831, aged 76. Both were interred in the churchyard at Llangollen. Plâs Newydd is now the property and residence of two other maiden ladies, Miss Lolly and Miss Andrew, who seem to tread in the paths and emulate the retirement of their predecessors.

In a beautifully retired valley, near Plâs Newydd, is Plâs Pengwern (Pengwern Hall), once the residence of Tudor Trevor, lord of Bromfield about 924, whence the Mostyns are descended. This ancient family have been in possession of the property for upwards of 900 years, and the estate is now the property of the Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn, M.P. Several of the windows are entire, retaining their original ceilings and arched ribs. An ancient carved stone, bearing a mutilated inscription, has been inserted in the wall.

PEN-Y-BRYN HALL, the picturesque residence of J. G. E. Lockett, Esq., is close by. The inhabitants of Llangollen are greatly indebted to this gentleman for many acts of charity, and other kind offices for the general improvement of the neighbourhood. Mr. Lockett and Mr. Jacques, anxious to improve the education of the rising generation, have lately presented a library of valuable books, for the purpose of forming a reading society, adding an annual subscription and newspapers. Strangers visiting this locality should avail themselves of the privileges thus afforded. And as it is more especially intended that the humbler classes should have the opportunity of enjoying the advantages of such an institution, it is to be hoped that the gentry

\* A view of PLAS NEWYDD, and portraits of Lady Butler and Miss Ponsonby, with a sketch of their lives, have been published by T. Catherall, Eastgate Row, Chester.

of the adjoining district will support so commendable an object, by gifts of books or donations. Several public lectures have already been delivered by the vicar, curate, and other scientific persons.

On a conical mountain on the right, forming a back ground of an interesting picture, stand in awful majesty the dilapidated fragments of CASTELL DINAS BRAN, or Crow Castle. This is recorded among the number of primitive Welsh castles, and derived its name probably from Brân Fendigaid (or Brân the Blessed), from his having been sent to Rome as hostage for his son, the brave Caractacus. Brân and his family had the honour of being at Rome the same time as the apostle Paul, during his first imprisonment there. It is stated in our ancient Triads, that Brân was one of the three "blessed sovereigns of the island of Britain, Brân the Blessed, son of Llyr Llediaith, who first brought faith in Christ to the race of the Cymry, from Rome, where he had been hostage for his son Caractacus." Castell Dinas Brân was a place of great importance in the time of Henry the Third. It afforded an asylum from the fury of his justly enraged subjects to Gruffydd ap Madoc, who had basely sided with the English monarch, and betrayed his country. At his death the king bestowed it upon John Earl Warren, whence it descended in the succession to Bromfield and Yale. This place was afterwards of considerable importance during the quarrel between Lord Grey de Ruthin and Owen Glyndwr. The form of the castle was oblong, occupying nearly the whole summit of the hill, which is so precipitous on most sides as to preclude approach without great difficulty; the length was about 290 feet, by 140 in breadth; and within were two wells, never known to be deficient of water, which is singular, the height being 910 feet above the bridge. Its aspect is highly picturesque; and from its conspicuous prominence, appears in several points of view as a striking object in the surrounding scenery.

Close to is VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY,\* in one of the most beautifully secluded situations in the kingdom. It is reared in the centre of a small verdant meadow, upon the bosom of a hill. The church was built cruciform, in several styles of architecture, and furnishes a specimen of ornamental

\* A pleasing view of this abbey has been published by T. Catherall, Eastgate Row, Chester, from a drawing by Mr. Pickering.

Gothic of the thirteenth century. This abbey was dissolved in 1535, and is said to have been the first of the Welsh monasteries which underwent the doom of abolition. An interesting account of this abbey is given in "Hicklin's Lives of the Ladies of Llangollen."

A little higher up in the valley, and about a quarter of a mile from Valle Crucis, are the remains of the PILLAR OF ELISEG erected to the memory of Eliseg, the father of Brockmael, prince of Powis, who was slain in the battle of Chester, A.D. 607. A long inscription (now unintelligible, but which was fortunately copied many years ago) states that it was erected by the great grandson of the deceased. It has been contended that this inscription is in the characters used in the seventh century; but upon this subject, perhaps, some antiquaries will be sceptical. The pillar is a round column, standing upon a square pedestal, and was originally twelve feet high, but having been thrown down and broken, during the civil wars, it lay neglected, until Mr. Lloyd, of Trevor Hall, in 1779, caused this valuable remain of antiquity to be raised from obscurity. It had, however, suffered mutilation; and the remains of the shaft are not, at present, more than six feet eight inches in height.

The drive from here to Corwen, on the great Holyhead road, is exceedingly fine and romantic. It is commonly called the vale of Llangollen, but more properly GLYNDYVRDWY, (the vale of the Dee). It is universally admired, and has been the subject of general eulogium. Few spots of equal extent have obtained greater celebrity, both in a descriptive and historical view. Bounded by lofty mountains on each side, whose features are peculiarly bold, and interspersed with prominent knolls and swells, which take a tortuous contour, together with the irregular direction of the vale, often cut by collateral openings, it produces a continued variety of landscape. The road forms an elevated terrace, and enables the eye to have a commanding view of the passing scenes which present themselves at every turn, and are allowed to be unequalled in richness and romantic beauty. The scenery is enlivened by the windings of the Dee sporting through it in whimsical vagaries, sometimes flowing in gentle meanders, at others hurrying down in rapids over the numerous ledges of its rocky channel, producing a diversity of combinations that cannot fail to interest

and gratify the votaries of taste, and are well deserving of pictorial representation.

## CORWEN.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Bala.....	12	Holyhead.....	66
Chester.....	33	Llangollen.....	10
Denbigh.....	20	Ruthin.....	10

This town is situated on a rising ground on the northern bank of the Dee. The church is a neat cruciform structure, in a highly romantic situation, immediately under a great rocky cliff.

Corwen is considered famous in Cambrian history, as being the rendezvous where the Welsh assembled under their valiant leader, Owen Gwynedd, against Henry the Second, and for being the encampment of Owen Glyndwr against Henry the Fourth. In both instances, the kings of England were obliged to retreat with great dishonour.

Fronting Corwen, say our annals, is a British post called *Caer Drwyn*; it is a circular wall on the summit of a steep hill, about a mile in circumference, with the remains of a circular fortress within, now in ruins. Mr. Pennant supposes it to have been one of those strongholds where the Welsh placed their women, children, cattle, &c. as a safeguard.

The principal inn at Corwen is very properly called *Owen Glyndwr's Hotel*; it is an excellent establishment, on the great Holyhead road. The road from here to Cernioge, Bettws-y-coed, Capel Curig, through Nant Francon, to Bangor, is considered the finest in the kingdom for the sublimity and variety of its scenery.

On the Berwyn mountains, behind the church-yard at Corwen, is a place called *Glyndwr's seat*, whence is a most charming prospect. The rich and delightful vale of Corwen expands beneath, with the Dee flowing in the centre. Here might Glyndwr view nearly forty square miles of his own land.

## ANGLING STATIONS.

<i>Distant from Corwen</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Llandrillo, (on the Dee).....	5
Llansaintffraid Glyn Dyvrdwy.....	3

Shortly after quitting Corwen, on the right hand, is the

hospitable mansion of Rûg, the seat of Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart. Owen Glyndwr's dagger is still preserved at Rûg; the blade is seventeen inches long, mounted with silver.— We next arrive at

## LLANDRILLO,

a village situated in the vale of Edeirnion, with a church dedicated to St. Trillo. It is seated on the torrent Ceidio, at the mouth of a great glen, which extends upwards of two miles, embosomed in the Berwyn mountains, and leads to the noted pass through them, called Milltir Gerrig, into the county of Montgomery.

Proceeding onwards, we pass several gentlemen's seats, particularly Crogen, the beautiful mansion of Lord Dudley and Ward.

The scenery along the banks of the Dee from Llandrillo to Bala is extremely picturesque and romantic. On the right is Llandderfel, opposite to which is a bridge of four arches, leading to it. In this parish is a mountain called Cefn Crwyni, which is surrounded by a military entrenchment. In a pretty dingle on the right is Vronhaulog, the seat of the late John Davies, Esq.

About a mile this side of Bala, on the right, is Rhiwlas, the ancient seat of the Prices. It is situated on an eminence a short distance from the road, near the banks of the small river Trowerin. It commands a fine view of Bala lake and the lofty Arans. Mr. Price is one of those gentlemen who constantly reside on their estates, and sets an example to his tenants and farmers in general, by his judicious improvements and his excellent mode of husbandry.

## BALA.

<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Distant from</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Barmouth.....	27	Ffestiniog.....	19
Dolgelley .....	18	Machynlleth .....	34

This town is in the parish of Llanycil, and consists of two wide streets, with a few smaller ones at right angles. The houses are but indifferent, although there are several highly respectable mansions in the neighbourhood. The autumn assizes for the county of Merioneth are held here, and, to the honour of the Welsh, be it recorded, that the assizes are frequently held without a criminal to try. The principal trade carried on is that of knitting stockings, Welsh wigs, gloves, &c. and the dealers in those articles



attend on market-days, when all who have goods to dispose of are sure to find a sale, with a fair price to remunerate their industry. At the end of the town is a mound of earth called Tommen-y-Bala, which, in fine weather, is generally peopled with knitters. Mr. Pennant supposes this to have been a Roman fortification, and observes, there was a chain of such small castellets erected by that people to keep the Britons in subjection.

From the summit a fine view is obtained of the surrounding alpine scenery; on the right appear the two Arrenigs, Fawr and Fach; beyond them soar the lofty Arans, with their two heads, Aran-y-Mawddu and Aran Penllyn; and in the distance rises Cader Idris with pre-eminent grandeur.

“ So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;  
Th' eternal snows appear already past,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last.”

During the summer season, this place is the general rendezvous of gentlemen who resort here for the purpose of grouse shooting amongst the surrounding heath-clad hills, and fishing in the celebrated lake of Llyn Tegid, which abounds with many varieties of the scaly tribe. A good angler may have as fine a day's sport here as in any place in the principality.

The women in the district wear hats, which to a stranger give them a novel appearance; they and their children are constantly employed in knitting, even as they walk along. Bala was the residence of the Rev. Thos. Charles, the original founder of the Bible society, and one of the most illustrious and useful characters the principality ever produced. The records of history do not supply us with an account of any other individual who has done so much for the good of his country. Mr. Charles commenced a printing establishment at Bala, by means of which he supplied his schools with elementary books, and the people in general with works on religious subjects. His *Geiriadur*, or *Biblical Dictionary*, in four octavo volumes, is deservedly esteemed, and has been more read than any other theological work that ever issued from the Welsh press. It raised the tone and increased the usefulness of a large class of preachers, and gave permanency to wholesome and sound doctrine in the country. After a life of great activity and unexampled usefulness, he expired in 1814, in the fifty-ninth year of his

age, leaving a character unsullied, and a name which is never mentioned by his countrymen but with deep veneration.

Out of compliment to Mr. Charles, and being a central part of the country, Bala was chosen as the head quarters for the great annual meeting of the Welsh Calvinists, which is called Bala Association; where nearly all the preachers in North and South Wales, connected with the Calvinistic body of Methodists, meet annually, to arrange matters of discipline and other business connected with the preaching of the gospel. The vast multitude of people who meet on these occasions is astonishing; on an average, there are seldom less than 20,000 persons listening at one time, with intense anxiety, to the gospel truths uttered by some of the most popular preachers selected for that interesting occasion.

The White Lion and the Bull are the principal inns, the former being an excellent posting-house.

We shall now proceed and enjoy the splendid scenery along the celebrated Bala Lake, or Llyn Tegid. This beautiful sheet of water is about four miles in length and one in breadth; the depth in some places being 140 feet. The pool after heavy rains will sometimes rise eight or nine feet in as many hours; and in very stormy weather, the wind conducted between the hills, to the surface of the lake, raises the waves in a manner that seems to threaten the town with destruction. The shores are finely diversified, exhibiting in every point of view a rich display of cultivated lands and verdant meads, interspersed with several gentlemen's seats.—Proceeding onwards, we reach the village of

#### LLANYCIL.

The church is dedicated to St. Beuno, in which there is a tablet erected to the memory of the Rev. Evan Lloyd, of Fron, formerly incumbent of this parish. He was much esteemed as an author, and his epitaph was written by his friend and companion, the celebrated John Wilkes, Esq. M.P.

O pleasing poet, friend for ever dear,  
 Thy memory claims the tribute of a tear:  
 In thee were joined whate'er mankind admire,—  
 Keen wit, strong sense, the poet's patriot's fire,  
 Tempered with gentleness; such gifts were thine,—  
 Such gifts, with heart-felt anguish, we resign.

On the opposite side of the lake is Llangower, dedicated

to St. Gwawr, the mother of the Cambrian bard, Llywarch Hen. Beneath flows Avon Gwawr, the only feed of the lake on that side.

About the middle of the lake, on the Llanycil side, is situated the summer residence of the worthy owner, called Glan Llyn. This is a handsome modern villa, erected by the late Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., M.P. The present worthy baronet occasionally brings a few friends to enjoy the pastime of fishing, and that of grouse shooting. There are two or three pleasure boats kept on the lake. At the north-east corner of the pool is a bridge, over which is a road that surrounds the whole. This is also the spot from which the Dee issues, whence it flows through the fine vales of Edeirnion and Llangollen to Chester, and from thence to the Irish sea, making a broad estuary which separates Cheshire from Flintshire.

In the neighbourhood is the ancient seat of CAERGAI, placed on an eminence. Camden says it was a castle, built by one Caius, a Roman. The Britons ascribe it to Gai, foster brother to king Arthur. It probably was Roman, for numerous coins have been found in the neighbourhood, and it is certain that it has been a fortress to defend this pass.—Here resided that eminent writer, Mr. Rowland Vaughan, whose translations of bishop Bayley's *Practice of Piety* and other works into Welsh contributed greatly to improve the morals of the people.—Two miles from hence is an angle formed by the hills, where on a very high rock, are the ruins of Castell Condorchon.

About three miles further will bring us to Drws-y-Nant, a public-house situated half way between Bala and Dolgelly. In the neighbourhood of this place is a farm-house so peculiarly situated that the rain which falls on the west side of the roof runs into Cardigan Bay, entering the sea at Barmouth, while that falling on the eastern side finds its way into the Irish Channel, at the mouth of Chester river.—After passing the lodge-gate to Nannau park, the seat of the late Sir Robert Williams Vaughan, Bart., the drive becomes very attractive. On the left is the riotous river Mawddach murmuring its way through rocks and dingles. The summits of the neighbouring hills are covered with thriving plantations, which, with the handsome villas we pass, enliven the scene. We enter the town of Dolgelly, for an account of which, with the continuation of the route

to Machynlleth, Aberystwyth, Devil's Bridge, Llanidloes, Newtown, Welshpool, Oswestry, &c. see page 177, &c.

The drive from Dolgelley to Barmouth is one of the most charming stages in Wales, exhibiting a splendid and most romantic boldness of scenery. For a continuation to Harlech, Tan-y-bwlch, Tremadoc, Beddgelert, &c. see pages 169, 164, 156, 153.

A favourite author has observed, "that there are few persons who know how to take a walk in the country." So there are many who know not how to take an excursion; for it is not merely being driven by coach or steam from one place to another with the rapidity of lightning, in the shortest possible space of time, just to say they have seen such and such a place—to take a random glance at the principal objects, which leave but a temporary impression of remembrance on the mind. The contemplative tourist has other objects to gratify, and other topics to draw his attention. It is to view the country with calm reflection, at this enchanting season, in all its glory; it is to "look from nature up to nature's God;" it is to analyze his thoughts and feelings, and throw off the yoke of worldly views and earthly cares, in silent admiration of the sublime and delightful meditation on all that is grand and beautiful in nature.

"Such are thy charms, O Nature! which arise  
 Oft as they pass before the enthusiast's eyes,  
 Delights to wander through thy haunts, and loves  
 To sketch those beauties which his soul approves."

EMITT.

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## LIVERPOOL

being the grand entrepôt for travellers, whether commercial or pleasure-seeking, we append a short description of the place, and the different points of debarkation on the coast of the principality. Though we have assumed that Chester is the more favourable spot for commencing the tour in Wales, convenience may render it necessary for a great number to avail themselves of the more direct means of at once arriving at the centre of the mountainous districts of Cambria; Liverpool being the starting place from all parts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the whole of the northern counties: and such are now the facilities of travelling,

from the introduction of railroads and steam-packets, that a person may partake of an early breakfast in the centre of Lancashire, and not a late dinner in the heart of the Caernarvonshire mountains.

Liverpool, now the second town in the kingdom, in point of magnitude and opulence, was, only a little more than a century and a half ago, described in the custom-house reports, as "a creek of the port of Chester." Its gradual increase, from a village of fishermen's huts, to its present colossal dimensions and grandeur, cannot be contemplated without astonishment; and is a convincing proof of what perseverance, industry, and enterprise, may effect.

It has been stated that the amount of the estates of the corporation of this town, arising from the docks and building leases, is worth no less than three millions sterling, which enormous revenue is chiefly devoted to public improvements.

Several days may be agreeably employed by the stranger, if leisure permit, in inspecting the architecture and extensive buildings of this modern Venice. Our limits will, however, only permit us to direct his attention to the more prominent objects; guide-books may be procured in the town, which will give a more detailed description of its attractions. Perhaps the most wonderful feature of this place is the extraordinary extent of its docks, crowded with vessels from all ports of the world. While in this quarter, the stranger should avail himself of the opportunity of inspecting one of the American packets, which are celebrated for their excellent accommodation and the superbness of their decorations. The Exchange, famous for its bustling appearance at business hours, and the elegance of its proportions and architectural details, will gratify alike the artist and the mere curious observer. The monument erected to Nelson occupies the centre of the quadrangle, and is much admired. The town-hall and its magnificent rooms are also open to his inspection. St. John's and the other markets speak at once of the opulence and large population of the place. The great Cemetery, the Botanic and Zoological Gardens, are unequalled out of the metropolis. The new Custom-house is unrivalled for its elevation and colossal appearance. The new College, lately completed, is an elegant and massive structure, in the Gothic style: its interior arrangements are most complete and admirable. The Royal, the Liver, and the Amphi-Theatres afford ample recreation to the

play-going public. The news-rooms, libraries, baths, &c. are numerous, and well supported. The Railway Terminus is one of the most beautiful specimens of Corinthian façades. The Tunnel extending under the town is a wonderful specimen of ingenuity and modern skill. St. George's Hall and Court-house, when finished, will be a most magnificent building. The ecclesiastical architecture is varied, and has many excellent specimens of the different styles: in short, the public buildings and institutions of Liverpool, whether devoted to religion, instruction, or benevolence, are unequalled in any city of the same extent, either in number or magnificence.

Having satisfied his curiosity, as far as leisure permitted, we would recommend the tourist to ascertain the precise hour and place of departure of the packets; the punctuality observed at this port renders such advice necessary. Generally, this information may be obtained at the different inns where the travellers stay, which are numerous and adapted to the means of all classes. Of their accommodations it would be superfluous to add a word; their excellence is proverbial.

There are several packets plying from Liverpool to various parts of Wales, viz. to Mostyn Quay, Rhyl, Beaumaris, Bangor, Caernarvon, and to some parts of South Wales.

We will now suppose that the tourist and "Cambrian Mirror" have been introduced, and are in a mood to enjoy each other's conversation and the beauties of the intended voyage. The warning bell has rung; our fellow-passengers hasten from the quay to the packet; the steam issues in dense silver masses, and the paddles are already in motion.

Now science, burning in her modern way,  
Impels the prow, and bids the paddles play.

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## STEAM PACKET COMPANION

*To Beaumaris, the Menai and the Britannia Bridges, describing the beautiful scenery and other objects on the Welsh coast.*

We had not been many minutes on board the steamer, before we heard the blind Welsh harper playing, with great feeling, the morning-hymn of his country, "Toriad y dydd," "To God the dawn and the day," which, accompanied with

his sonorous voice, had a fine effect. The day was remarkably fine, the sun shone with unusual fervour, and the atmosphere open and clear, so that we had a good view of all the surrounding scenery. After passing a forest of ships, of all shapes and sizes, the glory of our country, on the one side, and the wonderfully improved and increasing towns of Birkenhead and Seacombe, on the other, we round the rock at the projecting point of the Cheshire side, and immediately pass a strong fort, which government thought necessary to erect there some few years back, to protect the port of Liverpool. Passing the Telegraph or Signal Station on the Cheshire shore, and the Floating-Light, we soon arrive opposite Hilbre Island, an insulated rock at the end of the promontory of Wirral.

If the atmosphere is clear, the view up the river Dee is well worthy of notice. As far as the eye can see, will be perceived the very prominent and much admired ruins of Beeston Castle, Chester Cathedral, and other elevated towers; with the various vessels and boats passing and repassing on the Dee. On the left hand side of the mouth of the Dee, are the towns of Parkgate and Neston; the former is much resorted to as a bathing-place. On the right, is the borough town of Flint, with the ruins of its ancient castle, celebrated as the place where Richard the Second was taken prisoner by Bolingbroke, his rival to the throne of these realms. Speaking of this place, Hall mentions it in his Chronicles thus: "In this dolourous castell was deposed the unfortunate but inefficient monarch Richard the Second." On this side of Flint, is seen the thickly populated village of Bagillt, with its lofty tapering chimneys, puffing forth volleys of smoke, which is visible along the coast for a considerable distance.—The next place is Greenfield, where there are very large copper and zinc works, paper mills, &c.

#### MOSTYN QUAY

is a good packet station, whence a steamer plies daily to and from Liverpool, which is a great accommodation to this part of the country. Here is also a colliery, and foundry. On the elevated ground above this place, is Mostyn Hall, the ancient seat of the Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn, where Henry the Seventh, when Earl of Richmond, was surprised by a party sent in quest of him by Richard the Third.

Henry was about to dine with the lord of Mostyn, and had only just time to make his escape through a hole in the window, which is to this day called the King's Hole. Mostyn park is thickly covered with tall and majestic oaks, and has a picturesque appearance from the water.

As we were gazing upon the Welsh hills which had just made their appearance, this delightful prospect brought to our mind the sweet recollections of bygone days. The following lines by Southey occurred to us:—

“ Lo! yonder  
My native mountains! and how beautiful  
They rest in the blaze of noon! I was nurs'd amongst them:  
They saw my sports in childhood!”

The next object is the new iron Lighthouse, at the Point of Ayr, lately put up by the Corporation of the Trinity House, under the superintendence of Messrs. Walker & Co., C.E., London. Opposite to the Lighthouse is Talacre, the elegant mansion and residence of Sir Pyers Mostyn, Bart. The village on the hill above is Gwespyr, a township in the parish of Llanasa. Further on is Golden Grove observatory, and the telegraph station. About four miles distant, after passing the villages of Gronant, Prestatyn, and Melidan, we come in view of the celebrated

#### VALE OF CLWYD.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into air decays.—THOMSON.

At this end of the vale is the truly fashionable town of

#### RHYL,

which, from its importance as a bathing-place, is called the Brighton of North Wales. In addition to three spacious hotels and a number of inns, there are many respectable lodging-houses for the accommodation of visitors; bathing-machines; hot and cold baths supplied with sea water, to which are attached billiard and news-rooms, and a spacious bowling-green. Steam packets ply regularly from Rhyl to Liverpool three times a week, and occasionally from Rhyl to Beaumaris. On looking on the left side, may be perceived



the far-famed works of the Talargoch mines, celebrated for many centuries for having produced on an average more lead ore than any other mine in Wales; also the remains of Dyserth Castle and the fine ruins of Rhuddlan Castle.

Two miles further on is the venerable and majestic cathedral of St. Asaph. On the right is seen Pengwern Hall, the hospitable seat of Lord Mostyn; Bodelwyddan, the modern castellated mansion of Sir John Hay Williams, Bart.; and Kinmel Park, the classic and stately residence of Lord Dinorben. The town of Abergele, with its elevated white steeple, now becomes visible: above which is Gwrych Castle, the seat of Lloyd Bamford Hesketh, Esq. At the end of the park is Tan-yr-Ogo, and the lime-stone quarries.

The next object we see is PENMAEN RHÔS, through which a tunnel is made for the Chester and Holyhead Railway. This rock juts into the sea between Llanddulas and Colwyn, and is celebrated as being the spot where Richard the Second was betrayed into the hands of his rival to the throne, the Duke of Lancaster. We now approach a huge object which has been visible for the last thirty miles, and continually kept in sight before us. After passing Rhiwfelen rock, which is generally called

#### THE LITTLE ORME'S HEAD,

we enter the splendid bay of Llandudno, which forms a beautiful semicircle, with the two huge rocky promontories jutting out at each extremity into the sea. The Gloddaeth wood and the distant mountains form an excellent background to this beautiful landscape.—The next object is

#### THE GREAT ORME'S HEAD,

a lofty promontory, projecting from the main land into the ocean. It first appears as a huge rocky mountain, rising from the depth of the sea; and from its rugged and hoary appearance, it becomes much more stupendous as it is approached, and particularly so when a strong north-west wind prevails. The channel lies close to the rock, and is several fathoms deep. The western extremity is a vast precipice, the haunt of various sea-fowls in the breeding season. The gulls possess the lowest part; above them, the razor-bills and guillimots have their quarters; over them,

croak the cormorants. The herons occupy the highest regions ; while scattered in different parts are the puffins and black guillimots. The peregrine falcon builds here. The packet stops here for the purpose of receiving and disembarking passengers resident in the neighbourhood, for whom boats are provided.

On the 24th of August, 1848, the ship "Ocean Monarch," from Liverpool, bound to Boston, was entirely destroyed by fire, within six miles of Great Orme's Head. 170 persons are supposed to have perished by this fearful calamity; the remainder, about 200 in number, being saved by the noble and unwearied efforts of the crews and passengers of the Brazilian steam frigate "Affonzo," and the yacht "Queen of the Ocean." Prince de Joinville particularly distinguished himself by his exertions on this occasion. At a meeting of the "Shipwreck and Humane Society," Liverpool, gold medals were presented to Admiral Glenfell, Brazillian Consul-General; Captain Lisboa, commander of the "Affonzo;" Mr. Littledale and Frederick Jerome, for their services rendered in rescuing the sufferers on board the "Ocean Queen."

Immediately after passing Orme's Head, the beautiful river and vale of Conway opens upon us, when a short glimpse of the castle and bridge is afforded. On the left side of the river Conway are seen the ruins of Gannock, or Diganwy Castle, for a further account of which see page 63.—The next object of attraction that presents itself is

#### PENMAEN BACH,

a huge mountain through which the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company have made a tunnel 630 yards long, at the furthest end of which is Pendyffryn, the pretty marine villa of Sir Charles Smith.—About two miles further will take us opposite to

#### PENMAEN MAWR,

the terminating point of the Caernarvonshire mountains, which stand 1550 feet above the level of the sea.

On the summit of this immense protruding mass, the antiquary will find himself among the ruins of an extensive, though irregular, British fortification, which, from its situation, must have been impregnable, and, famine excepted, invincible.

The remains of other warlike works of our ancestors sink into insignificance when compared with this near the summit of Penmaen Mawr. It is surrounded with a strong treble wall; within each wall are the foundation sites of more than one hundred round towers, each about 18 feet diameter within; the walls six feet thick. The entrance, which is steep and rocky, ascends by many turnings. 100 men might defend it against 5000. Within the walls is ample room for 20,000 men! It was an immense stronghold, and the great shelter of the Welsh during the invasion of their country, before and subsequent to the incursions of Edward the First.—The next place is the neat and admired village of

#### ABER,

One of the temporary residences of our princes, nearly equidistant from two others, Aberffraw in Mona, and Maes-Mynan in Flintshire. Leland, in speaking of this place, says, "In the wood in the parish of Aber, Llywelyn ap Iorwerth had a house on a hill, part of which now standeth." It is a most delightful spot, having on the right the wide opening of the Irish channel, before it Beaumaris, and its wooded environs, and to the left the turrets of Penrhyn.—We now approach the little island of Priestholme, or

#### PUFFIN ISLAND,

which divides the channel, called the Sound, from the eastern extremity of Anglesea. Its British name is Ynys Seiriol, from the residence of St. Seiriol upon it in the sixth century. It is above a mile in length, and is inhabited by puffins, which congregate here in vast numbers. (See page 106).

We are now in the celebrated bay of Beaumaris, with its splendid surrounding scenery. Right ahead is the town and its ancient castle, with its flag unfurled, which "braved alike the battle and the breeze." At the back of these is Baron Hill, the beautifully situated and handsome modern mansion of Sir R. W. Bulkeley, Bart. M.P. On the left is Penrhyn Castle, the seat of the Hon. Col. Douglas Pennant, M.P. and its elevated towers; the princely hotel, called Penrhyn Arms; Penrhyn Port, where vessels of many nations resort with their gay flags playing in the breeze.—The packet calls at

## BEAUMARIS,

to land those inclined to stay at this beautiful town. It is a charming and salubrious watering place, where every convenience suitable for the accommodation of strangers is to be found, and consequently attracts great numbers of visitors.

We now move majestically on to Garth Point, to disembark those who prefer to walk from thence to Bangor. Again we start for our destination, moving triumphantly along the straits of Menai, the band playing, what all true Britons delight to hear, "God save the Queen." The scenery on both sides of the Menai is delightful, and is decorated with many gentlemen's seats. Craig-y-don, the seat of T. P. Williams, Esq. is beautifully situated, and adapted to his wishes, where the waters of the Menai straits bear his cutters to his door.—We now pass under that stupendous effort of human genius,

## THE MENAI SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The first sight of the bridge may be caught at a distance of two miles and a half, or three miles; when viewed so far off, no particular sensation is excited in the mind of the spectator; but on reaching the structure, whatever idea may have been previously formed of its size by reading the dimensions, or hearing it described, will all be found to fall short of the reality: all the faculties seem absorbed in wonder and astonishment at the stupendous magnitude of the erection.

Whatever may be the condition of Scotland or of Ireland, or the bond of union between them, neither of them is united so indissolubly to the destinies of her English neighbour as Wales. The proudest ancient monuments of English architecture are in Wales, existing in those gigantic citadels which throw into the shade all the feudal glories of the Rhine, and realize the fictions of romance. The greatest modern effort of mechanical art is in Wales, of which our American visitors are in the habit of observing, "To see the Menai bridge alone, is worth a longer voyage!"—At the distance of a mile is the

## BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE

which carries the Chester and Holyhead Railway over the

Menai straits. For a full description of both these bridges see pages 81 and 85.

Having previously selected your luggage, you now propose to land. Cars, omnibuses, and coaches, are in waiting to convey you either to Bangor or Caernarvon : and those who may feel disposed to remain at the bridge, will find good accommodation at the inns there.

There is not a more delightful excursion for those whose time and occupation will only admit of a short absence from home, than a visit to North Wales. The voyage from Liverpool to the Menai bridge, which is performed in about five hours, is now generally acknowledged to be the cheapest and most delightful trip out of Liverpool : and we hope that our humble attempt to furnish the stranger with some account of the scenery of the Welsh coast will not be among the least interesting part of the voyage.

We now leave the tourist to the enjoyment of those reflections which his wanderings amongst the most remarkable scenes and places in the principality will naturally have excited in his mind. He will have seen the land where the aborigines of this island sought and found a refuge ; he will have traced the fields where our great ancestors warred successively against Roman, Saxon, and Norman power ; and have stood amidst the ruined walls of those fortresses which were intended by the "powers that were" to hold in subjection the oppressed patriarchs of the land, if not to extirpate both language and people : but which are now only monuments of the impotency of human will, and prove more strongly than all histories that neither

" Stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

In the prophetic language of Taliesin, notwithstanding the mutations which surrounding nations have been subjected to,

Their God they still worship,  
Their language remains,  
Though the children of strangers  
Dwell on their green plains :  
Yet the Mother of Mountains still clasps to her breast  
Of her offspring the eldest, the bravest, the best.

## VISIT FROM CHESTER TO EATON HALL,

*The seat of the Marquis of Westminster.*

This truly magnificent and far-famed Gothic mansion is situated at about three miles and a half from Chester ; and the drive or walk through the park affords ample remuneration by its numerous, varied, and delightful views.

Proceeding over "the father of arches," the new bridge, already described in the preceding pages, we reach Overleigh ; here, in sight of the new lodge, the tourist may pause, and enjoy a retrospective glance at the old city. The towers and battlements of the city and castle, seen from this point of view, are beautifully grouped, and produce a very effective landscape. We now advance towards that exquisite gem of Gothic architecture, Grosvenor Lodge, the elegant design and elaborate workmanship of which raises our admiration anew. The architect has adopted the ancient gateway of the monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury, as his model, and has revived in all its splendour that well-known specimen of ancient architecture ; it would have been difficult to invent a more appropriate approach to the palace we are about to inspect than this beautiful gateway, with the general aspect of which it so well assimilates. Rising at the end of an extensive esplanade, the proportions of the building are displayed to advantage. It consists of a square centre tower, from the basement of which, at each angle, rises an octagonal turret, fifty feet high, considerably elevated above the main body of the edifice ; the ground story is entered by a pointed archway, the interior beautifully groined and enriched with groups of exquisite foliage ; the middle story is pierced by two windows, surrounded by elegant mouldings, with the Westminster arms and supporters in a centre niche, executed in grand relief. Above the windows are a series of grotesque heads and fretwork, surmounted by a coursing of enriched embattlement. The lower part of the turrets are plain ; the next story is enriched with niches, surmounted by elaborately carved crocheted canopies ; the upper flight is elegantly panelled and pierced, and enriched by an embattlement. The sides of the tower are similarly ornamented, but not so richly. At either side of the tower are the wings, partaking of the chief features of the main body, and wing walls, pierced with loopholes and embattled ; forming a magnificent ornament, extending sixty feet on each side of the lodge.

The Hall, the designs for which were furnished by Porden, was erected on the site of the old hall, a brick mansion built by Sir John Vanbrugh, and is considered the most splendid modern specimen of the pointed Gothic, and consists of a centre of three stories, finished with octagonal turrets, connected with the main part of the building by lofty intermediate towers, the whole enriched by buttresses, niches, and pinnacles, and adorned with elaborately carved heraldic designs, fretwork, and foliage, surmounted throughout by an enriched embattlement.

The principal entrance is on the west front, under a lofty carriage portico of three arches, the clustered pillars of which support a beautiful groined ceiling ; from this a flight of steps leads to a massive bronzed door, admitting a view of the hall, which is of noble proportions, with a vaulted ceiling ; the branching compartments of which meet in an elaborately carved and pierced pendant, from which is suspended an immense lantern, of antique design, shedding a powerful light, at eve, over a chequered pavement of choice marbles, and illuminating the mailed figures occupying the niches on each side of the chimney-pieces, above which are two large pictures—the Continnence of Scipio, and Masinissa and Sophonisba.

The present Marquis has gone to considerable expense in making extensive additions and improvements to the hall, and in remodelling the gardens and pleasure grounds ; they are laid out in the most tasteful and agreeable manner, under the direction of his Lordship and the able superintendence of Mr. Collinson, and contain a choice collection of exotics and rare fruits of every description. The hothouses and other buildings partake of the general character of the mansion ; indeed, wherever an opportunity presents, the Gothic is introduced throughout the domain.

The principal ornaments of the grounds are a Gothic conservatory and temple ; the latter built for the reception of a Roman altar, discovered near Chester, at the junction of the ancient roads to Mancunium and Mediolanum, in the year 1821 : the mosaic pavement of the temple was brought from the island of Caprea, by Lord Robert Grosvenor : it was found in the palace of the emperor Tiberius.

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## LITERARY NOTICES,

*From the public Press.*

THE CAMBRIAN MIRROR; or, the Tourist's Companion through NORTH WALES, by Mr. EDWARD PARRY, of Chester, with various Routes to the most attractive Places, a new Map of North and South Wales, accurately reduced from the Ordnance Survey, and several beautiful Engravings.

This little work is the production of a patriot, who writes *con amore* on every subject. The author's whole life has been engaged in promoting the interests and literature of the principality. As a collector of Welsh manuscripts and old editions of Welsh books, he has been led to explore the most reclusive and unfrequented parts of the northern division of that country; and having studied the history of the people, and being a great admirer of their chivalrous fame and poetic genius, as well as a complete master of their language, we know of no individual more competent to present the Cambrian tourist with a guide. The work is replete with interest. It contains short sketches on a vast variety of topics, written in a style so homely, and at the same time so full of point and vivacity, that the reader arrives at the close of each with deep regret that the subject is so suddenly dropped. The traveller on his tour, with this guide in his hand, will, on consulting its pages, find in them a description of whatever object he may have occasion to examine or admire, *so graphic and so brief* as to render his cursory view of things highly instructive without retarding his progress by incessant references. In addition to this, routes of various lengths from four to eighteen days, with the respective distances between the places on the whole line, are laid down, accompanied by a map of North and South Wales, with other steel engravings. We venture to recommend the work to the notice of the public as the best tourist's companion through that land of primitive characteristics and sublime scenery that has ever yet issued from the press.—*Liverpool Standard.*

The above is the title of decidedly the best and cheapest (in its form) of any guide to Wales that has ever been offered to the public. It is most carefully compiled by Mr. Edward Parry, of Chester, whose knowledge of the Cambrian district is fully developed in this little volume. The work is illustrated with several engravings, and there is also attached a new map of North and South Wales. It is a "companion" without which the tourist would be "at fault," and we earnestly recommend it to all parties visiting the delightful scenery of Wales.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

---

The publication possesses two essential recommendations, cheapness and excellence. The author has spared no pains to render the work as useful and, at the same time, as agreeable as possible. His heart has evidently been in his business, and he has, therefore, executed it well.—*Liverpool Albion*.

---

This "Mirror" truly reflects the features of Old Cambria, and possesses the main essentials of a "Tourist's" Guide, being at once ample in material, and portable in bulk, whilst its low price will repay its purchase to the most casual visitor of the sublime and varied scenery which it describes. It points out the best routes to those places which are most attractive either for the purposes of trade or pleasure; and its material is so arranged as to enable the most cursory reader to find that which he seeks without the trouble of an incessant reference to the index. On the whole, we can safely recommend the work as a pocket companion, at once agreeable and useful.—*Caernarvon Herald*.

---

To enjoy the principality and the scenery to perfection, strangers should purchase the "Cambrian Mirror," by E. Parry. It contains various routes and descriptions of the coast scenery and the principal towns. It is elegantly written, with evidently a hearty appreciation of the beauties of the Switzerland of this country.—*Shrewsbury Conservative Journal*.

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