

the art that it cannot be recommended as a suitable pursuit for girls. The arms have to do much more work, and it is only necessary to watch a fisherman in a rowing-boat to see how peculiarly ungainly the necessary movements of the body are. If any girl who has learnt to row on fresh water essays to do so at sea, at a time when it is anything but quite calm, she will quickly find that the rules which apply to this branch of the pastime are totally different, and will run great risk of "catching a crab," with the most disastrous results. The fittings, too, of sea-going boats are usually very bad; and in many of them rowing is only possible under the most awkward conditions. At the same time, if girls were to learn enough about the management of a boat to know what to do—or rather, what not to do—in an emergency, many disastrous and fatal accidents might be avoided. Every one who has had the management of a boating party knows the anxiety which the nervous trepidation of some, and

the utter want of presence of mind in others, cause. Innumerable accidents have been caused by ladies jumping up when the boat gives a roll, when, if they merely sat still, and as near the centres of their seats as possible, they would be in no danger.

There are many pleasant spots which can only be visited by water. In the neighbourhood of the English metropolis, many of the most exquisite bits of scenery in the Thames Valley are only known to boating men, and it certainly seems quite feasible for girls to enjoy the charm of river-side scenery much oftener than is at present the case. The difficulty of making up a party would be greatly lessened if they were able to use their oars, or sculls, and excursions which are now made only very seldom might then be frequently enjoyed, and with but a scanty escort. It would be difficult to devise a more tempting programme for a fine afternoon than for a party of girls thus to explore some unfamiliar waters.

## HOW TO PRONOUNCE WELSH NAMES.

### HINTS FOR TOURISTS IN WALES.



At first sight it seems a strange thing that the language which in the earliest times of which we have any record was spoken by the inhabitants of these islands, and may therefore be in a sense considered our original tongue, should be the very language of which the majority of the educated English are not ashamed to own that they know nothing. They will be found well enough versed in Latin and Greek—those magnificent dead languages the assiduous cultivation of which is due to the many fine works, known as "the classics," which have been preserved to us in one or the other dress. They will pass muster as easily in French, German, and other living languages of the Continent of Europe, which they cultivate yet more thoroughly for the sake of social and commercial intercourse. In this very island, however, there is still a living language not yet consigned to the limbo of forgotten commodities, remaining both pure and logical now, and so not altogether unworthy of a scholar's serious study: and that is Welsh, or Cymric—the fine old Celtic tongue still in every-day use in nearly all parts of Wales, and even to be heard in the streets of polyglot London. The Britons, or Cymri, as the interesting pages of history bear witness, were a hardy and independent race, not easily to be crushed or deprived of their individuality by the successive invaders of these islands. They took refuge at last in the mountain fastnesses of the west country, from which they were never actually driven, notwithstanding the so-called conquest and

annexation of Wales by Edward I.; and the Welsh tongue to this day clings, with some aboriginal customs, to the same mountains. Very gradual indeed has been the process of "civilisation" which intercourse with the English is presumed to bring about.

One of the great civilising agents of the nineteenth century is the tourist, who, like the roving bee that fertilises the flowers, does his best to break down the barriers of race which distance or a difference of tongues sets up. And the tourist has certainly not neglected Wales. In spite of the outflow of English holiday-makers every summer to Switzerland, the Rhine, and other Continental places of refreshment, there is a large stream also setting in towards Snowdonia, with lesser streams in the direction of the Cader Idris group and Barmouth. Nothing could well be more unreasonable than to enter a country where a very ancient tongue is still in use, and where the ancient names of places especially remain uncorrupted, and to expect to get along comfortably without knowing even the rudiments of that useful vernacular. Is it too much to ask of the tourist that he shall just learn to pronounce it, and no more? The pronunciation is really a very simple matter; but if twenty people of ordinary intelligence are asked to look at a few ordinary Welsh words, such as *edrychwch ar hwn*, or *Pwllheli*, probably nineteen of the number will declare that they are unpronounceable. Some of the words, they will say, are "all consonants."

It is merely the alphabet that we need particularly consider here, for to know it properly is to be able to pronounce Welsh. Let us now see what the alphabet consists of. In the first place, the consonants *b, d, l, m, n, p, r, s, t* are pronounced just as in English; so that in the case of nine letters at least it is all plain

sailing. The following letters do not exist in the Welsh alphabet: *j, k, q, v, x,* and *z*, so they also may be dismissed. Then let us take the vowel sounds. These are so nicely and exactly expressed by the written letters that they render Welsh the nearest approach to a perfect phonetic system which appears to exist. The *a* is pronounced quite short, like *a* in the English word *can*. But this letter is often found circumflexed (*â*), having then the broad and open sound of *ah*, the English interjection. The *e*, again, is short, as in *pen*; when circumflexed (*ê*) it is long, and sounded like the *a* in *pane*. The *i* also is a short sound, as in the English *kill*, but with a circumflex it takes the long sound of *ee*; the word *cil*, for instance, being pronounced *keel*. The next vowel, *o*, is the same; ordinarily it has the sound of the English *o* in *God*, but the circumflex makes it long, so that *gôd* is pronounced as our word *goad*. The *u* is sounded as in *busy*, or as the *i* in *is*, but rather more open. The circumflex *û* corresponds to the English sound of *ee* in *seen*; *dû* being pronounced as *dee*. Added to these five vowels and their circumflexed forms we have *w* and *y* (the English "semi-vowels") as full-fledged vowels, with their circumflexed forms also. The treatment of *w* as a vowel, independent altogether of position—unlike its English namesake, which requires a vowel or the aspirate to be always in attendance upon it—explains away a good deal of the mystery which to the uninformed appears to hang over the pronunciation of Welsh words. Having the sound of *oo*, pronounced rather briskly, as we pronounce the word *good*, it must be distinguished from the *ô*, which has the longer sound of *oo* in *mood*. Then *y* does not invariably take the same sound: it depends generally upon its position in the word; that is to say, if the accent falls upon it, it is hard, like the *u* in *gun*, and if it occurs in an unaccented syllable (at the end of a word, for instance) it is pronounced lightly, like the *i* in *gin*. The word *hyny*, pronounced "honey," is an exact exemplification of these two sounds. In the following monosyllables, *dy, fy, y, ydd, ym, yn, yr, ys, myn*, an exception arises, for they are not sounded like the *i* in *gin*, as above, but more like the other sound of a short English *u*—in fact, precisely like the French *e* in *je* or *le*. Lastly, the *y* with a circumflex (*ÿ*) is the same thing as *û*—*tÿ*, for instance, having the pronunciation of *tee*.

We have now only to master a few consonants and diphthongs which are not sounded as in English, and our work is done. There are two diphthongs, however, which will give us a little trouble, the most awkward being the *ll*, which is the *l* aspirated. It is quite impossible to give a true indication of this peculiar breathing on paper: it can only be learnt, like the French *u*, by hearing a native give utterance to it; but it may be said that *khll* is the combination of English letters which approaches nearest to the sound. Place the tip of the tongue against the roof of the mouth (a little farther back than for *l*), and breathe sharply through the teeth on both sides, and you will get somewhere near it. Llanelly is thus spoken nearly as if spelt *Khlan-eth-ly*. Another

breathing which gives less trouble—because we have it not only in the German, but also in Scotch and Irish names of places, relics of Celtic ancestry—is the diphthong *ch*. Those who can pronounce the Scotch word "loch," or the German "hoch," can pronounce the Welsh *coch*. Of the remaining letters it will suffice to say that *c* is always pronounced hard, like our *k*, and never like *s*; that while *d* has the same sound as in English, the *dd* is like the heavy *th* in *that*, and never like the light *th* in *thank*; that the *ff* is a brisk sound, like the *f* in our *fan*, while the single *f* is pronounced as *v*—the Welsh word *fan* therefore being pronounced *van*; that the *g* is always hard, as in *go*, and never soft, as in *gentle*; that the *h* is always an aspirate, as in *hat*; and that *th*, as distinguished from *dd*, has a light sound, as in *thank*. This finishes our alphabet.

Now, one of the great beauties of the Welsh tongue is the consistent method of pronouncing it. Here are two capital rules which will enable any one who has mastered the alphabet (as we have already done) to venture with confidence upon any Welsh word. First, let it be remembered, *no letter is ever mute*. That is a great point gained; for if we glance at a few English words, in which a good many superfluous letters are sure to exist, we shall the more readily appreciate the help to a beginner that such a rule must be. Secondly, *the accent is always laid on the penultima, or last syllable but one*. Here, again, the learner finds a valuable key to the proper pronunciation. In English—not to mention other languages—words of different meaning are often spelt alike (such as *produce*, the verb, and *produce*, the noun), and the usual means of distinguishing them to the ear is by a change of accentuation, and to the eye solely by the context. But in Welsh this is not necessary. The accent is uniformly placed, and the changes in the meaning are more logically effected by mutations in the words themselves.

Bearing in mind these two rules,\* and the explanation given of the alphabet, we can now put our knowledge to the test by a few random examples. *Dysgwlydd*, a waiter, we pronounce *diss-gwîllith* (the mark ' indicating the place for the accent), and we take care to give the "heavy" sound to *dd*. *Chyfrwywch y ceffyl* (saddle the horse) looks rather puzzling, but a little analysing will enable us to pronounce it as *khuv-roo'e-oohk er k'ffil*. Here we are obliged to use *kh* to indicate the peculiar breathing *ch*, and to write *er* (without rolling the *r*) as the best indication of the sound of *y*. *Mawr*, great, is *ma'h-oor*, which, pronounced quickly, will be found to become *mowr*, without losing sight of the rule that "no letter is ever mute." In the same way, *craig*, a rock, must have its proper sound of *krâ'h-ig*; while its plural, *creigiau*, is spoken *kraï'g-yi*, because the *au* (which is *not* a diphthong in Welsh), when

\* There will be found one or two exceptions only to the rule as to accentuation, and that is where the *last* syllable, being either circumflexed or aspirated, takes the accent; but the accent is never placed further from the end of the word than the penultimate syllable.

resolved into its components, *ah, ee*, becomes a long *i* as nearly as possible if rapidly sounded, and it must be done rapidly because the last syllable is unaccented.

From this it will be seen that the vowel sounds in Welsh are most subtle, and exact the utmost care from the speaker. It is difficult to give an accurate rendering of *ieuanc*, young (in which the vowels seem to have turned the tables on the consonants for once), but it is nearly like *yī-yank*. It should always be borne in mind that the "r" is an "r" in Welsh, and it should be rolled strongly, as the

French and Italians roll it. There is sometimes found a word beginning with *ugh*, such as *Cymmer fy ugheffyl* (Take my horse), which is pronounced something like *Kūmmairr verug hēffil*, the two last words being sounded together, just as in the French *cet homme*. In this case, however, the *h* in *heffil* must be carefully aspirated.

In these few examples we have been able to show something of the consistency and purity of the language, as regards its pronunciation, and we trust the intending tourist will find that these remarks have therefore not been written in vain.

### SUPLANTED.



OUR last evening together, Aileen."

We were sitting alone, Aileen McCartney and I, in the cold, clear light of a bright autumn moon. Afar we could see the shimmering sea, calm and beautiful in the weird white light; through the trees we would now and then catch a glimpse of the towers of Ballybrough Castle; there was a sweet, subtle scent of roses pervading the air; all was solemn and subdued; and I, ten minutes ago full of hope,

not to say boastfulness, had grown suddenly melancholy. Aileen did not answer me. She was looking out to the sea, her pretty head turned away from mine, her fingers clasping a bit of the broken stonework of the balustrade over which she was leaning. People used to say in those days that Aileen was not pretty. I never understood what they meant. To me those great Irish blue eyes, that always untidy but always picturesque wealth of tawny hair, even those somewhat gawky arms and legs, were my beau-ideals of feminine beauty. But then Aileen and I had played together since we were respectively seven and three years old, and loved each other in proportion as we quarrelled and made it up again. She was sixteen now, and I twenty, "quite a man," as she had said to me yesterday; and indeed I did not only feel myself a man, I was a soldier, a hero already in imagination, the real fact being that I was sailing the next day for Ashantee; there I hoped to win immortal honours. For the moment I had forgotten all this, my thoughts were all with Aileen, whose emotion at parting from me was so great that she could not even look me in the face. I took her hand in mine, and sought to peer into her blue eyes. They were full of tears.

"Aileen, my dearest," I whispered, "I shall come back soon, and then—ah, then! Don't cry, dear."

"I am not crying," she responded unblushingly. "Why should I cry? I am only wishing that I too

were a man, that I might go out and see the world. Oh! would it not be nice? Instead of which I shall pass my whole life, I suppose, in this tumble-down place, where we have to think of every sixpence we spend, and we are too poor even to go to Dublin," and here she fairly broke down and sobbed. I was just a little taken aback by her interpretation of her tears, but they moved me nevertheless to a great pity. Hers was, as she said truly, a joyless life, with a ruined father and a worrying stepmother, whence the saving of sixpences and the general depression of the McCartney family. In one moment I had grasped her hand, and was pouring a torrent of eloquent words into her ear, which seemed to comfort her, for she dried her eyes, and looking in mine with the sweetest of soft blushes—

"I shall be very lonely without you, Frank dear," she sighed. "I shall have no one to play to me, when I am out of sorts—to scramble through duets with me; it will all be dull and dreary. I shall never open the piano when you are gone."

"And what shall I do, when I have said good-bye to you, Mavourneen?" I asked pathetically.

"You!" she exclaimed passionately, "why, you will be going out to fight, to glory, to be a hero. It is nothing to you."

"Is it nothing to me, Aileen," I whispered, "to say good-bye to you? You are unjust. There is not much glory or honour in fighting savages."

"But you will distinguish yourself, Frank, you must," she reiterated with pretty impatience; "promise me you will come home, having won the Victoria Cross. If you don't, I won't speak to you."

"And if I do?"

"I shall be awfully, madly proud of you, and oh, I shall be so pleased to see you, so pleased!" and as she spoke, she took a great crimson rose from the bodice of her dress, and gave it to me. With a tragically sentimental air, I put it to my lips, and kissed its warm red petals.

"You sweet little Aileen," I cried, "I vow to you on this rose that I will come back to you decorated, even if I die for it. You shall be my Queen of Beauty, and award me then a far sweeter prize than