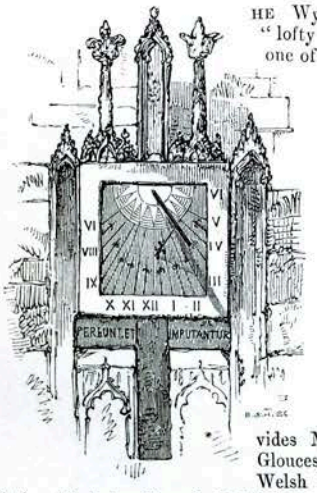
EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART I.—THE WYE: FROM ROSS TO MONMOUTH.

THE LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. HULME.



THE Wye has its source in "lofty Plinlimmon;" it is one of five sister streams to which the mountain gives birth: these are the Severn, the Rheidol, the Llyffnant, the Clevedoc, and the Wye. Its rise is, thus, in Montgomeryshire; it flows into Radnorshire; thence through nearly the centre of Herefordshire to Monmouth; and afterwards, for the greater part of its course, forms the boundary which divides Monmouthshire from Gloucestershire. Although of Welsh birth, therefore, and distinguished in all early Welsh documents as Gwy,—"*the* river,"—in its maturity it is English; for both Herefordshire and Monmouthshire—"anciently" of Wales—have long been numbered among the counties of England. The Wye is the fairest of the five fair sisters, running its course of a hundred and thirty miles through luxuriant scenery—hill and dale, rock and valley—in its earlier progress over many falls, beside productive flats of green pasture, "a wanderer through the woods," encircling prosperous towns, and navigable for a distance of seventy miles from the sea. Having gathered the contributions of several liberal tributaries, at length it joins the rapid and robust river, the "Princelie Severne," which, thus augmented, runs into the Bristol Channel, dividing Somerset and Devon from South Wales.*

Although, in due course, we shall ask the Tourist to accompany us downward all the way—from the source of the Wye to its mouth, from the well into which it dribbles on the far-off mountain side to the estuary where it joins the Severn—our present purpose is to commence our EXCURSION at that point where the Wye is first seen in mingled strength and beauty—the renowned town of Ross;† a town that owes its fame to the "Man" who a century and a half ago gave to it an illustrious page in history, and whose name has been immortalized by a few lines of verse, more enduring than any

"Monument, inscription, stone."

The date of the foundation of Ross is not very remote; it is not, however, far distant from a Roman station, the Ariconium of Antoninus—

> "Of which the name
> Survives alone; nor is there found a mark
> Whereby the curious passenger may learn
> Her ample site, save coins and mouldering urns,
> And huge unwieldy bones."

The interest of Betun, Bishop of Hereford, to whose See the manor was attached, procured it the grant of a market from King Stephen, and Henry III. constituted it a free borough. It is a pleasant town, built on an eminence that overlooks the Wye, which here, as in so many other parts, exhibits the peculiarity referred to by the poet when describing its "winding bounds." Mr. HULME has taken his view of the Town from the opposite side of the river; he has thus directed attention to its leading points of interest, the principal of which is the "heaven-directed spire," rising high above them all. From the stately Hotel that occupies a portion of the once honoured "Prospect,"* there is a wide-spread view, embracing a fine expanse of country—hill and dale, green meadows, crowded farm-yards, church spires,

ROSS, FROM WILTON MEADOWS.

pleasant villages, venerable ruins, records of old Romans and their British predecessors—all the varieties, in short, that are in landscapes so many sources of inexpressible delight. From this "Prospect" we have been looking down and around on one of the loveliest of autumn days, the sun shining through surrounding trees over the river. The view is indeed

THE WYE, FROM THE "PROSPECT."

surpassingly beautiful—such as only England can supply: for although deficient in grandeur, it is happily suggestive of the unobtrusive pleasures that arise from internal peace; the grace that combines high cultivation with natural boons; and the charms that are derived from the past and the present as fruitful sources of hope in the future.

* The Wye flows from its source on the south side of Plinlimmon—a mountain the summit of which is 2463 feet above the sea-level—in Montgomeryshire, south-eastward, through a portion of Radnorshire, and then running more directly south, forms the boundary between the counties of Radnor and Brecon, and, after turning to the east and intersecting Herefordshire, resumes its southerly course, separating Gloucester and Monmouth, and enters the estuary of the Severn two miles below Chepstow to the south. Its whole course is 130 miles, for 70 of which it is navigable by vessels of 40 tons—so far as Hereford. It is connected with the Severn by a canal running from Hereford to Gloucester, and the Severn canal joins the Thames at Lechlade.

† THE SOUTH WALES RAILWAY has a branch to Ross and Hereford. At Grange Court, about seven miles west of Gloucester, there is a junction of the Great Western, the South Wales, and the Hereford, Ross and Gloucester railways. At this spot the H. R. G. line branches off to Ross and Hereford; the South Wales main line proceeding direct to Milford Haven, *viâ* Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, Caermarthen, Haverfordwest, and Milford Haven—its present terminus. In the course of our "Excursions" we shall conduct the Tourist to all these places, describing, and illustrating, the several objects of interest and attraction they present.

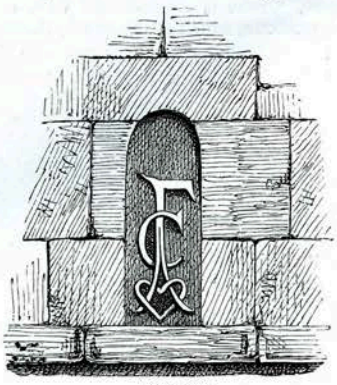
[The initial letter is copied from the dial of Gloucester Cathedral.]

* "The Prospect" is a height outside the town, to which there is a private walk through the grounds of the hotel, and a public right of way through the churchyard. It is a piece of land, acquired by the Man of Ross, and given by him to his fellow townsmen for their convenience and recreation—to be theirs for "five hundred years!" It was prettily and pleasantly laid out for their comfort, and here he constructed a reservoir to supply them with water—

> "Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
> Nor in proud falls magnificently lost;"

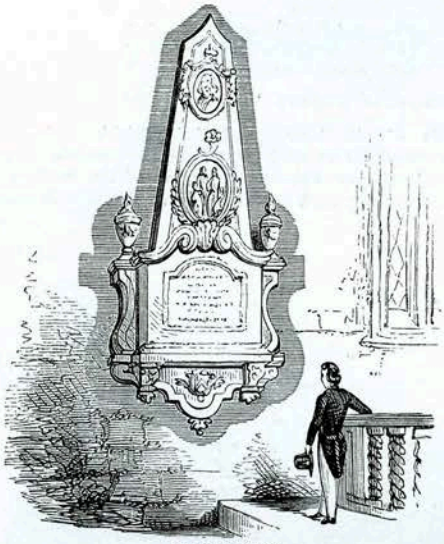
but that it might pour "health" and "solace" "through the plain" to all who needed. The name remains, indeed, but its character is entirely changed: the reservoir is now a dry hollow—the fountain and its "figures" gone—potatoes are planted in the centre of the ground, and, although gravelled walks are still about it, they retain nothing of their old charm except the view they command—which it has been impossible to allocate to private uses. The wall that enclosed it is down; the sundial (with "his name and arms engraved thereupon") is not to be found; the ball-room of "the Hotel" stands on part of the site; in a word, all that could do honour to the memory of "the Man," and continue his benevolence from generation to generation, has been removed by one innovator after another, and the people of Ross are either so supine or so timid as to submit to this encroachment on their rights, instead of, day by day, rooting up or tearing down vegetable and brick and mortar trespassers on THEIR *land*. There is but one excuse for this apathy: it is stated by Heath (a printer of Monmouth, who printed a number of very interesting pamphlets, written or compiled by himself, about the year 1806) that "the seats had been wilfully destroyed by loose and idle people passing through the grounds;" that the fountain was removed, "having become a receptacle for the carcasses of dead animals;" that the arms over the north door of entrance were "destroyed by the barbarous hands of ignorance;" and that of the rows of elms he planted, "the axe since his death had visited them with premeditated intentions of violence, and laid their honours in the dust."

From the "Prospect" the eye first falls on WILTON CASTLE—now a picturesque ruin—standing on the right bank of the Wye, close to the old bridge, "broken down"



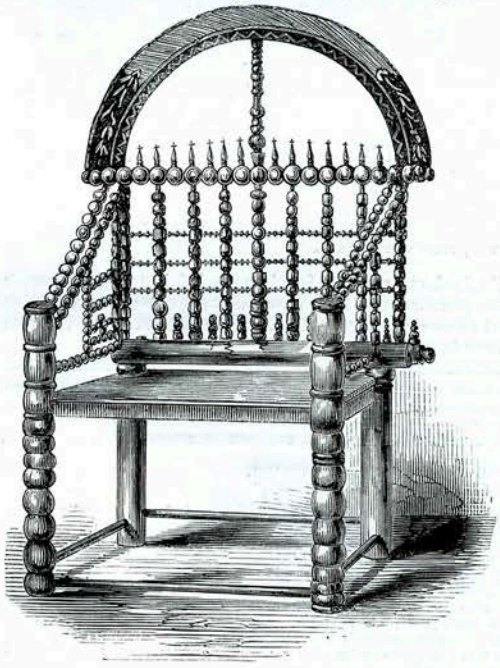
MONOGRAM.

by a gallant soldier, General Rudhall, who defended Hereford during the civil war, and who thus arrested the army of



THE MONUMENT.

Cromwell on its march to invest the city. It was once the residence of the Lords Grey, of Wilton; and though now

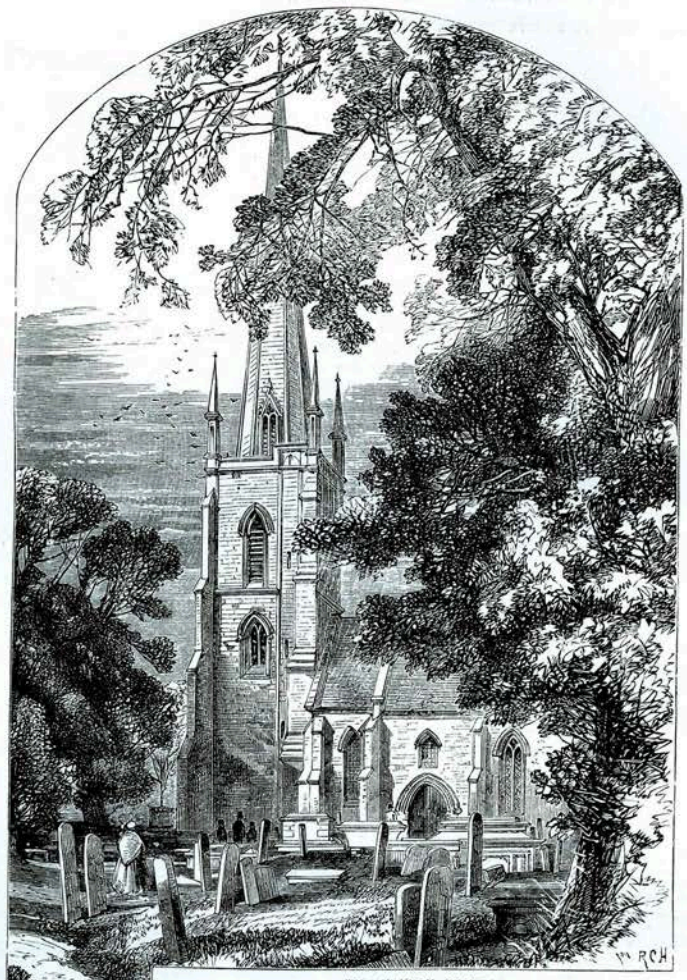


THE CHAIR.

but a few ivy-covered walls, it was here the noblest of a noble race entertained the poet Spenser—

"The patron of his Muse's pupilage,
In the first season of his feeble age."

It appears to have been erected by King Stephen, in 1141, and was held by Harry de Longchamp, as a gift from Henry I., "by the service of supplying two men-at-arms for the wars in Wales." To the Greys it came by marriage; and afterwards, by marriage also, to the first Lord Chandos, in whose family it continued for two centuries, until it was sold to the Governors of Guy's Hospital, in London, to whose large and well-spent revenue the estate now contributes.



THE CHURCH OF ROSS.

The castle gives his title to the Earl of Wilton. We shall pass this venerable ruin—associated with so many "Memories," and which the ivy preserves and adorns—when we are voyaging down the Wye.

Our present duty is to visit the town;—to enter the time-honoured structure which, happily, continues unimpaired—the old and venerable Church of Ross; to walk through the market-place made famous by "the Man;" and to visit the house in which he dwelt, and the room in which he died—and especially to view from the "Prospect" the delicious scenery he loved.

Let us first look at the town: there are here few remains of a remote date. The streets all lead "up hill" to THE MARKET-PLACE, a quaint structure, built of the red sandstone, so universal in

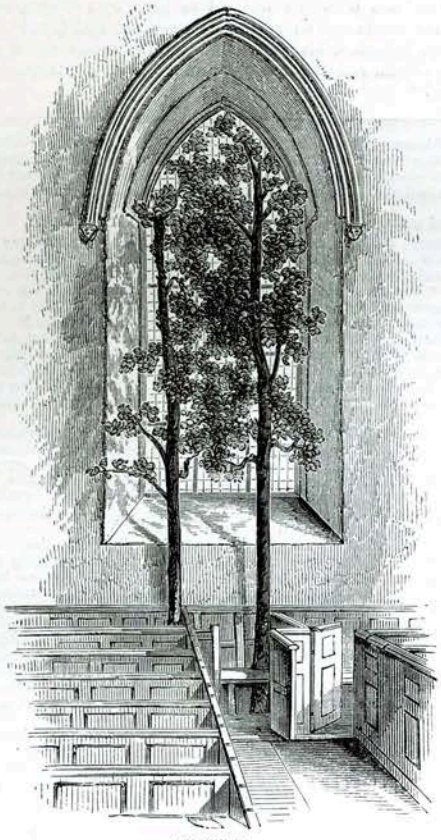
THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

the district, which has but little power to resist the influence of time; it is no older than the reign of Charles II., whose time-defaced bust stands in an oval, over the principal entrance; one

of the sides, however, contains a piece of sculpture far more interesting—a monogram of singular character, composed of a reversed L, a C, and a heart, from which the letters spring; the tradition being that the Man of Ross, whose house is directly opposite, desiring, in his loyalty to the

THE CORACLE.

crown, to have before his eyes a perpetual reminder of the restored monarch,—and failing in his wish to have the bust placed where he could see it when he pleased,—caused this small stone to be fixed in the position it now occupies.* It is understood to mean, "Love Charles in your heart."

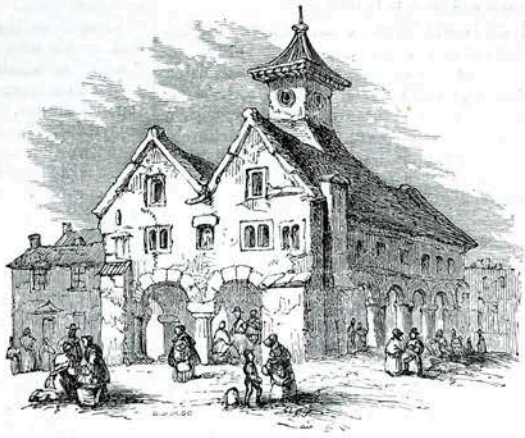


THE PEW.

Let us enter the house in which he lived and died, and offer the homage of gratitude to a good man's memory; one who, if not all the poet describes him, was undoubtedly as he is pictured by another poet—Coleridge*—nearly a century after his death:—

> "Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
> With generous joy he view'd his modest wealth;
> He heard the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise;
> He marked the shelter d orphans tearful gaze;
> Or, where the sorrow-shrivelled captive lay,
> Pour'd the bright blaze of freedom's noontide ray."

The house has been divided: one portion has been in a great measure rebuilt; the other part has not been so materially changed. The floors and panellings of several chambers are



THE MARKET-PLACE.

of oak; a quaint opening leads to a narrow corridor, and into a small room, traditionally said to have been his bed-room, where he endured his first and his last (his only) illness, and where he died:† it looks out upon his garden; that garden is now divided, like the house; one half of it has been strangely "metamorphosed;" the other half has been converted into a bowling-green; the surrounding walls of both, however, sustain flourishing vine and pear-trees. The one boasts a gothic summer-house, in which there is a tablet commemorating the visit of Prince George of Cambridge, in 1835, and a table made of the huge beams of the "modest mansion," and part of a tree under which Nelson sat, at Rudhall; while in the other there is a small conservatory erected on the foundations of the summer-house, in which the venerable Man of Ross usually spent his afternoons of quiet and contemplation. It was a pretty thing in its time,

WILTON CASTLE.

whatever it may be now; and as the father of the present owner—Mr. Powle, the respected bookseller—kept a drawing of it in its better state, the reader may be pleased to see it engraved as one of the illustrations of our tour.

As will thus be seen, there are in Ross several memorials of "the Man." We look in vain, however, for evidence that his fellow-townsmen have been, or are, more proud of his fame than vain of his notoriety: there is even now "no monument, inscription, stone," other than

* Among other characteristic anecdotes, it is related of him that when "the Great Bell," which he presented to Ross Church, was cast at Gloucester, in 1695, he was present at the casting, and "taking with him his old silver tankard, he first drank therefrom to 'Church and King,' and then threw it into the furnace, and had it mixed with the metal that made the bell."

* It is said, and we believe on good authority, that Coleridge actually wrote his beautiful lines on the Man of Ross in the house in which Kyrle had resided. Letitia Landon (L. E. L.) was some time a dweller in this town, visiting an aunt who was a resident here.

† In this chamber there are two doors of oak, in which the arms of Mr. Kyrle (his crest, a hedgehog) are punctured, apparently by a gimlet. There is a tradition that the puncturing was the work of his hands; this is probable, for to a man so active, who had never previously suffered a day's illness, confinement must have been very irksome, and he no doubt sought relief in any employment that circumstances could supply to him, while it is not likely that so singular a whim was a commission to an artizan.

that which one of his remote descendants erected half a century after he slept under the shadows of the "heaven-directed spire" he "taught to rise," and which, until then, contained no mark to make known "his race, his name, his form." There is no hospital, no school, no alms-house "neat but void of state;" no "portioned maids" nor "apprenticed orphans," in the middle of the nineteenth century, to "bless his name;" no seats on which "weary travellers repose," and ask who gives them rest; nothing, in short, to make

"The memory of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,"

save his own good deeds which, as we have shown, neglect or cupidity have gone far to obliterate.

Let us now proceed to the church, so happily associated with the honoured name of John Kyrle, the Man of Ross.*

The church is a spacious and beautiful building, with a tower and an elegant spire, 121 feet in height. The churchyard is very neatly kept; and has some venerable elm-trees, traditionally said to have been planted by the Man of Ross, whose body, as we have intimated, rests within its walls.† It contains a group of finely-sculptured monuments, principally of the Rudhall family (a family now extinct), and a statue in Roman costume of that gallant General Rudhall, who defended Hereford for the crown against the assaults of the army of the Parliament. Under a plain stone beside the altar, the Man of Ross is buried: as we have said, no "monument, inscription, stone" marked his grave until, in 1776, a distant relative, "Lady Betty Dupplin" left by will a sum of money, which "her executor and heir" expended in erecting a tomb to his memory. This tomb has a bas-relief, which purports to be a portrait, and a tablet representing Charity and Benevolence. But the chief interest of the church is derived from another source. Growing from the pew where the good man used to sit are two elm-trees, which, when in full leaf, are singular adornments of the sacred edifice. They are, it is said, about fifty years old, but are not thicker than a man's arm, and are necessarily cut at the tops when they reach the roof, which is their boundary. The local tradition is that they are suckers from a tree planted by "the Man" *outside* the church, but which was "impiously" cut down by a certain rector, because it excluded light; the consequence was, that they forced their way *inside*, where they have continued to grow and flourish, and where, certainly, they are protected by the good will and grateful feelings of the inhabitants. There is one other object of interest associated with his memory—the chair in which he used to sit, and which was afterwards *the* chair of a convivial society.‡

There is no doubt that the fame of John Kyrle arises principally, if not solely, from the accident that Pope had heard of his generous and liberal acts, which, although at that time productive of enormous good, had received no sort of recognition from those of whom he was the benefactor.* The poet wrote, therefore, his immortal lines—an imaginary dialogue between himself and his friend Lord Bathurst, in his poem on "The Use of Riches"—partly as an example and partly as an anathema† ("Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!"), and they have carried the name of the Man of Ross throughout the world wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue is read. We hope and believe there are not many cities or towns of England where there have been none at any time found at once so benevolent and so beneficent as John Kyrle, of Ross, with as little idea as had "the Man" of the celebrity that was to follow—who neither sought for nor anticipated renown beyond the limited circle directly benefited—who in doing good would have "blush'd to find it fame," but who are benefactors to mankind by the force of example, and inasmuch as "their works do follow them!"‡

Blessed be the memory of good John Kyrle, the Man of Ross! and may the prophet yet find in his own country other honours than those which give his name to a wayside inn, a "walk" of which he would be ashamed, and a house defaced by an unseemly bust of plaster.

We commence our voyage down the Wye:§ entering the neat and trim boat which Mr. Evans, the postmaster, provides for us, and for all who desire to make a voyage, brimful of interest and enjoyment. Mr. Evans is an admirable guide and counsellor, who has traversed the river more than two thousand times, and whom, with his boats, we recommend to all tourists. Let us pause a moment to sketch yonder boatman, who is conveying the coracle to the stream.

The coracle,‖ which boatmen and fishermen use to-day on the Wye, differs little from that in which their forefathers floated when the Romans were rulers on its banks. In shape it resembles the half of a walnut-shell; some laths, or rude sticks, laid cross-wise form the skeleton; that is covered with canvas—zinc, however, has been lately adopted for the purpose: it is needless to say that the ancient covering was generally a horse's hide; a plank across the middle makes the seat; a small paddle is used for directing its movements; it is so light, and draws so little water, as to be very easily upset. Considerable skill is therefore required to keep exactly in the centre, and also to enter it, for the least irregularity in either case is dangerous. The fishermen of the district are, however, so much "at home" in this walnut-shell, that accidents rarely happen; and it is stated, on good authority, that voyages have been made in them from Chepstow to Bristol. They are so light that the boatmen carry them on their backs from place to place, launching them when required, and stepping in to cross the river. They are used also by anglers. Many a salmon of size has been thus taken and carried to shore; and in the season it is not uncommon for a fisherman to fill his coracle with the smaller fish of the bountiful river.

Having examined this curious and very interesting object, that has undergone so little change for twelve centuries, we commence the voyage of the Wye.

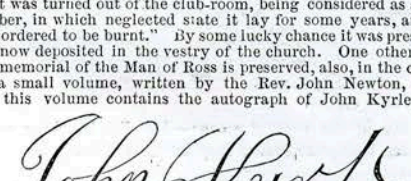
Passing the venerable ruin of Wilton Castle, and underneath the old bridge, which dates as far back as the reign of Elizabeth, presents some unusual features in the way in which the arch-stones are morticed, and retains marks of the "breaking down" to arrest the on-march of Cromwell's troops, we are called upon, first, to notice "Kyrle's Walk," which leads from the churchyard to the river, about a mile from the town—where, however, none of his "seats" remain, and where there survives but one of the many trees he planted. We then look upon two graceful hills,—Penyard¶ and the Chace,—one or both of which are said to have been "hung with woods" by "the Man." We leave here the scenes and circumstances associated with his history; bare-headed we look back—fancying, nay, believing, his spirit is moving the minds and hearts of another generation to remember the eternal recompence—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my little ones, ye did it unto me!"

---

* John Kyrle was descended from an ancient family long seated at Walford, near Ross. He was born at the White House, in the parish of Dymock, Gloucestershire, on the 22nd of May, 1637, and died at Ross, on the 7th November, 1724, at the "full age" of eighty-eight. The name appears to have been originally Curl, afterwards Cyrll, and subsequently Kyrle. He was a bachelor, and left no near relatives; his nearest, Mr. "Vandevort" Kyrle, inherited his estate. It was, however, subsequently divided and subdivided; and we believe very little either of his blood or his property is owned by any of his "descendants" at the present time. It would seem that he did not receive from Pope the soubriquet of "the Man of Ross:" he had, according to Fosbroke, been so styled during his lifetime. He is described as "in person rather tall, thin, and well shaped, wearing a plain suit of brown and a wig, in the fashion of his day." But there is no authentic portrait of him.

† "I never remember having been so much pleased with a church and burial-ground as with this; the grey, gothic architecture, the ancient tombs, and the heaved turf, where so many nameless dead are laid at rest,—the grand trees, rustling in the wind above, and the glorious prospect spread out all around,—it was the very poetry of earth—its beauty and its sadness."—Roscoe.

‡ This chair was, according to Mr. Heath, presented to a Benefit Society in the town, but as it wanted a cushion, "to render the seat easy, it was turned out of the club-room, being considered as a piece of lumber, in which neglected state it lay for some years, and was at last ordered to be burnt." By some lucky chance it was preserved, and is now deposited in the vestry of the church. One other interesting memorial of the Man of Ross is preserved, also, in the church. It is a small volume, written by the Rev. John Newton, buried here: this volume contains the autograph of John Kyrle. We



procured a tracing, and have engraved it. A monument to the Rev. John Newton records that "immediately after the restoration of King Charles (as a reward for his piety and loyalty) he was appointed by the archbishop's commissary to the vicarage of Ross, on the 27th of July, 1660; which vicarage, on account of large returns being at that time required from this place, was exceedingly burthened and oppressed. Newton, therefore, though at first he stood alone, nobly devoted himself to its exigencies and relief: finally obtaining this benefice, together with his chapels of Weston and Brampton to be created and ordained rectorial."

* "The truth is that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had."—Dr. Johnson: *Life of Pope*. It is believed he never possessed the annual sum of "five hundred pounds,"

"Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear."

† Pope was a frequent visitor at Holme-Lacy, then the seat of Viscount Scudamore, subsequently the property of his grace the Duke of Norfolk, and now that of Sir Edwin Stanhope, Bart. The Scudamores came in with the Conqueror, but obtained their lands in Herefordshire by marriage with the heiress of the Laceys, in the reign of Edward III. "The Scudamores derived their name from the *Cross Patée Fitchee*, the *Scutum* Armoris Divini, which they originally bore in their arms, and which is thought to have been given them in commemoration of some memorable action in defence of the Christian faith." The rooms inhabited by the poet, and a tree under which it was his wont to sit, are still pointed out to the curious. These we shall visit and describe on our journey from Hereford to Ross. Pope was probably in the neighbourhood very soon after Kyrle's death, and had abundant opportunities of hearing the good man's praise, of noting the beneficent effects of his munificent charities, and of mourning at the indifference with which his memory was regarded by his fellow townsmen. It is likely that Mr. Kyrle had been often a guest at Holme-Lacy, and was personally known to the family.

‡ Ross has had, at least, one other benefactor—Mr. Walter Scott, who, having acquired a large fortune by trade in London, bequeathed £6000 for the erection of a school-house, and the clothing and educating thirty boys and twenty girls, children of the inhabitants of the town. It is said of Mr. Scott, that when a boy he had taken some pears from a garden, and "being seen eating of them" by a man who guessed where they came from, the man told the boy "he would be hanged if he was found out." Terrified at this threat, he instantly left Ross, and made his way to London, where he acquired a fortune, of which the boys of to-day continue to be the inheritors. The charity bears his name.

§ This division of the tour is known and distinguished as that of "the Lower Wye." As we shall show, in the course of our tour, those who visit the Wye should take this route in preference to ascending it, as many do, either from Chepstow or Monmouth; first, because to go down, is always pleasanter than to go up, a river; next, because nearly all the finest views are thus seen to best advantage; and also, because the voyage up is a work of exceeding difficulty. Excellent boats, well and carefully manned, are to be obtained either at Hereford, Ross, or Monmouth: the charges are somewhat high, necessarily so, considering the heavy labour attendant on "the return." For a boat with one man, the charge from Ross to Monmouth is 15*s.*, the distance being twenty-three miles; for a larger boat with two men, the charge is 30*s.* When the lighter boat is used, the boatman finds it easier to bring it back by land, on a truck, the distance being only ten miles; when the heavier boat makes the voyage the men are compelled to draw it along the shore, the difficulty of rowing up stream being (as we have intimated) very great, in consequence of the extreme rapidity of the current. The boats in use we shall describe hereafter.

‖ In Hereford and Monmouth it is called also a *thoracle*, a *truckle*, and sometimes a *coble*, and on the western coast of Ireland a *corragh* or *corach*,—all names evidently derived from one root, and proving the general use of these light boats among the early Britannic tribes. They are of profound antiquity, and are mentioned by the "father of history," Herodotus, as used by the ancient Babylonians. He describes them as round, and covered with skins, and the accuracy of his statement is confirmed by the sculptures now in our British Museum. Pliny, quoting the old Greek historian Timæus, says the Britons sailed in boats made of wattles, and covered with skins, to islands six days' distant from their starting-places; and Solinus mentions that in his day communication was kept up between Britain and Ireland by these boats. Cæsar, in his works, tells us he availed himself of such vessels in crossing the Spanish rivers; and that he obtained his knowledge of their use while in Britain.

¶ Penyard Wood was, about a century ago, purchased for £11,000: it was sold not long since for £73,000. At Penyard there was a castle, some remains of which may still be traced. Towards the close of the last century, among the ruins was found "a vestibule or spacious passage," with octagon pilasters, which had caps and bases in the Saxon style. In Bonner's "Itinerary" is an engraving of a silver penny, understood to have been coined at Penyard Castle: he thus briefly describes it, and its historic associations:—"The family of Spence, of Hangwest, in Yorkshire, about 1638, assumed as their armorial bearings, *az.* three peny-yard pence proper," and "these are so-named of the place where they were first coined," which Guillim supposes to be this castle. On the summit of "the Chace," towards the north, is a large square "camp," now overgrown by woods.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

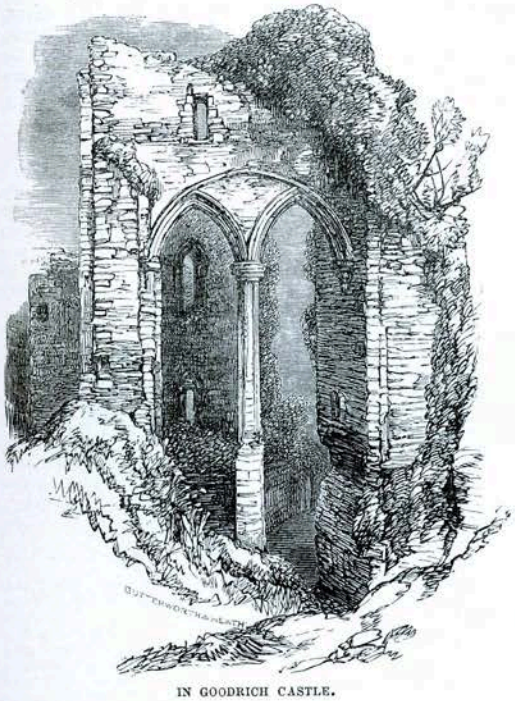
BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

Part II.—The Wye: from Ross to Monmouth.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY F. W. HULME.

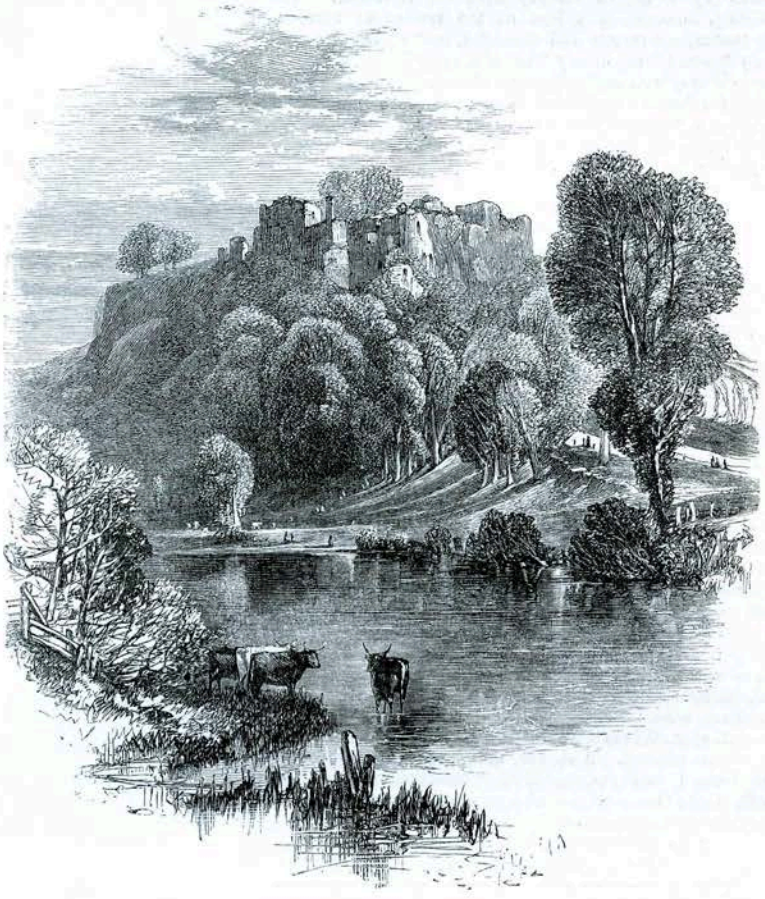
IMMEDIATELY after passing under Wilton Bridge, we make acquaintance with the peculiarities of the River Wye. Its "winding bounds" are so remarkable that frequently after the boat has floated four or five miles we find ourselves within gunshot of the place from which we started,—a tree-clad hill, or a church spire, seen directly in front, presently appearing at the side, or, in another moment, behind the spectator; while, perhaps in a few minutes, it is immediately again in his onward path: forming alternately a foreground or a background to the picture, and that so suddenly as to seem incomprehensible. On quitting the level land, the varied and broken scenery on either side suggests a vague, though irresistible impression, that the craggy precipices, rocky ascents, and isolated plateaux, between which the stream takes its tortuous way—now reposing in deep and glassy pools, then hurrying down a gushing rapid, as if behind time, and again stopping to take up at intervals the winding streamlets poured from receding elevations over the little greensward vales they encircle—were the boundaries of a river always,—in a word, that the Wye is a river designed by Nature itself.*

The Wye has been well described as a "capricious and headlong current," its sudden rises and falls rendering it but



IN GOODRICH CASTLE.

little available to commerce. During or after rains, it rushes along at immense speed, overflowing adjacent banks, and, in some instances, washing its rock boundaries. In fine weather, although a quick current even then, it becomes very shallow in parts. There are no "falls," nor is there any weir or lock, during the whole of the voyage we are describing; breaks are, however, numerous, the water sometimes "dropping" a foot or more, and bubbling into foam. Through nearly the whole of its course from Ross to Chepstow, where it joins the Severn, the Wye is, as Wordsworth describes it, "a wanderer through the woods," the trees generally descending so low from overhanging steeps as to border the stream; indeed, during its lower portion, the foliage and rocks are so closely intermixed as to afford no passage—not even a footpath—from the banks. These trees are for the most part oak and beech, the dark shades of the yew frequently giving force and character to the grouping. There is seldom much variety in the foliage, if we except that which arises from frequent orchards, for which Herefordshire and Gloucestershire are famous. As in all such cases, the adjacent meadows are ever green, and supply excellent pasturage to cattle. The great attraction of the Wye, however, consists in the singularly picturesque limestone rocks, which continually, as it were, look down upon and guard the river: from every hole and crevice creeps the ivy and other parasitic plants, covering them with various shades of green, except on jutting crags where the wind has power—these are left bare, or clothed only by lichens. They are "simple and grand,



GOODRICH CASTLE, FROM THE FERRY.

rarely formal and fantastic."* It is this combination which renders the scenery so peculiarly picturesque, although it produces little variety: indeed, a mile of the Wye, in any part of it, affords a complete idea of the whole; while its contracted character—closed in, as it is, by woods and rocks, never a stone's-throw apart—much impairs its beauty, when contrasted with rivers broader, and opening more expansive views. Moreover, the Wye is a lonely river; for miles together along its banks there are no habitations; the traffic on its waters is very limited; few are its factories of any kind; the extensive and gloomy forest of Dean encloses it during a large portion of its lower course; and the only peasantry who live along its sides are the boatmen and the charcoal-burners, who are seldom seen at their daily work—the one labouring only when the tide serves, and the other toiling among trees that hide him from sight:—

> ——"Wreaths of smoke
> Sent up in silence from among the trees;
> With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
> Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods."

To its natural gifts of beauty, and they are many, may be added those which are derived from pretty villages, generally scattered on hill-sides, the spires of near or distant churches, secluded farm-houses, cultivated demesnes, and mansions, populous towns and venerable bridges, and more especially the ruins of ancient castles and "holy abbeys;" some of the grandest "remains" in the kingdom, adding their attractions to the lovely river-scenery of the Wye, recalling, and with impressive effect, the lines of the poet:—

> "Time
> Hath moulded into beauty many a tower
> Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
> Was only terrible."

Such is the River Wye, to the leading charms of which we design to introduce the tourist.

* The Severn estuary seems, in the earliest times, to have formed the boundary between the Silurian Gwyddel, or Gael, and the tribe of the *Wiccas*, or watermen—or, as the monkish chroniclers called them, *Wiccii*—inhabiting the dales of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire; though the Wiccii, the more mercantile race, eventually occupied the peninsula between the Severn and Wye, constituting the Forest of Dean; this tract being of importance from its abundance of timber and iron ore, with which, as appears by a passage in "Cæsar's Commentaries," they traded with the opposite coast of Brittany, before his invasion of England. The iron ore crosses the Wye a few miles below Ross, near a detached and rugged eminence called the Doward (in Gaelic, the Black Height), but in some Welsh records, *Garth Einion* (the Smith's Hill). On the summit is a sloping plateau, depressed into two equal parts; that nearest the river crowned by an embankment of dry stones, and the farthest joined to it by one of earth, tripled at the summit, as if occupied a second time by some larger force. The smaller camp, lying immediately above a mineral excavation and near the river, seems the earliest, and is probably the Garth Einion of the Wiccian occupants; for until the junction of the upper plateau, the lower fastness was within arrow-shot of the summit, and thus must have been constructed by a people as yet ill practised in the employment of such missiles.

* "The rock, bleak, naked, and unadorned, cannot be considered beautiful. Tint it with mosses and lichens of various hues, and you give it a degree of beauty; adorn it with shrubs and hanging herbage, and you make it still more picturesque; connect it with wood and water, and you make it in the highest degree interesting."—Fosbroke.

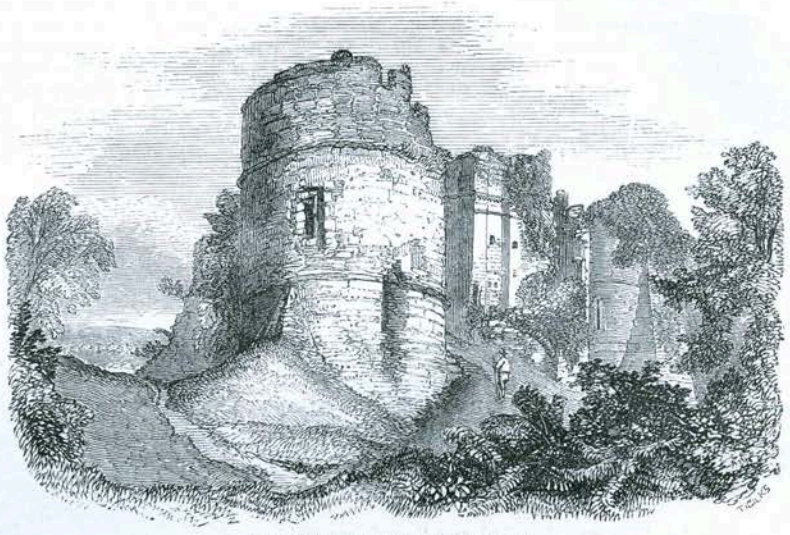
Under Pencraig House, the grounds of which are charmingly wooded to the water, we obtain a combined view of Goodrich Court and Goodrich Castle—the former a modern residence, the latter one of the most interesting and picturesque of the ancient remains which abound throughout the district we are visiting.* Perhaps nowhere in the kingdom will the traveller be more strongly impressed by the lines of the poet,—

> "There is a power
> And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
> To which the palace of the present hour
> Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower."

The "Court" is nearest; we visit that first: it occupies a hill summit; the site is fine; nature gave it this advantage; and also the trees that grow luxuriantly in the copse, orchards, and plantations, through which we ascend by a rugged footway from the river-side. The building, however, is a blot on the landscape; unmeaning towers, and turrets, and pinnacles, in "styles" outrageously "mixed," are utterly "out of keeping" with surrounding objects, and sadly disturb the tranquillizing thought induced before we reach, and after we leave, it. The structure was a "whim" of the late Sir Samuel Meyrick; and, we imagine, the architect, Mr. Blore, acted in obedience to "order"—the only "Order" he appears to have taken into account. Goodrich Court, however, contains that remarkable collection of ancient armour which Meyrick expended (and not unprofitably) a fortune and a life's labour to bring together: its value is here comparatively lost; few can see, and very few be advantaged by it. We believe it to be an heir-loom that may not be removed from its place. Tourists on the Wye should certainly examine this singular and interesting assemblage, although to do so involves a troublesome walk, and the payment of a shilling, which we respectfully think might be dispensed with by the inheritor of so rich a store of instructive wealth. To our friend, Mr. Fairholt, we are indebted for information we append in a note.†

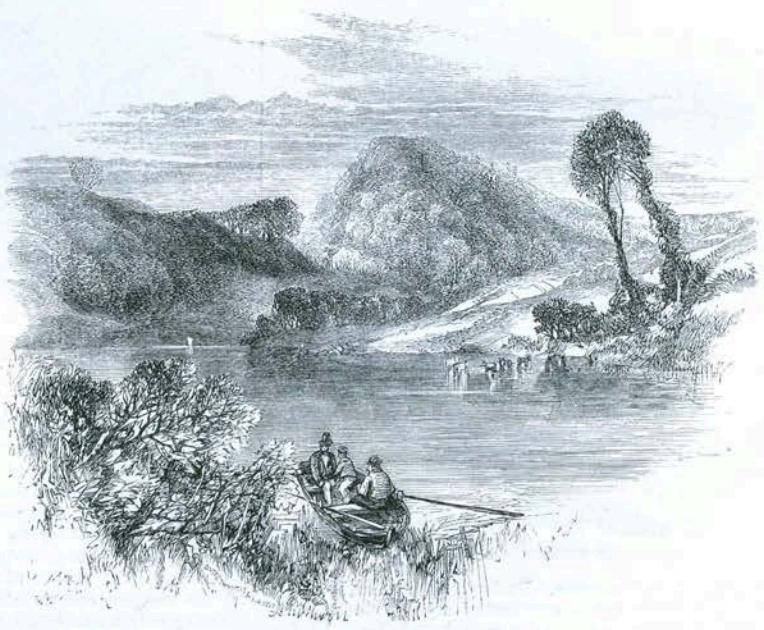
The boat is to meet us a few yards from the landing-place under Goodrich Court,—at Goodrich Ferry,—but there is a bend in the road, and we have a walk of a mile or more before we reach it. That walk is, however, through the village, where there is an old "Cage" converted into a comfortable cottage; and a church, with which are associated some memorable incidents. The spire of this church is, like that of Ross, seen from many points of view, and is always an effective adjunct to the landscape: it has other attractions; here were long located the ancestors of the famous Dean of St. Patrick's; one of whom, the Rev. Thomas Swift, was its vicar in 1628, and, taking zealous part with the sovereign, was, it is said, plundered more than thirty times by the army of the parliament, ejected from his living, his estate sequestrated, and himself imprisoned. A chalice, used by him, found its way into Ireland, and was, in 1726, "Presented by Jonathan Swift, D.D., Dean of the Church of St. Patrick, Dublin, grandson of the aforesaid Thomas, to Goodridge Church, to be for its use 'for ever.'" It is still in the keeping of the vicar, and is regarded as a relic of high value.‡

But we may not delay, for we have to pace the steep ascent that leads to Goodrich Castle. It is the relic of a noble fortalice, and would seem—seated on the topmost height of a hill that overlooks the rapid river, and aided by its broad moat, which time has not yet filled up—to have been impregnable: it was not so. Whatever its ancient glory may have been, it was doomed to fall before the persevering energy of the troops of the Commonwealth, and "the eighty barrels of powder" which "the Commons voted" as auxiliaries to their officer, Colonel Birch. He found the work, however, notwithstanding the added succours of "battering



GOODRICH CASTLE: THE NORTH TOWER.

cannon," "two monster pieces," and "six granadoes," by no means easy; for the garrison, under brave Sir Richard Lingen, kept him "without," from the 22nd June to the 3rd of August, 1646, which so exasperated the assailants that they refused to recognise a "white flag for parley," insisted upon "unconditional surrender," and made prisoners of war the governor and all his troops, with their "arms, ammunitions, and provisions."



ROSEMARY TOPPING.

It is not known who founded this grand fortress; but "the near affinity of its name to that of 'Godricus Dux,' which occurs in witness of two charters granted by King Canute to the Abbey of Hulm," has led to a conjecture that he was its first lord;* it is certain, however,

* The ancient road to Goodrich lay through a parish called Walford, where was the family seat of the Kyrles, of whom "the Man of Ross" was a junior member. It has been surmised that Walford lay on the line of Offa's Dyke, and thus derived its name; but this dyke, unfortunately, cannot be traced here, except by such as are predetermined to find it. The name is derived from Wælh (Welsh) Ford, a road—viz. the Welsh road. It is crossed by a very dangerous ford over the Wye, but there is now a good though more circuitous turnpike-road over Kern Bridge.

† The armoury is the largest and most complete private collection ever formed in England, and comprises many suits of a rare and valuable kind. The late Sir Samuel Meyrick was indefatigable as a collector, and his knowledge led him to publish the best English book on the subject, his "Critical Inquiry into Antient Armour," in three vols. folio, 1824; and some years afterwards the descriptive text to Skelton's engraved illustrations "of the Collection at Goodrich Court." He also arranged the collection in the Tower of London; and was, throughout life, the great authority on all matters connected with armour. The Goodrich collection embraces a history of weapons of defence commencing with the rude implements, flint, stone, or wood, of the savage tribes; they bear some analogy to those used by our primitive forefathers, of which many examples are also preserved. The early Greek, Etruscan, and Celtic relics are especially interesting; the mediæval armour is of great rarity; and in one instance has been admirably mounted under the direction of Sir Samuel, and in accordance with the old customs of the tournay. Thus on one side is the tree set up for supporting the emblazoned shields of the combatants, who are seated on armed and caparisoned horses tilting at each other; while their fellow-knights wait their turn on foot. Many of the noble suits of armour in this collection are remarkable for the artistic finish and beauty of their decorations; some are covered with engravings; and all indicate the large amount of cost bestowed on defensive weapons and body-armour. In the reign of the Emperor Charles V. Milan and Nuremberg were the principal factories from which knights were supplied, whose suits sometimes cost very large sums of money, being covered with embossed ornament and engraving, and often enriched with inlaid scroll-work of gold or silver. The collection has specimens of such costly works, only to be rivalled by the sumptuous jewelled armour of the East, of which it also contains many valuable specimens.

‡ Something of the quaint and humorous character of "the famous Dean" must have been inherited from his loyal grandfather. The following anecdote is related of the "malignant" vicar:—"Having mortgaged his estate at Goodrich for 300 broad pieces, and quilted them into his waistcoat, he set out for Raglan Castle, near Monmouth, whither the king had retired after the battle of Naseby, in 1645. The Earl of Worcester, who knew him well, asked what his errand was? 'I am come,' said Swift, 'to give his majesty my coat,' at the same time pulling it off, and presenting it. The earl told him pleasantly, that his coat was worth little. 'Why, then,' said Swift, 'take my waistcoat.' This was soon proved by its weight to be a more valuable garment; and it is remembered by Clarendon that the king received no supply more seasonable or acceptable during the whole war than these 300 broad pieces; his distress being at that time very great, and his resources altogether cut off."

* The foundation of this fortress, at least of that part which now appears most ancient, the square Keep, or Donjon, dates as far back as the reign of Edward the Confessor, and its erection was mingled with the strange and wretched medley of political confusion and intrigues which led to the Norman invasion. This feeble and vacillating monarch, at one time yielding to the ambitious Earl Godwin and his warlike sons, at another seeking a counteracting support from his Norman kindred, was, in the middle of the eleventh century, sorely pressed by the rebellion of Godwin and his son Harold, strengthened by their coalition with the King of South Wales. This had previously been repeated, and, in consequence, the Confessor had placed his own nephew Ralph in command of the border castle of Hereford, where he was killed by

that for a long period it was the baronial residence of the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, its earliest authenticated record bearing the date 1204, when it was given by King John to William Strigul, Earl Marshal, to hold "by the service of two knights' fees," his son Walter, Earl of Pembroke, dying here in 1246. To the Talbots it passed by marriage. Subsequently, by marriage also, to the De Greys, Earls, and afterwards Dukes, of Kent; and it was to the Countess of Kent the parliament, in 1646, conveyed intimation that there was "a necessity for its demolition," when it was demolished accordingly. The Keep is said to be of a date anterior to the Conquest. Its windows, arches, columns, and zigzag ornaments, still in good preservation, are described by some early writers as "the most truly Saxon that can be;" and so are the dungeons underneath, into which, when the castle was in its glory, light never entered, and air only through a few crevices. It is very doubtful, however, whether any other portion of the castle is older than the twelfth century.* One of the most graceful, and, at the same time, the most perfect of its architectural beauties, is that we have pictured. It is a charming "bit," and through the opening is a lovely view of the river and the wooded slopes opposite. Yet it stands nearest to that tower which suffered most from the cannon of the Commonwealth; on these slopes, now so tranquil, their artillery was planted, and their soldiery encamped, while the siege lasted.

No doubt subsequent additions, under several lords, gave to the structure its imposing character. There are distinct traces of such augmentations from an early to a comparatively late period. Its long and narrow galleries, sally-ports, batteries, vaulted gateways, semicircular towers, fosses, rock-hewn pits, huge buttresses, loop-holes and machicolations, decorated chapel, ladies' tower, watch towers, enormous fire-hearths, warder's seat, once gorgeous hall, huge fire-places, great chambers of state, dormitories, garrison towers, and spacious stables,—these, and many other objects, now broken either by time or war, and mantled with venerable ivy, attest its grandeur and its strength, when, for six centuries at least, it held sway over surrounding districts, and looked down in its magnificence, as it does now in its decay, upon the waters of the beautiful Wye.

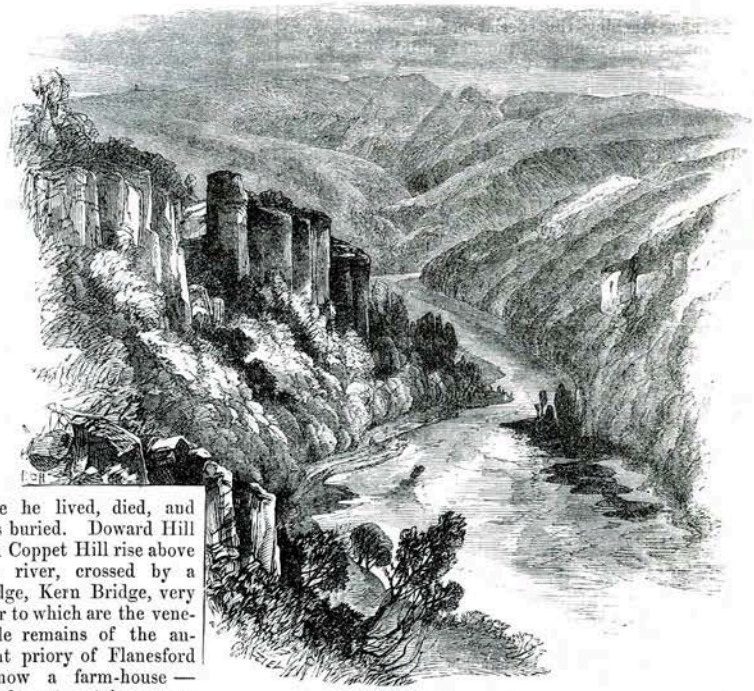
All honour to the lady who now owns the interesting ruin,† for the care and cost she expends to prevent the further encroachments of "the destroyer." A venerable chatelain—one Titus Morgan—who makes shoes in the village, and who has had the place in charge during forty-nine years, succeeding his father in the office, is an excellent and very communicative usher to its attractions; or his aides-de-camp, two agreeable daughters, are as ready and as skilful as himself in greeting and in guiding visitors.

Even if it were not so happily situated as it is, on the high-road to the beauties of the Wye, these remarkable ruins would amply repay a long *détour;* for although sufficiently large to convey an idea of immense capacity and power, they are singularly "condensed," and may be inspected with but small sacrifice of time and trouble. There are more extensive and far grander remains in many parts of this and the adjacent county, but none more interesting, more picturesque, or more entirely characteristic of an age when the stern realities of life supplied the staple of romance. Mr. HULME was on the opposite side of the river when he made his drawing: as he quaintly says, "he sat down before it, not as did its assailants of old, with a view to reduce the place to a ruin, but the ruin to a view;" in the hope of giving to others some portion of the intense enjoyment he himself derived from the glorious old pile—so fertile of thought to the antiquary, of pleasure to the tourist, and of instruction as well as delight to the artist.

But they who visit Goodrich Castle will lose a rich treat if they fail to ascend the Keep—an easy task—because of the magnificent and very beautiful view commanded from its summit.

THE COLDWELL ROCKS.

What a view—north, south, east, and west! Hills, enclosing fertile vales; dense woods surrounding pasture-fields, dotted with sheep; low meadow lands, on which luxuriate the famous Herefordshire cows, known here and everywhere by their red coats and white faces.* On one side are the distant Malvern Hills; on another, the hills that look down upon Hereford city; Further off are the Welsh mountains; while, moving southwards, we see the Coldwell rocks, Symond's Yat, and the tall Kymin, that hangs over Monmouth. In the immediate foreground is the small Church of Walford, of which the historian of the district, Fosbroke, was rector.



SYMOND'S YAT.

here he lived, died, and was buried. Doward Hill and Coppet Hill rise above the river, crossed by a bridge, Kern Bridge, very near to which are the venerable remains of the ancient priory of Flanesford—now a farm-house—which yet retains some relics of its former beauty. From this spot we best note the singular windings of the Wye: from Goodrich Ferry underneath us to Huntsham's Ferry† is a distance of only one mile, while by water there is a space of eight miles to be traversed between the one ferry and the other.

We re-enter our boat, leave to the right the old priory, pass under Kern Bridge, and are

the Welsh, and the castle burnt. The king himself residing much in the vicinity of Gloucester, where his naval and military reserves were collected, his staunch friend and counsellor, Bishop Aldred of Worcester, at that time erected a stately church at Gloucester "to the honour of St. Peter," and, as *de facto* a sort of "secretary-at-war," endeavoured to regulate in a somewhat orderly manner the defence of the frontier. A portion of this church yet remains, forming the chapter-room of Gloucester Cathedral, and the close similarity of style refers the chapter-room of Gloucester and the keep at Goodrich to the same architect. The latter was styled "Castrum Godrici," the name of Godricus, designated as a king's thane, appearing in Domesday Book as the owner of estates of some magnitude in the neighbourhood of Dean Forest on the right, and of other royal demesnes on the left, bank of Severn. It was probably a command subordinated to the Castle of Hereford. The cost of its repair at one time devolved by tenure on the Abbot of Winchcombe, near Cheltenham, a royal residence in the reign of Kenulphus; and at the erection of Goodrich Castle, Bishop Aldred had the revenues of this abbey, and endeavoured, with little success, to hold the king's party together, in opposition to the rebellious earls. There is a curious inscription in one of the lower windows relating to the family of Aylmer de Valence, in the time of Edward II. Those who are anxious for further details may either consult Lappenberg's "History of the Anglo-Saxons," or Sir Bulwer Lytton's novel of "Harold," as their taste may incline in favour of the authentic or the fanciful.

* "It is expressly mentioned in record that Goodrich Castle was the fortress of the tract called Arcenfield or Irchenfield, from the Roman station at Ariconium. This tract was formerly forest, for in the *Chartæ Antiquæ*, in the Tower of London, is the order for its disafforestation."—FOSBROKE. Irchenfield is Saxon, and means the Field of Hedgehogs. Urchin is still a common local name for the hedgehog.

† Mrs. Marriott. Elizabeth, the second daughter and co-heiress of Gilbert Talbot, seventh Earl of Shrewsbury, conveyed the castle in marriage to Henry De Grey, Earl of Kent, in whose family it continued till the year 1740, when, on the death of Henry, Duke of Kent, it was sold to Admiral Griffin. Mrs. Marriott is his grand-daughter.

* The breed is peculiar to Herefordshire, and is preserved pure with exceeding care. If a calf with a red face or particoloured coat enters the world, his sure destiny is the stall of the butcher. The cows, however, are not famous for milk—they grow and fatten too much for that. As a farmer we met at Monmouth expressed it, "They give none of it away; they keep it all to thirsels!"

† It is stated by Mr. Cliffe—we know not on what authority—that "in 1387, Henry IV. was hastening across Huntsham Ferry, on his way to Monmouth, in deep anxiety about his royal consort, whose confinement was near at hand, when he was met by a messenger who announced the birth of a prince—Henry V.—and the safety of the queen. The king bestowed the ferry on this man as a guerdon. The grant still exists."

voyaging down the rapid current of the Wye. The object that first attracts our notice is the distant spire of Ruarden, or Ruer-dean, Church, crowning the summit of a lofty hill. We soon approach Courtfield, famous in history, or rather in tradition, as the place in which the fifth Harry was nursed. We do not find, however, any safe authority for the fact, although it may be true that "being, when young, of a sickly habit, he was placed here under the care of the Countess of Salisbury;" and it is further said, that the countess lies buried in the little church of Welsh Bicknor,* close at hand, and which we pass on our voyage down the stream.† Obviously, the monument referred to is of later date. Such was the opinion of Sir Samuel Meyrick (a safe and sure authority). Welsh Bicknor is a pretty church, among the smallest in England, and is now in process of "restoration"—we trust, under wise guardianship. The simple and graceful parsonage-house beside it is happy in suggestions of the tranquil life which a country clergyman, above all other men, may enjoy.

The old mansion of Courtfield is altogether gone—a "stately house" supplies its place; but, until within a comparatively recent period, a few walls of the ancient structure were standing; now, we believe, not a vestige of it remains.‡

The estate of Courtfield is held by the Vaughans, descendants of the family who are said to have possessed it in the time of Henry V.§ They continue Roman Catholics. The demesne is charmingly situated; the foliage of the wooded slopes spreads to the river-brink; but for a distance of, perhaps, two miles before the dwelling is reached, there is a border of tall and finely grown elm-trees—the elm and the witch-elm planted alternately; and although time has destroyed some of them, the greater number endure in green old age.

> "How nobly does this venerable wood,
> Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,
> Embosom yon fair mansion!"

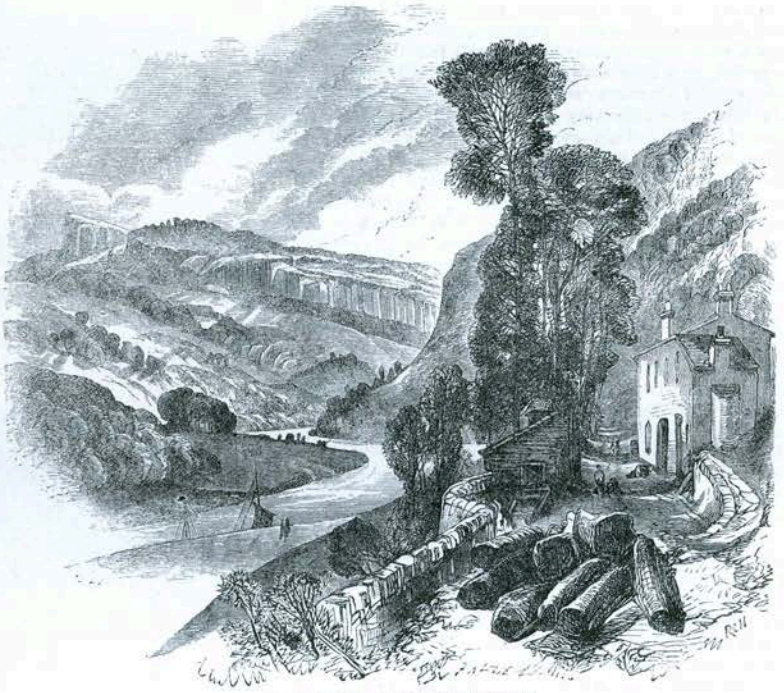
At a turn of the river, before the mansion is seen, we pass the village of Lidbrook. Iron and tin are both manufactured here, the neighbouring Forest of Dean supplying charcoal in abundance.‖ The village borders the river, and presents a busy and bustling scene; the smoke from tall chimneys rising above the foliage, and the boats and barges at the quay forming a picture somewhat singular and striking in this peculiarly rural district.

We are now reaching the special beauties of the Wye. Directly fronting us is one of the most charming of its views from the source to the mouth, a tree-clad hill—nothing more. The hill is called Rosemary Topping, a pleasant name affixed to a scene of surpassing grace and beauty. Trees of various shades and character rise from the base to its topmost height, ending, apparently, in a point covered with a mass of rich foliage.¶ Our engraving will convey a sufficiently accurate idea of the scene.

But we are now reaching "the lion" of the district—the famous Coldwell Rocks.

These rocks derive their name from a singularly cold well in the neighbourhood; so, at least, it is said in "the books," but our inquiries failed to discover it. There are springs enough—and no doubt they are sufficiently frigid; but none of the "authorities" point to any one in particular. Mr. Hulme's sketch will convey an idea of this very beautiful scene. It is impossible, however, to describe it accurately—either by pen or pencil. A succession of rocks—bare in parts, and in others clad in green—hanging almost perpendicularly over the river, are separated by deep and narrow clefts, in which grow a variety of trees, some of them rising so high as to be on a level with the hill-top; others apparently a mass of evergreen shrubs, light and dark, harmoniously mingled by the master-hand of nature. The peculiar character of the Wye here adds materially to the beauty of the landscape. As we approach it we see Raven Cliff right before us; presently, a pretty peaked rock, called after the poet Bloomfield (some time a resident in the neighbourhood), comes in sight; then Symond's Yat; then Vansittart's Rock; then Adare's Rock, with others which, if they be named, have, as the guide informed us, "names of no account."* These rocks are all on the left bank; on the right bank is a sweep of low-lying meadow land, not unfrequently covered with water. The reader is called upon to imagine a series of steep cliffs, covered with verdure to the river's brink—the tops bare, but picturesquely bare, for the lichens and creeping plants preserve them from unseemly nakedness. Such are the Coldwell Rocks; but to be appreciated, they must be seen; our written description, as compared with the scene, is as cold as the coldest spring that gave a name to so much of natural grace and delicious beauty.

We land here, to walk up and down hill for about a mile; the boat meanwhile makes its voyage of five miles, and rejoins us, giving us time to ascend "Symond's Yat,"† and enjoy a view immeasurably superior even to that we have already described. We shall first rest at the cottage of the guide; if it be spring, we may scent the blossoms of an abundant orchard; and if autumn, we can taste its fruit; at any season, a draught of home-made cider is sure to be



SYMOND'S YAT, FROM GREAT DOWARD.

offered to the tourist by the civil and obliging woman who keeps the house, and who will presently walk with us through the close underwood that may confuse our path, if unattended. She will draw attention to a little bubbling rivulet, that here divides Herefordshire from Gloucestershire; point out a pretty infant-school, founded and still endowed by the good Bishop of Newfoundland, formerly the rector of English Bicknor—a parish he does not forget, although many thousand miles of sea are now between him and that pleasant vale beside the sylvan Wye! She will show you other objects that greet the eye as you ascend; and will soon place you—and leave you—on a broad platform, which is the summit of the Yat, that seemed a pointed peak when you gazed upon it from the river below. You are six hundred feet above the stream; and hence you have in view seven counties—Herefordshire, in which you note "the Beacon;" Worcestershire, which displays to you the Malvern Hills; Shropshire, where the Clee Hills invite your gaze; Brecknockshire, where the Black Mountain courts your ken; Radnorshire, where "the Welsh Mountains" rise above the mist; Monmouthshire, where the Coppet Hill comes between you, and the spire of Ross, on the one side, while Great Doward on the other, keeps Monmouth town from your sight; and Gloucestershire, on which you stand!

> "—— Mountains stern and desolate;
> But in the majesty of distance now
> Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
> Of aspect, with aërial softness clad,
> And beautified with morning's purple beam."

Symond's Yat is, therefore, rightly classed among the most beautiful objects of this beautiful locality: below and above—at its base and on its height—the scene is very lovely!

---

* The name in Doomsday Book is Bicanofre, viz. Vychan (little), Ovre (a passage or crossing over a river), as the same thing at Gloucester Bridge is called "over," *par excellence*.

† Welsh Bicknor is so called to distinguish it from English Bicknor, in Gloucestershire, two miles below it, on the opposite side of the river; the river being the ancient boundary between England and Wales—

> "Inde vagos vaga Cambrenses, hinc respicit Anglos,"

according to the monk, Neckham, a writer of Latin poetry, who died in the year 1217. It is said his name was Nequam, and that he changed it to Neckham, "because, when he desired to be re-admitted to St. Alban's Priory, the abbot replied to him, "Si bonus sis, venias—si nequam, nequaquam."

‡ It is said to have been the abode of Ion Vychan, or Little Jack, a Welsh freebooter.

§ The Vaughans, according to Coxe (Hist. Monmouthshire) have no records of their residence here earlier than the time of Elizabeth; the family, however, trace their pedigree much further back.

‖ An historical and descriptive account of the Forest of Dean has been recently published by the Rev. H. G. Nicholls—a clergyman long resident in the immediate neighbourhood. To that volume we must refer the reader who may desire information on the subject, for to give it proper consideration in our pages is out of the question. Mr. Nicholls has made a useful, though a "dry" book. We may regret the absence of legends, traditions, and characteristic anecdotes, which no doubt might be found in abundance in this singularly primitive and wild district. The people there are still but partially civilized, although very different from what they were when Camden describes them as "so given to robbing and spoiling that there were lawes made by the authority of Parliament to restrain them."

¶ "At Coldwell the front screen appears as a woody hill [the hill is Rosemary Topping], swelling to a point. In a few minutes it changes its shape, and the woody hill becomes a lofty side screen on the right; while the front unfolds itself into a majestic piece of rock scenery."—GILPIN. "This is the most perfect specimen of a dressed hillock, which should always have low and bushy plants, because large trees, if few, look meagre and scattered; if numerous, heavy and uniform. No mixture of exotics could produce the beautiful tints, and no skill the exquisite grouping and disposition of this admirable exemplar of a thicket laid out by nature."—FOSBROKE.

---

* Some sixty years ago the barristers in going to the assizes went down the Wye, and gave their names to the different rocks; Vansittart was one of them. There is unhappily no more dignified or poetical origin for these names. Just before we approach Coldwell Rocks, a singular but not very picturesque object will attract the eye; it is a monument erected by bereaved parents to the memory of a son who was drowned here about sixty years ago.

† "Yat," is simply "gate:" in some books we find this beautiful spot called "Cymon's Yat." It probably meant the "Seaman's Yate," or road, in reference to the Danish foray, of which it was the chief scene.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

Part III.—The Wye: from Ross to Monmouth.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY F. W. HULME, ETC.

SYMOND'S "Yat," is in some records called by the characteristic name, Jutland; for the rock, of which it consists, here forces the Wye to make a circuitous bend, encompassing it on three sides so as to form a small peninsula, on the summit of which the spectator has the singular problem of seeing the river on each side of him. The limestone rock rises to a precipitous peak; and below it, at a less altitude, a rugged hill of siliceous breccia, the summit of which is fenced by a line of massive boulders so continuous as to resemble a cyclopean wall. This summit has been used as a camp, secured on one side by the natural line of boulder stones; on another by the chasm or depression between the breccia and limestone rocks; and on the other sides by the precipice and river. On the side next the chasm it has been further strengthened by a triple earthwork, like that on the Doward.

By means of these two works, one on each side of the Wye, having some rich pasture contiguous to each, the aboriginal settlers were at once in a position of security and abundance, and could follow their mining and pastoral occupations with little fear of serious molestation.

These fortresses were destined, after the lapse of centuries which saw the rise and fall of the Roman domination, the expulsion of the Silures by the Cambrian Britons, and, again, the humiliation of the latter by the encroaching Saxon kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex, to be occupied by new intruders.

In the eleventh year of Edward the Elder (A. D. 911), a body of Norwegian vikings, led by Eric, the Bloody Axe, then a mere lad, one of the numerous sons of Harald Haarfager, supported by two Jarls, Roald or Rognvald, and Uhter or Otter, in a marauding expedition landed at Beachley, near Chepstow, and crossing Dean Forest, took post at Symond's Yat, or Jutland. From its summit they could survey the broad expanse of meadows west of the town of Ross, and which had been part of the little British kingdom of Ergnig, now called the Hundred of Archenfield, over which the celebrated Vortigern was once king, or *subregulus*. In quest of plunder, they took prisoner a British bishop, named Camailgaret, who was ransomed by the king for £40. The scene of ransom is depicted in an ancient fresco on the church wall at Dewchurch, near Ross. The shires of Hereford and Gloucester were assembled, and the *posse comitatus* surrounded the viking troop in their fastness at Symond's Yat, near which they formed a square encampment, yet visible. From this place Symond's Yat would be so exposed to arrow-shot as to be untenable.

Here the vikings seem to have escaped down the easiest side of the precipice towards the old camp on Doward Hill; but, as it would seem, with ill fate, for near the ford leading to it is a defile still called The Slaughter. It is said that Jarl Roald, and Geolcie, the brother of Jarl Uhter, with a great part of their army, were here slain. A considerable body must have reached the Doward Hill; and as some time was necessary to follow and surround them again, they were able to enlarge the old Silurian fortress, and protect its summit by the same kind of triple embankment found at Symond's Yat. In the sequel they capitulated, and were allowed to leave the country—a sequel quite intelligible when the nature of the entrenchment at Doward Hill is considered.*

In our description of the views from Symond's Yat we have noted only distant objects; but those that are close at hand are of surpassing beauty. You trace the course of the river during part of its long journey, since you left it; you look on rich farms, pleasant villages, and pretty homesteads among trees; you see the hill-rocks of varied and fantastic forms; the steep and winding footways that lead from dales to hills; here and there a rippling stream, leisurely making way towards the river, and singing as it goes; now and then, a boat, with oars or sail, or a laden barge, passes up or down, the boatman's song ascending; or you hear the workman's tool ringing through the air, as he forces the limestone from the mass, to burn in lime-kilns, picturesquely scattered on the hill-side.

On the left, you look down upon a mass of close trees—so close that there can be no space between them for miles upon miles. It is the Forest of Dean; dark and dense pillars of smoke issue here and there out of the matted foliage; they rise from occasional foundries, for the smoke created by the charcoal-burners is light and blue, and adds to the picturesque as it ascends upwards. Yon hill is Buckstone Hill, on the summit of which is Staunton Church, and which holds a venerable remain of the Druids; the hill more distant is the Kymin, looking down upon Monmouth. On its top also there is a monument to the naval heroes of a time not long past. These records of ages remote and near we shall reach in due course.

THE LIME-KILNS AT NEW WEIR.

Our boat awaits us: it has gone its five miles round—passed Huntsham Farm and Huntsham Ferry, and Whitchurch Ferry—and rests at the Ferry of New Weir.*

The lock and weir formerly here have vanished; they were found to be useless in a river so continually liable to sudden rises and falls; and although indications of their whereabouts are frequently encountered, there are none remaining between Hereford and Chepstow; they were, indeed, not only useless, but injurious to navigation, and destructive of the fish, and so were removed by the Crown soon after the estate was purchased. At this place are also the remains of some iron-works, to assist which it is said the weir was constructed at this spot.

THE DROPPING WELL.

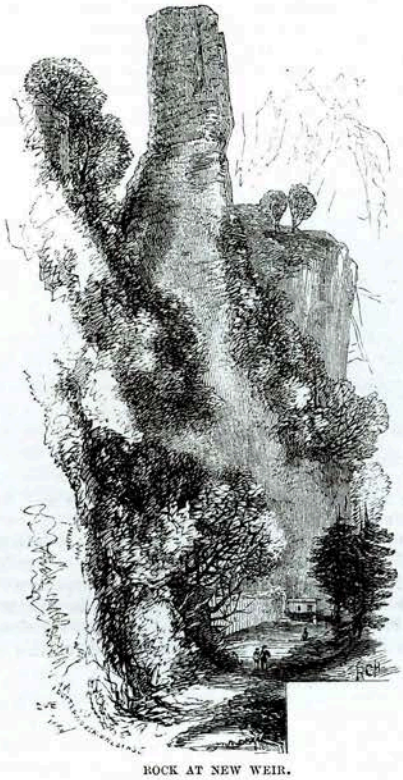
"New Weir is not a broad fractured face of rock, but, rather, a woody hill, from which large rocky projections, in two or three places, burst out, rudely hung with twisting branches and shaggy furniture, which, like mane round the lion's head, give a more savage air to these wild exhibitions of Nature." Near the top, a pointed fragment of solitary rock, rising above the rest, has "rather a fantastic appearance." This rock Mr. Hulme pictured. Seen at a distance, it bears a close resemblance to a time-worn turret of some ancient castle, looking down on the dell beneath. "The scene at the New Weir consists of exquisite crags, thrown into fine confusion by falls from the upper rim. These crags are full of projections and recesses and heaps of ruins,

* For this information, and also for the interesting notes concerning Goodrich Castle and the Black Mountains, we are indebted to the kindness and courtesy of a correspondent—Henry H. Fryer, Esq., of Coleford, Gloucestershire.

* The New Weir is distant from Ross five miles by land, and eighteen miles by water.

all shrubbed and weather-holed, and forming a most romantic variety of shelves, rude arches, clefts, and mimic towers. Between this and the opposite bank of rock-wall and hanging wood the river, rapid and confined, roars hastily along. The banks are a series of meadows of deep rich green, enlivening the dusky gloom of the narrow dell. A single rock column gives an agreeable novelty to the side crags. It is only one of many others similar that were standing sixty years ago, insulated from the main wall of rock, but now either fallen or gormandized by the ravenous lime-kiln, that, regardless of the beauty of the Wye, 'in grim repose expects his evening prey.'" We are quoting Fosbroke's Notes on Gilpin's Tour.

The scenery of this neighbourhood, although it has much beauty, has much sameness—rocks and trees overhanging water. We have now the Forest of Dean on both sides of the river; and amid dense foliage clothing the steeps from the brink, we pursue our voyage. Passing a pretty lodge of one of the keepers—the only one on the right bank*—we arrive at



ROCK AT NEW WEIR.

THE DROPPING WELL—a singular formation of rocks, scattered without order, the result, probably, of some terrible earth-shaking, ages ago. The water has a petrifying influence, resembling that of certain wells in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and it has given a very remarkable character to the hill sides and the huge masses of conglomerated stones which abound on the piece of flat land that skirts the river.

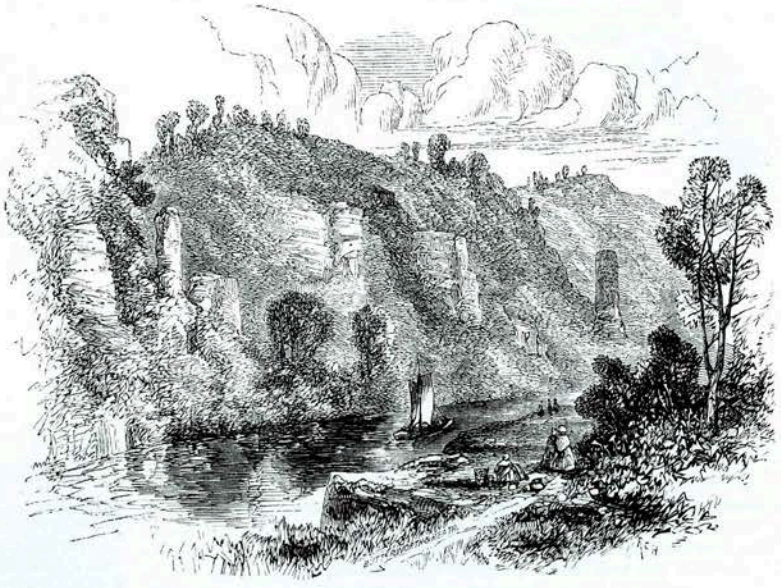
In this immediate neighbourhood is the deepest part of the Wye. It has here a depth of sixty feet at low water; while within a few yards of this dell, underneath, it suddenly shallows to a few inches. We picture a group of singular rocks, which form a sort of water-wall to the Great Doward: they are of the class of which we have seen so many—very striking, and highly picturesque, clothed as they are with lichens of various hues, with stunted shrubs springing here and there out of crevices, and surmounted by tall and finely-grown trees.† We pass a beautiful demesne, the Leys House, with many charming hills and hollows, and reach another lion of the district—Hadnock. "The right side consists of fields, forming the area of a sylvan amphitheatre; and the left is made up of meadows, in flat, swell, and hollow, intermingled with woody ridges, and strips of fields in front of steep side-screens of wood." The view here is exceedingly charming.

* There are in the forest twelve keepers; but their business is only to look after the wood; game is not preserved.

† "The river roars along a curve, between High Meadow Woods on the left, and the rock-wall of the Great Doward on the right. At the end of this reach is a beautiful mass of rock, crowned with shrubs and pendulous creepers; in front the river forms a pool, and is backgrounded by the summit of the Little Doward in sugar-loaf."—FOSBROKE.

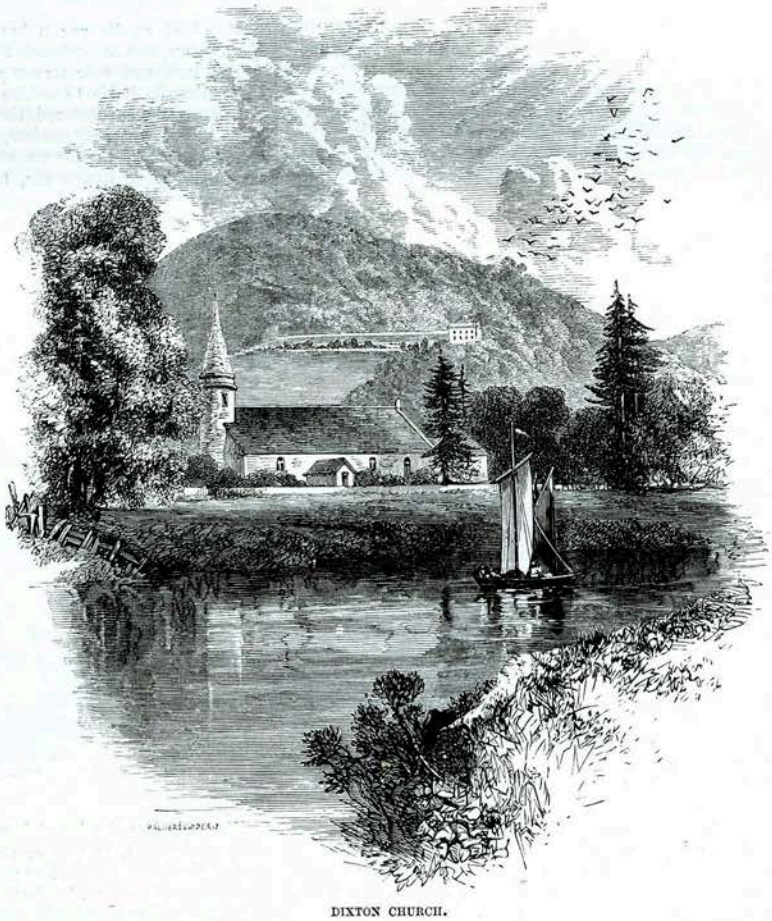
"Between the Great and Little Doward, in a valley, lies a singularly picturesque estate, called the Kiln-house Farm. In a corner of it is a romantic cavern, bearing the name of King Arthur's Hall." It was probably a mine, out of which was obtained iron ore in old times.

An ancient church—CHURCH DIXTON—is encountered close to a small bourne that marks the division between the counties of Herefordshire and Monmouthshire, the opposite bank being in Gloucestershire.* "But description flags (we borrow a passage from Gilpin) in running over such a monotony of terms. High, low, steep, woody, rocky, and a few others, are all the colours of language. We have to describe scenes in which there are infinite gradations, and,



THE DOWARD ROCKS.

amidst some general sameness, infinite peculiarities." Fosbroke, in his notes to Gilpin, complains that the author must have become sleepy when he thus "slabbers over a fine scene of continual change and inimitable grouping." But it is certain that when the voyage has been made between Ross and Monmouth, the eye and mind have wearied of the perpetual succession of rock,



DIXTON CHURCH.

wood, and water, seldom and but little varied. The "wanderer on the Wye" should, therefore, never fail to ascend the heights which so frequently present themselves, and obtain views of

* For the drawing of "Dixton Church," also for that of the "Doward Rocks," that of the "Junction of the Wye and Monnow," and that of "Monmouth from the Monnow," we are indebted to the courtesy of Captain Carter, an accomplished artist-amateur, resident at Monmouth.

the winding river, the near hills, and the distant mountains; his pleasure will thus be very largely enhanced.

We have now in view Little Doward—again rocks, again trees, again water. The eye is attracted by a view-tower of cast-iron; it is unfinished, in consequence, it is understood, of alarm that it might attract lightning—an idea that did not occur until a large sum had been expended in its construction. The rocks here, on the right bank, become more continuous, but vary little in character from those of which we have seen so much, and of which, perhaps, we begin to weary. Many of them have names: thus, here we have the Martin Rocks; the river here, which is deep, is called "Martin's Pool." But the guides and boatmen are silent as to their origin; neither tradition nor invention being aids at their side as they conduct the tourist up and down the stream.*

Every now and then, as you row along the river, you reach a quiet and retired nook, in which the patient fisher has moored his boat: it is strongly fastened to the bank by ropes, and made steady at the bow by a strong pole, to which it is attached: the net is of course overboard, and the rope which connects it with the punt the fisher holds in his hand—he is thus instantly informed when a salmon has entered it, inasmuch as he feels the sudden check. The net is then rapidly raised, and the fish transferred to the "cool parlour" of the boat. Sometimes the fisherman is fortunate; but often he has to sit a whole day, from before sunrise till long after sunset, in this constrained position, his hand just above the stream, without the excitement of a single touch.

If, however, he can enjoy nature, he will receive ample compensation for the absence of sport. His choice of station is always some peculiarly quiet spot, out of the way of passers, where the foliage grows luxuriantly, where the breezes are always refreshing, and sometimes musical, and where sweet birds are ever singing among branches overhead, among the reeds and rushes at his side, or high in the air above.

And so we moor our boat at the quay, and enter Monmouth town.

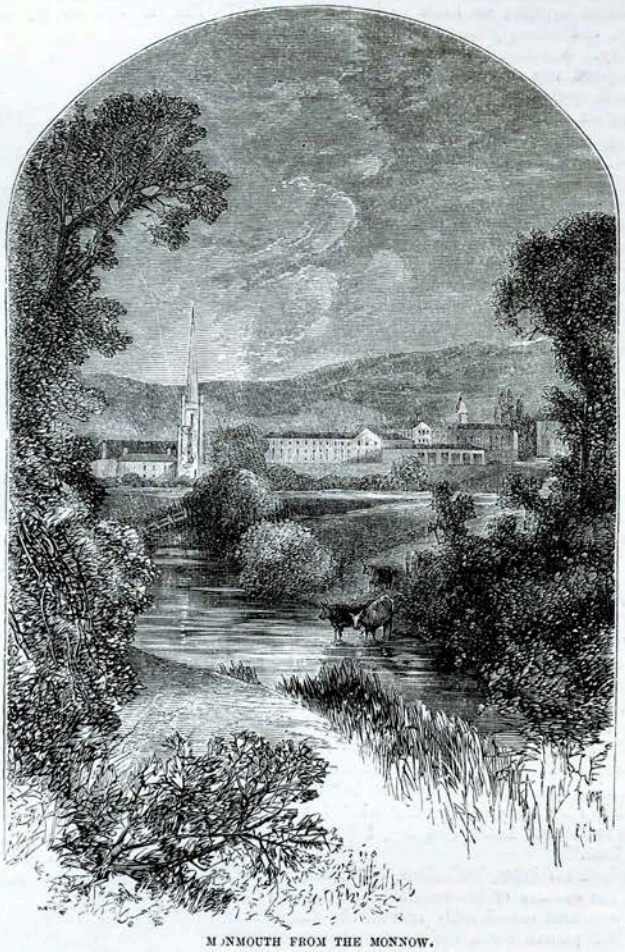
The town, standing as it does on an elevation above the two rivers, is thus seen to great advantage. Our engravings supply two views: the first, as it appears from the meadows that skirt the Monnow; the second, from the old bridge that crosses the Wye. The several objects of interest in and about the town we shall describe in the part that follows.

And here we shall, for a time, leave the Wye and its attractions of beautiful and picturesque scenery, of ancient ruins, of graceful hills, of pleasant streamlets, of pretty villages, and of lordly mansions; while lofty mountains lend their interest everywhere, sometimes near, but more often at far-off distances, frequently as dim outlines calling up associations with the long past, few of them being more striking or more suggestive than the Black Mountains, looming in sight from any of the adjacent steeps.†

Hereafter, it will be our duty to return to this charming district: first, to picture the Wye from its source in Plinlimmon to the town of Ross, and next, to describe it from Monmouth, where we now leave it, to its junction with "Princelie Severn," below Chepstow.

It is below the town that the Wye and Monnow meet, just under a tree-clad hill, to which is given the unaccountable name of "Gibraltar." The two rivers run at either side of a flat green meadow, and embrace as they turn its corner, proceeding thence together to Chepstow town, thence to rapid Severn, and thence into the Bristol Channel.

Our readers will bear in mind that we are not yet in WALES: Monmouthshire is now one of our English counties, though "anciently" it appertained to the ancient Britons, and was the battle-field of so many of their gallant and continuous struggles for liberty, not only with the Romans, not alone with the Saxons, nor merely with the Norman invaders; in later ages they



MONMOUTH FROM THE MONNOW.

fought bravely, and under many disadvantages, with succeeding kings, and "the English," their enemies down to a comparatively recent period.

On this subject we shall have much to say when we advance further into "the bowels of the land," according due honour to a people ever brave, ever enduring, and ever fierce in their

MONMOUTH FROM THE WYE.

fights for freedom, under sovereigns who merited better destinies than generally it was their lot to achieve. Happily now "Wales" and "England" are one. But time has not rendered less the duty of the historian to chronicle the heroism of a race who have to-day lost none of the renown they kept through centuries gone by.

* Upon the Little Doward, a hill of peculiarly fine outline, viewed in front from the Monmouth road, are the interesting remains of a British camp. Three circular terraces wind up to the summit. It is a valuable relic of British fortification, where Caractacus probably posted himself, for how otherwise are the adjacent Roman camps on the Great Doward and Symond's Yat to be accounted for? Ostorius probably attempted to force him by the Great Doward, but apparently did not succeed, and being compelled to cross the river encamped at Symond's Yat. The inference is drawn from the circumstance of the Gauls having taken up a position protected by a river, where even Cæsar declined action.—FOSBROKE.

"The fierce Silures," who inhabited this district, held in equal contempt the lures and the menaces of the Romans. The Silures, under their general, Caractacus, made a tedious and desperate resistance. The neighbourhood is full of evidence that, if a barbarous people, they kept the civilizers of the world long at bay, availing themselves of all natural aids—hills, forests, and morasses, "gaer-dykes," hollows, and dens, and especially rivers; always retreating when the Romans succeeded in luring them into close action. According to Giraldus Cambrensis, "the Welsh passed days and nights in running over the tops of hills and penetrating woods.'

† A distant range of hills called the Black Mountains, where, in 1093, Rhys, the last king of South Wales, was defeated and slain by Bernard De Neuf Marche, one of the Conqueror's earliest followers, who was rewarded with the county of Brecknock, marrying, as usual, one of the Welsh royal family; and on whose heiress, Sybil, marrying Fitzwalter Milo, Earl of Hereford, she carried his possessions into that family. Bernard was buried in Bishop Aldred's old Saxon Church of St. Peter, at Gloucester, before the altar, where an inscription calls him "Bernardus de Novo Mercato," translated Newmarket, when in truth—as there were no Welsh counties until the reign of Henry VIII., but it was divided into lordships, or marches—Bernard was the Lord of the New March just conquered, viz., Brecon. From this time the independence of Wales, long a shadowy unreality, ceased even in pretence, save in predatory or feeble struggles, vainly encouraged by the national bards, whose poetic spirit, gradually becoming more "fluttering, faint, and low," died out in such plaintive but touching melodies as that of "Merch Megan," of late so elegantly arranged by Brinley Richards.

We may pause in our descriptions of beautiful scenery—of rock, hill, vale, and river, and of grand relics of the olden time—to introduce one of those episodes such as rarely fail to occur to the wanderer who is seeking incident as well as searching for the picturesque.

As we toiled up the steep—that leads from Goodrich village to Goodrich Castle—along a pathway, rendered rugged by recent rains, we encountered a man whom, by an almost instinctive impulse, we knew to be "a character." He was stout, and strongly built, with but one arm, and limped painfully. A fishing-basket was strapped on his back, and his fishing-rod was so constructed as to serve the purpose of a walking-stick. He paused frequently, leaning sometimes against a tree, sometimes against a projecting knoll: at length he sat down on a sort of stile, hitched up his basket, placed his rod beside him, removed his felt hat, and wiped his bald head and rugged brows. His was a most contradictory countenance: the forehead full and well-proportioned, the eyes restless and bright—jesting, "gamesome" eyes—the nose short and abrupt—at once clever and coarse; so far so good—there was abundant observation, as well as sunshine, above; but the mouth was loose, with turned-down, discontented, corners; the upper lip ready to curl into a snarl; the jaw heavy, the chin full to sensuality: still the whole was remarkable; and it is ever a treat to encounter what is not common-place. We exchanged greetings. He had observed us overlooking the rich landscape, where, from amid surrounding woods, rose the tall spire of the church we had that morning visited—the Church of Ross. He was sufficiently acute to guess our train of thought; the eyes that beamed so brightly became dark, while his lip curled into an expression sarcastic and bitter.

"I have," he said, "been admiring the fidelity with which the intentions of 'The Man of Ross' are carried out; I find myself often called upon—by myself—to admire that sort of thing, and sometimes to ponder over it before I can make it out: here it strikes the wayfarer at once—'He who runs may read.' Now I do not,—as you have no doubt perceived,—I do not '*run*,' but I can read and think. We honour the charities of the dead by care to their bequests! I am really a wayfarer, having neither house nor home, and care as little for kith and kin, as kith and kin are likely to care for a relative houseless and homeless. I had a boy-dream of how proud I should feel to have been born even a parish child of the town of John Kyrle; I nourished and cherished that dream during a toilsome life, and at last made a pilgrimage to visit his shrine; yet, seeing what I have seen, and hearing what I have heard, this day, I thank God I am *not* a man of Ross."

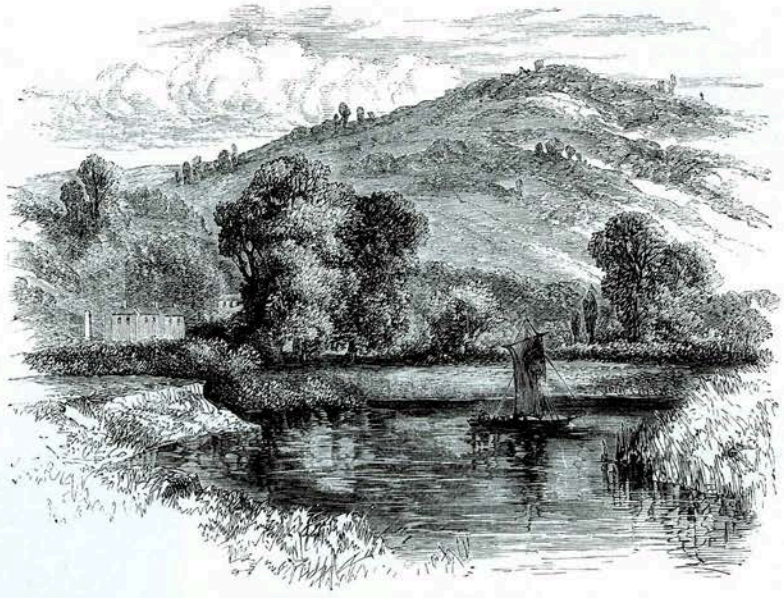
Again he wiped his brow, his colour faded, the sarcastic lip uncurled, the corners of his mouth became rather more straight; he appeared considerably relieved by the torrent of words he had poured forth, and by the vehemence with which he struck one end of his fishing-rod into the sward.

"Still," we said, "despite all the present can do to obliterate the past—to eradicate the memory of a man his fellow-men affect to honour—the facts of his existence and his good deeds have become history, and are patent to the whole world."

"Ah," he said, "that may be true; yet I have been trying to believe, for the last half-hour, that the 'Man of Ross' never did exist except in the poetry of Pope."

He laughed bitterly; and it was a study to observe the rapid and varied expression of his contradictory face; but he was fond of talking, and only paused to gain breath.

"The law of nature is reversed with me. When my limbs were sound, before I lost my arm, and my foot was crushed by a railway accident,—now don't pity me, nor look as if you did,—that accident was my salvation; what maimed and mangled half my body, unfettered the other and better half—left my head clear, and gave me leisure. I was a quill-driving automaton till then; chained to a desk for twelve hours a day, and often working over hours—often sixteen out of the twenty-four—with a week's holiday just to make me pant for the life of a tramper. The railway directors are liberal gentlemen; if they dismember you, they pay you handsomely. I never estimated myself at half the value they put upon me. They taught me self-respect. If thus mutilated I was worth so much—what must I have been worth when perfect? It ought to have made my old lawyer-master ashamed of himself and the pound a week he paid me. The annuity I receive will keep me out of the workhouse to the end of my days; and I'm free of field and flood! Until winter sets in, I seldom sleep two nights in the same place. I choose to think my rod my recreation; yet I have work on hand—hard work—but it is of my own choosing. The first thing I do when I arrive in a town, is to inquire into its charities: the second, to discover their abuse. Now, mark! I have seldom found the one without the other. Talk of history!—such a history as I could write! You may depend upon it, that all the directors of public charities are born under the planet Mercury; but, perhaps, you laugh at astrology, and treat the stars with contempt. You do not know them as I do," and then his eyes looked so fierce and wild, that we began to doubt his sanity. "Directors of public charities," he continued, "however innocent and honest they may be at the commencement of their career, become thieves before it is finished. I see you do not believe me. Well, it's pleasant to have faith in human honesty; but if you desire to enjoy the luxury, do not inquire into the management of public charities. The lion has always his jackals. Lawn or linsey—nothing too high, nothing too low, for peculation. A charity is like the bait on my hook cast into a shoal of minnows—they all want the picking on't.



JUNCTION OF THE WYE AND MONNOW.

Well, the sort of life I lead has its pleasures also—the air, the sunshine, the wonderful, wonderful beauty in which the Creator has clothed the world. And I encounter good, earnest, simple people. I want to reach the castle, so will continue my 'upward way.' There is great exhilaration in mounting upwards. I enjoy it more now than I did when a boy. I used to bound up a hill that hung over our village. You see me limp, and do not believe me, but it is true, nevertheless. Then it was simply an idle pleasure—an animal enjoyment costing nothing, gaining nothing: now it is a triumph over physical difficulty. There is more pity in your eyes than I like. Do let me repeat that I was far more to be 'felt for' when hale and strong, buoyant and active, than I am now. Now I own no master but the Queen!

We bade him adieu, and advanced a few paces, when he summoned us back abruptly, and asked if we remembered Doctor Andrew Borde—his rhymes about the Welsh harp.

THE FISHER ON THE WYE.

"They have," he continued, "been running in my head all day. I suppose it is this half Welsh air that has revived them;" and he repeated the quaint old rhymes:—

> "If I have my harpe I care for no more—
> It is my treasure; I keep it in store.
> For my harp it is made of good mare's skinne;
> The strynges be of good horse hair; it maketh a good dynne.
> My songe, and my voice, and my harpe doe agree,
> Much like the buzzing of an humble bee;
> Yet in my country doe I make paystime
> In telling of prophecies which bee not in rhyme."

We heard him singing the two last lines, to a tune of "lang syne," as we mounted higher and higher up the hill.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

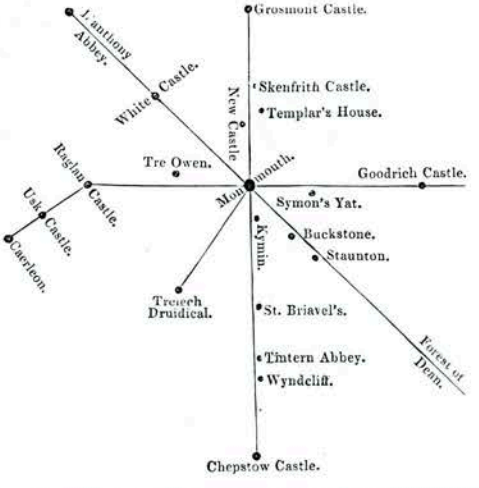
PART IV.—MONMOUTH.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY F. W. HULME, ETC.

MONMOUTH rises from the river-side, occupying a slight elevation, which stands between the Monnow and the Wye, at the mouth of the Monnow, whence its name is derived. The effect is very striking from the bridge at which the voyager moors his boat. The situation of the town is singularly beautiful, occupying a tongue of land formed by the confluence of the two rivers at the termination of a rich valley, surrounded by lofty hills, whose wooded acclivities, from the base to the summit, enrich a landscape rarely surpassed in any part of Wales or England.

Seen from the Monnow, the town seems perched on the height of a huge cliff; whilst from all adjacent places, the church steeple—the Church of St. Mary—towers high above surrounding houses.

The tourist has a choice of good inns—a matter of no small importance; for as Monmouth is the centre of many attractions to those who visit the Wye, it will probably be a resting-place of some days; hence they will make excursions to some of the most interesting objects in a locality full of them. We cannot, therefore, do better than supply the tourist with A GUIDE to the several leading "Lions" of the district.* Some of these we shall picture: but to describe

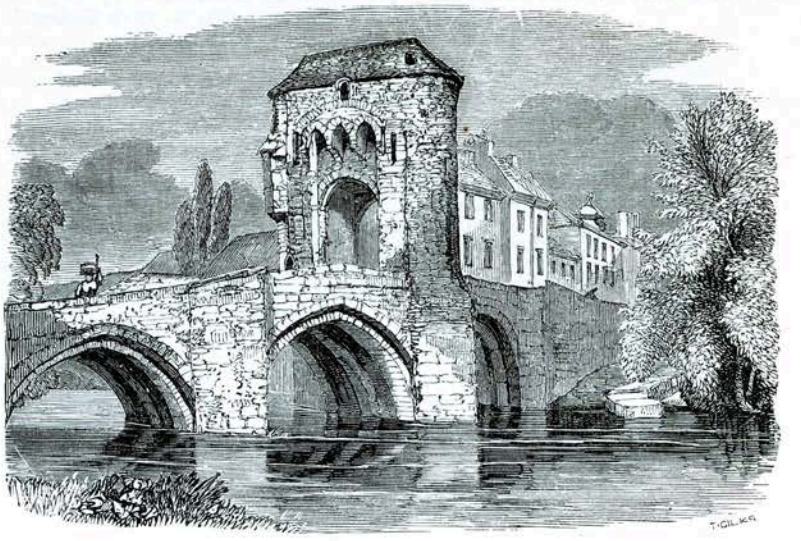


them all would be to enlarge this portion of our tour beyond the limits to which we are restricted.

Monmouth is famous in history; and has been so from a very remote period; although its earliest existing charter is dated no farther back than 1549—granted by Edward VI. "to the burgesses of his burg and town of Monmouth, in the Marches of Wales, and in the Duchy of Lancaster."

It is surmised to have been a Roman station, the Blestium of Antoninus; but it was certainly a stronghold of the Saxons, by whom it was fortified, to maintain their acquired territory between the Severn and the Wye, and to check incursions of the Welsh; there was undoubtedly a fortress here at the Conquest. It is expressly mentioned in Domesday Book as forming part of the royal demesne; "in the custody of William Fitz Baderon," in whose family it remained for two centuries. Lambarde states that "the citie had once a castle in it," which, during the barons' wars, was razed to the ground. "Thus," quoth the chronicler, "the glorie of Monmouth had clene perished, ne had it pleased God long after, in that same place, to give life to the noble king Henry V., who of the same is called Henry of Monmouth." It is this castle, and this memorable "birth," that give imperishable renown to the town of Monmouth. The present castle—a miserable and shamefully desecrated ruin, yet one that vies in interest with that of imperial Windsor itself—was built, or perhaps rebuilt, by old John of Gaunt,—time-honoured Lancaster,—to whom it devolved by marriage with Blanche, "daughter and heir" of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, whose title was inherited, with the estates, by the great nobleman who is immortal in the pages of history, and also in those of "the playwright"—William Shakspere.

Passing subsequently through various hands—especially those of the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke—it became the property of the Dukes of Beaufort: and the present Duke is now its



MONNOW BRIDGE.

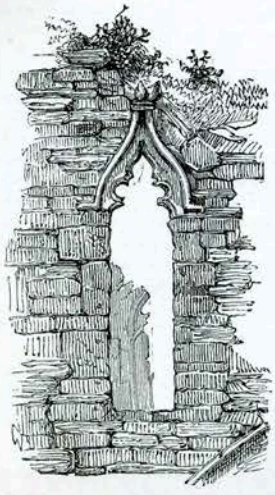
lord. We cannot believe him to be responsible for the shameful condition in which these remnants, left by old Time, are suffered to exist. The walls are crumbling away; "Harry's window" is breaking up; while the interior has been literally converted into a pigsty, where it is hazardous for a foot to tread. The state of this ruin forms so marked a contrast with that of

MONMOUTH CASTLE, FROM THE MONNOW.

Raglan, and also that of Chepstow—both of which are the property of the Duke, and remarkable for neatness and order, and due care to preservation—that we must suppose Monmouth to be, in some way or other, out of his jurisdiction. At all events, Monmouth Castle is discreditable to the local authorities; and argues very short-sighted policy, no less than shameful indifference to the source whence the town derives its glory and its fame.

* For this "Guide" we are indebted to a kind correspondent, W. W. Old, Esq., of Monmouth, an amateur artist, who, having long resided in the neighbourhood, is familiar with every portion of it. From him also we have received the minor sketches which illustrate this chapter,—the Naval Temple, Geoffrey's Window, Nelson's Summer-house, Staunton Church, and the Buckstone: Captain Carter having supplied us with a drawing of the "Castle from the Meadows."

The hero of Agincourt was born here, on the 9th of August, 1387. The chamber in which "he first drew breath" was a part of an upper story, 58 feet long by 24 feet broad, and was "decorated with ornamented gothic windows," one of which, the only one that remains, we have engraved. The "county magistrates" erected a statue to "Harry of Monmouth" in the front of the Town Hall, the only authority they could find for "a likeness" being a whole length portrait in the cabinet at Strawberry Hill; this they copied, and the result is a very miserable production, considered as a work of Art, although an undoubted proof that his fellow-townsmen recollected him some four centuries after his death.*

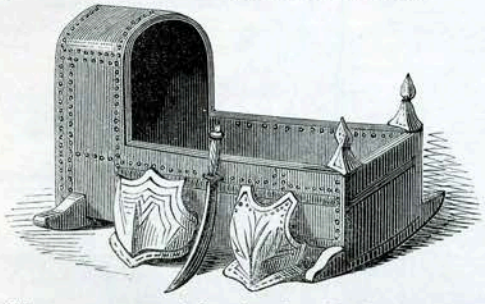


HARRY'S WINDOW.

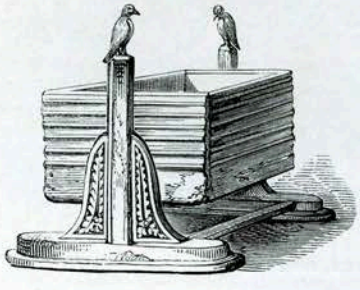
Monmouth is believed to have been the birthplace of another famous man—"Geoffrey of Monmouth:" little is known of his history, except that he became archdeacon of his native town, was "probably" educated at one of its monasteries, and was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph in 1152.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, who was also called "Galfridus Arthurius," but whose proper name was Geoffrey-ap-Arthur, is known chiefly by his romantic history of England, a work "altered and disguised" from a history of British Kings, written by "Tyssilio, or St. Teilau, Bishop of St. Asaph, a writer who lived in the seventh century." It has been long regarded as a collection of fables, to which no value can be attached; but it originated the tragedy of "King Lear," was the source from which Milton drew the beautiful picture of "Comus," and to which other poets have been largely indebted.

* On the great staircase at Troy House is preserved an old cradle, which is called that of Henry V. It is certainly not as old as the era of that monarch; we engrave it, together with some pieces of old armour apparently of the time of Elizabeth, which stand beside it. A comparison of this cradle with that upon the tomb of the infant child of James I. in Westminster Abbey, with which it is almost identical, will satisfy the sceptical as to its date. It is covered with faded and tattered red velvet, and ornamented with gilt nails and silken fringe; from its general character we may believe it was constructed about 1650. The late Sir Samuel Meyrick considered it of the time of Charles I., and the archæologists who visited the house recently, repudiated the notion of its being that of the fifth Harry.



We engrave a representation of another old cradle long preserved in Monmouth Castle, and which had better claims to be considered as that in which the baby-king was rocked. It has all the characteristics of cradles of his era as represented in ancient drawings; and was entirely made of wood. It was merely a wooden oblong box,



which swung between posts, surmounted by carved birds, with foliated ornament beneath. It has been figured in books devoted to antiquities, and recently in Murray's "Handbook of Mediæval Art," where it is stated to be preserved in Monmouth Castle; it has, however, long passed from thence into private hands, and, at present, we are unable to say where the relic may be seen, or whether indeed it be in existence.

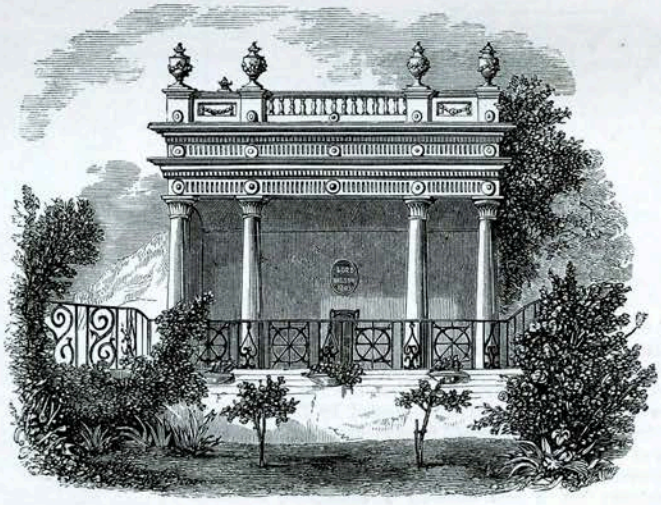
There yet remains, in a very good state of preservation, a tower of the ancient Priory, founded during the reign of Henry I., for black monks of the Benedictine order, by Wyhenoc, grandson of Fitz Baderon, and third Lord of Monmouth. In this tower exists an apartment, said and believed to have been Geoffrey's study; but it is evidently of a later date. The building is now used as a National School—remarkably neat, well ordered, and apparently well conducted.

The MONNOW BRIDGE is an object of considerable interest; so also is the Gate-house—a singularly picturesque structure, "the foundation of which," according to Grose, "is so

NAVAL TEMPLE.

ancient that neither history nor tradition afford any light respecting its erection." Obviously it was one of the most formidable defences of the town in "old times." The venerable Church of St. Thomas stands close beside the bridge: it is of high antiquity; "the simplicity of its form, the circular shape of the door-way, and of the arch separating the nave from the chancel, and the style of their ornaments, which bear a Saxon character, seem to indicate that it was constructed before the Conquest." It has been carefully and judiciously "restored."

There are few other "remains" of note in the ancient town of Monmouth, although in its suburbs and "within walking distance" there are many. We may, therefore, be permitted to introduce on this page an engraving of a building which is considered and shown as one of its "lions"—a summer-house consecrated to the memory of the great Admiral Nelson, and which



NELSON'S SUMMER-HOUSE.

contains an old carved chair—his seat during a visit to the neighbourhood, in 1802. But that which attracts most attention in this interesting locality, and to which all tourists will make a pilgrimage, is the Kymin Hill, the ascent to which commences immediately after passing Wye Bridge. It is partly in Monmouthshire and partly in Gloucestershire, and on its summit is a PAVILION, which we picture, less for its intrinsic value (for it is clumsy, and little worthy of the proud position it occupies), than as the spot from which a view is obtained, equal, perhaps, to any that may be obtained in Wales or in England: from this point are seen no fewer than nine counties:—those of Monmouth, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Salop, Radnor, Brecon, Glamorgan, and Somerset. Of this exciting scene thus writes the county historian:—"I shall not attempt to describe the unbounded expanse of country which presents itself around and beneath, and embraces a circumference of nearly three hundred miles. The eye, satiated with the distant prospect, reposes at length on the near views, dwells on the country immediately beneath and around, is attracted with the pleasing position of Monmouth, here seen to singular advantage, admires the elegant bend and silvery current of the Monnow, glistening through meads, in its course towards the Wye, and the junction of the two rivers."

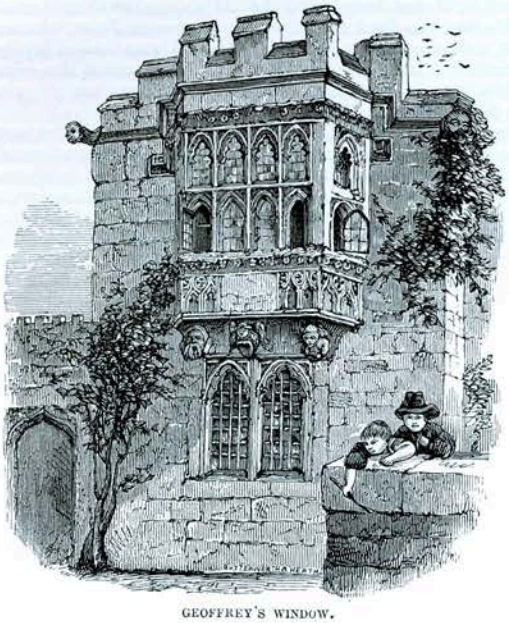
The Pavilion was built in 1794, and "a Naval Temple" was added to it in 1801, the purpose being to accommodate the numerous parties who visited the hill to enjoy the view: from its windows and neighbouring seats the whole country, near and distant, is commanded. It is impossible for language to render justice to the delights supplied from this spot to all lovers of the grand and beautiful in nature.

A road leads from the Kymin to THE BUCKSTONE—one of the most famous druidic remains

to be found in a district abounding with them: it is a singular relic of the wildest superstitions of our British ancestors—

"Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power could'nt cast from its base!"

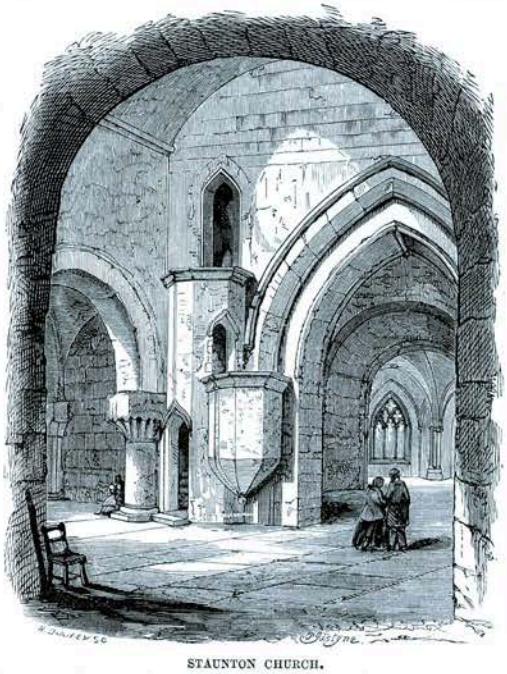
Such is the poet's reading; and they were usually so con-



GEOFFREY'S WINDOW.

structed, or so placed, as certainly to "rock" when but lightly touched—hence their popular name of "rocking-stones." *

The CHURCH OF STAUNTON, in the immediate neighbourhood, is highly interesting in character, and very picturesque.



STAUNTON CHURCH.

We introduce an engraving of the interior, from the pencil of our friend Mr. Old.

We have already made the reader familiar with those attractions which neighbour Monmouth and border the Wye — Goodrich Court and Symond's Yat; Ross is distant only a few miles—by land, that is to say. Others we shall describe as we resume our voyage — downward to Chepstow: the venerable Church of St. Briavel, the gloomy Forest of Dean, and the Abbey of Tintern—the majestic ruin that glorifies the banks of the fair river. Regal Raglan we shall treat in the Part that follows this. A reference to our Plan will show that other interesting objects are accessible by short drives or walks from the town. Llanthony Abbey, Grosmont Castle, Usk Castle, and "shadowy Caerleon," are too far away to be reached easily. Skenfrith Castle, the Templar's House, and New Castle, will supply material for much thought and interest, if the tourist take but a health-walk. These "strong dwellings" of the old border lords are illustrations of its history, when the district was a continual seat of war; each is now a broken ruin, but each had renown in its day as—

"A statelie seate, a loftie princelie place."

White Castle ("Castle Gwyn") was, so far back as the reign of James I., described as "ruinous and in decay time out of mind," and Skenfrith as "decayed time out of the memory of man."

THE BUCKSTONE.

It is said to be the oldest castle in Monmouthshire. The Templar's House is now a farm-house. Tre Owen, an ancient mansion, is now also the abode of a substantial farmer. It is, however, a remarkably fine specimen of Tudor domestic architecture, said to have been added to by Inigo Jones. Close to New Castle—a castle now "old"—is the famous fairies' oak, a singularly grown tree, with pendent branches. The druidical monument, the three stones from

TROY HOUSE.

which some learned antiquarians have derived the name of Trelech (*Tri lech* or *Tair llech*), is a relic of much interest.

Troy House, one of the seats of the Duke of Beaufort, is situated about a mile from Monmouth, to the east, near the small river "Trothy," corrupted into Troy. It is said to have been built by Inigo Jones, but is by no means a pure example of the great architect's genius.

On our fourth page we give also a view of the Leys, a mansion and domain we visited and noted on our way down the Wye. To that division of our tour it properly belongs, although seen from any of the heights that neighbour Monmouth, from which it is distant only about four miles, and of which, consequently, it is one of the leading attractions.

* "The form of the stone is an irregular square inverted pyramid, The point where it touches the pedestal is not above 2 feet square. Its height is about 10 feet; S. E. side, 16 feet 5 inches; N. side, 17 feet; S. W., 9 feet; and its south side, 12 feet. The rock pedestal is an irregular square; S. E. side, 12 feet; N., 14 feet 9 inches; W., 21 feet 5 inches; S., 14 feet."—FOSBROKE.

There is, however, one interesting structure in Monmouth of which we have as yet taken no note—the Almshouses founded by "William Jones"—a common name, but one to which is due the gratitude of a long posterity in this town.

Monmouth seems more proud of its William Jones than Ross of its John Kyrle. There is a degree of mystery about the former that increases the interest felt to know what are facts and what fancies of the good man's history. The "facts" are clear enough: the Free Grammar School and pretty almshouses tell of the liberality and benevolence of their founder. The "fancies" cannot be better given than in the words of a woman we met at the entrance to one of the houses, and who volunteered to tell us "more about them than any book or body in Monmouth." Our informant could not have been *very* old: her small form was erect and firm; her step brisk and elastic; but her face was lined and relined—a wonderful specimen of "cross hatching"—not at all, it would seem, of the same date as her keen, earnest, restless blue eyes—eyes that were still full of the untamed fire of energetic youth. She was respectably dressed; the steel buckle in her high-crowned hat was bright, and her jacket and petticoat, of the true Cambrian cut and colours, fitted to a hair.

"Many say one thing, and as many another," she commenced; "but I have good right to know the truth. My gran'mother came from Newland, where Master Jones his parents, if not himself was born; for the Monmouth people say he was a Monmouth lad, and my gran'father—or maybe it was my great-gran'father—knew and lived in the same house wi' the shoemaker King. If I don't know the truth about Master Jones, all I say is, *Who does?* and no one ever tells me."

The old lady was too decided for us to question her veracity, so we meekly asked for the story.

"But will you believe it?" she inquired, sharply, "and not go looking after it into books, that never tell a word of truth."

As we were well up in "authorities," we could assure her we did not intend looking into books, but rather at the almshouses. No charities so enduring as those recorded in brick and mortar.

"Master Jones's family could do little for him," she continued, "or they would not ha' let him be a 'boots' to an inn in Monmouth. A very gay, lightsome, spirity lad he was. And, though my gran'mother did not hold wi' it, some did say that he fell in love wi' a girl above his rank, and, finding it would not do, he left Monmouth in despair like; but before he went he owed Master King, the shoemaker, the price of a pair of shoes. He got them only a night or two before he ran right away from the inn; and when many called him a rogue, Master King laughed, and said, 'Will Jones is a good lad, and whenever he can he'll pay me.' Well, years and years went away, as they always do, rolling one after the other. The old people at Newland died in less than ten years after their son left; and whenever Will Jones was mentioned, it was as the lad who ran away with Master King's shoes; but still the shoemaker said, 'The lad's a good lad, and when he can he'll pay me.' Well, after a while even the shoes and Will Jones were forgotten. The slips of elder that old Master Jones and his missus planted in the garden of their little cottage at Newland had grown into trees, and the whole look of the place was changed. It was a fine spring morning, and the elder-trees were in flower, when a poor man, doubled like a bow, and shaking under a ragged coat, crept through the village, and sat on the grass, under the shadow of the trees, for they spread far beyond the rails. The woman who lived in the cottage only scoffed at his questions, and would not answer civilly, and told him to go away, but he would not. He entreated her to let him rest there, and give him to drink of the water of his father's well, but she was without feeling, and set her dog at him. So rising up, he went to the alehouse; and when the master found he sat on the bench at the door, and ordered nothing, he told him there was an overseer then at the poorhouse, and he had better go there at once, and not take up the room of a good customer. Well, there he went, and declared himself to be Will Jones, who had been nearly thirty years away, and who had returned, ragged and penniless, to claim relief from the parish where his parents lived and died, and where he was born; but they declared that, after having lived at Monmouth, and been long away, he had no settlement in Newland; that he should have no relief from them, but that they would send him on to Monmouth. He tried to win their pity; said he was footsore and weary—an old worn-out man, who only craved to end his days where he first drew breath, and be buried in the grave where his parents lay. But no pity was shown him; he was taken before Mr. Wyndham, of Clearwell, who sent him, hungry and footsore still, to Monmouth, as his right settlement. I always heard that in the Monmouth poorhouse he wore the pauper's dress, and eat the pauper's bread; and yet there was that in the man which went to the hearts of those about him. He soon made his way to Joe King the shoemaker, and found him living in the same small house, next door to the 'King's Head' inn, where he had served when a lad. Joe was always a kindly fellow—my father said all Joes were kindly—it comes to them from Joseph, who put gold money in his brothers' sacks: that's in the Bible, and if you won't take my word for it, you may go to the Bible and look. And Joe, thinking the strange man was above the common, pitied him because of the pauper dress, and asked him to have a bit; and they had a long chat together. And after awhile, Master Jones asked the old shoemaker if he remembered a good-for-nothing scamp of a boy who lived next door, years ago—one Jones, who had cheated him out of a pair of shoes, and gone to London? And the old man looked kindly, shook his head, and said he remembered Will Jones,—'Wild Will' some called him,—but he was *no* scamp; and would pay him yet—if he could; if he could not, he was not going to sin his soul by not forgiving a poor fellow the value of a pair of shoes.

"Next morning the pauper was gone, and of course there was great fuss and talk in the poorhouse that he had gone off with the workhouse clothes: but a month after that a gentleman's coach drove right up to the door, and a gentleman got out; a fine broad-shouldered gentleman he was, firm on his limbs, with a back as straight as a poplar-tree; he carried a bundle under his arm, and asked for the master of the poorhouse. The news spread, as they say, like 'wild-fire,'—great news, that the pauper, old Will Jones, had turned out to be William Jones, Esquire, of the city of Lon'un, and ever so many foreign cities—who had a right to stand upright before the Lord Mayor of Lon'un and the King—a man full of money. And after that he drove straight to Master King's, the shoemaker, and it was no easy thing to make him believe that the great gentleman, or the old pauper—one or the other—was the boy from Newland, who ran away from

THE LEYS.

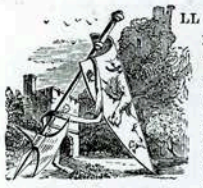
the inn, and owed him for the shoes. And they had a deal of chaffing about it. And my gran'father said a purse, heavy with gold, was left on the shoemaker's table. Ah, there's many a ready-made gentleman has worn the pauper's coat! He did intend to have done for little Newland what he did for great Monmouth, but never forgave their turning him over to Monmouth parish—how could any one forgive *that?* Sure there's no pleasanter sight than the houses he built, and the comfort he gives year by year to many who, but for him, would be comfortless: and such was his love for this town of Monmouth, that he left thousands of pounds in Lun'on to build almshouses for twenty blind and lame people of the town, who might find themselves in that far-away city. Surely, Monmouth was near his heart! But he was too pure a Christian to bear malice, and left even to the poor at Newland five thousand pounds, with directions about their having the Gospel preached—to teach them charity!"

Such is the popular story of William Jones, and such the origin of those admirable almshouses which supply food and homes to many who have "seen better days." We may safely believe it—tradition is rarely wrong; and though there are even in Monmouth some cold-brained folk who seek to prove that William Jones never was poor, they do not deny that he was a native of the district—that he made a fortune in London—and that he has been for two centuries the benefactor of Monmouth town.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

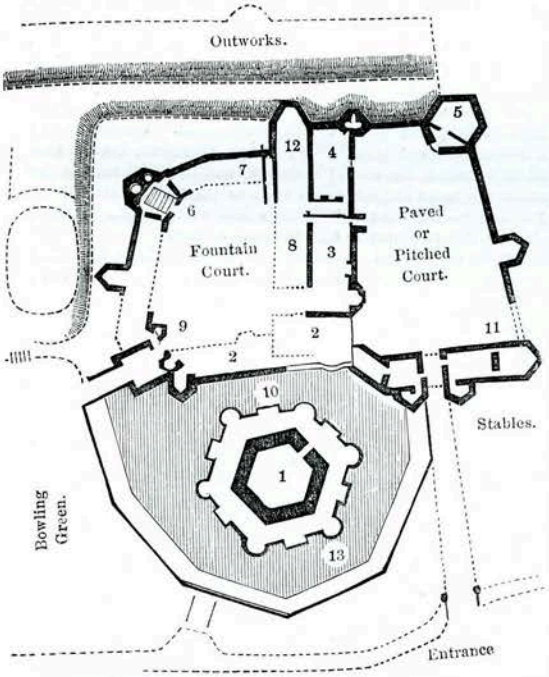
BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

Part V.—Raglan Castle.



All who are wanderers of the Wye, and rest in the old town of Monmouth, will certainly visit the picturesque yet very magnificent remains of Raglan Castle; and a "Part" of our Tour may be properly devoted to a description of its attractions.* The visitor, however, will find "on the spot" a guide, such as he will rarely encounter in any "notable" place of any district. The Warden of Raglan Castle is a gentleman and a scholar, although circumstances have placed him in a position somewhat under that to which he is entitled of right. His appointment to the office by the Duke of Beaufort is, at all events, an advantage to those who visit this beautiful ruin; he is ever active and ready in communicating the knowledge—large and accurate—he possesses concerning its remarkable and interesting history. To him—acting as the Duke's representative—we are no doubt indebted for much of the care and cost expended to prevent further encroachments of the destroyer—Time. It is but just to commence our notice of Raglan by giving expression to the gratitude that cannot fail to be felt towards his Grace by all who visit this fine relic of a great epoch, to which all visitors are freely welcome, and where a liberal and judicious management is perpetually exercised to preserve without "restoring," to arrest decay while excluding evidence of "newness,"—so that all is in perfect harmony and "keeping."

A ground plan of the castle will enable the reader, better than any written description can do, to ascertain the distribution of the several buildings of which it consists.



1. Keep, or Yellow Tower. 2. Chamber, famous for its elaborate oak carving. 3. Great Hall. 4. The Buttery. 5. Kitchen. 6. Gateway and Staircase. 7. Galleries and State-rooms. 8. Chapel. 9. Gateway leading to the Bowling-green. 10. Spot formerly crossed by a bridge. 11. Breach made during the siege. 12. On the upper story is King Charles's window. 13. Moat surrounding the Keep.

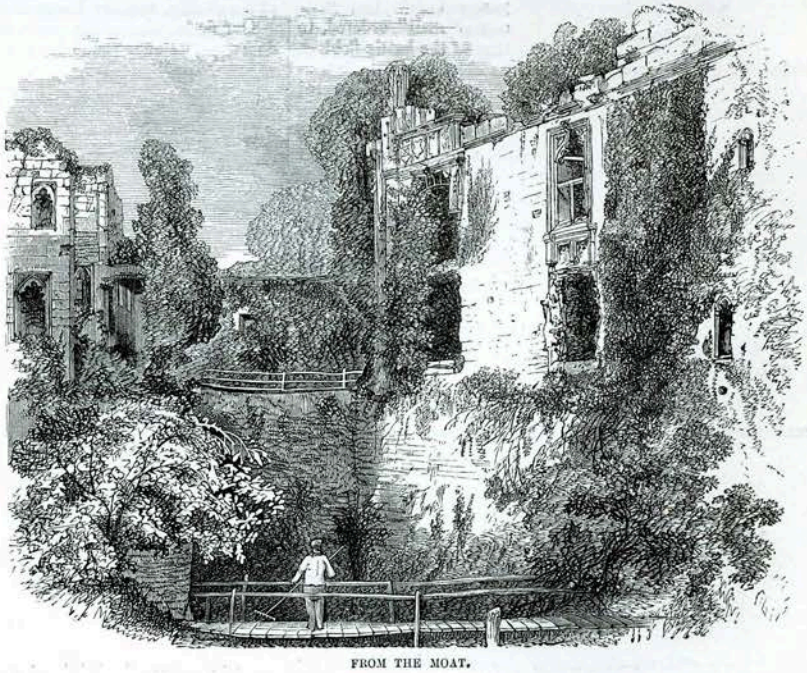
It is obvious that the space to which we are necessarily limited will enable us to do little more than introduce a brief outline of its history, with some explanations of the various circumstances and several objects that cannot fail to interest the Tourist. This we shall do as carefully as we can; endeavouring to enhance the enjoyment of those by whom the venerable and beautiful ruin may be visited.

* We have borrowed some of the illustrative woodcuts for this Part from "The Castles and Abbeys of England," by William Beattie, M.D., a work of great merit and value. The subjects are of objects which do not now undergo change, and are excellently engraved from drawings by an admirable artist, the late W. H. Bartlett. It may be desirable to add that several very beautiful photographs, produced by Mr. Earl, of Worcester, may be purchased in one of the lodges appertaining to the castle.

Raglan is "of no great antiquity," as compared with its neighbours, dating no farther back than the fifteenth century. In the reign of Henry VIII. it is described by Leland as "fair and pleasant, with goodlye parkes adjacent;" and later, by Camden, "as a fair house, built castel-like." There is no doubt, however, that the citadel, or "Yellow Tower of Gwent," is of a period much more remote, and that a "Lord of Raglan" held sway here as early as the time of the first Henry. Subsequently it received various additions by succeeding lords, until, during the civil war, it was besieged, taken, dismantled, and finally destroyed. For nearly four centuries it has been the property of the Earls and Marquises of Worcester; and from this

THE GRAND ENTRANCE.

venerable family-seat the late commander-in-chief in the Crimea took his title. The history of the princely race of the Somersets is almost that of England during its most eventful periods, from the wars of the Roses to that of the Crown and the Parliament: they were foremost among the nobles of the realm in every reign, always gallant gentlemen, often accomplished scholars, and very frequently the patrons of Letters, Science, and Art,—on many occasions holding rank among their most eminent professors. The memoirs of this great "house" are indeed full of incidents akin to romance; furnishing to the throne and the country brave soldiers, skilful ambassadors, loyal subjects, stout defenders of national rights, and men who considered that to increase popular knowledge, as well as civil liberty, was the first duty of a nobleman. This



FROM THE MOAT.

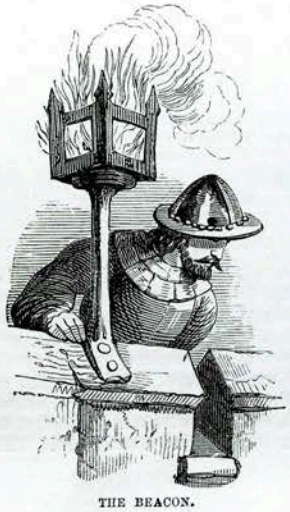
house is, therefore, illustrious in a higher sense than even that which is derived from rank, wealth, and antiquity. After the Restoration, the then Marquis of Worcester, eldest son of the second marquis, "the author" of "A Century of Inventions"—a work that "went far beyond its time"—and the grandson of the gallant soldier whose defence of his castle is among the most stirring incidents of the age, was advanced to a dukedom, being created, in 1682, Duke of Beaufort, "with remainder to the heirs male of his body," in consideration not alone of his eminent services to the crown, but also of "his noble descent from King Edward III., by John de Beaufort, eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Catherine Swinford, his third wife." The present—the eighth—Duke, Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset, was born in 1824.

The reader will advantageously traverse this ruin if we give him some idea of the duties of leading subordinates in the defence of a castle in the olden time.

Among its retainers there was no more important personage than the WARDER. He kept the gate, and he only arranged all entry or exit. He lived in a small room beside the portal, which was usually protected by bolts, bars, and a formidable portcullis. The folding gates were on ordinary occasions shut, and the smaller wicket door in one of them opened for foot-passengers. A grated opening, or loop-hole, was provided in the gate for the warder to observe and take note of those who demanded admission.

WARDER.

Notification of danger was given to the neighbourhood by lighting the BEACON on the topmost tower, which, as castles were usually placed on eminences, might be seen around for many miles; so that retainers, or soldiers, from other strongholds might be sent as aids. These beacons were open fire places of iron, affixed to the ramparts, and to tend them was a service of danger, when bowmen could hit with an arrow as certainly as rifle-men now do with a ball.



THE BEACON.

The ARMOURER was an important denizen of the "stronghold of stone," and his services were constantly in request, from the first hour when the young knight had "his suit of mail" ordered, to that of the battle-field.

In the days when archers were the chief warriors, plate-armour was a coveted defence; and in "piping times of peace" the skill of the armourer was devoted to the decoration of the noble's suit, which was so valuable, when inlaid with gold and silver and enriched by Art-workmanship, that instances are on record where the wearer was slain merely to obtain the suit as plunder.

ARMOURER.

When gunnery became general, the MUSKETEER manned the ramparts of the old castle, and his steel cap and cuirass were the only relics of "the panoply of steel" that once encased the soldier, and which was found of little avail against the bullet. These were among the foremost subordinates of a castle such as that of Raglan; there were others of equal note, and of perhaps greater importance, but to picture them would be foreign to our purpose; those we have introduced on this page may, however, enable the reader to people the old ruin with its old guards, as well as its ancient lords and governors.

MUSKETEER.

Raglan Castle is indebted for much of its renown to the events that made it a ruin—its brave defence, in 1646, when assailed by the army of the Parliament. The good and gallant Marquis, a loyal gentleman and a true man, when summoned to surrender in the June of that year, returned for answer, he would "rather die nobly than live with infamy." The besiegers were rapidly augmented by troops "released from Oxford," and, headed by Fairfax, they compelled a surrender, but not even then until the venerable soldier had twice received the commands of the king to abandon further defence. On the 17th of August, 1646, "the officers, soldiers, and gentlemen of the garrison marched out with horses and arms, colours flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, matches lighted at both ends, bullets in their mouths, and every soldier with twelve charges of powder and ball," choosing any place they pleased to deliver up their arms to the general of the Parliament. The gallant old marquis was then eighty-four years of age, and his castle was the last in England that "kept to" the cause of the unhappy king. The siege was followed by sequestration and sale of the whole estate, Cromwell obtaining a large share of it. The lead was taken from the roofs; the walls, broken by the cannon, soon let in the weather; timber was removed by every greedy hand, and Time was left to "do his worst" with the valuable and beautiful castle-mansion that had been so long the glory of Monmouthshire. Unhappily, no effort was made to restore it when restoration was practicable; it has, therefore, been a ruin during two centuries, but it is, beyond all question, the most picturesque and beautiful ruin in the kingdom: other ruins there are, grander and more imposing, but none so graceful in decay, none that so pleasantly, yet so forcibly, recalls a period when the Baron's hall was a continual scene of hospitality, and the Baron at the head of his retainers in all but name a king.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

Our description of the castle, its towers, its dilapidated staircases, its groined windows, its arched doorways, its once proud keep, and the gorgeous remains of its lofty halls and stately apartments, must be necessarily brief. A sufficiently accurate idea of them, in their present condition, will be formed from the appended woodcuts; which exhibit the more striking and interesting parts of the yet magnificent structure.

ROYAL APARTMENTS.

"A famous castle fine
That RAGGLAN hight, stands moated almost round
Made of free stone, upreight, as straight as line,
Whose workmanship in beautie doth abound;
With curious knots, wrought all with edged toole;
The statelye tower that looks o'er pond and poole,
The fountaine trim, that runs both day and night,
Doth yield in showe a rare and noble sight!"

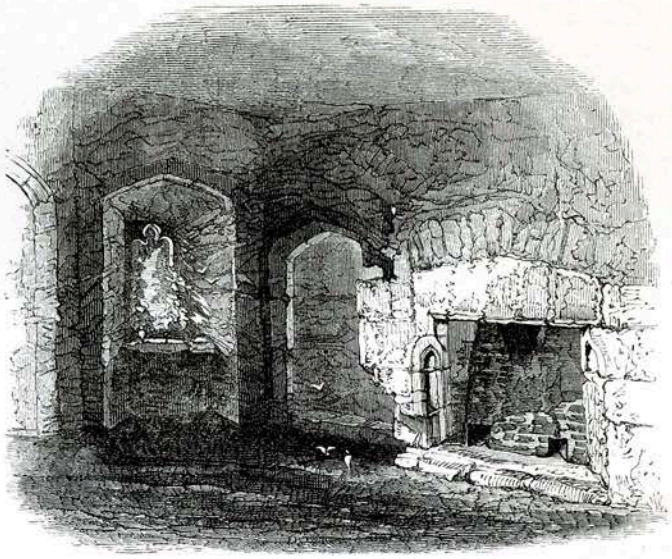
"The famous castle" was scarcely more "fine" in its glory than it is in its decay.

The county historian, Coxe, and the Rev. John Evans ("Beauties of England and Wales"), describe the ruin fully; but Dr. Beattie has devoted to the subject a large portion of his interesting and valuable book, "The Castles and Abbeys of England." From these sources we borrow our details. The ruins stand on a gentle eminence near the village; including the citadel, they occupy a tract of ground not less than a third of a mile in circumference. The citadel, a detached building, was a large hexagon, defended by bastions, surrounded by a moat, and connected with the castle by a drawbridge; it was called Melyn y Gwent, or the Yellow tower of Gwent, and is five stories high. The shell of the castle encloses two courts or areas, each of which communicated with a terrace walk, to which residents resorted for "out of door" exercise and enjoyment, and which communicated with the bowling-green. The GRAND ENTRANCE is formed by a gothic portal, flanked by two massive towers; they are still in a good state, gracefully clothed with ivy. The porch, which retains the grooves for two portcullis, leads into the first court, formerly paved, but now carpeted with cleanly shorn grass, and "sprinkled with shrubs." On the eastern and northern sides are the range of culinary offices—the kitchen being remarkable for the great size of its fire-places, indicating the hospitality of its old lords. The southern side seems to have formed a grand suite of apartments, and the great bow window of the hall, at the south western extremity of the court, is "finely canopied with ivy." The stately hall which divides the two courts, and which appears to have been built during the reign of Elizabeth, contains vestiges of splendour and beauty.* Here, carved in stone, are the arms of the first Marquis of Worcester, with the family motto, "Muture vel timere sperno"—"I scorn either to change or fear." To the north of the hall are ranges of offices, which appear to have been the buttery and pantry. Beyond them are traces of splendid apartments, some of the sculptured decorations of which yet remain. The western door of the hall led into the chapel, which is much dilapidated; few indications of its holy uses are to be found; it was probably destroyed, as well as desecrated, by the soldiers of the Commonwealth; yet it is singular, notwithstanding, that scarce a trace of its architectural ornaments remains, excepting a few groins rising from grotesque heads that supported the roof. Dr. Beattie conjectures that the chapel was of a very early date, probably coeval with the Gwent tower, and that it had never been decorated as other parts of the castle were. The Fountain Court may still be distinctly traced; the "water-works" at Raglan, during the sovereignty of the first marquis, formed, indeed, the leading attractions of the castle, and are said greatly to have pleased the taste and soothed the feelings of King Charles, when, a fugitive from Naseby field, he had such a welcome of voice and heart within these walls as he was never destined to receive afterwards from any of his subjects.†

Most of the apartments of this noble castle-mansion were of large dimensions; everywhere there is evidence that "accommodation" was obtainable for a small army, and that "entertainment" was always there for the "grand company" ever attendant on its ladies and its lords, officers of the household, retainers, attendants, and servants.

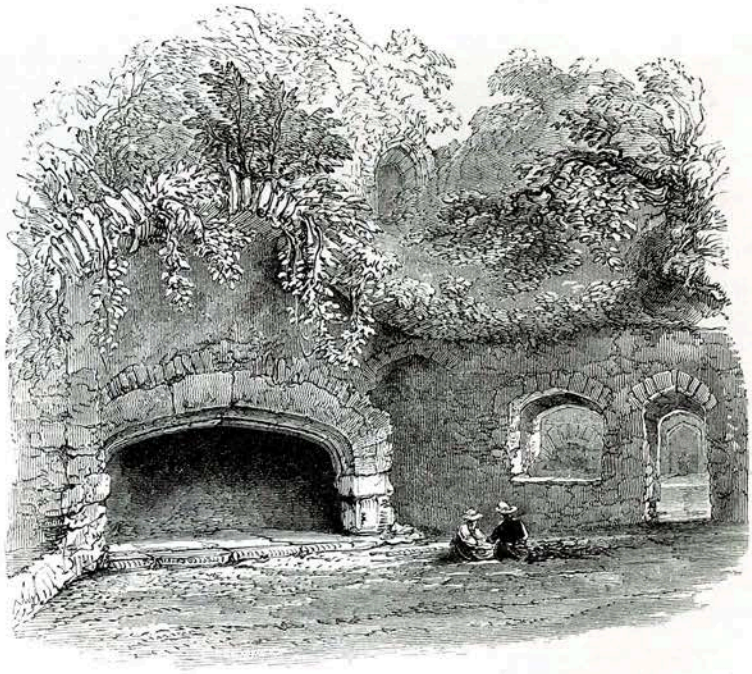
We see everywhere proofs that large cost, as well as continual care and matured skill, had been expended, during several epochs, to give to the castle beauty as well as strength; mouldings and friezes, arches and corbels, of graceful character, although broken and decayed, meet us at every turn, often peering through rich draperies of green ivy, sometimes standing grimly out from shattered walls, and occasionally rising from out of mould-heaps—the ghosts of glories departed.*

In short, enough of Raglan remains to justify the praises it received in so many histories of varied and eventful times. The unhappy sovereign, Charles I., hiding from his enemies, found



CHAMBER IN THE GATEWAY TOWER.

shelter, and was safe from peril there—his "harbour of refuge" for a time; and his words of eulogy concerning its strength, its grandeur, and its beauty, will be repeated by all, who, moving about these superb ruins, can picture in imagination the castle in the days of its renown, its hospitality, its gallantry, and its loyalty, and offer respectful homage to the brave and generous lords who ruled it proudly and worthily in the olden time.



THE KITCHEN.

What food for thought is here! What pictures may be drawn by imagination, with the aid of history! The FACTS are palpable; it demands no large effort of fancy to people every chamber of these broken ruins: the eyes may see, and the ear may hear, the chivalric men and fair women who revelled in these halls, and trod these terrace walks in peace, or here heard the boom of the besiegers cannon, and saw the destroyer doing, in a day, the work of a century of time!

* In the Banquet Hall a great improvement has been introduced by the present warden. The floor, which, since the hand of the spoiler removed the encaustic tiles some two hundred years ago, was composed of a stiff clay, on which vegetated a few scanty blades of grass, and on which the water, after showery weather, always used to lie in pools, is now macadamised, and covered with mine dust, a sufficient depth of clay having first been wheeled away to insure the original level being preserved. Mine dust being somewhat of the same colour as the original tiles (red predominating), harmonises nicely, and gives a tone that was wanting. The dimensions of this splendid hall—68 feet long, 28 wide, 53 to summit of gable, and 30 to corbels, whence spring the roof—may now be viewed in comfort, the floor being as dry as a carpet.

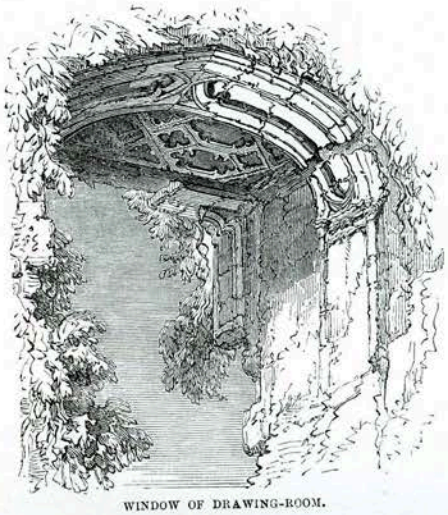
† Some interesting discoveries have been lately made as regards the water supply of the castle. During the winter of 1858-9, the liberality of the duke enabled his Grace's agent, Mr. Wyatt, to search for the ancient draw-well, which was filled up nearly a century and a half ago, in consequence of sheep frequently falling into it, having wandered among the ruins, then utterly neglected, from adjacent farms. A congress of octogenarians was first summoned, to learn if any of them could recollect having heard their parents say where was the exact site of the ancient draw-well. But not a spark of information on the required subject was it possible to elicit. No one could even guess in which direction of the Pitched or Stone Court the well was situated. At length the warden suggested that the well ought to have been at a point which is equidistant from three doors where water must have been most required, namely, the Kitchen, the Buttery, and the Banquet Hall; and he felt convinced that, "wherever the well ought to have been, there it was." Mr. Wyatt then gave orders for the turf to be removed; yet nothing but broken stones and rubbish could be discovered. Still the men were ordered to persevere for some days; and, at length, at a depth of 8 feet 3 inches from the surface, in a hole cut through the marl (filled with broken tiles, evidently belonging to the roof of the Banquet Hall), ten feet in circumference at the surface, and gradually tapering to 4 feet at the base, was discovered the veritable well, the masonry of which is still in perfect preservation. After sinking 25 feet lower, a splendid spring gushed into the well, and, in forty-eight hours, there was 15 feet of water, enough, in fact, to supply the requirements of so large an establishment.

* It is on record that twenty-three staircases were removed for the sake of the stones; its walls were regarded by the peasantry as so many quarries; the fine and venerable trees of the park and grounds were either sold or stolen, the fountains and fishponds filled up with *debris*, and so the "fine castle" was left to decay. Happily, however, the late and the present Duke have felt the pleasure, as well as acknowledged the duty, of arresting the steps of time, while preserving the remains from vandals and thieves. As we have intimated, a proper guardian protects the ruin. The Duke's agent, Osmond A. Wyatt, Esq., an enlightened gentleman, gladly aids all the plans and projects of his Grace; and now we may almost question whether, as a ruin, Raglan Castle is not more interesting than it would be if endowed with all the beauty and grandeur, for which it was conspicuous before the wars of the Crown and the Parliament.

The day of our visit to this memorable ruin was a day late in autumn: the trees were dropping their leaves; Nature had

"In her sober livery all things clad."

But the sombre shadows of the time were in harmony with the solemnity of the scene; and it was but natural to sit under its ancient and time-worn tower, looking into the dark moat beneath, and behold, in imagination, the castle in its glory and its pride; to people that broken Hall as on some



WINDOW OF DRAWING-ROOM.

high festival, and hear again sweet or lofty music from yon minstrels' gallery. Almost as easy was it to watch the leaden missive as it broke into that stately chamber, touching the white hair upon the old man's honoured and venerable head;* to follow him to his desolate loneliness in London Tower, where, being told by his enemies, as death approached, that he would be buried at Windsor, he gave thanks to God that, after he was dead, a nobler house would cover him than he had dwelt in while living. Honour to the memory of the

STAIRCASE IN GWENT TOWER.

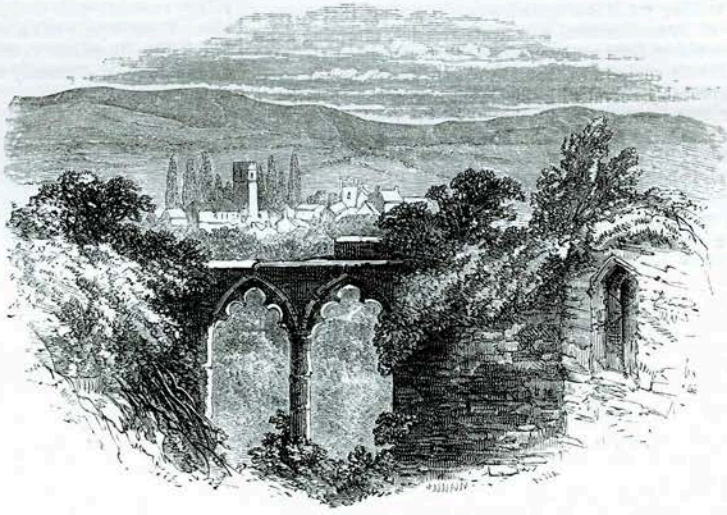
"great" marquis! Descended from an august race—pure women and good men—in his posterity he gave to his country heroes of peace and heroes of war.

* This incident actually occurred. Dr. Bayly, the historian of the siege, writes thus:—"There came a musket bullet into the withdrawing-room, where my lord used to entertain his friends with his pleasant discourses after dinners and suppers, which, glancing upon a little marble table of the window, and from thence hit the marquess upon the side of his head. His daughter-in-law, terrified, ran away as if the house had been falling down, but presently returned, and apologized to her father, who pleasantly said, 'Daughter, you had reason to run away when your father was knocked on the head.'"

The Bowling-green, between the keep and the outer wall, is still a smooth lawn; trees surround it; it is partly bordered by the moat, and is always shadowed by the yet lofty remains of the strong walls that formed the castle. But the visitor will not fail to ascend either the keep or the watch-tower, in order to obtain a view of the scene, near and distant, that has been occupying his thoughts. The accompanying print is taken from the summit of the Tower of Gwent, whence the whole of the ruins are seen immediately below, with the

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

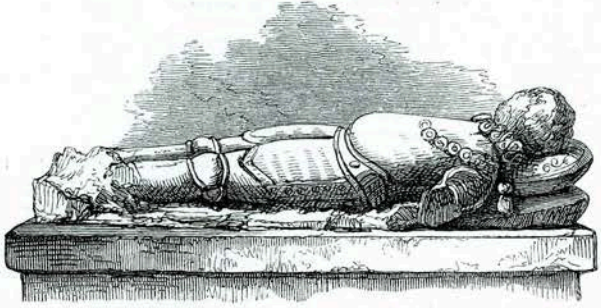
village and church steeple close at hand, and whence is obtained a fine prospect of the adjacent country, bounded by distant hills and mountains. From this point, too, may be seen all of the many "lions" which neighbour Monmouth: the Kymin Hill, Troy Park, Craig-y-dorth, a famous battle-field between Henry IV. and Owen Glendower; the Trellic range, with the Beacon Hill; the royal forests of Pen-y-cae Mawr, the heights of Caerleon, the British encampment of



THE VILLAGE FROM THE KEEP.

Gaer Vawr, and the Roman camp of Carig-y-Garcyd; the hills above Pontypool, with those beyond the dark vale of Ewias, in which lie the venerable ruins of Llantony Abbey: these, and other objects of absorbing interest to the antiquary and the lover of nature, being surrounded by high mountains, each of which is a landmark of history.

We have written enough to show that a visit to Raglan will afford one of the highest enjoy-



TOMB OF THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

ments of which this beautiful and picturesque district affords so many. A residence here of a few days—at a neat and comfortable hotel, the "Beaufort Arms," in the village adjacent—may be pleasant and profitable; for the ruins of Raglan Castle, although they can be "seen" in an hour, may yield pleasure and instruction for a much longer time. The distance is but seven miles from Monmouth town, and that distance is traversed by a railway.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART VI.—TENBY, &c.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY BIRKET FOSTER, E. A. BROOKE, G. L. HALL, ETC.

THE Terminus of the South Wales Railway is at Milford Haven; the country through which the line passes, between Gloucester and this noble harbour, we shall describe hereafter.* Our present purpose is to accompany the Tourist to "fair and fashionable" TENBY; one of the prettiest, pleasantest, quietest, and, in all respects, the most attractive, of the "sea-bathing" towns that adorn the coasts of Wales and England. "Bradshaw" will inform him that, if his purpose be to visit Tenby, his "station" is Narberth Road; but if he take our advice, in preference to that of the "mystifyer," he will continue the journey until he reaches the Terminus: then, after crossing a ferry, take the coach road thence, instead of that from Narberth—where, however, omnibuses are always in attendance, and whence he will be transported to Tenby with less trouble, than if his route be through Milford Haven. But in the one case he will traverse a lonely and unpicturesque road, finding only one object of interest—the ruins of Narberth Castle,† while in the other he will have a charming drive—a prospect all the way, such as can be found only in our island; where nature revels in abundant beauty, and where he will encounter at every road-turn some glorious relic of a renowned past. This we shall describe in due course. The tourist, *en route* to Tenby, we repeat, will do well to proceed to Milford Haven. He arrives at a comfortable Hotel, close to the station, recently built by the South Wales Company, where he may rest an hour, a day, or longer, as he pleases, visiting many attractions, and crossing the Haven, in a steam ferry-boat, to examine the dockyards, or to procure—there and thence—either a private or the public conveyance to Tenby. The journey is not more costly, nor is the distance he has to travel increased after leaving the railroad; although, by railway, it is added to by about twenty miles; that is nothing; for he passes through a fine and richly cultivated district, having the Haven on his left, and many interesting objects continually in view.

We may suppose the tourist to be adopting this course. He has reached the terminus on a summer evening, in ample time to arrive at Tenby before the sun goes down, or, at all events, while the pleasant light between noon and evening is adding its charms to the landscape; or we shall rather consider him as resting a night in the neat Hotel we have referred to, in order that a morning or a day may be spent in examining the several objects of interest within reach.‡

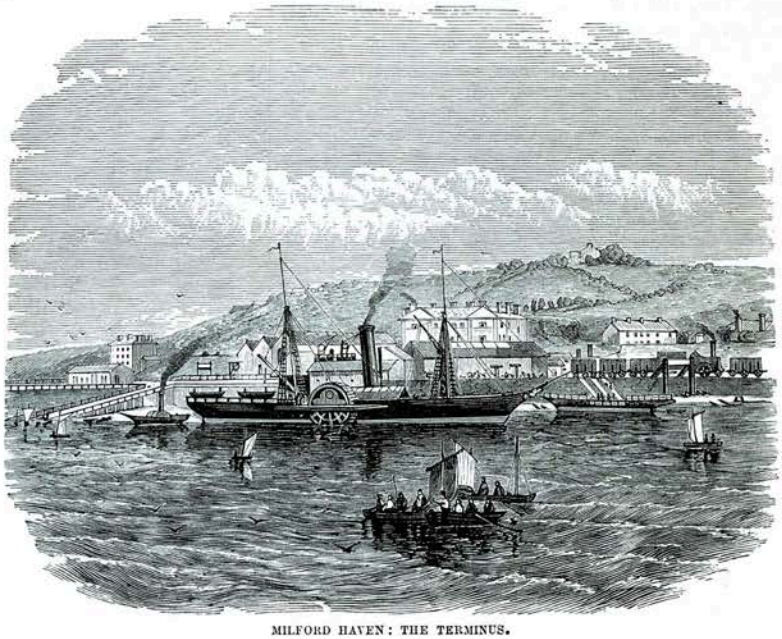
* The terminus at Milford Haven is that at which travellers by this line embark for Ireland. There is no railway in the kingdom better conducted than that of the "South Wales;" to those who visit the south of Ireland, it presents peculiar advantages; if the journey be longer by sea, it is shorter by land; but, in reality, although the voyage to Waterford is eight hours, while that to Dublin, by Holyhead, is but four, the former will be preferred to the latter by all who have, as we have, made both. Arriving at Holyhead, the passenger is at sea a minute after he is on board; there is no time for preparations essential to those who consider a voyage, under any circumstances, a *malheur*, and he continues *at sea* until he touches the pier of Kingstown. If he embark at Milford Haven, he has two hours', or nearly as much, pleasant sailing along a beautiful bay; he has ample leisure for all arrangements "below," and two other hours of the eight will be passed in Waterford harbour—unrivalled, perhaps, in the kingdom for natural beauties presented to the voyager. Moreover, the steamboats are of large size, with every possible convenience; they are under the care of Captain Jackson, so long and so pleasantly known as the superintendent of packets from London to Antwerp; they are entered direct from the terminus, and at Waterford passengers are landed on the quay at all times of tide. The journeys from Waterford, to Limerick, Clare, Cork, Galway, and Killarney, as well, indeed, as those which lead north, to Dublin, are full of interest and beauty; these journeys we have very fully described in our work, "A Week at Killarney," to which we may be permitted to refer the reader who is contemplating a visit to the South of Ireland and the far-famed and ever lovely "Lakes."

† If this road be taken, the tourist will rest awhile at Narberth, to examine the old church and the ancient castle. The castle is a ruin, of no great extent, built on the site of a fortalice much older; the broken walls overhang the road, to call up associations with an age when "Pwyll Pendevig, Prince of Dyved, set out from his palace, at Arberth, to hunt in the vale of Cych."

‡ The terminus station is at "Neyland;" the point opposite—the Ferry—is "Hobbs' Point," at Pater; the landing-places, on both sides, are well constructed. The South Wales Hotel is at Neyland, and there are several good inns at Pater.

It is a pretty ferry that which crosses the haven, and leads from the terminus to the busy and bustling town of PATER—principally known by its recently acquired name, PEMBROKE DOCK. It was a village not long ago, and the ruins of an old castellated mansion may still be found there; happily, superintendents of government works did not remove this relic and reminder of old times, and it looks, among barracks, storehouses, and artisans' dwellings, much as a grim and grey veteran of many battles would look in the midst of raw recruits at drill.

Before we cross, however, let us first visit Milford; it is already in decay, although no older than eighty years, for the removal of the dockyards, the formation of good quays, and especially the railway terminus, "higher up," have taken away all trade from the town; it is no longer a "packet station" as it was for half a century, and cannot compete with its younger, more active,

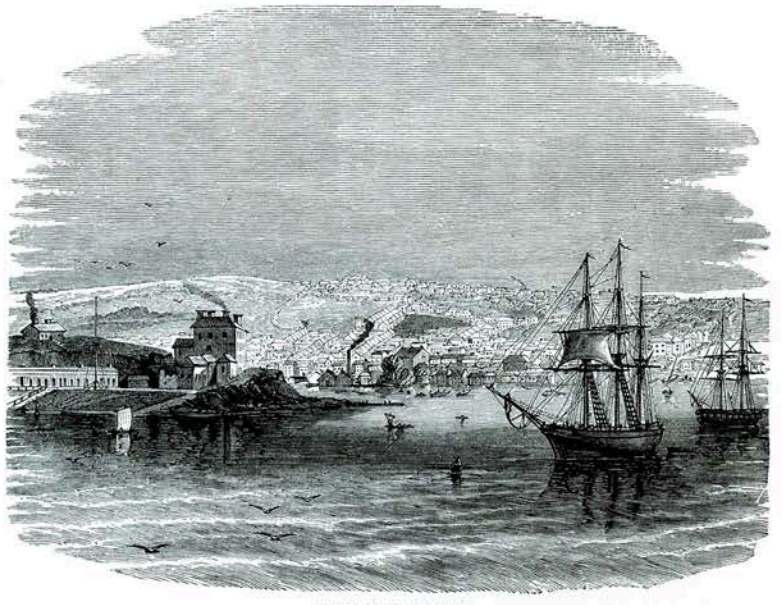


MILFORD HAVEN: THE TERMINUS.

and more robust successor, which Government fosters and protects. Those who sail or steam by it, on the way to Ireland, may be reminded of, if they cannot recall, the Milford of a by-gone time, when, often overcrowded by passengers waiting a fair wind "to cross," it was a scene of perpetual gaiety and amusement. Its glory has departed; its prosperity is gone. Nevertheless, it will attract the notice of sea-voyagers between the two islands; and, therefore, we have pictured it.

Milford Haven has been renowned "time out of mind;" by Shakspere it is called the "blessed haven:" in "Cymbeline," Imogen asks—

> "Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
> To inherit such a Haven?"



PATER: THE FERRY.

and quaint old Drayton thus praises it in the "Polyolbion:"—

> "So highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
> Noe haven hath aught good, in her that is not found."

The "lardg and spatious Harborough" has, indeed, been lauded in many ways; by historians, geographers, and poets: and, we believe, its manifest advantages will, ere long, be so fully developed, now that a railway leads to it through so interesting a district, that future writers will have to describe it in terms they borrow from the past.

Four centuries have gone by since on this shore Richmond landed; marching hence to meet "the bloody and usurping boar" on Bosworth Field, receiving "great comfort and encouragement" from many of the princes of Wales—for he was their countryman, born in the old castle

we can see from any adjacent height, and which we shall visit presently. Yet, although Milford is in many respects unrivalled as a harbour, not alone for beauty of scenery, but for safety and security in all winds and weathers, it has been strangely neglected; and even now, so ill is it fortified, that there would be small impediment in the way of any invading force desiring to land troops on the coast, and to burn and destroy the dockyard at Pater.

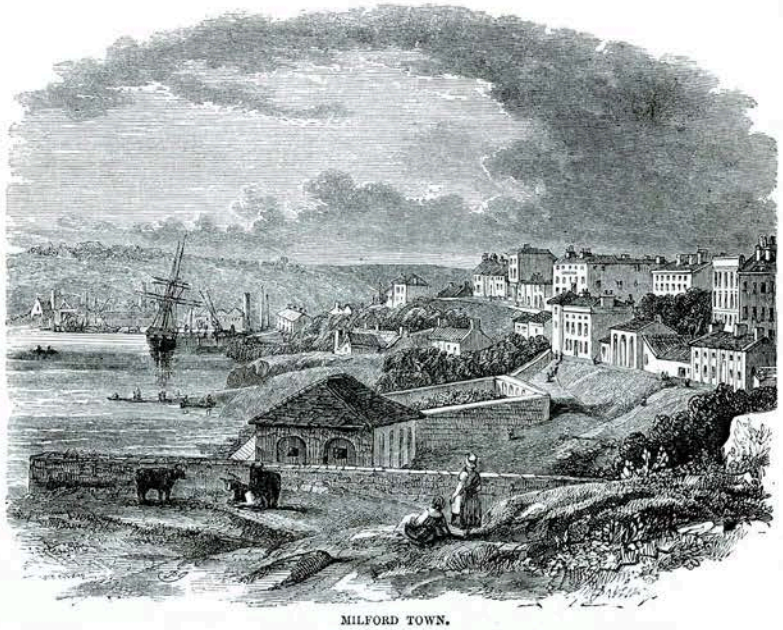
We cross the ferry in a *steam ferry-boat:* this accessory is but a recent introduction: it is a valuable one; for the winds blow, and the sea rolls fiercely, at times, into this harbour, and the timid may dislike even so short a passage in one of the small boats hitherto alone available for the purpose. Now, all idea of danger, or even inconvenience, at any time or tide, is removed. First, however, we may ascend either of the neighbouring heights, to obtain a magnificent prospect; or if we visit Milford Town, as no doubt many will do, we may enjoy one of the grandest, and most beautiful, sea views our islands can supply. We borrow a description from a valuable tract written by Jelinger Symons, Esq.,* and published by Mason, of Tenby, to which we refer the reader who desires further information concerning this beautiful Haven.

At PATER, we may, if we please, spend an hour pleasantly and profitably in visiting the dockyard. Our own visit must be brief. The old dockyard was at Milford; the establishment was removed "further up" in 1814; the consequence is, that an insignificant village has became a large and flourishing town, where a thousand artisans are always busy, and whence issue so many of those noble war-ships that are, as they ever have been, and ever will be, the "wooden walls" of our Islands.

We are now in PEMBROKESHIRE. The county is bounded

THE FLEMISH CHIMNEY.

by St. George's Channel and the Bristol Channel, on the north, west, and south, and on the east by the shires Cardigan and Carmarthen. The county of Pembroke is, according to an old historian, "partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welsh;"† a colony of Flemings being there planted, of whom a circumstantial account is given by Selden, in a note on a passage of Drayton ("Polyolbion"), which describes the Flemings as emigrants, in consequence of inundations that "swamped" their land. It was during the reign of Henry I. They were "kindly received" by the king, "in respect of the alliance which he had with their earl, Baldwin Earl of Flanders," and settled chiefly in Northumberland; where, however, they were found so unruly that "King Henry was under the necessity of driving them into Wales." Other historians assert that it was by persuasion, and not compulsion, they became "settlers" among the Welsh; the Anglo-Normans finding them brave and valuable allies, while their habits of thrift and industry made them useful examples, as well as auxiliaries, to the conqueror's. The second Henry gave them direct



MILFORD TOWN.

encouragement, and considerably augmented their numbers, recommending them to his knights as ready and powerful partizans, the more to be trusted because so thoroughly isolated in the midst of merciless enemies, against whom they were perpetually compelled to keep watch and ward. Of their domestic architecture—strong houses, easily and readily fortified against bands of marauders—there exist picturesque remains in many parts of the country, the massive chimneys being those that have best withstood the assaults of time. It is by no means certain, however, that these ruins are what tradition affirms them to be—remains of *Flemish* architecture. Some architects and archæologists have recently promulgated opinions that they are of a date much later; that no structures resembling them exist in Flanders, and that they were probably erected by the Welsh, who borrowed their character from Brittany.

PEMBROKE DOCKYARD.

Pembroke county is "the extreme point of South Wales." With the exception of a small tract towards the north, this is the most level part of the principality, and "seems to bear a resemblance to the general face of English country, as close as the affinity of its inhabitants to the English people, so that it has been called "Little England beyond Wales."*

* "Standing at the point of the east Blockhouse you enjoy one of those magnificent scenes of which one carries the image through life. The blockhouse is built on the bluff summit of a rocky cliff. Immediately before you lies the splendid mouth of this gigantic harbour, with the bold promontory of Dale, now being fortified, and St. Ann's lighthouses immediately opposite. To the right the view extends over the whole area facing the entrance of the haven before it turns eastward, and comprises an extent of some fourteen or fifteen square miles. Further to the right hand, and just within the entrance, stands Thorn Island, a towering and isolated rock, now for the first time fortified. To the left is Sheep Island, which forms a bold feature at the eastern extremity of the same rock-bound coast. Seaward looms the Atlantic, and the broad expanse of ocean, east and westward, formed by the confluence of St. George's and the Bristol Channels. Few sea views ever impressed me more intensely with depth, magnitude, beauty, and repose. May its last attribute soon pass away, and the fleets of the civilized world give life and animation to this glorious gift of nature!"

† "The superior skill of the Anglo-Norman knights who were engaged in constant inroads on the Welsh frontier, and who were frequently detaching from it large portions, which they fortified with castles, thus making good what they had won, was avenged, indeed, but not compensated, by the furious inroads of the British, who, like the billows of a retiring tide, rolled on successively, with noise, fury, and devastation, but on each retreat yielded ground insensibly to their invaders."—*The Betrothed.* The portraits of Wilkin Flammock and his fair daughter Rose, and details concerning the early Flemish settlers in England, are familiar to all readers of this novel—one of the "Tales of the Crusaders."

* Malkin, writing of South Wales, so recently as 1804, states that "so different were the manners, Arts, and agriculture of the two people, that they have scarcely made an advance towards assimilation in the space of seven hundred years. It has happened that men from the same parish have been on a jury together without a common language in which to confer." This evil has greatly diminished, but has not entirely ceased. It is still easy to distinguish the one from the other, and there yet remain districts in which little or no English is spoken. Indeed, we are informed by a correspondent, THOMAS PUGNELL, Esq., of Tenby, to whom we are indebted for much assistance, and many valuable suggestions, that, "in the upper portion of the country, the people cannot speak English, while in the southern hundreds, they do not understand Welsh."

We are now on the high road to Tenby; conveyances are sufficiently numerous, and there are omnibuses that meet all the London trains. We may choose either of two routes: that which leads by Carew Castle, or that which passes through Pembroke town. We select the latter; a visit to the former will be one of our excursions from Tenby. We ascend a steep, and obtain a fine view of the opposite shore, soon arriving in sight of PEMBROKE CASTLE. This magnificent fortress occupies a bold rocky eminence that projects into an arm of Milford Haven; for more than eight centuries it has been renowned, not only as the seat of the famous earldom "to which it gave name," but as of historic interest, from the time of the Conquest to the wars of the King and the Parliament.

Its appearance is "inexpressibly grand," surmounting a rock, out of which it seems to grow, so that it is "hard to define the exact boundaries of Art and Nature." It is, indeed, a wonderful group; and, considered in connection with the remains of a priory, on an opposite hill, and which, seen from a distance, seems part of the stupendous structure, there is, perhaps, no object in Great Britain so striking, or so exciting as a reminder of ancient days. A description of its details, and especially an abstract of its history, would demand larger space than can be afforded in these pages. The guide, a kindly and intelligent woman, will point the visitor's attention to the "Wogan," a "mervellows" cavern, underneath the castle, of which tradition and superstition have tales to tell; to the chamber, or rather the relics of it, in which Henry VII. was born;* and, above all, to the noble round tower, the Keep, in which a small army defied all the resources of the Commonwealth, kept the Lord Protector at bay, and yielded only when a traitor enabled the besiegers "to cut off the supply of water."† It is a day's work, and a pleasant work it will be, to examine these ruins; for although decay is now arrested, and the courtyard is a smooth green sward, there is ample to stir the fancy into peopling it in its strength, restoring its prodigious bulwarks, its inner and outer wards, its towers, gateways, barbicans, bastions, and embattled walls,‡ and greeting its successive lords, from that Arnulf de Montgomery to whom the son of the Conqueror gave the land, to those descendants of the Herberts who, to-day, keep the title and the name inherited from a race of men famous and illustrious in war and in peace.§

Our road lies through Pembroke town; of antiquities it has none after we pass the bold entrance to the castle; it consists mainly of one long street, and there is nothing to detain the Tourist until he arrives at a village, on the outskirts of which, along the banks of a small river, are the ruins of LAMPHEY PALACE.‖ Here the bishops of St. David's had their "country seat." Whether "built by Bishop Gower," or at an earlier or later period, no doubt many prelates contributed to augment its graces, internal and external, and its interest is enhanced as having been some time the residence of "the unfortunate Earl of Essex." The ruin retains evidence of much architectural beauty, affording, by its calm and quiet character, its site in a pleasant dell, and the absence of all offensive and defensive remains, a strong contrast to the castle we have just left, and the castle we are approaching. Lamphey is distant but eight miles from Tenby; visitors to this attractive spot are, therefore, numerous; and there are few

PEMBROKE CASTLE.

places in the kingdom so productive of recompence to those who either walk or ride thither. The ruins are entered over a pretty bridge that crosses the streamlet, and a modern mansion and grounds adjoin them; the owner who, we presume, also owns these venerable walls, freely permits

LAMPHEY PALACE.

access to all comers. The neighbouring church will claim a visit, although, neither within nor without, does it contain much that need delay the Tourist. He pursues his onward route, along a ridge of high land, and soon arrives in sight of the majestic ruins of Manorbeer.

* The chamber is now a ruin. When Leland visited the place, it must have been in a very different condition. He writes: "In the utter ward I saw the chambre wher Henry the 7th was borne, in knowledge whereof a chymmeney is now made with arms and badges of the King." The "chymmeney" is still there, but the arms and badges were probably destroyed by the soldiers of Cromwell.

† The three leaders—Laugharne, Powel, and Poyer—were expressly excepted from mercy. They were sentenced to death; but the Parliament having resolved to punish only one, three papers were placed before them; on two were written the words, "Life given of God," one was blank. A child drew the lots; the blank fell to Poyer: it was his death-warrant.

‡ The keep is computed at seventy feet in height, the interior diameter at twenty-four feet, and the walls are from fourteen to seventeen feet in thickness. One of the many accomplished archæologists of Wales (E. A. Freeman, Esq., in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*), thus describes the stately and venerable pile:—"It remarkably combines elevation and massiveness, so that its effect is one of vast general bulk. It is another conspicuous instance of the majesty often accruing to dismantled buildings, which they could never have possessed when in a perfect state."

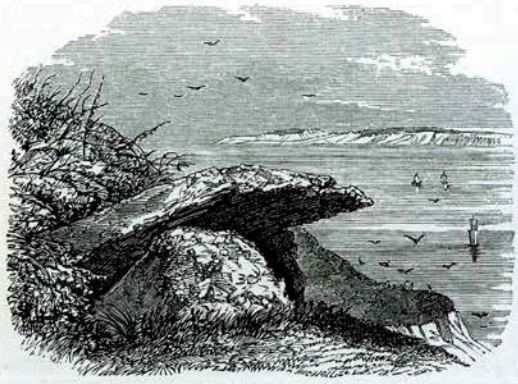
§ The records of the several lords of this fortress are fertile of interest akin to romance. That of Strongbow, the Anglo-Norman invader of Ireland, is well known. A story, even more romantic than his, is told of his predecessor, Gerald, who in 1108 was the King's Lieutenant in Pembrokeshire. He had a beautiful wife, whom a Welsh chieftain, Owen, the son of Cadwgan ap Blethin, coveted. At midnight this profligate, aided by youths as unprincipled as himself, obtained entrance into the castle, and carried the lady off, her lord narrowly escaping with life. Such was the lawless state of the times and the condition of the country, that during eight tedious years, Gerald vainly sought to regain his treasure—the lady as earnestly desiring to rejoin her lord—and to be revenged on his base and perfidious enemy. The day of reckoning, however, came at length: the betrayer was, after long and patient waiting, but always with the one purpose steadily in view, slain by the betrayed.

‖ "The real name was undoubtedly Llanfydd—the Welsh for *Fanum sanctæ Fidei Virginis*—dedicated to St. Faith."—"The first instrument I have seen dated from this place is one of Bishop Richard de Carew, A.D. 1259; and from that time the occasional residence of almost all the bishops there in succession may be traced, particularly of Gower, Adam Hoton, and Vaughan. To Gower principally may be ascribed its grandeur and extent."—FENTON.

Midway between Pembroke and Tenby (about two miles off the high road) is MANORBEER, or Maenor Byrr, "so called from its being the manor of the lords, or the mansion or manor of Byrr." Its situation is charming; "standinge between two little hillettes," the rocky bases of which repel the fury of an ever boisterous sea, "with its sheltered green park on one hand, a bare hill, with the slender tower of the old Norman church on the other, and the whole mass suspended over the sea-beach, that takes its angle and curve from the protruding rocks, the scene presents a combination of features that never fail to impress the stranger with mingled sentiments of picturesque beauty, solitude, and desolation." Its ponderous gateways, massive towers, high embattled walls, and extensive outworks, yet exist to establish its rank among Norman structures of the first class, built while the Baron was the mark of many enemies, in ages when "might was right," and power appertained to strength only. Although the interior is a ruin, much remains to indicate its former splendour. Visitors will wander with awe, yet pleasure, through the courtyards and vestibules, nay, into the dungeons, of this stronghold of many fierce chieftains, so long the terror of "down-trodden Wales." *

Manorbeer, however, has another interest; it was here the historian, Giraldus Cambrensis,† was born, about the year 1146. He dearly loved the place of his nativity, styling it, with pardonable pride, "Maenorpyr, the Paradise of all Wales."

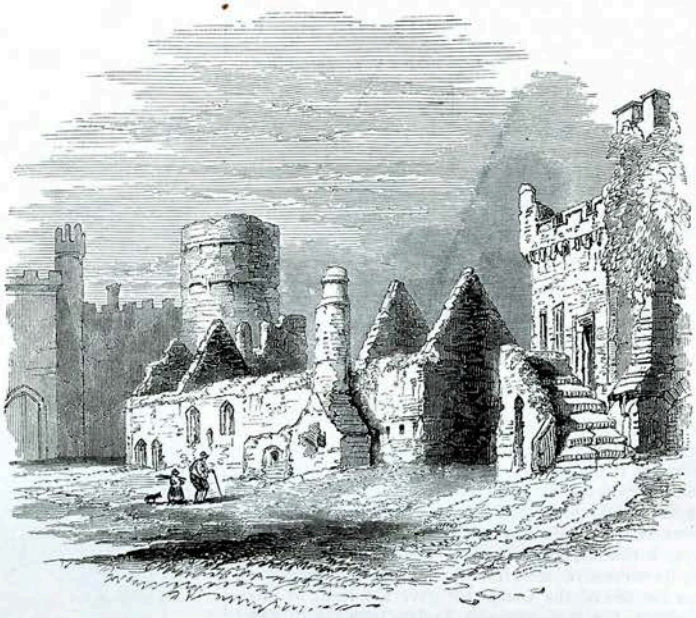
Within a short distance of the castle may be seen a curious and interesting Druidic remain—a CROMLEACH, of which so many examples exist in various parts of the country.‡



THE CROMLEACH.

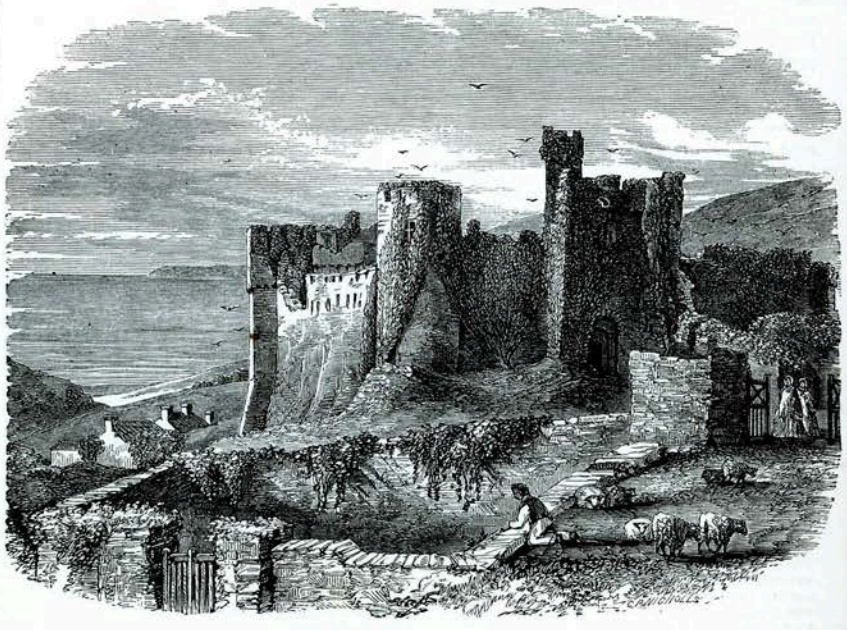
The tourist will visit the Church, a very aged edifice, beautifully situate on a high slope that overlooks the sea; it is of Norman origin. Near it is another interesting structure—a chantry, or collegiate building, erected, probably, by a De Barri, who, in 1092, was one of the twelve knights of Fitz-Hamon, among whom this district, plundered from the Welsh princes, was divided. The chantry is now a parish school; it was pleasant to see there so many earnest and healthy faces under a roof that was new eight hundred years ago, and is still vigorous, as well as useful, in age.

Having left this deeply interesting place, after long "musings" over terrible times, we are on the highway again, pacing along "THE RIDGEWAY"—for so the road is called that leads from Pembroke to Tenby. How full it is of intense delights! Is the tourist a lover of nature? Let him search into any one of those hedges, and what a bouquet of wild flowers he may collect! He listens to the songs of birds that issue from every bush and tree; while the gayest of gay butterflies roam all about. A delicious air comes from distant hills, mingling with sea-breezes. Health is here: strong winds upon heights for the robust; mild zephyrs in sheltered dells for those who are delicate; the spirits are raised; the mind and the soul expand. It becomes an instinct, as it



MANORBEER CASTLE: INTERIOR.

were, to laud and thank the Creator. And what a view! Look landward across that lovely valley, dotted with farm-houses,—villages here and there, marked by church towers above surrounding trees,—the well-cultivated land, green with the promise of spring, or brown with its fulfilment in autumn,—rich meadows or fertile fields. Look beyond all these, and see the mountains, the highest in South Wales, productive almost to their summits. Or turn your gaze seaward—what a line of coast!—iron-bound!—huge cliffs against which the Atlantic dashes; graceful creeks, where there is scarce a ripple; white sails that seem aerial specks; islands, large and little, where men inhabit or sheep feed; rocks, peopled literally by millions of sea-birds; while dimly, and afar off, is seen the English coast—mild and beautiful Devonshire. Every now



MANORBEER CASTLE: EXTERIOR.

and then the eye falls upon some ancient ruin, such as that we have described—Pembroke, Manorbeer, Carew, and others are here; any one of which might seem to justify the often-quoted words of the great lexicographer, splenetic though they be, that all the castles of Scotland might be crammed into the court-yard of *one* in Wales.

Those who have walked or ridden along "the Ridgeway," from Pembroke to Tenby, will have enjoyed a luxury "past telling;" language cannot do it justice: it can be little aided by Art; we believe neither in Wales nor in England can there be found a scene that combines so much of interest with so much of beauty.

* A visit to this castle, within four miles of Tenby, supplies one of the leading delights presented by that charming sea-town. Pic-nic parties are met here almost daily during the summer, and "helps" are afforded them by "care-takers" of the ruin.

† Giraldus de Barri, commonly known by his patronymic of "Cambrensis," was descended on the maternal side from Rhys ap Tewdwr (or Theodor), Prince of South Wales. His uncle was Bishop of St. David's, and his early education was there received. After a prolonged tour on the Continent, he took orders, and was presented with the archdeaconry of St. David's. On his uncle's death the chapter selected Giraldus as his successor, but the king, Henry I., refused to ratify their choice, fearing danger to his power from the abilities and influence of a man so closely allied with the native aristocracy of a country which England held by a very questionable tenure. His literary reputation rests mainly on his book—"The Itinerary of Bishop Baldwin through Wales, A.D. MCLXXXVIII.;" having accompanied that eminent prelate as his secretary and adviser through Wales, to "preach the crusade," he gathered information, and the result was a far more valuable legacy to posterity than all the gains obtained in the Holy Land. The first edition of this Itinerary was printed in 1585; it was translated and edited, with copious notes, illustrative and explanatory, by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, in 1806. Giraldus died at St. David's in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and was buried in the cathedral church. Sir Richard Colt Hoare thus sums up his character:—"Noble in his birth and comely in his person, mild in his manners and affable in his conversation, zealous, active, and undaunted in maintaining the rights and dignities of the church, moral in his character and orthodox in his principles, charitable and disinterested, though ambitious, learned, though superstitious." When young he was tall, well-formed, and so remarkably handsome, that one day, being seated near the bishop, a Cistercian abbot, who sat on the other side, having eyed him for some time, exclaimed, "Do you think it possible so beautiful a youth can ever die?"

‡ Those who have visited Ireland, or are familiar with the views of Irish archæologists, will be content to attribute these singular remains to the Druids, considering them as altars of sacrifice. They abound in Ireland, and are not uncommon in Wales; their origin is, undoubtedly, very remote; we do not here notice the several controversies concerning them. That they long preceded the introduction of Christianity into our islands is certain, and it may be sufficiently safe to consider these huge masses of stone—always untouched by tool, and invariably placed one above another, as in our engraving—

"The work of Druid hands of old."

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART VII.—TENBY, &c.

ILL the reader permit us to interrupt our narrative, and precede our notes concerning Tenby, by reconducting him to the Ferry between Neyland and Pater, to record an incident that occurred to us during our passage? With such "breaks" in our descriptions we endeavour, from time to time, to lighten topographic details.

It was a pleasant day we passed between Pater and Tenby, visiting the old castles of Pembroke and Manorbeer, and the venerable Palace of Lamphey; even the ferry had its charm as we crossed it, preferring—for the morning was mild and the breeze gentle—the common row-boat to the boat propelled by steam, and so delighting a group of weather-beaten mariners who watched our embarkation at the neat quay. Our boatmen—there were two—fell naturally into discourse concerning this incident, complimenting alike our wisdom and our taste, and expressing, unrestrained, their own opinions as to the folly or the wickedness of so abominable an innovation on the freedom of the fair Haven, the purity of the air, and the beauty of the landscape; both agreeing—and justifying their belief by sundry sea-phrases, incomprehensible, or at least unpresentable—that it was an insult and a degradation to any British seaman to be asked to navigate a huge tea-kettle. We may print a few passages of their sea talk as they rowed us leisurely across.

"I wonder, from my heart and sawl," said one of them, a sturdy fellow, who had lost an eye in *some* service, "did any of them new-fashioned circumnavigators ever give 'emselves time to look at a duck—only a duck—and see the way she floats, and steers, and turns on the ripple; and how her little eyes watch the wind, and how she rises and sinks with the wave? See what a beautiful pair of oars the Lord gave her to keep her gwain on the water: now I look on the duck as the father and mother of all the boats, canoos, oars and scullers, that ever touched the waves—I do indeed; and I'll stand up to it, there isn't no such swimming-master on the coast as a duck—her paddling is beautiful! she has such a take-it-easy way with her, and yet cuts the element like a prize wherry. But you'll see, it's not long your fine scientifick men will leave duck or goose to go the way of nature; they'll be for improving them, as they think they do land and sea, giving no peace to either. Now, messmate, what is so natural to a ferry-boat as a pair of oars? and what so natural, when a poor fellow gets keel-hauled, yet wants to be doing something, as *his* taking to the ferry-boat, and earning a living? They don't count us 'able bodied seamen' at the Admiralty, and yet either of us could ply such a craft as the old ferry-boat, and turn an honest penny, and no danger of the passengers being blown to Jericho—or further, and worse. I wonder what Britannia thinks of these new fangles? I only wish auld Neptune could catch a steam-tug crossing the line—or a what-d'ye-call-um cable! Ah, it wasn't with such tackle we won the battle of the Nile, or the great Trafalgar, where my father did what the song says England expected '*every* man to do!'"

"She's puffing across now," said the older sea-dog, with a sound between a growl and a chuckle; "I always watches her night and day—never misses her crossing over; and do *you* knaw why? well, I'll tell yah!" and the seams and puckers in his weather-beaten face were in harmony with the keen twinkle of his grey eye; "I *knaw she'll blow up*, and I wouldn't miss it—no, not to be made first lord!"

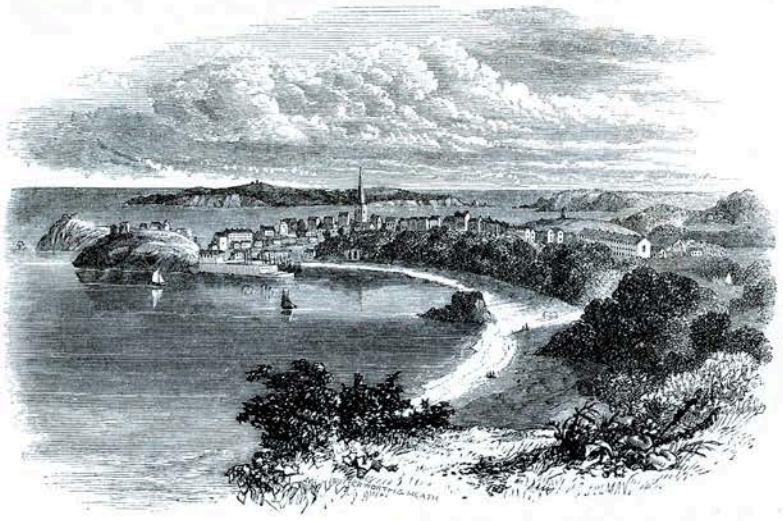
We are now on the high road to TENBY, and shall be there anon: it is in sight long before we reach it.

Tenby is, according to the county historian, Fenton, "beautiful in every stage of its approximation,"—occupying a lofty promontory which the sea, at full tide, to use the forcible phrase of old Leland, "peninsulateth." It is seen from afar off, on whichever side the traveller "approacheth," and on none to greater advantage than from the charming road we have been traversing—the road from Pembroke, called the Ridgeway. Soon after leaving Manorbeer to the right, we come in sight of Caldy Island. A day will be well spent here; a row across the bay, of two and a half miles, being one of the especial treats of visitors, to examine the walls and remains of a castellated mansion which now form parts of a modern dwelling—the residence of the gentleman who owns the old nest of the sea-kings. There are other objects here to arrest attention: an ancient tower, and an inscribed stone, still more ancient; while its smaller sister, St. Margaret's, separated from it when the tide is in, and joined to it, at low water, by a reef of rocks, contains also objects which the antiquary will explore gladly; while the rocks and cliffs that girt either shore are fertile of matters deeply interesting to the naturalist; and the breezes, either mild or strong, are ever full of health, on those green fields which the sea environs. From any of these heights we view

TENBY FROM THE SOUTH.

the town—a charming sight it always is, occupying a steep which the tide "peninsulateth," the Castle Hill its huge sentinel, St. Catherine's, an island at high water, its advanced guard, and the tall tower of St. Mary its beacon and protector. All is bare on this side—the artist has so shown it—while on the other, trees grow in luxuriant beauty, under the shadows of cliffs, and sheltered by near hills, where those who are delicate have pleasant promenades, leaving the side opposite to the more hardy and robust. The artist has here pictured the town from both points; into the sketch from the north, he has introduced the pier, where small vessels are protected from all winds, on which, formerly, stood the chapel of St. Julian, where mariners offered up prayers, and left their dole for the priests, whose duty it was to make perpetual intercession for the seamen and fishermen of Tenby who were labouring on the perilous ocean.

In truth, Tenby *is* "beautiful" from whichever side approached, and very agreeable when



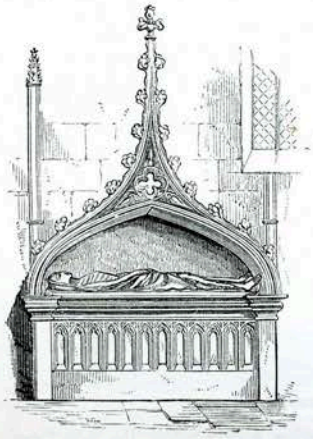
TENBY FROM THE NORTH.

entered: there are good hotels here, and lodging-houses in plenty, the major part of them, of course, facing the sea; the markets are well supplied, carriages are numerous, and not dear, boats are at all times ready, the warm baths are good, and the bathing-machines in abundance; while the sands, the *great* attraction of this charming sea-town, become so hard, almost instantly after the tide is out, that the thinnest shoe may be worn by walkers who tread them; and, on one side or other of the town, there is, at all times, shelter from winds to be avoided.

It is clear, therefore, that as a "watering place," Tenby has advantages second to those of no seaport in the kingdom: to our minds, it is a recommendation, and not a drawback, that a railway does not run right into the houses, although sufficiently near to give help without encumbrance. We shall show, presently, how many attractions it has to induce walks and drives—temptations to exercise, the source of health.

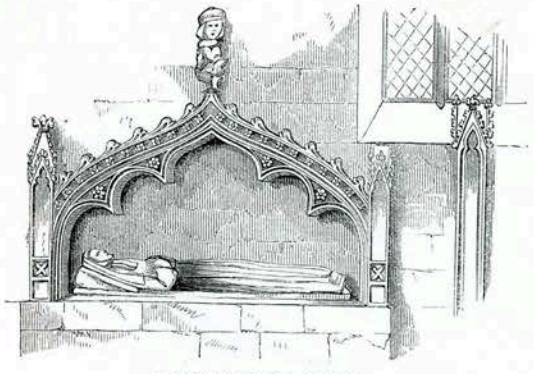
Before we take our ramble round the town, let us visit the old church, and the venerable walls, the castle, towers, and battlements, on which the curious eye has been often fixed, from the moment sight is obtained of Tenby.

The CHURCH at Tenby, dedicated to ST. MARY, is situated in the centre of the town; it is of large size, the largest church in Pembrokeshire, but of oddly mingled architecture; the "style" is the produce of several periods—some portions dating back to a remote age, others bearing unquestionable evidence of a time when taste and fitness were little thought of in edifices dedicated to the service of the Deity. No doubt it suffered often during the Welsh wars, and was restored according to the caprice of "authorities." It consists of a nave and chancel, with side aisles, and has a square battlemented tower, surmounted by a spire of bath stone, rising from the south aisle of the chancel to a height of one hundred and fifty-two feet—a notable landmark for mariners. Looking down the High Street upon the three gable ends that form the west front, the exterior has no peculiar feature, excepting two fine Perpendicular windows—the only two alike throughout the structure. Entering the interior



ANCIENT TOMB OF A MONK.

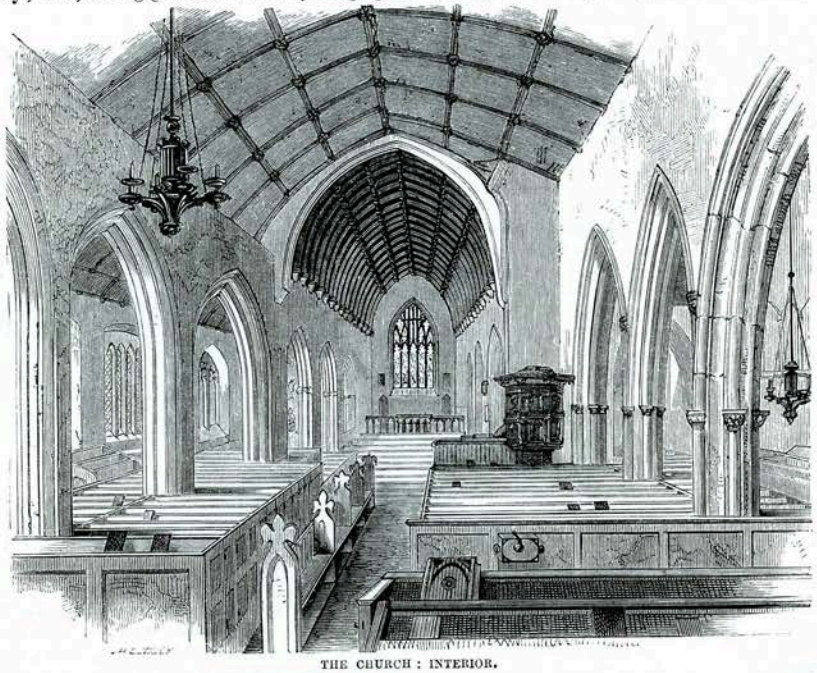
through the low arch that forms the western entrance, and passing under the middle gallery, the fine flight of altar steps at the opposite end has a grand effect, and the great size of the building is at once perceptible. The extreme length is one hundred and forty-five feet, and the breadth proportionably large; but this extensive area is broken and the flatness relieved by two rows of pillars and arches that separate the aisles from the centre, and serve to support the lofty, overhanging roofs of great width, from which hang the not inelegant chandeliers. The greater portion of the floor is encumbered with close fixed pews, that rise in galleries against the walls of both aisles; but the chancel, which has had its magnificent roof, recently repaired, and a fine monumental window inserted in the east wall, is furnished with appropriate open seats. The north aisle presents a goodly store of monumental antiquities.



ANCIENT TOMB OF A FEMALE.

Not far from each other, under richly ornamented niches in the wall, are two very ancient tombs—the greater part of both hidden by the pews: on one is the effigy of a naked, emaciated monk, with a winding-sheet thrown partly over it. The tomb which Fenton supposes to be the tomb of Tully, Bishop of St. David's, who, it is well-known, was buried at Tenby, is on the north of the altar steps. Another tomb contains a female figure, robed in well-executed drapery: this we have engraved. A little way further up is an extensive and ambitious monument bespattered with paint and gilt; it was erected by Thomas Rees, of Scotsborough, "armiger," to the memory of his wife, who died in 1610. The husband, bare-headed, in plate-armour, is on bended knees before a *prie-dieu;* the wife, in all her frilled finery, is extended on her side at his feet; whilst the boys and girls of the deceased are represented on the base, with features in which the sculptor has evidently laboured to flatter the living parent. Against the east wall is the kneeling figure of William Risam, dressed in his red aldermanic gown—a good specimen of a well-to-do tradesman in 1630. Near the head of the worthy alderman is a little break in the wall, *said* to have been caused by Cromwell, who fired at the figure, supposing it to be a living being! The finest of all the monuments, however, is that erected to the memory of two of the family of White—extensive merchants of Tenby for several generations. This monument fills the arch at the left-hand side of the altar steps; the base, of alabaster, divided into compartments and filled with *bassi relievi*, supports two males, dressed in a style characteristic of the time. Here, too, is the tomb of Walter Vaughan, of Dunraven—the hero of traditionary lore, as a famous wrecker in his day; who, having gathered wealth by hanging out false lights, and so guiding mariners to rocks,

THE CHURCH: EXTERIOR.



THE CHURCH: INTERIOR.

suffered a just but terrible punishment, having been the means of thus luring his own two sons to death. He is buried here, and, according to his epitaph, "awaits a glorious resurrection!"

This is the only church in Tenby—if we except the Cemetery Chapel, in the outskirts of the town. In summer-time it is always full; seats, however, are reserved for strangers, who are consequently expected, or rather required, to contribute to the cost of repairs.

A morning at Tenby may be pleasantly and profitably spent in examining the old walls, the tower on the castle-hill, the remains of the castle, and the towers and gateways that yet defy the inroads of time. If left to themselves by "the authorities," perhaps that is their good, rather than their ill, fortune; for if little has been done to protect them from decay, nothing has at all events been attempted with a view

NICHE IN THE TOWN WALL.

to their "restoration." There are few walled towns in the kingdom so easily examined, or so fruitful of reward.

Tenby is a very old place: so far back as 1150 it was strongly fortified, its inhabitants being fierce and warlike; it was twice taken before the close of the twelfth century, and twice "reduced to ashes." Its castle was then a large and strong building—it is now a shapeless ruin; but some of the walls are undoubtedly seven hundred years old. During the reign of Henry VIII., according to Leland, "the towne was

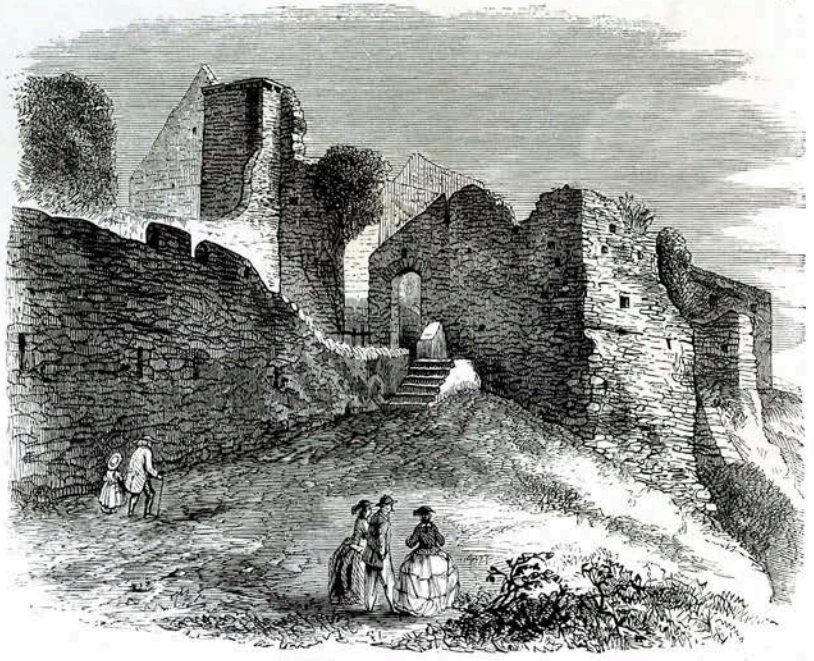
KEEP OF TENBY CASTLE.

strongli walled and well gated, every gate having his port collis *ex solido ferro*." To trace these walls, some of which are still perfect, and to enter these towers, two or three of which continue in very tolerable preservation, is therefore an enjoyment not often to be obtained in England.

Tenby,* as we have intimated, was for a long period one of the strongest and most important fortresses of South Wales.* On the two sides that face the sea, the fortifications needed to be of no great strength: nature was its protector; the huge cliffs and the wild sea were its best guardians. All that now remain are a small circular turret, and the watch-tower; part of the gateway, and a few fragments of the outer walls that surrounded the castle-hill; the gateway and the fragments are pictured in our engraving. The castle-hill is an immense limestone bastion, that projects into the sea (dividing the north from the south sands) at the point where the sides meet. The other two sides were defended by

THE SOUTH GATE TOWER.

thick, lofty walls that ran at right angles with each other, and terminated both ways on the edge of the precipitous cliff. These are still in tolerable preservation, and beside them, for a considerable portion of their course, a pleasant walk, shaded with trees, occupies the site of the ancient moat. The best view of these old walls is from the north-west corner. Hence it will be seen they are of very unequal length. One ceases at the distance of a hundred yards, leaving a space of about fifty, between its termination and the cliff, as an entrance to the town, where the fine North Gate used to stand; the other runs in a straight line to the south, and is strengthened by frequent towers of various sizes and shapes. This at the angle



REMAINS OF CASTLE GATEWAY.

is round, and "batters" for about four feet from the base. A flagstaff rises from the tower, and over the broken battlements hangs a rich mantle of ivy, clasping the corbels in its creeping course down the sides. A little way on is seen another almost similar; and further still the walk

* The Welsh name of Tenby—"*Dynbych y-Pyscoed*, the place of fishes"—leads us to believe it was a fishing town at a very early period; it is now not famous for fish—if we except oysters, which, however, are used chiefly for pickling: "being eaten rawe, they seeme too strong a meate for weake stomackes, and must be parted in two, three, or foure peeces." Tenby is supposed by good authorities "to be a name which, under the appearance of Danish, is really Welsh: the southern form of that which in the north is called Denbigh, *i.e.*, little hill, or little fort."

* As a proof of the estimation in which Tenby was held, in the "Mirrour for Magistrates," Owen Glendowr, who is reciting his misfortunes, says—

> "Twelve thousand more in Milford did arrive,
> And came to me, then lying at *Denbigh*,
> With armed Welshmen thousands double fyve,
> With whome," &c.

Cromwell (1648), in a letter to the House, gives his opinion that "the castle and town of Tenby are equal to any in England."

"Henry VI. is said to have built or rebuilt the walls, in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, but it was left for Queen Elizabeth, who was a great benefactress to the town in general, and whose initials are still extant over part of the town walls, to contribute that strength and perfection to them which the present remains are a striking proof of."—FENTON.

terminates, and the view is bounded by the south-west gateway; a huge semicircular bastion, seamed with vegetation and entered by a circular arch, which contained the portcullis. The battlements and lancet-holes have been walled up, and the sharp-pointed arches that supported the lower part of the wall and the walk above, have been broken through.* The space between this and the next tower is known as the "South Pool," and is occupied by yards and sheds. About eighty yards of the wall here appear to be of more recent date than the rest, and a stone inserted therein tells us it was erected when the Armada threatened our shores, when—

"From Eddystone to Berwick's bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
The time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day."

Hence, the wall runs through a green meadow, that gaily contrasts with the old grey limestone, and terminates in a little square turret—much resembling the church towers of the district—that overhangs the sea, and seems to grow out of the solid rock from which it springs.

The fortifications were defended through two rows of lancet-holes: the lower can be reached from the ground; to command the other a succession of pointed arches supported the archers' path leading round the battlements, from sea to sea.

TOWER ON SOUTH PARADE.

In one of the houses perched on this cliff, and here pictured, we resided, during our pleasant stay at Tenby; the group is not inappropriately called "BELMONT," and, so near as to be almost part of the dwelling, is the old square tower—one of the seaward defences of the town. Hence there is a wide-spread and very beautiful view: immediately underneath, at the foot of that huge rock, the firm sands extend to St. Catherine's rock, seen to great advantage from this point, in combination with the Castle Hill. Immediately fronting us is Caldy Island, joined at morning, perhaps, with St. Margaret's, to be, at evening, separated by a sea, in depth "full fathom five;" looking landward, a round tower, of very doubtful age, but which, we believe, is by no means "venerable," first meets the eye; while beyond are Pretty Penally, the trees encircling Gumfreston, the steep on which is Hoyle's Mouth, and other objects that promise interest, where genial breezes blow, and wild flowers grow, in rich luxuriance, by green hedges, and in fallow fields. These we shall describe presently. From the higher rooms of the house, or from the summit of the tower, a fine view is obtained of Giltar point, and, further off, "Proud Giltar," one of the most picturesque of all the sea cliffs of the district, while in the extreme distance is seen the land that encircles Carmarthen Bay, and, on clear days, Lundy Island, and the coast of Devonshire; it is difficult, indeed, to find anywhere a prospect at once so extensive, and so beautiful as that we obtain from this house—outside of which there are no buildings, for it stands beside the old town wall, the boundary of the present town.

From this tower, gentle reader, we have watched (as you may, and, we hope, will), at all hours of the day, the thousand things that make a sea-side dwelling a supreme delight; often, too, during portions of a summer night, when every wave sparkled with those phosphoric lights for which the coast is famous. The sands were alive always. When the tide was full in, the contrast between the foam, and the cliffs up which it dashed, was a glorious study for the artist; and, when the tide turned, it seemed as if its halt was stayed by the horizon. Beneath, upon the hard sands, were troops of laughing children, tripping ladies—many in search of the different *Actinea* that fringe the picturesque caverns of St. Catherine, and which that gentle-hearted and patient naturalist, Mr. Gosse, has so faithfully depicted in his beautiful book of "Tenby"—and gentlemen with telescopes, or opera-glasses, phaetons, and horses, "promenading." The sands are alive with company; the bathing-machines, like overgrown bandboxes, are drawn up on the shingle, while the pale, "washed-out" bathing woman sits in the sun, playing, in a listless way, with her little crippled child, beneath the shadows of the ruins that crown the Castle Hill. Presently a steamer comes in sight, and all the glasses are directed to her: the gentlemen, and some of the ladies, rush off, some round the Castle Hill, others through the town, to see the strangers disembark at the pier, by the baths—that is, the sheltered and *west* end of our quaint little town. Certainly Tenby is quaint; of course, it believes in the pleasantness of picnics, in the reality of much that towns with a "terminus" know to be untrue; but what of that? it is all the happier in its simplicity. You may buy your tea at the library, and your stamps at a grocer's, and receive, if you will, lessons on the concertina, from the postman; while a most useful and ingenious assistant, who "helped" Mr. Gosse, and greatly aided us—one John Jenkins—is ever ready to attend you to gather sea-weed, to collect *Actinea*, to show you where grow the best mosses, orchids, and ferns, and, in short, to make you like

TOWER ON THE SOUTH CLIFF.

Tenby the more for the boons which nature offers so freely and so lavishly to the naturalist. Anybody will tell you where Jenkins lives, and you will as readily find his neighbour, the saddler, of whom you may hire horses or ponies; his name is—Jones! But that fact gives you little information, for it may be the name of every second man you meet. His son, a smart and intelligent lad, is his charioteer; he is not "smart" only, he is bright-eyed and clear-headed, and, though a lad, you are safe under his guidance, for well he knows every

"Dingle and bosky dell,"

of the interest and beauty of which he has not only full knowledge, but also keen appreciation: a better guide you will not find; he will be sure to make you pause at every point of import. His store of legends, if not voluminous, is real; and, though without any botanical knowledge, when he found we admired the wild flowers that rendered the lanes a "*hortus siccus*," bewildering in their beautiful variety, he always stopped and gathered, with taste and skill, whatever we required. There is a close woody copse, about a mile from Tenby, of considerable extent, through which runs about the *worst* road to be found even in Wales; but it is over-arched at intervals by interlacing trees, with vistas, opening into strips of grassy meadow, or ponds rich in—

"The green mantle of the standing pool;"

it is a treasure-trove of wild flowers. We were greedy gatherers—still crying "More, more;" but the boy, seeing those he had culled in such abundance already flagging beneath the sun's rays, said, "Please, ladies, you have specimens of all, and, I beg pardon, but isn't it a'most a pity to cut any more off in their youth and beauty—*for nothing!*"

* About twenty yards from the gateway, between the embrasures, is a pretty little niche, which probably held an image of St. Margaret, or some other patron saint of Tenby: this niche we have pictured.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART VIII.—TENBY, &c.

WE have described ST. CATHERINE'S, the steep island cliff that sentinels the town, and contains on its summit some venerable relics, and of the CEMETERY CHAPEL it will suffice to say it is a pretty edifice that lies on the side of a hill, just outside the town, whence beautiful and extensive views are obtained: both these interesting subjects we have pictured.

The day was calm and beautiful, as seated on one of St. Catherine's green slopes, our attention was directed to the residence—not the permanent dwelling—of a lady, the business of whose life is "to do good, and to distribute:" one of those admirable women, at once benevolent and beneficent, who obtains, by giving, happiness—who employs wealth in the service of God, by dispensing it to the needy. We were reminded of an incident that occurred to us not long ago: we need not say where, and we are bound to withhold the name of "the good and faithful servant" to whom we make reference. One of her "homes" is not far from the place we are describing; another is in a far-off county, by the sea-side: there may be others of which we know nothing: an accident made us acquainted with these two.

"He looks very ill," we said to our landlady, who had been "doing up" the fire; "he looks very ill; your fine air can do little for him. How attentive his servant is!"

"That person is not his servant," she replied; "that man belongs to 'the Lady,' and comes from No. 9."

"Is the poor gentleman insane?"

"Oh, no—not at all—he is only very ill. Ah, if ever there was an angel upon earth," added the good woman, laying down the coal-box and taking up the hearth-broom, which, however, she did not use, but balanced, while she put the other hand under her apron, a movement indicating that she had leisure and inclination to give any information we required, "if ever there was an angel, it is 'the Lady;'—not that she's anything particular to look at—very quiet and plain in her dress. She would keep her good works secret, too, if she could; only grateful hearts will speak,—and God forbid they should be silent," she added, with warmth, the more unexpected, because she is a gentle *twilight* sort of woman, who seems to have dwelt under the shadow of sorrow all the days of her life. We waited; but the landlady had turned away to sweep a little at the hearth, and we observed her put her apron to her eyes.

"'The Lady' always makes me choke, like," she continued, "and I am sure that's not what she'd desire to do. But, living at No. 2, I *must* know what passes at No. 9." We believed her!

"About two years ago 'the Lady' took No. 9 for one-and-twenty years. She had always been a lady of property; but some one died, and left her more—more than she wanted. Well, she took No. 9. I thought, what could she want with it? it is a very nice house, and in the *best* situation; I don't mind saying that for No. 9, as well as for this, No. 2; but I did not think it grand enough for 'the Lady.' Well, it was taken and furnished in a week; all the rooms turned into bed-rooms, with single beds, and the front rooms divided, so as to increase the number, and folding-doors put to the parlours, to make one large sitting-room; single beds, and children's beds (oh, yes, two or three of them in the large top room); capital furniture, but plain. On the Saturday down came a man and his wife. Strangers they were; so short and stiff in their answers; would tell nobody what they came about. The next week two flies drove up, with *nine* children! such objects—some crippled—some twisted—some with coughs—some, such wasted creatures!—but all looking like gentlemen's children; not fine, nor even well dressed, but with something about them that told what they *are*, though some say, it only tells what they *were*. I think it came out through the doctor, and it was this: 'the Lady' devoted the money she had been left, to taking No. 9, and fitting it up for invalids; invalids, you understand, who are too respectable to go to a sanatorium, and yet have no means to seek health at a place like this. She pays every expense, provides every comfort, baths and chairs, and a drive now and then over the Downs, and comes herself when least expected, to see that everything is properly attended to. I watched those children at first creeping about, seemingly unable to bear the breeze from the common; and two that could not walk at all, wheeled in a perambulator. It was wonderful how they improved. One dear child—such a pretty boy!—found it so hard, at first, to get up those steps even with his crutch; at the end of six weeks I saw him run over them after his ball, like a lapwing. Two sisters came, in black—little dears, such sweet lambs!—clinging round each other as if determined not to be parted. How they were tended, to be sure! their little stool carried down to the river's bank, that they might sit and enjoy the cool air together; and one morning the Lady was pacing up and down here, with the doctor, and I heard her say, 'You must save her, doctor; they are

ST. CATHERINE'S.

alone in the world—two little orphans—if one dies, the other will soon follow: they must be saved!' I don't know what he answered, but in about ten days one of the dear little snowdrops was gone. A few months after, the grave was opened to receive another coffin.

"No. 9 is never empty; I wish No. 2 was always as well filled. If those who come down like ghosts, leave at the end of their month or six weeks refreshed and strengthened, the very next day others take their place. We have old and young, but I like to see the young best—there is hope for them; they get on so rapidly. 'The Lady' sends the *worst cases* in the

THE CEMETERY CHAPEL.

summer. I never knew any one looking so ill as that poor gentleman come at this season, which is so wild and gusty!—but, law! many are so glad of such a home, even for six weeks."

The *fact* we gathered is simply this:—A lady, who is blessed (in her case it *is* a blessing) with a superabundance of wealth, expends a large portion of it in sustaining comfortable homes for persons, gentle-born, who, requiring change of air during or after illness, are too poor to obtain it, and whose natural pride closes the door of public charities against them.

May God give to her the happiness and the health she distributes with so large a heart and so liberal a hand!

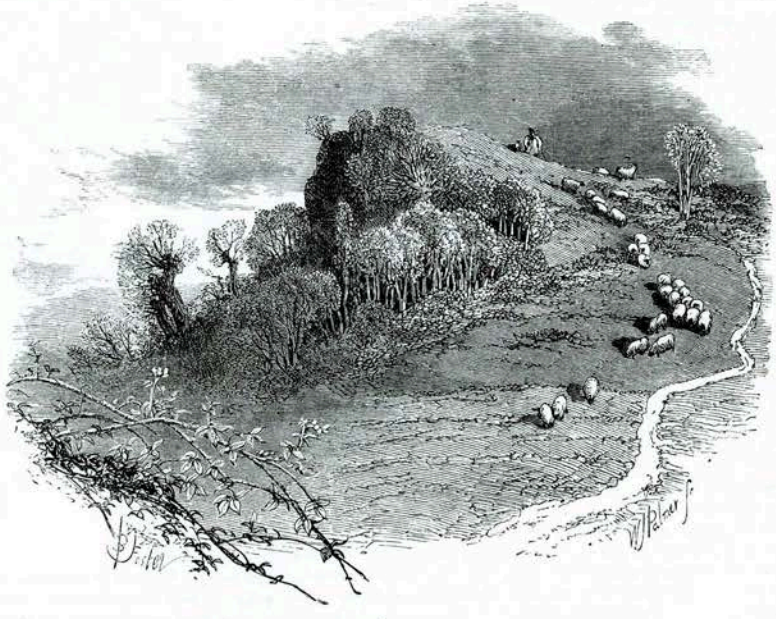
Let us take a morning walk, and visit HOYLE'S MOUTH; nay, let us enter the cave and see its wonders, speculating, on our way, as to how it obtained its name: whether "Hoyle" was but an easy change from "Hole," for tradition is silent concerning any derivation; and whether it be a work of art or a freak of nature, for we are cognizant of the ancient rumour that its exit is at Pembroke—that it is a passage of eight miles long, leading to the "mervellows cavern"—the Hogan—underneath the old castle. Hoyle's Mouth is seen from afar off; it is on the side of a hill, just where the "Ridgeway" begins. The entrance, high up far above the level of the sea, is hidden from below by tangled brushwood and trees of stunted growth; a narrow winding path conducts to the spot, and the visitor finds himself on firm earth in the cavern. Standing under the arched roof of solid mountain limestone, we look out upon the landscape: the picture from this secluded spot is surpassingly beautiful, taking in, as it does, many of the best points of the surrounding scenery.

The interior of the cavern is of singular interest, whether we advance far into it, or are content with inspecting merely the title-page of the book: the roofs and walls, "veneered" by time and weather with a thick coating of grey, are closely crusted with stalactite matter, which when chipped is pure white, while all around, some distance in, grow luxuriant ferns and kindred plants. At the further end is a small arch—the entrance to the interior. A low passage of thirty feet conducts, over sharp rough stones, to an apartment large enough to contain half a dozen persons in a crouching position. To proceed one must "wriggle" through a small tunnel, several feet above the bed of the cave, over a mass of stalagmite protuberances, with a risk of the light being extinguished by the bats, or by drops of water oozing from above. The remaining caverns and passages are lofty and spacious. The sides and roofs throughout are beautifully adorned by stalactites; in some places clustering like grapes and acorns of frosted silver, or pendent from the roof like huge icicles; in others, meeting the stalagmites beneath, it forms pillars and arches that seem to support the roof. In one place the dropping of the water has formed a miniature chapel, with a flight of steps leading to its high altar, the whole shut out from the cavern in which it is situated by an almost perfect arch. In all, there are eight compartments, and as many passages. At the extremity of the most remote is an aperture too narrow to admit a man, but, from observations made, it is thought that it very probably leads to another series of these curious cells.

How far man has aided nature to produce this singular work it is, as yet, impossible to say. That it was used in old times is certain, for relics of a remote age have been found there; it may really have been a passage by which, in perilous times, communications were kept up with Pembroke Castle; at all events, there can be little doubt that it was often a place of secrecy and security to the wild Welshmen when hovering about their Norman foes, or harassing the Flemish intruders on their soil and their rights; or that, during later periods, many a band of smugglers, when all along this coast illicit trade flourished, must have there sought, and found shelter, dividing their cargoes, and sending them hence throughout the country. What tales these rugged walls could tell! Many a gentle tourist will sit at the entrance we have pictured, and call imagination to aid, while gazing over the lovely landscape and the blue sea, to behold successive warriors, from the piratic Danes to the Ironsides of the Commonwealth, all with one common purpose—to subdue and spoil a people hardy, brave, and energetic, yielding inch by inch to the invader, fighting as gallantly and as continuously in their thin cloaks of coarse wool, as did the knights and squires clad in panoply of steel. Reader, if your fancy be not dull and lifeless, you will linger and muse here! Here, perhaps—nay, probably—assembled the early Britons, watching the Vikings, Inguar and Halfdene, brothers and chiefs, crossing from Caldy Island to plunder and to kill; here may have hidden the sturdy Welshmen who dogged the footsteps of the Normans whom Arnulph de Montgomery led along the Ridgeway to occupy lands that William Rufus gave him—the bear's skin before the bear was slain; here may have gathered those who slew the soldiers of the king, when "the unevenness of the country and bad weather" aided "rebellion;" hence may have issued the "tall men," who spoiled the Flemings, breaking down their stone walls as fast as the strangers built them, "making verie sharpe warres upon them, sometimes with gaine, sometimes with losse;" here unsubdued bands of fierce Welshmen may have seen invaders, under Mac Murchadha, with his "seventy heroes dressed in coats of mail," proceeding to make "the king's town of Tenby clene Irish," there "to commit many great riots, routs, and unlawful assemblies," as is their wont, "against the king's peace, crown, and dignity;" here may have been secreted Meredith and Rhys, sons of Griffith, Prince of South Wales, who sacked Tenby, "falling foul" upon its garrison at midnight, in revenge for wrong done to their brother Cadehl; here, perhaps, Maelgwn, son of the Lord Rhys, gathered his followers, and again sacked and burnt the town, although a person of "civil behaviour and honesty in all his actions," who became very terrible to his enemies, and, "like a lion hunting, slew all the Flandrysians who came against him;" and here,

ENTRANCE TO HOYLE'S MOUTH.

no doubt, assembled the heroic remnants of the defenders of Trefloyne House, close at hand, when the soldiers of the Commonwealth drove forth its loyal master and his brave household, converting his home into a ruin, of which some fragments yet endure to claim a place in history. It is easy, indeed, to associate this wild and secret hiding-place, concealed from sight, and difficult



HOYLE'S MOUTH.

of approach—in which a score or a thousand fighting men may have sheltered while watching an enemy—with all the stirring incidents of ages, from the war-prows of the pirate kings, ten centuries ago, to the transports of the French "invaders," who, in 1797, sailed by this coast to land and become prisoners in a dell at Pencaer, near to Fishguard.

Let us walk again to-day, and visit the old house of Scotsborough, and the pretty hamlet and venerable church of Gumfreston; the one little more than a mile, and the other scarcely two miles from Tenby; both will repay us well, for we traverse a pleasant road, by the side of the little river Ritec, crossing a long and narrow causeway bridge, observing the mill that stands beside a broad sheet of water, into which the stream falls, where boy-anglers are often seen watching "the quill down float," and taken note of the roads that lead, the one to Penally, Lydstep, and Manorbeer, the other to St. Florence and Carew—roads we shall take when a drive, and not a walk, is our purpose, and a longer time is arranged

THE SANCTE BELL.

for than will be needed to visit Scotsborough and Gumfreston.

Scotsborough—whence its imported name we cannot say—is merely the picturesque ruin of an ancient house, which belonged to the honourable and far-descended family of Ap Rhys, whose monuments are in Tenby Church. The ruin consists of a number of crumbling walls, many of them held together by twisting bands of ivy—the ivy being remarkably fine. As an example of the strong dwelling of a period when, although defences of domestic buildings had become less a necessity than they had been, it was still a policy and a duty to be always prepared for attacks, the old house of Scots-

THE STOUP.

borough will be examined with interest; its numerous small rooms, its rambling and "incoherent" architectural character—evidences of additions from time to time—may tempt the tourist to a somewhat careful scrutiny; but, at all events, the neighbouring trees, the green lanes all about it, the pleasant dell in which it lies, and the soft breezes that seem to have settled here, without a wish to wander, hill-way or seaward, cannot fail to lure the resident at Tenby into many a health walk at morning or at noon.

The little Church of Gumfreston slumbers on the inner slope of the high land that for miles overhangs the vale of St. Florence on the north, as the Ridgeway does on the side opposite. Shut in by trees, and covered with vegetation, it can scarcely be distinguished, at any great distance, from the surrounding foliage; and not before the gate of the quiet churchyard is reached can this picturesque remnant of the past be seen in its venerable beauty and unadorned simplicity. Although within a stone's-throw of the highway, the situation is so

SCOTSBOROUGH.

retiring that, were it not for the occasional lowing of cattle on the opposite hill, and the continual twitter of birds fluttering among branches of luxuriant ivy that cover sides and roof, it would be almost a perfect solitude. The church, which dates back for six hundred years, consists simply of a porch, and of a nave and chancel linked together on the south by a small

GUMFRESTON.

mortuary chapel, and on the north by a plain square tower, the ivy-crowned battlements of which lift their heads just high enough to catch the rumblings of the ocean or the quick strokes of the curfew wafted, on wintry nights, over the hill from Tenby, two miles away. The porch, which contains a Stoup, and is furnished with a cold stone bench on either side, forms the

entrance to the "darksome" interior. We found it decorated with ivy, giving to it a character beautifully picturesque; it had forced its way from the outside through crevices in the wall, and was flourishing as we have shown in our engraving.* The walls and low vaulted roof are whitewashed throughout; and on the narrow, concrete floor about a dozen dark, rickety pews serve to accommodate the rustic congregation. With the exception of that in the chancel, the windows look to the south, the ivy, that veils the whole of them on the outside, answering the purpose of stained glass in mellowing the beams of the noontide sun. Among architectural features worthy of notice, in addition to the stoup, are the curious baptistery that bellies out from the wall of the nave, and the decorated piscina in the chancel. In this piscina is deposited a plain, bronze HAND-BELL, seven or eight inches in height, which was used in times past as the *sancte bell*.†

At the bottom of the churchyard are three clear bubbling WELLS, bordered with tall grasses and wild-flowers of various hues; they have been analysed, and two of them are said to contain certain medicinal properties.‡ Hence a wicket-gate opens into a long green lane that re-conducts to the road; the trees growing on the side twist their over-

RUIN AT PENALLY.

hanging branches together to form a shady roof; the hedges are profusely covered with graceful ferns and beautiful mosses; and on one side there is a little brook, bridged over by the roots of many trees.

A lonely, yet tranquil and pleasant "place of rest" is this isolated churchyard, far away from the bustle and business of life. Here, as in many other parts of South Wales, the graves are in several instances planted with flowers. The custom is unhappily falling into disuse; and in the neighbourhood of Tenby, these indications of the love of the living for the memory of the dead are becoming rare. The subject is, however, one to which we shall recur when a better opportunity than we have met with in this district is offered to the pencil, as well as to the pen. Gumfreston Church and village will be visited often by those who are sojourners at Tenby.

* "Stoup, stoppe, a basin for holy water, usually placed in a niche near the entrance door—sometimes in the porch, sometimes within the door—for the purpose of aspersion on entering the church; sometimes standing on a pedestal or short pillar, and detached from the wall."—*Archit. Dict.*

† "So called because it was rung out when the priest came to those words of the mass, '*Sancte, sancte, Deus Sabaoth*,' that all persons who were absent might fall on their knees in reverence of the holy office which was then going on in the church."—WARBURTON. The congregation were to fall on their knees at the ringing of this bell. In later times it was frequently used to announce the arrival of the clergyman, and also to precede a corpse on its way to the final resting place; then called the *banger bell*.

‡ We borrow a passage from our friend, the naturalist, Gosse, whose valuable and deeply-interesting volume—"Tenby, a Sea-side Holiday"—should be continually in the hands of visitors to the sea-side—especially everywhere "hereabouts:"—"The wells are so contiguous that a child with his wooden spade could have made them all but one. The upper contains pure spring-water; the next has been built up by Art into the quadrant of a circle—this is chalybeate, found to be exactly similar to that of Tonbridge Wells in its sensible and chemical properties; it deposits a floccose red sediment of oxide of iron, and, as it bubbles up among the gravel, discharges great volumes of gas now and then. Below this is a third spring, also a chalybeate, but less impregnated; steps of worn masonry lead down to it, indicating its former reputation; but now it is never drunk; people have a notion that it springs out of the churchyard."

Before we return home, let us retrace our steps, and walk through a charming lane that leads to PRETTY PENALLY. It is a sweet village, inclining upwards from a glen, and receiving into its bosom the sea-breezes, that seem softened as they approach it. We may have more to say of this place hereafter: at present we must content ourselves with asking the Tourist to

GUMFRESTON WELLS.

examine the venerable church, with its peculiar and interesting antiquities, and, if he may, the old ruin in the grounds of yon graceful dwelling, in which a good, and kind, and generous lady resides—the consoler of all poor neighbours who need help. The village is little more than a mile from the town; a pleasant walk it is, and fruitful of instruction as well as enjoyment: whether the teachers be old stones that have endured for centuries; Nature, that here revels in abundance, freely and liberally shared; the eloquent though silent monitors found in every

PENALLY VILLAGE.

hedge, clothed in "all their glory;" the open sea, the cliffs, or the ever green fields, teeming with fertility on hill-sides crowned with trees that love the winds of ocean, under the influence which they flourish. Surely, "if there's peace to be found in the world," it is in this sweet village—Pretty Penally.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART IX.—TENBY, &c.

ONE of the pleasantest drives from Tenby is to the north—as far as Amroth, taking *en route* Sandersfoot, St. Issel, and Hean Castle; visiting, if the tourist pleases, one of the mines of anthracite coal, of which there are several in the neighbourhood—their "whereabouts" indicated by tall chimneys. These places are on the north side of Tenby—the opposite to those we have been heretofore describing. The tourist who proceeds to Amroth, some five miles from the town, will, of course, stop to examine the submarine forest; he may easily procure specimens, in which he will find imbedded shells, in some instances containing the living fish.*

Traditions and orally preserved poems combine with existing remains to indicate that, in several places, large tracts of country, once cultivated and inhabited, had been swallowed up by the sea. The chief of these is the Cantre 'r Gwaelod, or lower Hundred, in Cardigan Bay. According to some accounts, this event happened in the fifth century. In "The Triads," a collection of very ancient Welsh records, the misfortune is attributed to the drunkenness of Seithenyn, who wantonly opened the flood-gates, and,

"After his festive mirth, let in the desolating ocean."

Amroth is the furthest point of this excursion. The "Castle" is a modern house; anciently it was called "Eare Wear," and is supposed to have been the feudal residence of a follower of Arnulph de Montgomery, one of "a chain of posts," which may yet be traced from Caermarthen to Pembroke. A stone's throw from Amroth is the boundary stream that divides the shires, Pembroke and Carmarthen. Many delightful bits of scenery are to be met with in the neighbourhood. Hean Castle, now also a modern dwelling, is, according to Fenton, but a corruption of Hengastill, the old castle. The whole of this neighbourhood was once a huge forest; it is now "the great natural depôt of coal," and the pretty little village of SANDERSFOOT is the port at which the material is shipped for exportation; lines of tramway have been laid down from the mines to the quays, and there is a character of active bustle seldom to be found elsewhere in the district. There are few more delicious drives than that which leads from Tenby, over hills, to the dell in which this miniature seaport is situate. It is by another route homewards—through narrow lanes that lead into the main road from Narbeth—we reach the church and hamlet of ST. ISSEL. The church is small, but has a tall square tower of grey stone; a tiny stream "brawls across the pebbly road, and passes with a whispering rush through the tunnel arch of a rustic foot-bridge."

The many ancient churches that neighbour Tenby add greatly to its interest and attraction; the tourist may examine a dozen of them in a day. There are none that gave us more pleasure than that we have pictured—dedicated to a saint of whom we know nothing. It is in a pleasant dell, environed by trees: in the crowded churchyard sleep the hamlet's "rude forefathers." The rivulet, on the morning of our visit, scarcely covered the stepping-stones, but, at times, it becomes a fierce current, and then the quaint foot-bridge is the guardian of wayfarers. A carter was watering his horses there while we lingered to admire the masses of wild flowers on its banks. He was a short burly son of the principality; not old, apparently—though he told us he was at the winter end of seventy. We praised the old church.

"Ah, well! gentry think many a thing handsome that I don't see nothin' in. A drawing-man, t'other day, made a pictur of my wife—an she's a good five years oolder than I—that she is; but it was her hat an' jeckat he took to. She'd a been nothin in his eyes without the hat an jeckat. She wanted to put on her new ans, but he was such a fule that he stuck to the oold; an I could'nt but laugh—to see how he was took in. Why, they'd been her own muther's! Now there was a thing for a painting-man to make a pictur of! A Welshwoman, touching eighty, in her own muther's hat and jacket! Why, the hat was knockt up and down—like—like—nothin', and as high as a church steeple—and he to make a pictur of it! Wasn't it noice!"—there was a merry twinkle in his eyes, while he repeated, "my awld umman, in her muther's cap and jeckat, make a pictur! an she, bless her awld cranky face, so proud coz she was draw'd!"

We met the old man frequently afterwards, and once, just as our ponies arrived at the outer gate of Manorbeer Castle, he was there; without invitation, he followed us, his arms crossed on his back, his head advanced, and his keen little eyes taking in everything. "I think," he commenced, "you're for admiring the oold place just as the painter-man admired my oold wife in

ST. ISSEL.

her muther's hat and jeckat! Ah! but we had a jolly night here, in Boney's time; when a stout-hearted smuggling gentleman took Manorbeer Park farm, an purtended he brought ovver five Cornish men to teach our lads mining, an' our women to milk cows. It was sometimes carrying kegs over the rocks an' stones at Lydstep, an hiding am in our caves there, or else taking a run with am up the green slopes, to the men in waiting, if the coast was clear. Many a boat have I seed upset in the surf of Manorbeer Bay, an then scramble—who scramble could! We had cellars all about the cliffs, two on hill farm, some under the old parsonage walls, by

SANDERSFOOT.

Manorbeer Church; an, bless you! the castle itself is like a mole-hill—the earth under it is full of our *runs*. Eh! if the painter-man had but sen the smuggling cutter *Jane*, Captain Furze, pursued by a king's ship—the shot flying over us like hail in thunder—an we bobbing like geese under an archway to 'scape it. 'Get down, my lads,' says Captain Furze, says he, 'get below; I'll balk 'em yet—the timber isn't spliced that 'll run down Jack Furze—down, my lads, at once!' and as he spoke, he threw himself flat on the deck, and so he steered lying on his back. He dodged from day till dark—when we come on deck, and, making a suddan turn in his coorse, he scaped. Ah! Captain Jack would have been something to paint—*he* would!"

* We obtained pieces containing several of the living fish—both the *Pholas candida* and *Pholas dactylas*. Some of the wood has been found to retain marks of the axe, "as if the encroachment of the sea had been effected since the country was inhabited by civilized man." To this interesting locality, as well as to many others, where the peculiar products of the locality are to be obtained, Jenkins is a valuable guide.

The pretty village of St. Florence, which occupies a dell in the centre of a rich valley, of the same name, is a charming object when seen from any of the adjacent heights; it is here pictured, and also an ancient mill—one of those venerable relics of the picturesque which never fail to lure the artist from a beaten track. Of St. Florence, with its many arched doorways and quaint round chimneys, we have little to say, and may occupy our page by reference to some of the old traditions, for which the reader will readily believe the isolated town of Tenby is famous.

Do you happen to be at Tenby on St. David's day, when March is entering "like a lion," as is his wont? We may wish you there when he is going out "like a lamb;" but at all events, you will be in Wales on the fête day of its patron saint, and if you do not yourself wear a leek you will see many who do so. You will be told, in the words of the historian Malkin, that "St. David is as proper to the Welsh, by whom he is called St. Dewy, as St. George to England." He was certainly of royal descent, and was born, probably, A.D. 460, somewhere in Pembrokeshire, near to the See he subsequently governed. If Selden be consulted, you will learn that "he was uncle to King Arthur, was Bishop of Menevia, which is now St. David's, in Pembroke," that "he was first canonized by Calixtus II.," that "he was prognosticated above thirty years before his birth," and that St. Patrick, in the presence of the yet unborn babe, "suddenly lost the use of speech," but, recovering it soon after, "made prediction of Dewy's holiness joined with greatness." This was not the only miracle that heralded his advent; to minister to his baptism, a fountain of the purest water gushed forth—"to be seen to this day." His schoolfellows used to declare they often saw a snow-white dove hovering above him. The promise of his childhood was fulfilled in manhood, and in age; "Heaven was pleased to prosper all his labours; blessing him with a patriarchal longevity, to continue a shining ornament of religion, and an instructive example to the world. He ended his days amongst faithful servants of God, in his beloved retirement, and was buried in his own church, where his shrine for many ages continued to be frequented by several crowned heads, and pilgrims of every description." We shall make closer acquaintance with the saint when we visit his cathedral, which adorns and glorifies this Shire.

The origin of the leek as the badge of Welshmen is involved in much obscurity; there is no evidence concerning it; if we except that of an old "broadside," which declares that, on a certain first of March, the Welshmen "joyned with their foes," and, in order not to confound friends with them—

> "Into a garden they did go,
> Where each one pulled a leeke,"

which, wearing in their hats, they were thus enabled to recognise their countrymen, "all who had no leekes being slaine." To this tradition Shakspere refers, making Fluellen say in "Henry V.," "The Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps." The more plausible supposition, however, is that of Dr. Owen Pughe, that it was derived from "the custom in the Cymmortha, still observed in Wales, in which the farmers assist each other in ploughing their land, on which occasion every one formerly contributed his leek to the common repast." Be it what it may,

> "We still remember David's day,
> In wearing of a leeke."

Let us dream at Tenby, and recall the manners and customs of the quaint old town in times gone by; we read of them in the *Cambrian Journal*, and fancy may picture them to-day as they were long ago!

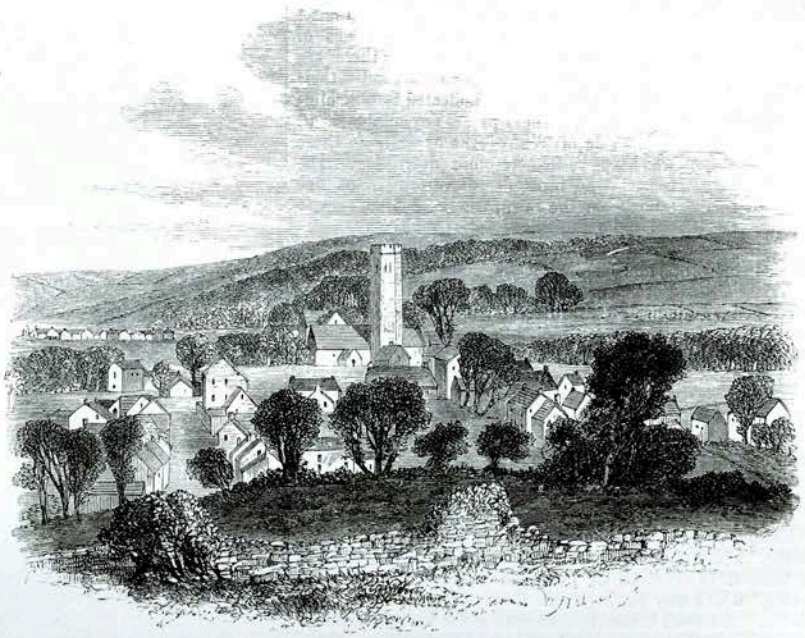
Is the tourist in Tenby when the year closes? he will be told by throngs, with lighted torches, and making music out of cow-horns, that "Christmas comes but once a year." On St. Stephen's day he will encounter crowds employed in the gentle pastime of beating all passers-by with holly-bushes. On new year's morn he may be greeted by boys and girls who sprinkle all they meet, with "new year's water," and wish them a "happy new year;" for which good service they levy contributions, singing as they go—

> "Here we bring new water from the well so clear,
> For to worship God with, this happy new year."

On Twelfth Night he may encounter other crowds, bearing bowls of a liquor less pure, chanting an ancient ballad—

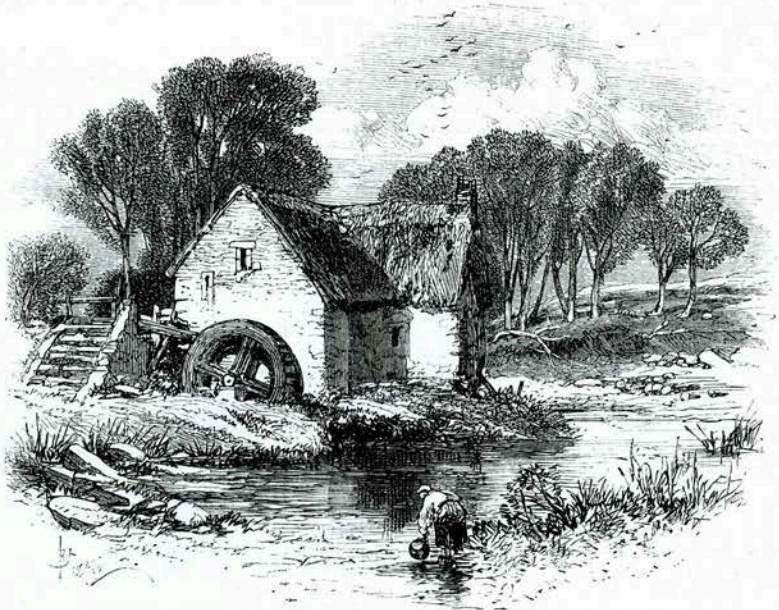
> "Taste our jolly wassail bowl,
> Made of cake, apple, ale, and spice!"

If he chance to be there on Shrove Tuesday, he may see the shopkeepers hurriedly putting up their shutters, mothers dragging their children within doors, and quiet females hastening home—not without reason it would seem; for shortly afterwards will be heard a frightful din and tumult, not unlike the war whoop of wild Indians, caused by the mustered forces of the "brave boys," and girls too, of Tenby, who are engaged in driving-on the football through the streets! On Good Friday many old people do, or did, walk barefoot to church. Easter Monday is a great day of fun, and Whit Monday a day still more jovial; for clubs, with bands and banners decked with flowers, form processions to visit church, and, in the evening, to dance the old and honoured dance, "Sir Roger de Coverley." On May-eve, the King and Queen of May, tricked out with flowers, parade the town and demand from all, candles, or money wherewith to buy—used at night in illuminating the May-bush, round which dancing is kept up whilst the lights last, and then an immense bonfire of furze is lighted, on which the bush is burned. All-Hallows Eve, is, of course, a grand festival in Tenby, as it is everywhere.



ST. FLORENCE.

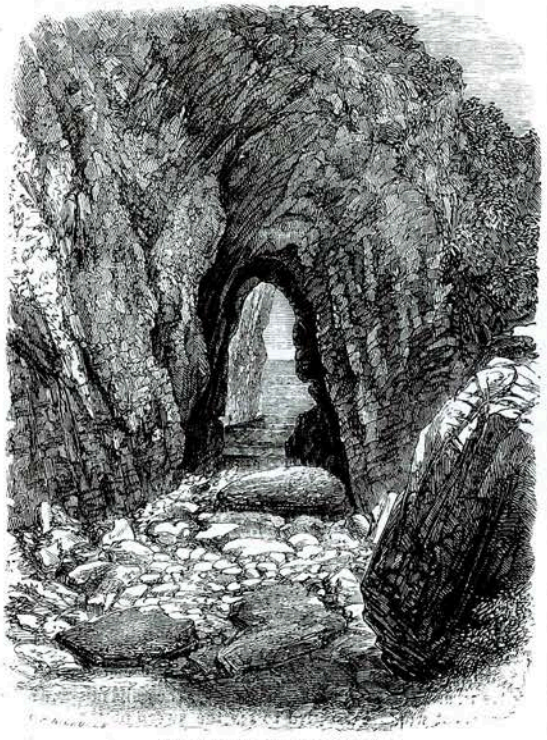
Alas! these pleasant sports of the people are becoming daily more and more a mere history; dull facts are driving out lively fancies; labour seldom, now-a-days, seeks refreshment from healthful play; toil has its recompence only in toil anew; the May-pole on the village green is often but a sad reminder of pleasure uninherited. If we have learned to be wiser than our fathers, and more refined than our mothers, it may be well to inquire, now and then, at what price, in this "utilitarian age," our acquisitions have been bought. Tenby has "profited" less than more accessible places by introductions of modern ways. May it keep—yet a long while—its privilege unscathed! Nay, we may even regret that its "superstitions" are rapidly "dying out;" that the White Lady appears not with her wonted frequency to indicate to some lucky



OLD MILL, ST. FLORENCE.

swain the spot where hidden treasures have been buried; that only in remote districts now, the lonely wayfarer passes the fairy circle with bated breath and averted head, fearing lest he may disturb the sports of the "little good people," and be made to assist in their mystic revels; that the services of the charm-doctor are less frequently required than of yore; that "corpse candles" and spectral funerals have ceased to visit frequented ways; that witches are treated with less of awe than they used to be, and that the nameless one, with clanking chains, now seldom appears to affright village swains and country maidens returning from fair, wake, or wedding-feast, and has ceased, in great measure, to way-lay the rustic lover as he wanders home from a "courting" expedition to some neighbouring farm.

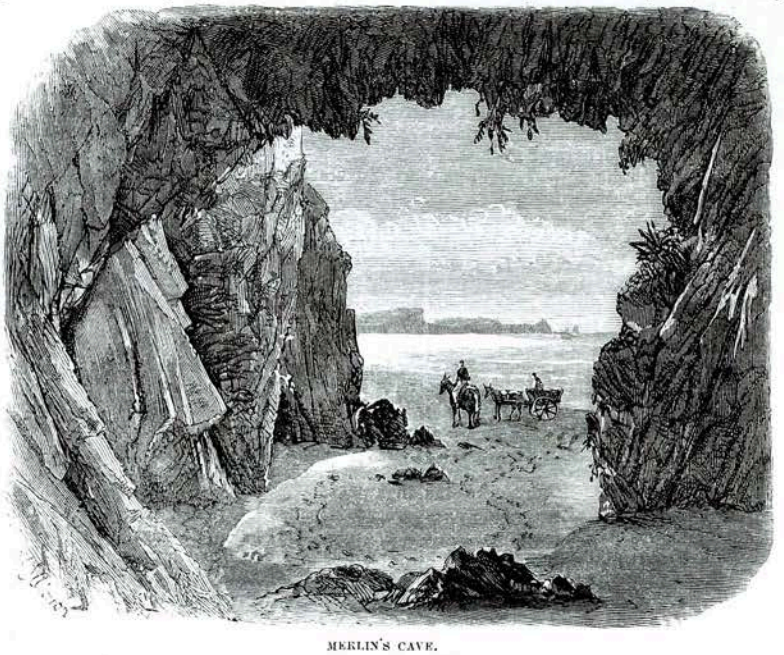
As we have elsewhere intimated, tourists will find no sea-coast more interesting than that at Tenby, or adjacent to it. The lofty peninsula on which the town is built is itself worthy of attention—much in shape like a note of interrogation, the concave side, towards the north, encloses within its cliffs the small bay and harbour. In this direction it is we meet with the coal measures, which abound in petrifactions of ferns, equiseta, and the so-called beetle-stones, which are polished and carried away by visitors as mementoes of their visit. Here the cliffs crumble down to the sea, covered with vegetation almost to the water's edge. On the southern and opposite side, again the rocks are composed of the mountain-limestone, and are bare and precipitous, in some places smooth as a wall, in others scurfed and rugged. On this side there are several caverns of various shapes and sizes; one not far from the town, and known as MERLIN'S CAVE, is much admired. We visited it just after the retreating tide had smoothed the fine sand that forms the flooring, and felt it to be a cool and agreeable retreat from the heat outside. What connection it has with the bard and prophet whose name it bears is to us unknown, but the place, from its solitariness and seclusion—from the interior nothing to be seen but the sea and Caldy bounding the horizon—would certainly offer a satisfactory refuge from the pains and fears of worldly-mindedness. It is of large size, and is seen to best advantage at noonday. The top, thickly patched with the minute fern called the *Asplenium marinum*, is composed of immense masses



THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE, LYDSTEP.

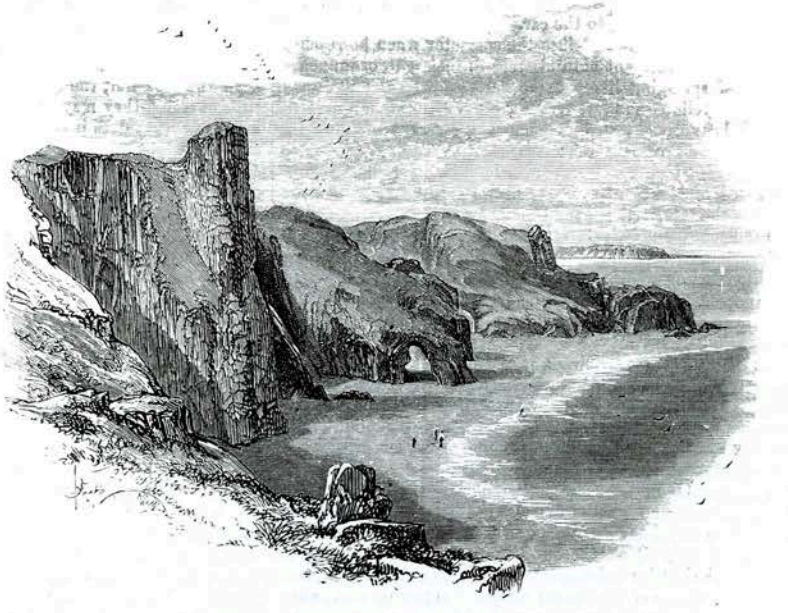
of stone, which seem so insecure as to make us wonder they do not fall every moment; and the sharp and angular sides present the appearance of polished red and green marble, shot with veins of white, caused by the constant dripping of water from above.

If the reader be not one of those who are content to visit only what can be reached in a carriage—if he feel an interest and an enticement in grand and refreshing scenery, let him, after he has examined this cavern, and inspected the numerous rock-pools all around, with the treasures they contain, come with us to visit Giltar-head, and thence to LYDSTEP. We cross a little stream that glides down the vale of St. Florence, whence winding round the peninsula, it discharges itself through flood-gates into the sea, and then traverse the valley up which, at one time, the sea used to rush, and has left many perceptible traces in the old shores that may be seen on either side; now, however, a long line of sand hills that have accumulated across the mouth serve, with some aid from Art, as a picturesque and unsurmountable barrier to the waves. Seaward, these hillocks assume a graceful form, and are clothed with but a scanty covering of tall, coarse tufts of grass; further in, however, they are carpeted with a fine, thick bright moss. It is an enchanting walk, in which all our senses are gratified more or less. The moss on which we tread is tapestried with wild flowers of delicious fragrance, conspicuous among which are the tiny Burnet roses, clustering together in shrubberies, and scenting the air with their delicate perfume. Numberless rabbits lying in the sun, or frisking about in the hollows, prick up their ears as we approach, and rush into the holes they have burrowed in the sand, while the larks hovering above inundate the air with their sweet song. We pass close under the pleasant village of Penally, that clusters round its ancient church, rich in memories of St. Teilo, and looks out from amidst groves and gardens upon a fine view of the bay and distant coasts, and shortly we arrive at the foot of the lofty projection that runs out to a headland, and bounds the horizon from Tenby to the south. The summit reached, a wide and most commanding prospect is obtained. We are on Giltar Point, the extremity of Carmarthen Bay. On one hand, close by, separated from us only by a narrow sound, are the isles of Caldy and St. Margaret, and away,



MERLIN'S CAVE.

like a gauzy mist in the distance, is the coast of Devonshire. To the left, the bay sweeps into the land, washing the coasts of three counties. For many miles the land is high and bold, but it gradually begins to sink, and soon appears but a swampy fog in the horizon; again it swells high up in Gowerland, and finally terminates in the Worms Head, nearly opposite the spot on which we stand. Hence to Lydstep Haven the coast runs parallel to the Ridgeway, and is of romantic beauty and wildness—bluff headlands, caverns, and chasms of gloomy grandeur; and, indeed, with very partial interruptions, this is the character of the whole coast round to Milford Haven. In our course along the cliffs we pass over many caverns: none of them are very interesting; but one, called the Bears' Cave, from the fancied resemblance of the face of the rock



THE VALLEY OF CAVERNS, LYDSTEP.

to that animal, is the object of numerous water-excursions. Three or four times we came abruptly upon a dark, gloomy funnel-hole running from the surface to the sea beneath. In one of these we liberated a timid bird, that sat crouching with fear on one of the ledges, crying piteously, and fascinated by a hawk that was torturing the little creature preparatory to the final pounce. All the way the scene is gay with beds of little hyacinths, tufts of sea-pinks, and luxuriant banks of w ld thyme, to which the bees are resorting—

"Spr ading their drowsy murmur far and wide;"

and more than one butterfly of the most delicately-tinted "clouded yellow" flitted by to attract our admiration. At last we reach "Proud Giltar," a lordly cliff that towers on high, and

seems to feel his own importance one of the chief buttresses to the swelling Ridgeway behind. It affords a fine example of wonderful stratification, the direction being regular and perpendicular. The face of the rock is *cross-hatched*, and wrinkled with scraggy ledges and jagged peaks, that are resting-places for the sea-gulls and glossy daws that make the place their home, and in which samphire, privet, and glistening ivy grow in great abundance. The colour of the water was delightful, and far out, fathoms deep, could we see, through the clear, smooth water, patches of sand illuminated by the reflection of the sun's rays, the rocks decked and darkened with sea-weeds of gorgeous hues, undulating with every motion of the waters; whilst below us, close at our feet, the waves, so soft and musical, seemed to be chaunting funeral masses for the gashed and stiffened corpses they had made in the howling winter time.

We soon arrive at LYDSTEP CAVERNS.

The cliffs now begin to sink, and at a short distance are succeeded by the pebbly beach of Lydstep Haven. This secluded harbour is shut in on one hand by the steep and magnificent cliffs over which we have passed, and on the other by Lydstep Head, a lofty promontory scalped and defaced by the quarrymen, who have unconsciously converted it into all manner of curious and fantastic shapes, while in front, low-lying and broad, are the isles of Caldy and St. Margaret turning towards us their western sides, on which brooding shadows indicate the positions of their lofty caverns. We have not yet reached the limit of our excursion, having to see the fine caverns for which Lydstep is noted; they are on the opposite side of the head, and to reach them we pass by Lydstep House, which lies at one end of the bay, at the foot of a romantic dell, through which the carriage-road leads from this out-of-the-way residence to the highway. We ascend this road till we arrive at the lodge, whence a path leads down to the caverns through a steep and winding ravine, so narrow that the sides in places almost touch each other. We scramble over a waste of huge boulders and *débris* of rocks, and emerge upon the firm, trackless sand—a shallow bay which the sea but for a short time exposes. We are here literally encompassed with most exquisite scenery—beauty is all around; scarce shells, lovely as precious stones, are scattered on the sands, and the sea-pools, washed over by every tide, are gardens of delight in which grow miniature trees and flowers—green, red, and olive-brown; some large, waving tropical-like plants, others minute and fine as the finest silken tassel. How truly may the undisturbed wayfarer enjoy the scenery all about here!—enjoy the fresh breeze, enjoy the sea, sparkling under the sun, and falling on the solitary shore with a musical plash; enjoy the huge mass of gray cliffs, with their grand group of gloomy caverns—here, even the discordant shriek of the sea-bird floating on the calm is not unpleasing to the ear.

The first thing that strikes the spectator when he reaches the beach is an elegant natural arch, to the right, of immense span, and springing like a flying buttress with airy lightness out of the yellow sand. It forms the side of a spacious cavern, with a lofty roof tinted deliciously with rays of the sun. Beyond, in a recess in the rocks, is an exceedingly fine cave of vast size, which penetrates for a long distance, the flooring composed of stones of every size and form, rising in steps towards the interior. Beyond that, again, is a glorious cliff, perpendicular, and with strata as straight "as a plummet-line." It rises like an enormous watch-tower to an imposing height, whereon we may imagine the timid sentinel used to watch from morn to night the advent of the dreaded Dane, who, in the dark and troublous times, were a perpetual terror to these coasts.

In the little bay adjoining a new geological formation commences, and the old red sandstone succeeds the limestone. The first point is the Old Castle Head, full of ancient interest, whereon is the Danish camp sleeping in the sunlight, and looking so calm and *fresh* as to prompt us to the belief it has been untrodden since the founders left it. On the left of the "Valley of Caverns," as we come down, is a cavern much secluded, but well worthy of any trouble it may cost to be seen; it is called the SMUGGLER'S CAVE; its title tells its tale.

On the right is a "thorough" hole, into which the light pours with singular and fine effect. We have given a sketch of this cave, as also of the BEACH AT THE VALLEY OF CAVERNS; but the most accurate sketch would give only a faint idea of the scene—it defies alike the author and the artist.* Indeed, it will be obvious that our limited power over Art can do but little to picture a district so full of natural beauties, where the sublime in coast scenery is found in such abundance: our hope is, however, that the reader will be induced to see and judge for himself, and we may guarantee him against disappointment.

* It is only at low water of spring-tides, and not always then, these caverns can be visited. Ever since their existence was made known to the public, by Mrs. Gwynne, in her interesting "Sketches of Tenby," they have been much frequented by visitors.

We do not suppose the Tenby boys are more tormenting than other boys, except that in inland towns the *gamins* are limited in mischief; at the sea-side they command another element, and keep you in a state of nervous fever lest they should be drowned, which you consider would be a blessing, although you warn them to "take care," for which they reward you with elfin laughs. We cannot say when Tenby boys eat, drink, sleep, or go to school: when the tide was in, they hung over from the rocks like barnacles, screaming and shouting to each other; when it was out, they were in the water from daybreak until after moonrise—now on the crest of a wave sticking to an old hen-coop, or chair, or broom-stick, or anything, then buried under the sand, from which they scrambled covered with shreds of sea-weed. But they were all angels of peace in comparison with one particular little water-fiend—a Jimmy Cadwallader Jones, as lithe as a willow-wand, with long spindle shanks, and arms much longer than they ought to have been; his head, in the water, was like a huge *anthea cereus*, and on shore, the hair hung in strips over his eyes. He always passed by Merlin's Cave (when it was low water), leading a venerable-looking blind man by the hand, who sat during a portion of the day on a stone to the right of our woodcut, where Jimmy left him, to enjoy a scramble among the precipitous rocks, a hunt into the sea-pools for *actinia*, or a wild dash among the waves, making his grandfather believe he was going "a message for muther," or to "school." I must say, however, that Jimmy was in general faithful to his trust, and always "fetcht" his grandfather before the tide came too near his seat.

Jimmy's grandfather had, in his early days, been a smuggler of renown, and the firm expression of his mouth, his knotted brows, his large and well-formed head, gave evidence, even at his advanced age, that he must have been a man of courage and determination. Some said, that at times his intellect was clouded, or wandering. We met him occasionally on the sands, walking rapidly with his little guide, his head elevated, his "nor'wester" hat thrown back in a manner peculiar to the blind. He once said to us, "I should die in a week, d'ye see, if I could not scent the sea-breeze, and I wonder often how any one can live without it. I can tell the turn of the tide, when it's ever so far out, by the sound; and Jimmy knows that when it's in, I'm always on the cliffs when I can't be on the sands. I can tell what rocks it dashes against by the sound—there's great language in sounds; though it's not every one can understand them. I like best to sit near the cave, when my little boy goes to help his mother" (oh!) "or to school" (oh, oh!), "and just hear the ripple of the waves—it is so sweet; it tells me so much of past times, and of those that lie, some in the churchyard, others under the sea. Once, along this coast, they us'n't to launch boat or beam without coming to me to tell the signs of the weather; but since they took to steaming—setting, I may say, hot water against cold—they don't mind the Almighty's laws, but run against wind and tide, and don't care the snap of a rope for old Joe Jones's word." After a pause, he added, "But the place is dead, sir—altogether dead! no life in the place; I might sit here from first to last bells, and never hear a gun fired—nothing louder than a boy's shout, or a girl's scream, when the salt water foams round her delicate ankles; or, as the tide draws in, one sea-bird screamin' to another. The Stack Rocks is the place for the birds: if you've a mind to go there, Jim would get you any amount of eggs,—wouldn't you, Jim?" Jim was turning somersaults on the wet sand, varied by a bound after a large black water-spaniel, named "Bem," who owned no master but Neptune, for he spent half his life in bringing sticks out of the water, cast in by friends or strangers, and scratching up and barking at huge stones that were too large to carry.

One particular evening, Jimmy and his grandfather came to the sands in a very high wind; the tide was driven rapidly in, as the wind was *on* shore. It was a grey, cold evening, and every moment increased the roughness of the sea, for suddenly the wind chopped round, and inclined to try its strength against the very power it had assisted so short a time previously. Old Joe understood it in a moment, his colour mounted, as he fixed his back against a rock, and grasped his staff more firmly in his hands. "Waves and wind are at it now," he said, talking rapidly, half to himself, half to his wayward guide. "When I was a little lad, about your size, Jimmy, we used to call them French and English—the waves English, the bragging wind French; for, d'ye mind me now, boy, however high and blustering the wind, lad, and however hard it tries to keep the tide out, the waves git the best on't; they'r' bothered a bit, and may be don't keep time as well—they may not sweel round bonny St. Catherine's as fast as if the wind was at their back, but what does it signify?—they *conquers*, lad—they conquers! and their broad crests and curled heads laugh at the wind; they raise their great backs, and come steadily on, with a roll and a roar, like an English line-of-battle ship, and then hurrah in their deep music round their own island: and where does the wind go then? who knows—who knows? Can you see the Worm's Head now? No, we're too low for it, and the breakers too high. Are the gulls in-shore? Bless the Lord for your eye-sight, Jimmy—what would I not give to *see* the sweep of the wave I hear!" Several persons passed old Joe and Jimmy, and warned them they had better go home—it was wild weather for a blind man and a little boy; but the grandfather and the grandson were alike excited by the storm; and while one gentleman, who knew them well, was remonstrating earnestly against their remaining, the old man's hat blew off. Here was a chase after Jimmy's own heart. Knowing how the wind lay, the old man had no idea of its drifting to sea; nor did it, at first, but was whirled towards the cliffs; there was a sort of bay running in between two ledges of rocks that joined the cliffs, and over one ledge went the hat, followed by the delighted Jimmy. The gentleman called to the boy to take care; and his grandfather laughed, while the wind tossed his long white hair, at the notion of Jimmy "taking care" of anything. The gentleman did not laugh, but sprang to the nearest ledge, for he saw a huge wave coming, and knew that a portion of it would run up between—not, he hoped, sufficient to suck the little lad away into the surge, but sufficient to make him very anxious. Just as he scrambled up, so as to overlook the hollow, he saw the brave little fellow, with his grandfather's hat between his teeth, struggling manfully, while the remorseless wave swept shingle, and sea-weed, and boy away, away, away: he could see him tossed in the white foam, just as a shuttlecock is tossed in the wind. He looked back, and saw the old man still laughing at the idea of Jimmy's "taking care." With the bravery of kindness and sympathy, the gentleman rushed amid the foam. The next wave would, he knew, toss the child back; but if against a rock, there would be little chance of safe limb or life for Jimmy. On it came, that monster wave, and the little head, with occasionally a long arm or leg perceptible above the water; the brave man himself was hurled down, overwhelmed for a moment, but he grasped the manikin, just as he was lifted with a certainty of being dashed on the spiked rocks, that bristled through the surge. All this struggle of life with death was the work of little more than a minute. Jimmy never let go the hat—though stupified and stunned, he held it fast between his teeth. At last, after giving himself a good shake, he said—

"Well, that was the rarest *go* I ever had—I think gran'father 'll whop me for lettin' his hat get wet; but *you* know I couldn't help it—could I? you're wet too, and *you* couldn't help it, neither." Then, seemingly from a sudden impulse he could not control, the little imp clutched the gentleman's hand, and looking up at his face, burst into a roaring fit of tears!

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART X.—TENBY, &c.

IT is a long walk, but an easy drive, to the very beautiful ruin of CAREW CASTLE, distant six miles from Tenby, and four and a half from Pembroke, and lying directly in the road—the "easiest," but not the most picturesque—from one town to the other. We must compress into a page the matter we might extend into a volume, for every portion of the old castle will bear detailed description; while its history is so closely interwoven with that of the district, and its most memorable rulers, that to relate even the leading incidents associated with it, is a task beyond our reach.

An intelligent guide will conduct the reader through the ruins,—the older parts, those of middle age, and those of comparative youth, that date no farther back than the reign of "good Queen Bess." He will pace slowly, and we hope reverently, over the sward that carpets the fine banqueting-hall. He will be shown the breaches made by Cromwell's cannon, and those that have been produced by the less fierce though more irresistible destroyer—Time; and he will occupy a morning of intense enjoyment, though of melancholy thought, in rambling up and down the broken stair-steps, into chambers rude from the first, and those once richly decorated; into the venerable chapel, and the deep, dark dungeons; to peep through lancet holes, and sit beside oriel windows; to

THE CROSS AT CAREW.

grass-covered courtyards and ivy-clad towers; and he will receive a lesson as to the stupendous strength and surpassing grandeur of the olden time, such as no printed book can give him.

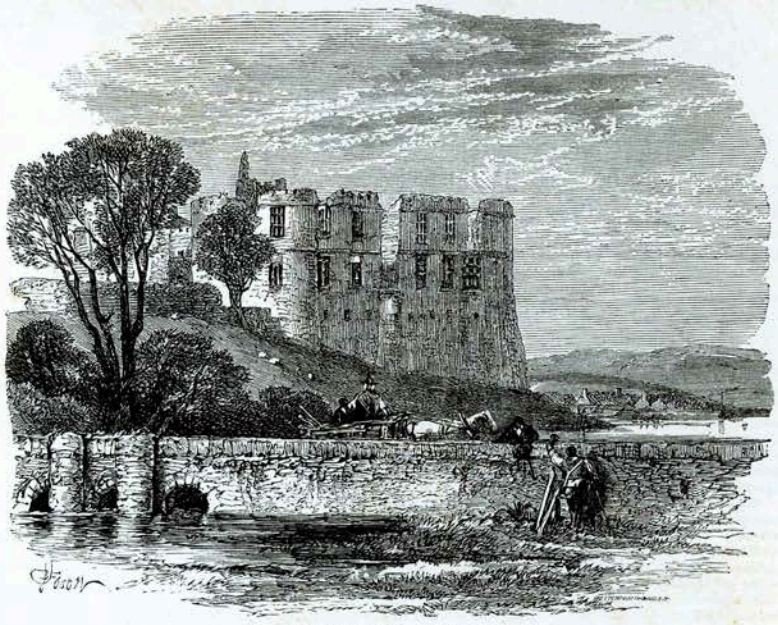
But before he passes under its still substantial gateway the Tourist will be called upon to examine an ancient CROSS, "fashioned out of a single stone," close to the entrance. It is of a remote period, but not, perhaps, older than the ninth or tenth century. It contains an inscription, but no scholar has yet been able to read it. The interlaced pattern is precisely similar in character to those of which so many examples exist in Ireland, and of which there are the remains of several others in this county. The neighbouring church, also, will amply repay a visit; it contains sepulchral effigies of several of the castle's lords.

The district was originally one of the demesnes belonging to the princes of South Wales, and was given as a dowry with Nesta, daughter of Rhys ap Tewdyr, to Gerald de Windsor, who was appointed "lieutenant of these parts of Henry I." By one of his descendants it was mortgaged to Sir Rhys ap Thomas; and here the gallant Welshman received and lodged the Earl of Richmond, on his way from Milford to Bosworth Field, placing, to commemorate the event, the royal arms over a chimney-piece in one of the apartments, probably the chamber in which "the hope of England" slept. The piece of carving is there still, in good preservation. Here, too, some years afterwards, when the sovereign remembered his debt to the chieftain, and accorded to him the distinction of the Garter, was held "a tilt and tournament" for the honour of St. George, "the first show of the kind that had ever been exhibited in Wales." A full account of this "princelie fête" has been preserved, setting forth how "manie valerouse gentlemen" then made trial of "theire abilities in feates of armes," "the men of prime ranke being lodged within the castle, others of good qualitie in tentes and pavilions pitched in the parke," the "festivall and time of jollitie" continuing during the space of five days, commencing on the eve of the day dedicated to the "trustie patrone and protector of marshalistes." The first day was spent in "taking a view of all the companie, choosing out

CAREW CASTLE: THE COURTYARD.

five hundred of the tallest and ablest;" the second in "exercising them in all pointes, as if they had beene suddenlie to goe on some notable peece of service;" the third in visiting the bishop at Lamphey, in regaling at his charges, and "in commemorating the vertues and famouse atchievements of those gentlemen's ancestors there present;" the fourth was the day of tournament, Sir William Herbert being the challenger, Sir Rhys "playing the judge's part;" the fifth being devoted to hunting and feasting, the bishop bestowing a sermon upon them, "tending to all loyall admonitions, obedience to superiors, love and charitie one towards another."

What a brilliant romance it is, that record of high festival held within these now broken walls, "ever and anone seasoned with a diversitie of musicke;" the "justes and tournamentes



CAREW CASTLE: EXTERIOR.

for the honoure of ladies;" the "knockes valerouslie received and manfullie bestowed;" wrestling, hurling of the bar, taking of the pike, running at the quinteine; while—a thing especially note-worthy—"among a thousand people there was not one quarrell, crosse worde, or unkinde looke that happened between them."

Ay, imagination may people these ruins with "faire ladies" and "gallant knyghts;" may restore its tapestried halls and gorgeously furnished chambers; may hear the harper and the troubadour, recalling its reign of chivalry,—its "festivalls" and its "tournamentes,"—while the wind whistles through its long corridors or moans among broken rooms of state, and from ivy-mantled towers

"The moping owl doth to the moon complain."

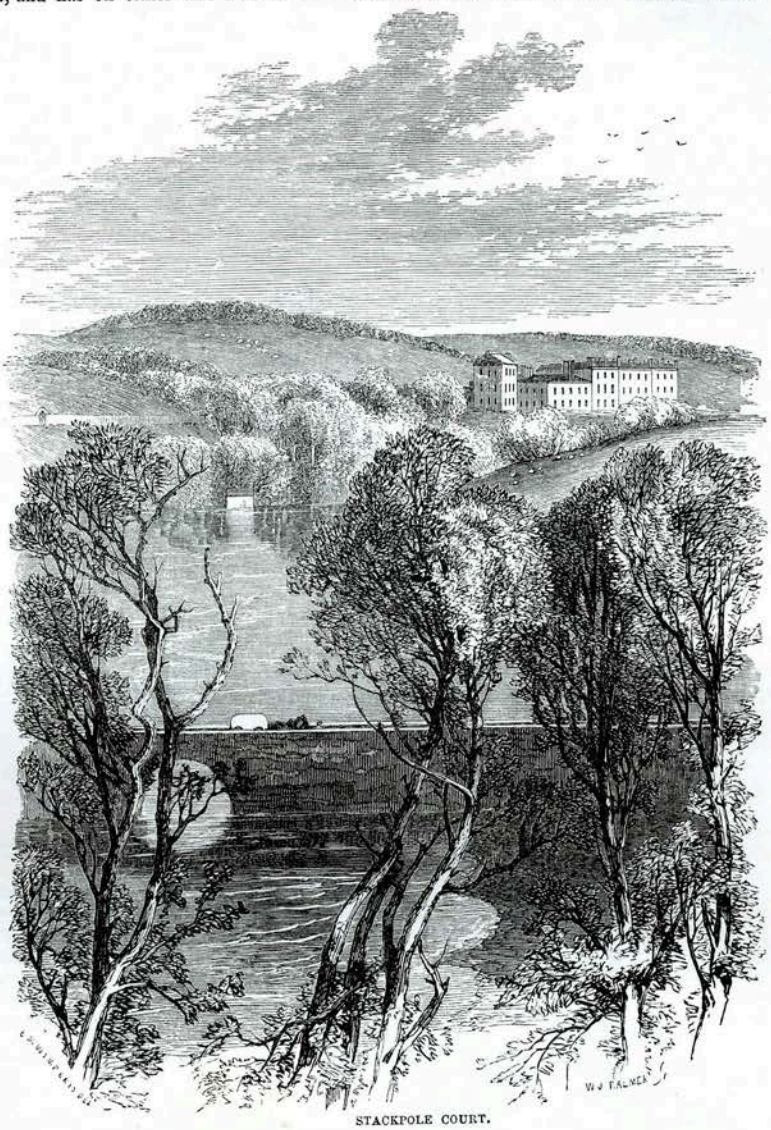
By far the most delightful trip from Tenby (but it will occupy a long day, for the distance is nineteen miles) is that which embraces St. Govan's, the Huntsman's Leap, and the far-famed "Stacks," including also the mansion of Stackpole Court. The scenery is wild, and, if not sublime, astonishingly grand; while the district itself is the home-ground of many of those fanciful legends and quaint superstitions that still influence the peasantry of South Pembrokeshire. There are two roads—one, through Penally and Lydstep, follows the undulating line of coast; the other, longer, but more agreeable, is over the Ridgeway, and through Pembroke. In both cases, the tourist passes STACKPOLE COURT. Those who take the former road will obtain a fine view of the house and the surrounding hills, just before crossing the bridge over the estuary at the head of which the mansion is built. It occupies the site of the baronial residence of the old Crusader, Elidur de Stackpole. The place has undergone many changes. It was garrisoned and "held out stoutly," in the civil wars, "for the king and the public honour," and is at present the residence of the noble Thane of Cawdor.* His lordship possesses many valuable works of Art, and many interesting relics of antiquity, amongst which is a HIRLAS HORN, which we have engraved; it is said to be the actual horn presented by the Earl of Richmond to Dafydd-ap-Jevan, in whose castle, at Llwyn Dafydd, Cardiganshire, the illustrious prince was entertained on his way to Bosworth Field. Passing through remote Bosheston, with its recently restored church, the carriage road soon terminates, and we draw up on the heath upon the lofty promontory of St. Govan, which juts out to the south, and forms the termination of the county. Before us is an immense and glorious picture, in which the majesty of ocean scenery reaches its perfection. The elevation on which we stand, the open sea before us, the perfume of the wild flowers, the sea-birds

HIRLAS HORN.

shrieking overhead, and the ever-during beat of the waves—to-day calm and limpid—at our feet, combine to produce a scene of inexpressible interest, grandeur, and beauty. Close by, perched across a fissure in the side of the cliffs, and unseen from above, is the far-famed CHAPEL OF ST. GOVAN.† A long flight of steps, well worn, and, as yet,

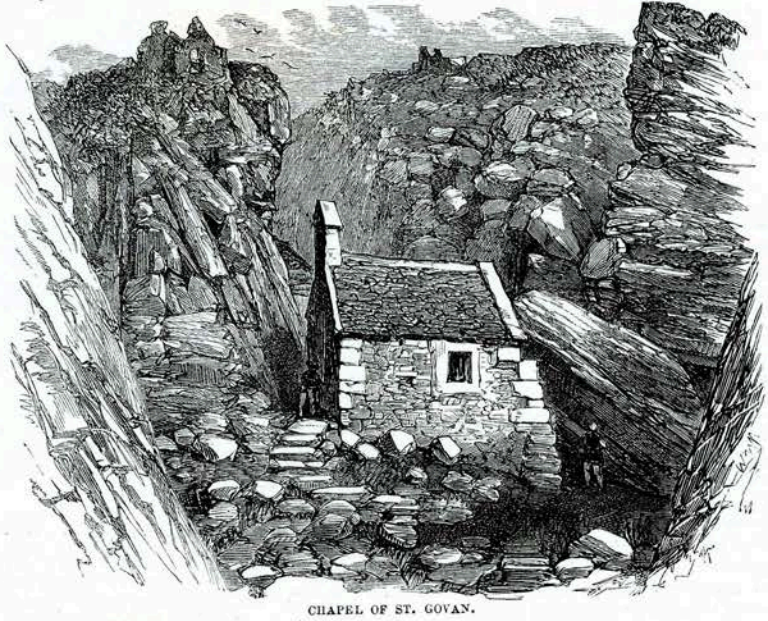
"Counted by none both ways alike,"

conducts to it.‡ It is a small rude building, with an arched roof, and has on either side a stone bench cushioned with withered sods. In the east wall a



STACKPOLE COURT.

doorway admits into a cleft of the rock in which is a marvellous crevice, "that enables the largest



CHAPEL OF ST. GOVAN.

person to turn round therein, and is at the same time quite filled by the smallest." It is used

* The mansion was built by the great grandfather of the present Lord Cawdor; he was son of Sir Alexander Campbell, of Cawdor Castle, in Scotland, "the first of the name who settled here, by marrying Miss Lort, the sole heiress of this great property." The demesne is surpassingly beautiful; "not far from the sea, though no sign of its proximity was apparent, nor should we have suspected it as we rode alternately through noble woods, pleasant lanes, with expanding prospects on either side, and verdant vales at intervals."—GOSSE. "The present edifice of wrought limestone, rises beautifully at the foot of a sloping hill, in the sight of a spacious lake, the favourite resort of almost every species of wild fowl, and looks over a wide-extended park, along which herds of deer scamper in all the gladness of their nature. Skirting hills and rich plantations belt the domain on various sides, and beyond is the bright and boundless ocean."—ROSCOE. The tomb of a crusader—supposed to be that of Elidur de Stackpole—is in the Church of Cheriton, "sometimes called Stackpole Elidur." The church, with several others in the vicinity, has been recently restored at the cost of the Earl of Cawdor, and is now a charming example of ecclesiastical art.

† "The valiant knight—the Sir Gawain, of good King Arthur's round table—has been transformed, by popular error, into a saint. The superstitious stories to which this singular position of a consecrated building has given rise are without end."—MALKIN. Malkin here, as well as in many other of his assumptions, is not to be relied on; the name, no doubt, is a corruption of St. Giovanni, to whom the chapel was dedicated.

‡ "There is a popular belief that these steps, like the stones comprising the circle of Stonehenge, cannot be numbered; but in my descent I made them fifty-two—a tale agreeing with that of Ray, A.D. 1662."—FENTON. "I was silly enough to count them twice; I made the number seventy-three, exclusive of broken and fragmentary ones."—GOSSE. Our friend, Mr. Thomas Purnell (to whom we are indebted for much of the information contained in this division of our Tour), numbered them, and makes them seventy.

as a "wishing-place;" and the legend asserts that all who turn round therein, and steadfastly cling to the same wish during the operation, will most certainly obtain their wish before the expiration of the year: the smooth and glassy face of the rock testifies to its frequent use. No doubt some "holy" anchorite, "mistaking his road to heaven," here made himself miserable in life, and here, in after years, when a peculiar sanctity was attached to the scene of his self-sacrifice, came many pilgrims, with minds or bodies diseased, trusting in the virtues of stones the saint had trodden, and water of which he had drank; often, no doubt, obtaining "cures," the consequence of faith. Tradition gives this cavity a singular history. Our Lord—so runs the tale—pursued by the Jews, sought safety in this neighbourhood. Passing through a field where men were sowing barley, he ordered them at once to go for their reaping-hooks, and, if any passed that way and inquired after him, to say they had seen such an one, but that it was in sowing time. The men, although they knew not who it was, did as they were bid, fetched their hooks, and lo! on their return, the field was waving with ripe corn. Whilst engaged in the reaping, a band of men accosted them, as was expected, who, having received the appointed answer, gave up the chace in despair. The Lord, meanwhile, had been concealed in this crevice, which had opened to receive him, and still bears a faint impression of his person. The little chapel has a bell-gable, but it has been denuded of its bell, for, according to the same authority, once upon a time a sacrilegious pirate heard its silvery tones, and despoiled the sanctuary of its treasure; but God's vengeance overtook him, for no sooner had he embarked with his theft than a violent storm arose, in which he and his polluted band perished. A substitute, also, was provided for the loss in a large stone, which ever since, when struck, rings out the same note as the missing bell.* To reach the shore we pass the sainted well, said to be a sure and certain cure for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and having picked our way over and between immense stones, we arrive on the ledge of rocks that, at low water, runs round the base of the overhanging cliffs. The whole scene here is wonderfully grand: though we may be alone, there is no solitude, for there seems a Presence that fills the whole place, and, amidst these caverns and frowning precipices, we feel our own insignificance.

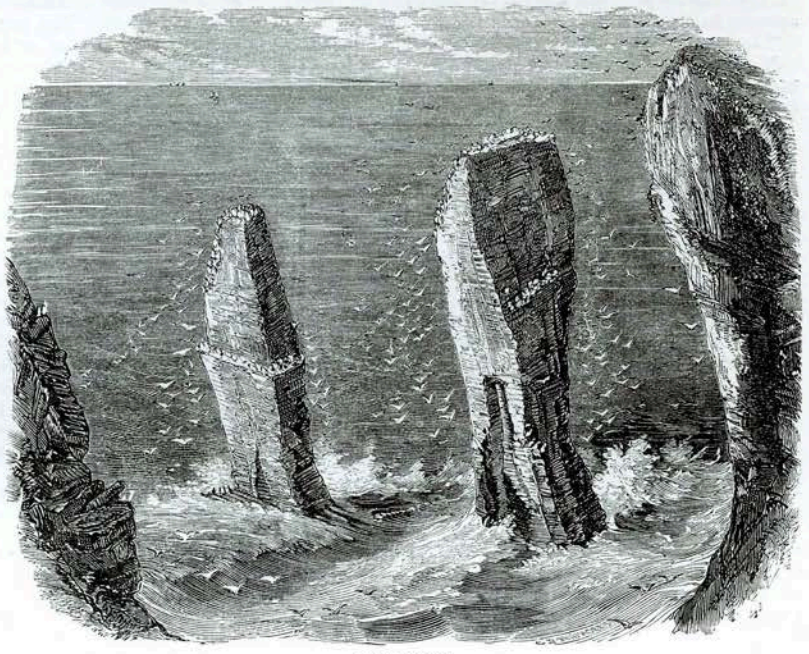
At a short distance from each other are three fissures, extending a considerable distance into the land. The first has no name; the second is the well-known HUNTSMAN'S LEAP, a frightful abyss, which is not seen till we are on the brink. Sea-pinks, heather, and furze grow to the edge of the crumbling banks, and the sides of the bare rocks are lichened over with many colours. A creeping sensation comes over us, as, looking to the depths below, we hear only the hollow muttering of the in-coming tide, or the chuckle of the sea-gull echoing from side to side. In one place the distance across is inconsiderable, and, half way down, the sides touch, like a collision of two huge leviathan ships: here it was the impetuous courser, in full career, plunged across, bearing on his back the terrified huntsman, to give a name to the place, and to die with fright on his arrival home. Adjoining is Bosheston Meer, a funnel-shaped chasm, sixteen fathoms deep, communicating with the sea, through which, at certain seasons and times of the tide, a great volume of water is forced up to an incredible height, and with an unearthly noise, only to be heard in wild weather. "And, which is more strange," writes old George Owen (*temp.* Queen Elizabeth), "if sheepe, or other like cattell, be grazing neere the pitt, offtimes they are forcibly and violently drawne and carried into the pitt; and if a cloke or other garment be cast on the ground, neere the pitt, at certaine seasons, you shall stande afarre of, and see it sodainly snatched, drawne, and swallowed up into the pitt, and never seene againe."

The neighbourhood has other objects of singular attraction. Not far from Bosheston Meer is a "sunken wood"—a place of great interest; "a round pit, of some fifty feet wide, yawns in the ground; it is full of ash-trees which, springing from all parts of the bottom and sides, just reach to the summit, and no more—a curious example of the influence of the sea-spray in preventing the growth of trees." "The whole neighbourhood, from many striking traditions, and other circumstances, appears to have been the scene of frequent and bloody contests." There are, or were, when Fenton wrote his history, in 1811, in this neighbourhood, three upright stones, about a mile distant from each other. The tradition is that on a certain day these stones meet to "dance the Hay," at a place called Saxon's Ford, and when the dance is over, travel back and resume their places. These stones are referred to by Giraldus, as having been placed by Harold to record his victories, and contained inscriptions—

HIC HAROLDVS VICTOR FVIT.

* "I found that this ringing power was possessed by a good many of the boulders in the wilderness of stones over which I had to clamber my way down."—GOSSE.

"Nothing can exceed the awful wildness that throughout characterises this solitude, amidst a chaos of rocky fragments broken into a thousand irregular shapes, with every object shut out but such as are best calculated to inspire meditation—the canopy of Heaven and the trackless



STACK ROCKS.

ocean." As we were leaving the spot, we were saluted by an old man and a delicate little girl—his grandchild, who were crossing the heath.

"'Tis a wild place you have here," we said, pointing to the Meer.

HUNTSMAN'S LEAP.

"Ye may well say that, if ye heard 'en at work; though a dunna howl now half so bad as when I was a lad—people have been known to hear 'n as far as Cold Blow, up by

Narberth, and that is fifteen miles, as the bird flies. 'As got a deal quieter now," he added; "some sez part of 'en is broke away; but for all that 'a do holla away main stoutly yit apon times—many and many is the times I've alay awake listening to his noise."

"Do many people visit the neighbourhood?" we inquired.

"Yis, a sight of people comes here in the summer from all parts, only out of curosity, like you, mab-be,—but lots comes for the cure."

"The cure?"

"Yis, they come to St. Govan's to try the well; and it's only them as haven't got no faith that goes away without being cured. Why, I myself have had some lodging at my own cottage who came on crutches, but when they left could walk away as lusty and strong as you can."

"If the well is so efficacious, why do you not try its effects upon her," said we, looking upon the child at his side, who seemed in a rapid consumption, "she looks rather ill?"

"Ay, poor thing, she *is* ill," said the old man, mournfully. "We have tried everything we could think of, and only yesterday we had over the charm-doctor, but he wouldn't try on her, as he said he could not do her any good. To please the mother, I am now taking her to the well; but *I* know it's no use, for—" and he lowered his voice to a whisper—"I have seen her light!"

The old man and his charge having wished us good morning, pursued their way to St. Govan's, whilst we struck off in an opposite direction for the STACK ROCKS.

The path is along the summit of the high cliff, from the margin of which we are never too remote to hear the splash of the waves as they roll into the little creeks with which this coast is notched "like a saw." Here and there, in our course, we pass by some wondrous aperture, with yawning mouth, that communicates subterraneously with the sea;* and, at a short distance from the "leap," we have an opportunity of examining one of those singular camps, very numerous along these coasts, remaining as souvenirs of that northern race who, in the early dawn of our history, swooped like birds of prey upon the land.† Long before we arrive, we are made aware of our proximity to the Stacks by the incessant noise and hum of the birds that occupy them, and when the spot is reached, the scene is of the most interesting description. We are on the breeding-grounds of various birds that "time out of mind" have selected this wild and little frequented place. Here they congregate in vast numbers. From May to September the two lofty isolated rocks are the homes of the Razor Bill, the waddling Guillemot, or Eligug, which gives its name to the rocks, and that foolish-looking creature called the Puffin, who possesses the humorous propensity of driving rabbits from their warrens, and hatching in the holes. Every available ledge and cranny of the rocks are covered, and the crests seem one mass of animated nature. Indeed, the taller Stack has the appearance of a great unhewn monumental column, covered with alto-relievos alive and in motion. Some are engaged in sitting on their one egg, some in paddling it out with their feet to the sun; here may be seen a red-throated diver on the water, in the act of plunging for his prey; there a gull cradled on a wave, looking about him with entire *nonchalance;* while, on the craggy ledge of some rock, the green cormorant, stretching out his wings to dry, is waiting for his last meal to digest, preparatory to engaging in another.

The reader must not suppose that we have exhausted the store of sea-cliffs which the wild coast round this shore supplies; it is very productive of scenes and incidents such as those we describe. But we have conducted the Tourist only through beaten tracks; he who is strong enough and venturesome enough to explore for himself, will encounter many other marvels that will amply recompense time and toil. And if he be a naturalist, how abundant of wealth is every one of these green lanes and grey sea-rocks!‡

* "The whole tract is full of what may be not improperly called sea-wells; large circular cavities in the ground, at some distance from the shore, with perpendicular sides, as deep as the height of the cliff, into which the sea finds its way with much noise and violence."—MALKIN. "At Bosheston Meer, when impelled by wind and tide concurring into it, the sea is sent up in a column of foam, thirty or forty feet above the mouth of the pit, exhibiting the appearance of a perfect rainbow."—FENTON.

† A short distance from the Stacks, on the main'and, is a large Danish camp, which occupies a neck of land, and on which is one of the greatest wonders of the coast, "The Caldron, or Devil's Punch-bowl." "The 'Caldron' is a chasm of exceeding grandeur, surpassing in sublimity anything I had yet seen. It is a somewhat circular pit, with absolutely perpendicular sides, about two hundred feet in depth. . . . . No description could do justice to this extraordinary chasm, or convey any idea of its sublimity and grandeur."—GOSSE.

‡ We have recommended—and do so again—William Jenkins, of Tenby (his whereabouts may be easily ascertained), as a person very useful to aid in collecting the treasures of lane and rock. His demands of payment for skill and labour are very moderate, and he is usually supplied with tanks full of *actinea*—which he frequently sends (and sometimes *by post!*) to London and other parts. As a companion and guide in search of natural wonders he is very serviceable to the Tourist.

We thus bring to a close our visit to charming Tenby. We are aware that our statements and descriptions have induced many to visit this delightful sea-side town, and we have full confidence that such visitors have not been disappointed.

At present Tenby is distant twelve miles from a railway—the terminus of the South Wales Railway at Neyland. This may, or it may not, be a disadvantage; for the drive is a delicious drive—over the Ridgeway, or by "the lower road," through Carew; and it is, perhaps, a refreshment to inhale pure sea breezes, for a couple of hours, after the steam and scream of a railway carriage. Ere long, however, the train will be carried into the town, and Tenby, with its multifarious advantages, will probably become the most popular sea-bathing place of the Kingdom.

Its several attractions we have endeavoured to exhibit in these papers; they may be repeated in a brief "summing up." The sands are singularly hard and dry—dry within a few minutes after the retreating tide has left them, and so hard, that those who walk—even those who ride—leave scarce the impress of a footstep in passing; they extend also between two and three miles north and south. Here the breezes are always "hearty," yet they may be comparatively mild or invigorating, according to the quarter in which they are sought: thus persons with delicate lungs may breathe freely in one direction, while in another the robust lover of nature may rejoice in the boisterous strength of winds that from any of the "four quarters blow." The town and neighbourhood of Tenby may therefore be recommended as a winter, as well as a summer, residence; but as on this topic we cannot speak from personal experience, we refer, in a note, to the proper authorities.*

It is needless to refer again to the many sources of enjoyment here supplied to the naturalist, or to those who seek useful pleasures in green lanes or among rocks on the sea-shore. The charming volume of Mr. Gosse will show how abundant is every hedge-row and sea-cliff "hereabouts." They must be idle in heart as well as mind who lack amusement or occupation here.

To the antiquary, the archæologist, the ecclesiologist, and the historian, there is a treasure-store in this vicinity, as—aided by the artist—we have shown.† The Castles of Pembroke, Carew, and Manorbeer are within easy reach; the venerable Palace of Lamphey is not far distant; while, as we shall hereafter explain, a day by railway will convey the Tourist to many of the most beautiful, the most interesting, and the most instructive districts of the Kingdom.

The lodging-houses in Tenby are, of course, numerous, and, for the most part, good, and not dear. On the other hand, the "hotels" are indifferent; they offer no inducement to "a stay" beyond a single night. Carriages, open and closed, are in sufficient number, and at moderate charges. The markets are well supplied: *fish* being the article most scarce and most in request—Tenby depending rather on "foreign" supplies than upon the activity of its own fishermen, whose boats are often sleeping at the quay. The oysters of Tenby are famous "all the world over."

There are warm baths sufficiently convenient and comfortable, and machines on the shore, although by no means enough. Of public rooms it is sadly deficient. There is an assembly room, limited in size and inconvenient, and a reading-room, neat and well arranged, but scarcely so big as an hotel parlour. The church, an impressive and interesting structure, does not afford sufficient accommodation to both visitors and parishioners; but the excellent and respected Rector is arranging for the substitution of seats for pews, by which ample space and verge enough will be obtained,—at all events for some time to come.

But the evils that exist in this pleasant and attractive watering-place are in process of removal. If Tenby had the "luck" to find a single person of intelligence and energy to render available all its resources, it would become ere long—what it unquestionably may be—the most popular, as it certainly is the most abundantly endowed, of the sea-bathing places of Great Britain. As it is, however, its attractions are many and manifest.‡

* Tenby, one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and partially surrounded by high lands, that are a protection against the obnoxious winds that occasionally prevail, is not only everything that can be desired by the summer tourist, but is by no means ill adapted as a winter residence for the invalid. The climate, for the greater portion of the year, is warm, dry, and bracing; the air is so mild that the myrtle, fuchsia, and verbena, flourish in the open air all the year round. Walsh, in his "Manual of Domestic Medicine," recently published, says that "Tenby is by far the most delightful watering-place in the west of England and South Wales, being mild in its winter temperature, and free from autumnal vegetable decay. It is one of the best climates in England for the general run of invalids who require sea air, and is only inferior to Undercliff and Torquay for those who are afflicted with pulmonary complaints." In one of the guides to Tenby, however, a local physician (Dr. Sutton) holds that it is fully equal to Torquay, and that Hastings, Ventnor, and Torquay—the three watering-places in England most frequented by invalids during winter—are all inferior to Tenby in this respect; "the climate there, although mild, being excessively relaxing. Tenby, on the contrary, equally mild, is nevertheless invigorating." The average temperature is about 50° of Farenheit: extreme cold is seldom experienced, and snow rarely lies upon the ground. Sir James Clark is of opinion that a cold, damp, and variable climate gives a predisposition to consumption. The temperature of Tenby being the reverse, cannot be an improper place for the residence of persons with tender lungs. The climate of the whole of South Pembrokeshire is remarkable for its mildness, and in parts, as at Stackpole, plants which in most other parts of Great Britain require the protection of greenhouses, thrive in the open air. The following table gives the result of a careful analysis of the temperature of Milford Haven, kept by Sir Thomas Pasley, at the Dockyard, which, lying exposed to breezes from the Atlantic on the west, and keen winds from the Presely mountains on the north, is by no means so warm as the neighbourhood of Tenby:—

MEAN OF MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM, 1850—53.

Years.	Maximum.	Minimum.
1850	55·70	45·60
1851	55·90	43·30
1852	56·40	44·10
1853	53·22	41·62
Means	55·30	43·65

Difference between mean summer and winter 16·77. Mean total rain of four years 32·761.

Thus we find that the climate of Tenby is nearly as equable and mild as that of Madeira, and consequently well adapted for a winter residence.

† The great portion of these illustrations are from the pencil of Mr. E. A. BROOKE, whose valuable volume, "The Gardens of England," obtained for him well merited celebrity. His drawings of Tenby and its neighbourhood have been to us highly satisfactory; they have so much pleased the inhabitants of the town, that he has been induced, in a great measure, to settle among them, and the corporation commissioned him to paint a picture expressly for themselves.

‡ We have stated that at the terminus at Neyland there is an hotel of the best order, built, and, we believe, "managed," under the auspices of the Directors of the South Wales Railway. The comforts here are many, and the charges low. It is but a step from the station, and two excellent steam ferry-boats are continually plying between the quay at Neyland and that at Pater, to convey passengers across the "small arm" of the bay. Moreover, this hotel is charmingly situated. At Pater public conveyances from Tenby await the arrival of all London trains, and private carriages are readily procured by signal from the hotel. We have explained the many reasons why this plan of procedure is preferable to that by Narberth Road. Visitors to Tenby who have no "lodgings" secured, and who arrive at Neyland by the express train at half-past six, will do wisely perhaps to remain there until the morning; then drive to Tenby, having ample time to make the requisite arrangements for comfort and accommodation, instead of being compelled to locate themselves hurriedly and perhaps unpleasantly.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

Part XI.—From Monmouth to Chepstow.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY F. W. HULME, ETC.

WE must ask the reader to quit, for a time, the scenery to which in later Numbers we have introduced him, by the wild sea-shore—and to revisit the Wye, continuing our Tour downward from Monmouth, until the fair river loses itself in the Severn just below Chepstow town.

We have described the Kymin Hill, which overlooks Monmouth, and whence there is so grand a prospect, at once beautiful and sublime, presenting charming views in the immediate foreground, and a vast extent of country,—forests, valleys, hills, and mountains,—enabling us, indeed, by a short circuit round this steep, to obtain sight of thirteen counties in England and Wales.

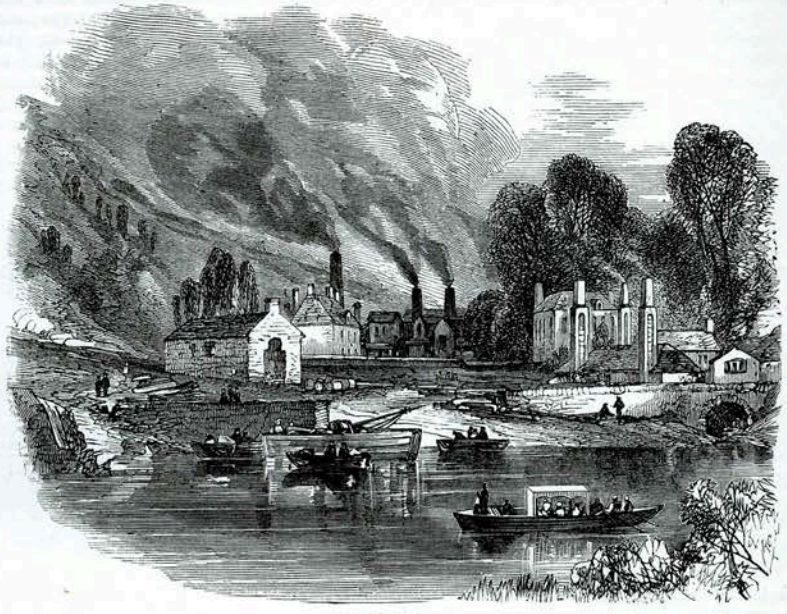
We resume our voyage down the river. Passing a tree-clad hill, called—we cannot say why—"Gibraltar," we arrive at its junction with the Monnow, which we leave to the right. Before us is Levock's Wood; and here the little river Trothy (having just past beside the ducal mansion of Troy, where resides the excellent agent of the Duke of Beaufort) becomes a tributary to the Wye. On the summit of a wooded height we see the pretty Church of Penalt. It is charmingly situate, looking down on the rich vale it seems at once to bless and to protect. Soon we reach a very different scene, affording all the advantages of contrast; for, rising above a mass of thick foliage, is the dense column of smoke that tells the whereabouts of a manufactory. It is the village of Redbrook. There are quays here: we note the bustle of commerce,—other life than that of the stream and the forest. The masts of many barges rise from the river: they are loading or unloading. It is a manufactory of tin—or, rather, of tin in combination with iron—that gathers a population here, and breaks, pleasantly or unpleasantly, according to the mood of the wanderer, the sameness and solitude of the banks of the Wye.

Whitebrook is next reached. Both villages derive their names from streamlets which here find their way into the river,—the one passing over stones that are slightly tinged with red, the other being pure from any taint of colour. Adjacent to this village, crowning the summit of a hill,—Pen-y-fan,—still stands that time-honoured relic of Merry England, the May-pole. And here even now assemble, on May-day and other festive occasions, the neighbouring lads and lasses to enjoy the dance and make holiday.

A mile or so farther on and we cross the Wye by its only bridge—Bigg's-weir Bridge—between Monmouth and Chepstow. It is of iron, a single arch, and very gracefully spans the river. In an ancient mansion here—Bigg's-weir House—are preserved some fine tapestries of very quaint design. Hence there is a circuitous road that leads to the famous Castle of St. Briavel, now a ruin, but one that has a prominent place in border history. We obtain a glimpse of it from the river, whence, however, it is distant some two miles; but it is worthy a visit. The Tourist will do well to moor his boat awhile, and enjoy a refreshing walk to this fine relic of the olden time.

St. Briavel's is in Gloucestershire. The saint after whom it is named is not to be found in the Romish Calender. He was probably a military saint, whose deeds, for good or evil, are forgotten; they have failed to reach posterity; history has no note of them; they are not even seen in "the dim twilight of tradition." But we learn from Giraldus Cambrensis that a castle was first erected here during the reign of Henry I., by Milo Fitzwalter, Earl of Hereford, "to curb the incursions of the Welsh,"—a purpose it was well calculated to answer, situate as it was in full view of a large portion of the Wye, and skirting the Forest of Dean. We borrow all that can be told of its history from a contributor to the "Archæologia Cambrensis."

"The Keep, which was square in form, was probably of Norman date, and no doubt the circuit of walls may have been of the same period. The castle may have consisted of nothing more than an outer wall, with a single bailey within, and the Keep in the highest portion of the ground so enclosed. Giraldus says that the castle was burnt when Sir Walter Clifford held it, and that Mahel, youngest son of Sir Milo Fitzwalter, the founder, lost his life on the occasion, by a stone falling from the highest tower on his head. In the thirteenth century some new buildings were added, the old ones having been repaired; for the two demi-rounders of the gate-house, some of the buildings on the west side immediately adjoining, and that in the middle of the west front, still standing, are all of the second half of this century, though much mutilated, altered, and added to, at later periods. Judging from the actual condition



REDBROOK.

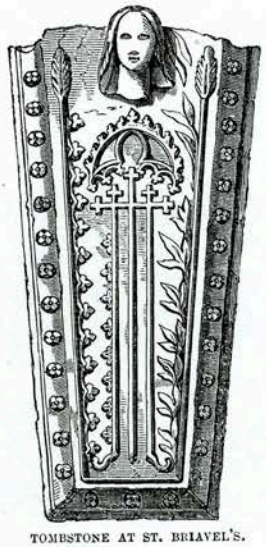
of the buildings, we should say that these now remaining must have been at least commenced during the energetic reign of Edward I."

The list of Constables of St. Briavel's comprises the most prominent of the peers of various reigns, from that of King John to that of George III.

LANDOGO.

The entrance gateway, between two demi-rounders, with an oblong pile of building extending southwards, remains in tolerable preservation. On the outside of the castle is a picturesque chimney-shaft, surmounted by the horn, which was the badge of the warder of the forest. In

the interior there is a remarkable fire-place, which the eminent architect, Mr. Seddon, who is now restoring Llandaff Cathedral, has very accurately described. It is a genuine and very boldly treated early English example: "the counter-



TOMBSTONE AT ST. BRIAVEL'S.

forts at the angles are beautifully-moulded circular brackets, supported on carved corbels." One of the windows we have pictured, as well as an ancient stone in the adjacent grave-yard of the church—a venerable structure, that may certainly date as far back as the protecting castle.

WINDOW AT ST. BRIAVEL'S.

There is a vague tradition that King John was some time either a guest or a prisoner within these towers; and that he wrote this couplet there:—

"St. Briavel's water and Whyral's wheat
Are the best bread and water King John ever eat."

For the drawings we have engraved we are indebted to the courtesy of an esteemed correspondent—W. W. Old, Esq., of Monmouth.*

* The Rev. Lewis West, the minister of the Moravian church, at Brockweir, informs us that there is a singular and very "venerable" custom connected with St. Briavel's. In the neighbourhood there is a district of land which was originally in the possession of the crown, and which is usually called "the Hudnalls." This district was by some person, either with or without legal authority, given to the inhabitants and freeholders of St. Briavel's, for herbage for "cattle, sheep, and goats." As an equivalent to such poor who sent none of these animals to feed on the said district, a yearly "scramble" of bread and cheese was provided, by an annual tax of one penny levied upon every householder who availed himself of the privilege.

This scramble for about three centuries was made in the church, so that on the Sunday, at the feast of Whitsuntide, immediately after the invocation of divine peace on the assembly, which usually thronged together on that occasion, began the unseemly contest, as to whom was to belong the larger portion of the edibles dispensed. The clerk, standing in the front of the gallery, was the appointed chief agent in the affray, and the divisions of seats and pews became means of exercising the grotesque agility of all the old and young, the lame, the blind, and ragged boys and girls performing their part in the scene, according to their peculiar humour and adroitness. Happily, with the growth of good sense and propriety, to say nothing of the piety, of the generations succeeding, this ludicrous scramble now takes place on the outside of the church.

The village of LANDOGO is soon reached: here we find evidence of active trade; for there are boats moored at small quays on either side the river. It is to its exceeding beauty of situation that Landogo owes its fame. The church, a very old edifice, *supposed* to be dedicated to St. James, stands in a dell at the foot of a mountainous glen, in every crevice of which there are white cottages; each cottage having its "bit of land" laid out as a garden, where flowers and vegetables are pleasantly intermixed. Every cottager is a freeholder, and in this little nook of the Wye they number no less than seventy; having, therefore, a preponderating influence, if they act together, in determining who shall be knight of the shire—Monmouthshire. Mr. Hulme has conveyed an accurate idea of this very charming scene, with its striking combination of wood and water, hill and dale, and cheerful cottages among groups of venerable trees.

On we pass—the river becoming somewhat less contracted, and losing much of the sameness that has marked its course hitherto, and which we are again to encounter as we proceed down-

ST. BRIAVEL'S.

ward; for rock, trees, underwood, and water are its charms, row where we will on the bosom of the Wye. And soon we reach another village—BROCKWEIR, in Gloucestershire. The brook that gave it a name, and the weir attached to it, are still there. Some good cottage houses skirt the bank; but the most striking and interesting object of the village is the little church, that stands among a group of trees—its turret seen above the roofs of surrounding houses: it is a Moravian church, presided over by an excellent minister—the Rev. Lewis West. Its schools are ample for the district, and exceedingly well arranged; and the graveyard exhibits the singular and felicitous simplicity that prevails in all the habits of a primitive and tranquil band of worshippers, who seem fitly placed in this calm and beautiful locality.* The church was erected in 1832, on ground given for the purpose by his grace the Duke of Beaufort; there was, at that time, no more lawless district in the kingdom; and it was for that reason the Moravians, "the United Brethren," were induced to send there "a mission of mercy." It is impossible to visit this simple place of worship without a feeling of sober yet intense delight.

BIGG'S-WEIR BRIDGE.

"Simplicity," in its ordinary sense, will soon be obsolete—if not as a word, certainly as a fact; to greet the eye only in old songs, novels, and churchyards—such as this. "Simplicity" is still to be met with in the "God's acre" of the Quakers and the Moravians; it is very tranquillizing to find, either within the folds of our English hills, as we did the last resting-

* It is a somewhat remarkable fact that, in the days which belong to the dark ages of this locality, the piece of ground now occupied by this sacred edifice, was a perpetual scene of revelry, and its usual accompaniments, at every holiday and feast time, as well as the favourite resort on the Sabbath of the villagers at their rustic sports—fighters as well as dancers. Persons yet living remember the last bet that was laid here, to the amount of £120, by a farmer, from a distant county—for men came from far and near to this place of outlawry—upon a dying cock, whether it would raise its head once again from the turf to peck at its adversary.

place of William Penn, or here beside the wandering and beautiful Wye, the burial-ground of the departed. There is eloquent silence within its precincts; the song of the bird, or murmur of the bee, are the only sounds that mingle with the rustling leaves. The lights creep tenderly through the foliage, and chequer the soft grass. The "monuments" are few, and very plain—

"No storied urn, or animated bust:"

and the names recorded seem rather those of an old world than a new. We saw two little girls, one much older than the other, hand in hand, walking slowly from grave to grave; the elder paused, and read the inscriptions to the younger. There was something so singular in their appearance and manner, something so *un*-childish, that we asked them if they were looking for any particular grave. The younger said—

"Yes!" with so sad a tone in her voice, and so sweet an expression in her delicate face, that she riveted our attention from the moment she spoke. The elder was much handsomer, a really beautiful girl, about ten years old; she was health itself, while the younger was, even then, almost an angel. We asked whose grave they sought: and again the younger spoke—

"Mother's!"

"Mother," said the elder, "lies there, where the primrose leaves are so large, and you see the rose-tree. I saw her coffin go down myself; but little Rachel was ill, and could not leave her bed then. She will not believe but that mother has a head-stone; and she often coaxes me to come with her here, and read out to her all the painted letters. She thinks she will find mother's name on one of the head-stones. She will not believe me, when I show her the wild primroses, and the green grass. If father had been alive, mother would have had a head-stone; but father was drowned in the river, and, soon after, mother died. The doctor said she pined, but she died—"

"Come," said the younger, pulling her sister's dress, "come, we must find it to-day—come!"

"It hurts me so, that she won't believe me!" continued the elder; "and I have read her what is on every tombstone at least a hundred times; and still, every morning, her great eyes open long before mine, and I find her looking at me; and she puts her little thin arms round my neck, and whispers, 'If Rachel is good, Kesiah, will you come to the churchyard, and find mother?' She can understand everything but *that:* the doctor calls it a monomania; I am afraid—" she added, grasping her little sister's arm, as if resolved to keep her, whether God willed or not—"I am afraid, whatever it is, it will take her from me—and we are only two!"

"Come, come," said the little one; "come, and find mother!"

To the south of Brockweir, up a precipitous and well-wooded mountain, which you ascend by a winding path, you meet with "Offa's Chair," a point on the ancient embankment of "Offa's Dyke," erected, by the Saxons, as a barrier against the Britons. This relic of antiquity, originally consisting of a ditch and a mound, with a high wall, is said to have been erected about the year 758, by Offa, the successor of Ethelbald, who, having shrunk before the gigantic stature and bloody hand of his adversary, Edilthim, was, to remove the disgrace, killed on the following night by his own guards. Clandt Offa, as the Welsh style it, or the Ditch of Offa, originally extended from the mouth of the River Dee, a little above Flint Castle, to the mouth of the Wye; and if a Briton passed this barrier he became punishable with death.

From this elevated spot, the eye sweeps over the whole adjacent country, up to the beautiful falls of Clydden (which are falls, however, only in rainy weather), overlooking also the heights of Brockweir, the Villa of Coed Ithel, Nurton House, and the neighbouring villages, which seem enclosed in serpentine folds of the river, with its rich emerald banks.

On the same ridge of hill, as it diverges to the southward, and at a similar altitude, there is a peculiar and romantic eminence standing out from the surrounding wood, called "the Devil's Pulpit." The Tourist must descend the narrow pathway by which he ascended to Offa's Chair, until he gains a grassy platform, or field, known by the name of Turk's Ground; then turning to the left, he will discover another steep ascent, striking off to the right hand, by a winding path, that will ultimately introduce him to a view of charming diversity. The rock was, until successive rains and frosts had pulverized the rude ascending staircase, very much in form like a pulpit, jutting out from underneath overhanging branches of dark yew trees.

We approach the village and church of TINTERNE PARVA, beautifully situate among trees on the river's brink. It is an old place; the church has been "restored," except the porch, a venerable relic. There was an ancient building here, of which there remain a few broken walls; they indicate, probably, the site of "the villa or extra-cloister residence of the abbots of Tinterne, to which, at certain seasons, they could retire from the exercise of their public functions, and enjoy the privileges of social life—the society and conversation of friends and strangers—without the forms and austerities of the cloister." It is now, as it was then, a calm and quiet solitude;* where nature invites to simple luxuries of hill and valley, rock and river; and forms a striking contrast to the gorgeous, yet graceful, and very beautiful ruin, at the water-gate of which we now moor our boat—the long-renowned ABBEY OF TINTERNE.

From the water, from the heights, from the road—no matter on which side approached, or from what position beheld—the abbey excites a feeling of deep and intense veneration,

BROCKWEIR.

of solemn and impressive awe. It may be less gloomy, less "monastic," than others of its order—deriving fame more from grace and beauty than from grandeur and a sense of power; but the perfect harmony of all its parts, and the simple, yet sublime, character of the whole, give it high place among the glorious bequests of far-off ages, and entitle it to that which it universally receives—the earnest homage of the mind and heart.

By the courtesy of the custodian of the abbey we were admitted within its gates when the solemnity of night was over the ruined fane. Bats were flitting through broken windows,

TINTERNE PARVA.

and every now and then a "moping owl" uttered the deep plaint that at such an hour—or at any hour—there should be intruders to molest

"Her ancient, solitary reign."

* "It would be difficult to picture to the mind's eye a scene of more enchanting repose: in such a place as this (Tinterne Parva), with such objects before him—the verdant pastures, the pendent groves, the winding river, the tranquil sky; with these before him, ambition forgets the world; sorrow looks up with more cheerful resignation; cares and disappointments lose both their weight and their sting; with so little of sordid earth, so much of the sublimity of nature, to contemplate, his thoughts become chastened, soothed, and elevated, and the heart expands under a new sense of happiness, and a feeling of brotherly kindness and benevolence towards everything that breathes." We extract this passage from "The Castles and Abbeys of England," by Dr. William Beattie—a work from which we shall freely borrow, not only letter-press, but engravings, which circumstances enable us to do. The amiable and accomplished author has written at great length concerning this beautiful ruin; consulting the best authorities, and condensing nearly all that is valuable in their histories; passing an immense amount of information through the alembic of his own generous, inquiring, and reflective mind, and communicating the knowledge he had derived from books, in combination with the reasonings of the philosopher and the feelings of the poet.

It needed no light of sun, or moon, or torch, to let us read on these ivy-mantled towers—on that "Cistercian wall"—the "confident assurance" of its long-departed inmates.

> "Here man more purely lives, less oft doth fall;
> More promptly rises, walks with nicer heed;
> More safely rests, dies happier; is freed
> Earlier from cleansing fire, and gains withal
> A brighter crown."

It was a time and place for holy contemplation, for calm and hallowed thought, for a heart's outpouring in silent prayer, for earnest appreciation of by-gone glories, of solemn communion with the past. It was no hard task for Fancy, under such exciting, yet tranquillizing, circumstances, to see again the pale moonlight through "storied windows;" to hear the mingled music of a thousand voices rolling round sculptured pillars, ascending to the fretted roof; to follow, with the eye and ear, the tramp of sandaled monks—nay, to watch them as they passed by, their white robes gleaming in the mellowed light, solemnly pacing round and about the ruin, restored to its state of primal glory and beauty, adorned by the abundant wealth of Art it received from hundreds of princely donors and benefactors.

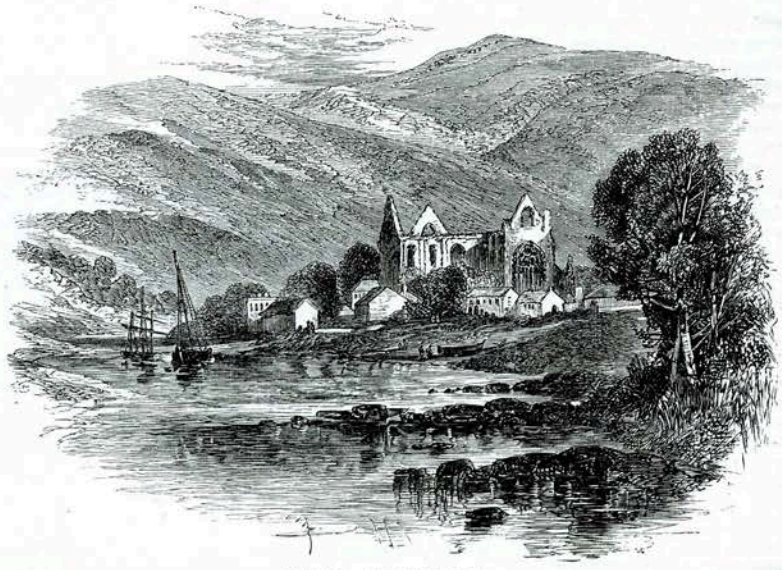
> "In such a place as this, at such an hour,
> If aught of ancestry can be believed,
> Descending angels have conversed with men,
> And told the secrets of the world unknown."

Having spent a night at the humble, yet pleasant, hostelrie—"The Beaufort Arms"—which now, in its half a dozen rooms gives, or rather permits, hospitality to guests at Tinterne—in lieu of huge chambers, in which pilgrims rested, barons feasted, and princes were "entertained"—a morning was most agreeably and profitably passed among the ruins, accompanied by the venerable custodian, who holds them in charge, and fulfils his trust faithfully. Everything is cared for that ought to be preserved; the *debris* is never left in unseemly places; the carpet of the nave is the purest and healthiest sward; the ivy is sufficiently free, yet kept within "decent bounds;" and there is no longer danger of those vandal thefts that robbed the church and all its appanages to mend byways and build styes. But the ruin belongs to the Duke of Beaufort; and those who have visited Raglan, Chepstow, Oystermouth, and other "properties" of his grace, will know that Tinterne is with him a sacred gift, to be ever honourably treated. Nor may those who, either here or elsewhere, express a feeling of gratitude to "the Duke," forget that to his excellent agent and representative, Mr. Wyatt, they owe very much for the satisfaction they receive, and the gratification they enjoy, when visiting remains on any one of the Beaufort estates.

The Abbey of Tinterne* was founded A.D. 1131, by Walter de Clare, for monks of the Cistercian order, and dedicated to St. Mary. The order of Cistercians, or Whitefriars, made its appearance in England about the year 1128. Originally the brotherhood was limited to twelve, with their abbot, "following the example of the Saviour." Their rules were exceedingly strict; they surrendered all their wealth to their order; they selected their localities in solitudes apart from cities: poverty and humility were their distinguishing characteristics. Gradually, however, they obtained immense revenues; and acquired a taste for luxuries; their stern discipline was exchanged for reckless licence; and their splendid abbeys, in which they "dwelt like princes," evidence the "pride that goeth before a fall;" becoming, at last, so numerous and so powerful, that they were said to "govern all Christendom;" at least, they had preponderating influence over every government and kingdom of Europe. Thus they obtained enormous grants and large immunities from kings and barons; and undoubtedly extended learning and propagated religion—such as they believed religion to be. A natural consequence of unrestricted rights and unrestrained power followed, and the stern, silent, abstemious, and self-mortifying Cistercians became notorious for depravity. Their abbeys in England fell at the mandate of the eighth Harry; there was neither desire nor effort to continue the good they had achieved, while arresting and removing the evil they had effected. The Earl of Worcester received "the site" of Tinterne (28 Henry VIII.), and in that family it has ever since continued.*

A CISTERCIAN MONK.

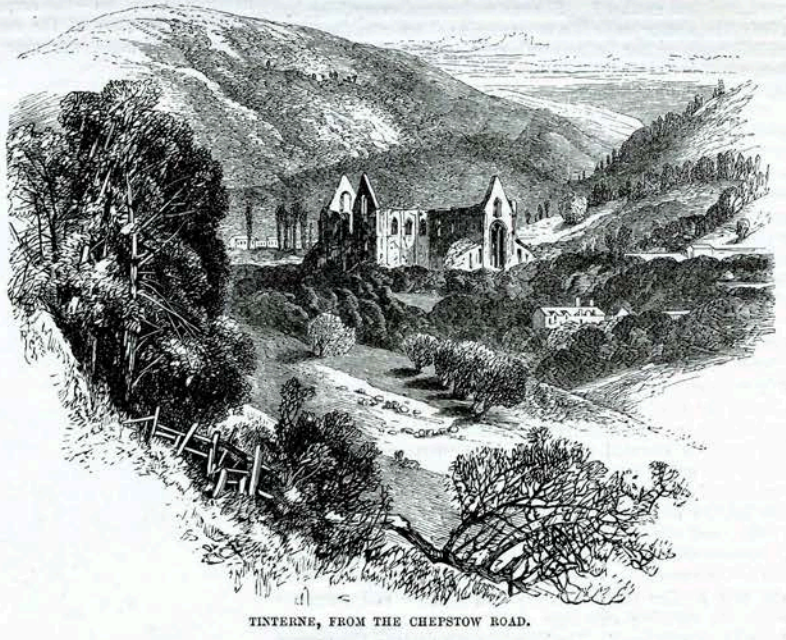
Other munificent donors continued the great work Walter de Clare had commenced. The endowments were largely augmented by Gilbert de Strongbow, lord of the neighbouring Castle



TINTERNE, FROM THE WYE.

of Striguil, and by the Earls of Pembroke, his successors. It was Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, who founded the abbey church, when, A.D. 1268, the first mass at the high altar was celebrated; and down, almost to the period of "the dissolution," its benefactors included many of the princes and peers of England.

It seems to have become a ruin rapidly: it was stripped of its lead during the wars of Charles I. and the Commonwealth; for a century afterwards, it was treated as a stone quarry;



TINTERNE, FROM THE CHEPSTOW ROAD.

and Gilpin, writing in 1782, gives a frightful picture of the state of filth and wretchedness to which the glorious pile of the Norman knights had been subjected, and the utter misery of the

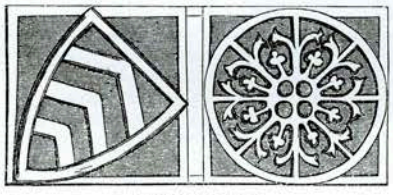
* The name is understood to be derived from the Celtic words *din*, a fortress, and *teyrn*, a sovereign or chief; "for it appears from history, as well as tradition, that a hermitage belonging to Theodoric, or Tendric, King of Glamorgan, originally occupied the site of the present abbey, and that the royal hermit, having resigned the throne to his son, Maurice, led an eremetical life among the rocks and trees here."

* In 1098, arose the Cistercian order. It took the name from Citeaux (Latinized into Cistercium), the house in which it was founded, by Robert de Thierry. Stephen Harding, an Englishman, the third abbot, brought the new order into some repute; but it is to the fame of St. Bernard, who joined it in A.D. 1113, that the speedy and widespread popularity of the new order is to be attributed. The order was introduced into England, at Waverley, in Surrey, in A.D. 1128. The Cistercians professed to observe the rule of St. Benedict with rigid exactness; only that some of the hours which were devoted by the Benedictines to reading and study, the Cistercians devoted to manual labour. They affected a severe simplicity; their houses were simple, with no lofty towers, no carvings or representations of saints, except the crucifix; the furniture and ornaments of their establishments were in keeping—chasubles of fustian, candlesticks of iron, napkins of coarse cloth, the cross of wood, and only the chalice of precious metal. The amount of manual labour prevented the Cistercians from becoming a learned order, though they did produce a few men distinguished in literature. They were excellent farmers and horticulturists; and are said, in early times, to have almost monopolised the wool trade of the kingdom. They changed the colour of the Benedictine habit, wearing a white gown and a hood over a white cassock; when they went beyond the walls of the monastery they also wore a black cloak. St. Bernard of Clairvaux is the great saint of the order. They had seventy-five monasteries and twenty-six nunneries, in England, including some of the largest and finest in the kingdom.—Rev. E. Cutts, *in the Art-Journal.*

neighbouring inhabitants—a population of literal beggars;* in the place where food and drink had been accorded of right to all who needed; whence no man nor woman went empty away; where the weary and the sorrowful never sought relief in vain; where in letter, as well as in spirit, this was the motto for all to read:—

"Pilgrim, whosoe'er thou art,
Worn with travel, faint with fear,
Halt or blind, or sick of heart,
Bread and welcome wait thee here."

All writers are warm in praise of the exceeding beauty of the ruins of Tinterne; less of the exterior, however, than of the interior. "The Abbey of Tinterne," writes Bucke, in his "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature," "is the most beautiful and picturesque of all our gothic monuments: there every arch infuses a solemn energy, as it were, into inanimate nature, a sublime antiquity breathes mildly in the heart; and the soul, pure and passionless, appears susceptible of that state of tranquillity, which is the perfection of every earthly wish." We quote also a passage from Roscoe's charming book. "Roofed only by the vault of heaven—



ENCAUSTIC TILES.

paved only with the grass of earth, Tinterne is, probably, now more impressive and truly beautiful, than when 'with storied windows richly dight;' for nature has claimed her share in its adornment, and what painter of glass, or weaver of tapestry, may be matched with her? The singularly light and elegant eastern window, with its one tall mullion ramifying at the top, and leaving the large open spaces beneath to admit the distant landscape, is one chief feature in Tinterne. The western window is peculiarly rich in adornment, and those of the two transepts of like character, though less elevated." Thus also writes Gilpin: "When we stood at one end of this awful piece of ruin, and surveyed the whole in one view, the elements of air and earth its only covering and pave-

EFFIGY OF A KNIGHT.

ment, and the grand and venerable remains which terminated both perfect enough to form the perspective, yet broken enough to destroy the regularity, the eye was above measure delighted with the beauty, the greatness, and the novelty of the scene."

Besides the engravings that picture in our pages the Exterior of the Abbey, distant views taken by Mr. Hulme,—one "from the village, looking down stream," the other "from the Chepstow Road,"—we give those that convey sufficiently accurate ideas of the peculiar charms and beauties of the Interior—the East Window, the West Window, and the Guest-Chamber.

* There is nothing like misery, nor much that looks like poverty, to be found now in the village and neighbourhood of Tinterne. Several neat, though small, houses are let as lodgings; and besides the comfortable little inn, "The Beaufort Arms," there are two other inns, with fair promises of "entertainment." The accommodation they afford, however, is by no means adequate to the demand in "the season;" but that is no great evil, inasmuch as Tinterne is but five miles from Chepstow, and ten miles from Monmouth—both places abounding in hotels.

Nearly sixty years have passed since Archdeacon Coxe wrote, and Sir Richard Colt Hoare pictured, the beautiful details of this deeply interesting ruin; the "facts" are little altered since then. On entering from the west, "the eye passes rapidly along a range of elegant gothic pillars, and glancing under the sublime arches that supported the tower (entirely gone), fixes itself on the splendid relics of the eastern window, the grand termination of the choir. From the length of the nave, the height of the walls, the aspiring form of the pointed arches, and the size of the east window, which closes the perspective, the first impressions are those

THE WEST WINDOW, FROM THE CHANCEL.

of grandeur and sublimity. But as these emotions subside, and we descend from the contemplation of the whole to the examination of the parts, we are no less struck with the regularity of the plan, the lightness of the architecture, and the delicacy of the ornaments; we feel that elegance is its characteristic no less than grandeur, and that the whole is a combination of the beautiful and the sublime."

The abbey is a cruciform structure, consisting of a nave, north and south aisles, transepts, and choir. Its length from east to west is 228 feet, and from north to south, at the transepts,

THE EAST WINDOW, FROM THE ENTRANCE.

150 feet. The nave and choir are 37 feet in breadth, the height of the central arch is 70 feet, of the smaller arches 30 feet, of the east window 64 feet, and of the west window 42 feet. The total area originally enclosed by the abbey walls is said to have been 34 acres. These walls may now be easily traced, and some of the dependant buildings are yet in a good state of preservation: in one of them the custodian of the abbey lives.

Judiciously placed, so as not to intrude on the eye, yet carefully preserved, are many relics of its former greatness. Among the old encaustic tiles, grouped into a corner—some of them

cleansed, but the greater part retaining the mould which time has placed over them—are several which bear the arms of the abbey donors; we copy two of these tiles: others represent flowers, animals, and "knights in full career at a tournament." The most interesting of its relics, however, is the effigy of a knight "in chain armour, a pavache shield, and crossed legs," supposed to be that of Strongbow, first Earl of Pembroke; but more probably that of Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, the builder of the church—Sir S. Meyrick so considers it. It is still in a good state, and is said to have been entire not many years ago, when a drunken brute, returning from a village orgie, struck the head from the body, and mutilated the members.

One of the most beautiful, and by no means the least interesting, parts of the ruin is "the Hospitium," or Guest-Hall. It was a spacious and lofty chamber, with a vaulted stone roof, supported on pillars, of which the massive bases yet remain. "Of the style of architecture employed in this dining hall, the numerous windows, with their mullioned partitions, tall shafts, and foliated arches, face shafts, and corbel heads along the walls, from which sprang the lofty groined vault that covered and connected the whole, present a tolerably distinct picture—

"'Along the roof a maze of mouldings slim,
Like veins that o'er the hand of lady wind,
Embraced in closing arms the key-stone trim,
With hieroglyphs and cyphers quaint combined,
The riddling art that charmed the Gothic mind.'"

Dr. Beattie has given a plan of the abbey, which we borrow from the pages of his valuable book.

And such is Tinterne Abbey—a ruin eloquent of the past: a delicious combination of grace and grandeur, well expressed by the single word, HARMONY. A hundred years at least were occupied in its erection, from the commencement to the finish, and many hands must have been employed in its building and adornments; yet it would seem as if one spirit presided over and guided the whole, so perfect is it in "keeping." Anywhere it would be an object of surpassing interest; but neither Art nor language can do sufficient justice to the scenery amid which the Abbey stands. Wood and water, hill and valley, were essentials to the monks, when they founded any structure, and here they had them all in admirable perfection!

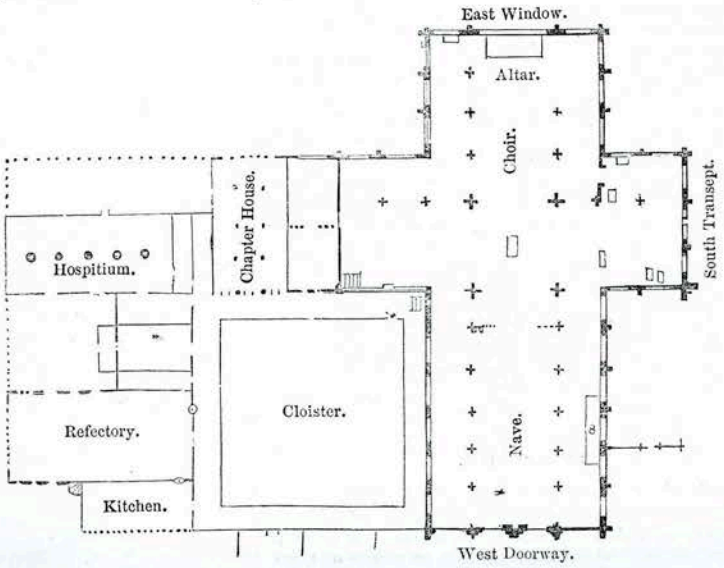
Thus on this subject writes Gilpin:—"A more pleasing retreat could not easily be found; the woods and glades intermixed, the winding of the river, the variety of the ground, the splendid ruin, contrasted with the objects of nature, and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills which include the whole, make altogether a very enchanting piece of scenery. Everything around breathes an air so calm and tranquil, so sequestered from the commerce of life, that it is easy to conceive a man of warm imagination, in monkish times, might have been allured by such a scene to become an inhabitant of it." These words we borrow from Archdeacon Coxe:—"The picturesque appearance of the ruins is considerably heightened by their position in a valley watered by the meandering Wye, and, backed by wooded eminences, which rise abruptly from the river, unite a pleasing intermixture of wildness and culture, and temper the gloom of monastic solitude with the beauties of nature." Undoubtedly the quiet enjoyment received at Tinterne is largely enhanced by the landscape charms in which the ruin is enveloped; but it has many attractions apart from the scenery: it is a graceful, beautiful, and deeply interesting remain of the olden time. "On the whole," writes Grose, summing up his details concerning Tinterne, "though this monastery is undoubtedly light and elegant, it wants that gloomy solemnity so essential to religious ruins; it wants those yawning vaults and dreary recesses which strike the beholder with religious awe, make him almost shudder at entering them, and call into his mind all the tales of the nursery. Here, at one cast of the eye, the whole is comprehended—nothing is left for the spectator to guess or explore; and this defect is increased by the ill-placed neatness of the poor people who show the building, and by whose absurd labour the ground is covered over by a turf as even and trim as that of a bowling-green, which gives the building more the air of an artificial ruin in a garden than that of an ancient decayed abbey." . . . . "How unlike," he adds, "the beautiful description of the poet—

"'Half-buried there lies many a broken bust,
And obelisk and urn, overthrown by time;
And many a cherub here descends in dust,
From the rent roof and portico sublime;
Where reverend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads;
And ashlings, wafted from the neighbouring wood,
Through the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.'"

The venerable antiquary found elsewhere, no doubt, many scenes such as he desired, where neglect had effectually aided time: and, perhaps, where nature has been less lavish than here by the banks of the Wye, desolation may be more picturesque than order. But there will not be many to agree with him in condemning the care that has preserved without restoring, and the neatness that refreshes the soul without disturbing the solemn and impressive thoughts here suggested:—

"How many hearts have here grown cold,
That sleep these mouldering stones among!
How many beads have here been told,
How many matins here been sung!"

And be his creed what it may, he is cold of heart and narrow of soul who feels no sentiment of gratitude towards those who raised temples such as this in which to worship the Creator, and to propagate or to nourish Christianity, in dark ages when the church, despotic as it was, stood



PLAN OF TINTERNE ABBEY.

between freedom and a despotism more brutal and more destructive. In these cloisters the arts of peace were cultivated, when a Vandal aristocracy acknowledged no law but power.

What food for thought is here—what material for reflection! Who will not

"Envy them, those monks of old,"

passing a life in calm and quiet, amid scenes so surpassingly beautiful! Here they read and wrote; here the Arts were made the handmaids of religion. We may not, under the walls that shadow their dust, amid pleasant meadows, at the foot of wooded hills, by the fair river-side, all of which they had made charming and productive—we may not ponder over, or even call to mind, the errors or the vices hidden under "the white robe with a black scapular or hood!" Let them be remembered elsewhere, but forgotten here!

We may fitly conclude our visit to "faire Tinterne" by quoting a passage from the eloquent

THE GUEST-CHAMBER.

historian Macaulay:—"A system which, however deformed by superstition, introduced strong moral restraints into communities previously governed only by vigour of muscle, and by audacity of spirit; a system which taught even the fiercest and mightiest ruler that he was, like his meanest boudsman, a responsible being, might have seemed to deserve a more respectful mention from philosophers and philanthropists. . . . . Had not such retreats been scattered here and there, among the huts of a miserable peasantry, and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burden and beasts of prey. . . . . The church has many times been compared to the ark of which we read in the book of Genesis; but never was the resemblance more perfect than during the evil time when she rode alone, amidst darkness and tempest, on the deluge beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring."

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XII.—CHEPSTOW.

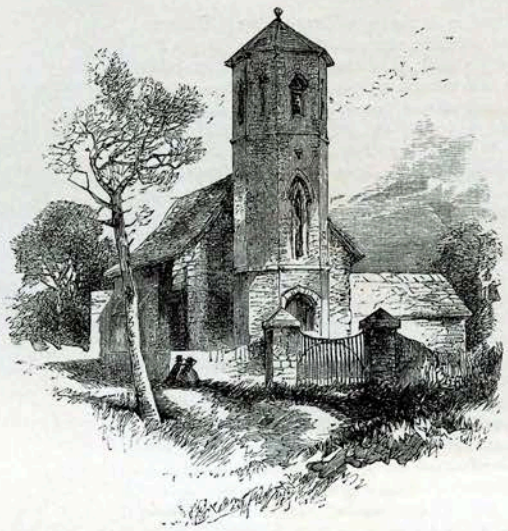
THE Tourist may proceed from Tinterne to Chepstow either by land or water, continuing to row upon the Wye, or pursuing the road that leads all the way immediately above its banks. The journey is, perhaps, preferable to the voyage; certainly it is more varied; for the river is seldom out of sight, its "winding bounds" a perpetual refreshment; here more than ever "a wanderer through the woods;" while the view often receives "enchantment" from distance, and the prospect frequently takes in a wide range of country, in which there is the very happiest combination of wild grandeur with cultivated beauty.

By water, the Tourist necessarily sees to greater advantage those singular rocks, that supply so much of the peculiar character of Wye scenery; they are at either side, and all have names: thus the guides or boatmen will point attention to Plumber's Cliff, which is surmounted by an ancient intrenchment, and the highest point of which is the Devil's Pulpit, the Banaghor Crags, the Twelve Apostles, St. Peter's Thumb, the Lover's Leap, Wyntour's Leap,* and so forth; while the surpassing charms of the demesne of Piercefield have been themes of enthusiastic laudation in all the Tour Books of the district, that have been written during the last century. The beautiful seat—Piercefield—now belongs to a new owner, a gentleman who, within a comparatively recent date, acquired it by purchase. It has had many masters since it was formed, "an earthly paradise," nearly a hundred years ago, by its then lord, Valentine Morris. Let the reader imagine a continuous "range" of walks, of more than three miles in extent, laid out with consummate skill, with breaks at convenient and judiciously planned openings among dense foliage, here and there carefully trimmed and highly cultivated, where Art has been studious, wise, and successful; while, every now and then trees, shrubs, and underwood are permitted to grow and wander at their own will,—

"The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,"

—and he will have some, though but limited, idea of the natural or trained diversity of this beautiful demesne. Let him add the grandeur derived from stupendous and picturesque rocks, and the value of the auxiliary river that runs rapidly, now here now there, continually "winding;" the dense foliage, the dark or graceful trees, the gigantic ferns, and the thousand charms of park and forest scenery, in harmonious union,—and he will be at no loss to understand the fame that Piercefield has obtained—and retained—as the fairest bit of the Wye scenery, and, consequently, among the most delicious landscape graces of England. It is, indeed, and has ever been, a paradise; and surely he, who brought so judiciously and so happily Art to the aid of Nature, was a man to be envied by his generation, and to be remembered by posterity, as one to whom Fortune had been lavish of her bounties, and whose destiny was that which tens of thousands would covet—in vain. Alas! it was not so; the story is a sad one, and supplies additional evidence of "the Vanity of Human Wishes!"†

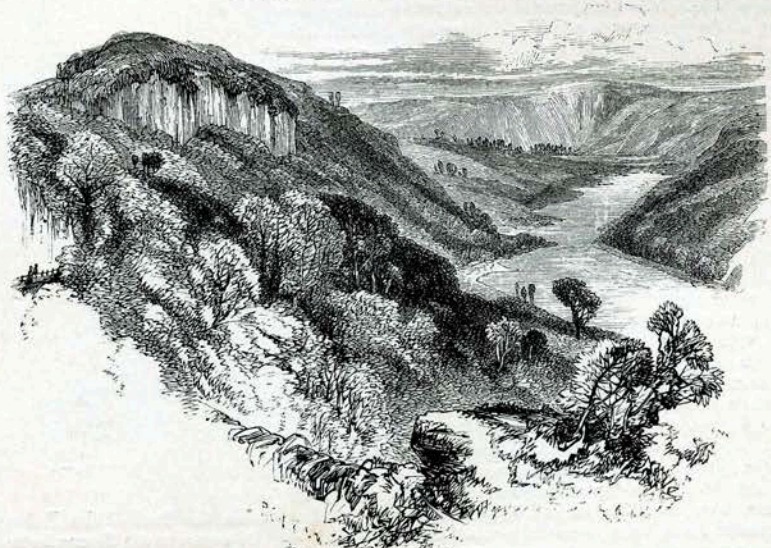
Yes! the scenery here is indeed beautiful; Piercefield is, of a truth, entitled to all the praise it receives—and that is large, free, and full; and he who writes of it to-day, cannot do better than quote the words the eloquent historian of the county applied to it half a century ago: "The Wye, which is everywhere seen from a great elevation, passes under Wynd Cliff and the Banaghor Rocks, winds round the peninsula of Lancaut, under a semicircular chain of stupendous cliffs, is lost in its sinuous course, again appears in a straighter line at the foot of the Lancaut rocks, and flows under the majestic ruins of Chepstow Castle, towards the Severn. The rocks are broken into an infinite variety of fantastic shapes, and scattered at different heights and in different positions; they start abruptly from the river, swell into gentle acclivities, or hang on the summits of the walls; here they form a perpendicular rampart, there jut into enormous projections, and impend over the water. But their dizzy heights and abrupt precipices are softened by the woods, which form a no less conspicuous feature in the romantic scenery;



ST. ARVEN'S CHURCH.

they are not meagre plantations placed by Art, but a tract of forests scattered by the hand of Nature. In one place they expand into open groves of large oak, elm, and beech; in another, form a shade of timber trees, copses, and underwood, hiding all external objects, and wholly impervious to the rays of the sun; they start from the crevices of the rocks, feather their edges, crown their summits, clothe their sides, and fill the intermediate hollows with a luxuriant mass of foliage, bringing to recollection Milton's description of the border

"'Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd, and overhead upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade.
* * * *
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.'"



THE WYND CLIFF, FROM ST. ARVEN'S.

The reader must not, however, imagine that Piercefield is the only place of beauty that, in this vicinage, borders "Sylvan Wye:" ascend any of the heights, and the view is glorious;

* Wyntour's Leap is associated with one of the fiercely-contested struggles of the civil wars. "The king's friends," says Corbett, in his "Military Government of Gloucester," "attempted a second time to fortify this spot, but before the works were complete, Colonel Massie attacked and defeated them. They forced Sir John Wyntour down the cliff into the river, where a little boat lay to receive him. Many took the water, and were drowned, others by recovering the boats saved themselves." Tradition asserts that Sir John leapt his horse down the cliff; but the precipice here is so abrupt that he most probably escaped on foot.

† A memoir of Valentine Morris, Esq., was printed in 1801 by Archdeacon Coxe, in his "History of Monmouthshire." He succeeded his father somewhere about the year 1752, and thus inherited Piercefield. Before that period it was unknown and unfrequented, the grounds being employed solely for agricultural purposes, or covered with inaccessible forests. These he converted, at vast expense, into the "wonder" it has ever since been. "He lived in a style of princely, rather than private, magnificence." Every chance visitor was entertained; large was his bounty to all who needed; his open hand was lavish of gifts; and to the poor he was ever a generous benefactor. But the mine was exhausted: he became embarrassed, and was driven forth from the paradise he had created, to a comparatively miserable shelter upon his depressed property in Antigua. His departure from Chepstow was an event long remembered. The carriage was surrounded by sorrowful and sympathising crowds; and as he passed the bridge that crossed the Wye, "his ear was struck with the mournful peal of bells, muffled, as is usual on the loss of departed friends. Deeply affected with this mark of esteem and regret, he could no longer control his emotions, but burst into tears." He ultimately obtained the governorship of St. Vincent, and there "laboured with so much zeal and activity in promoting the cultivation of the island, that he almost made of it another Piercefield." The island, however, was taken by the French, and Morris was again a ruined man. His claims on the Government, though admitted, were never liquidated: his wrongs remained unredressed. During seven years he was a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench; "his books, and all his movables," were sold; his wife sunk under the heavy load of sorrow and privation, and became insane; and he died in poverty, of grief!

while the way is ever full of charms such as those we have been describing. Chiefest among all such heights—the fair rivals of its fair neighbour—is the far-famed Wynd Cliff. Let us mount this hill, while the cool shadows of evening are over us; for it is a labour when the sun is up, and half its beauty will be lost in the glare of mid-day. Coleridge, in his verses on this sublime scene, with its

> "Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean,"

exclaims—

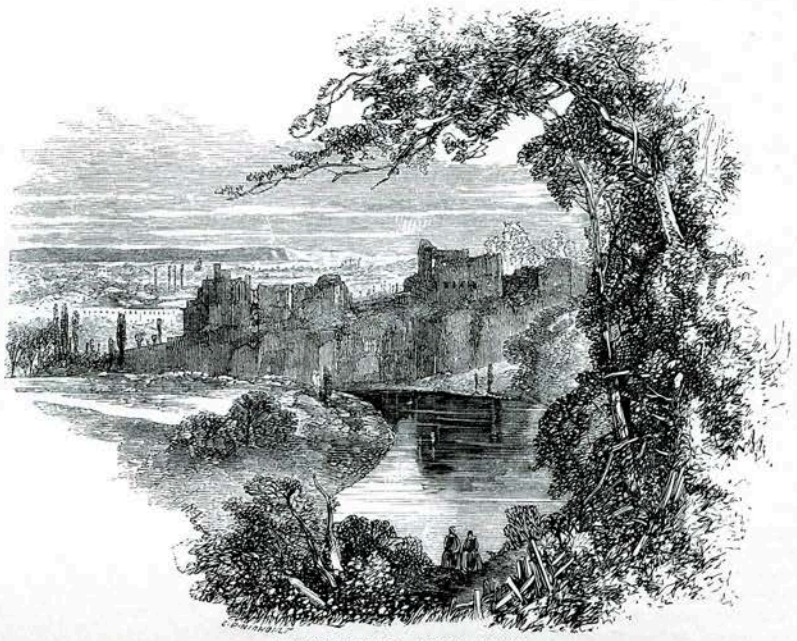
> "It seemed like Omnipresence!—God, methought,
> Had built him here a temple: the whole world
> Seemed imaged in its vast circumference."

Adjoining the road, and nearly midway between Tinterne and Chepstow, the carriage stops at "the Moss House," a rustic cottage, prettily built, in which resides the care-taker of the hill,* who will accompany you if you please; but his companionship is not needed, for on its summit, where the "views" are, you will find an old soldier stationed—to direct your notice to such places as have names. You climb up a steep for a mile or more, by a narrow footway made through underwood at the foot of forest trees: every now and then a nimble squirrel leaps from branch to branch, or springs across your path, while birds of various kinds are singing from thick foliage. You may pause occasionally to obtain views of delicious bits; and to aid you, judicious openings have been made in many places. Perhaps, however, it will be well to avail yourself of none of them, but to wait until you are at the summit, and obtain at once a prospect so amazingly grand and beautiful, that words can give you no idea of it. All writers concerning this glorious district have sought, and sought in vain, to convey some impression of its charms. Roscoe writes:—"On gaining the open space"—a level flat on the summit of the hill, where a neatly-thatched shelter is provided—"one of the most extensive and beautiful views that can be imagined bursts upon the eye, or rather a vast group of views of distinct and opposite character here seem to blend and unite in one. At a depth of about eight hundred feet, the steep descent below presents in some places single projecting rocks; in others, a green bushy precipice. In the valley, the eye follows for several miles the course of the Wye, which issues from a wooded glen on the left hand, curves round a green garden-like peninsula, rising into a hill studded with beautiful clumps of trees, then forces its foaming way to the right, along a huge wall of rock, nearly as high as the point where you stand, and at length, beyond Chepstow Castle, which looks like a ruined city, empties itself into the Bristol Channel, where ocean closes the dim and misty distance. On the other side of the river, immediately in front, the peaked tops of a long ridge of hills extend nearly the whole district which the eye commands. It is thickly clothed with wood, out of which a continuous wall of rock, festooned with ivy, picturesquely rears its head. Over this ridge you again discern water, the Severn, three miles broad, thronged with white sails, on either side of which is seen blue ridges of hills full of fertility and rich cultivation. The grouping of the landscape is perfect. I know of no picture more beautiful. Inexhaustible in details, of boundless extent, and yet marked by such grand and prominent features, that confusion and monotony, the usual defects of a very wide prospect, are completely avoided."

We have given the best of many descriptions; but the eloquent writer admits his inability to render justice to so grand, so glorious, so beautiful, and so wholesomely exciting a scene. Yet it is but one of many such attractions that border the delicious river Wye.†

We are now leaving its peculiar charms—the stream henceforth becomes dark and muddy; the tide from the Severn ascends it with great rapidity. The ancient Castle of Chepstow comes in sight. We land, if we are voyagers, at a clumsy pier, but adjacent to a picturesque bridge, and almost under the walls of the huge fortalice of the Normans.

Are we voyaging to Chepstow? many are the landscape beauties we encounter on either side of the Wye. The left bank is steep and wooded to the water's edge; the right is also frequently the same, but now and then its line of trees is broken by fertile meadows. We pass several weirs, breaks in the channel at low water, and reach the charming peninsula of Lancaut, with its "wee little church" standing on a hillock a few yards from the river. Opposite are the grounds of Piercefield, and hanging over them is the Wynd Cliff. We borrow a passage from Archdeacon Coxe:—"At this place, the Wye turns abruptly round the fertile peninsula of Lancaut, under the stupendous amphitheatre of Piercefield cliffs, starting from the edge of the water, here wholly mantled with wood, there jutting in bold and fantastic projections, which appear like enormous buttresses formed by the hand of nature. At the further extremity of this peninsula, the river again turns, and stretches in a long reach, between the white and towering cliffs of Lancaut and the rich acclivities of Piercefield woods. In the midst of these grand and picturesque scenes, the embattled turrets of Chepstow Castle burst upon our sight; and, as we glided under the perpendicular crag, we looked up with astonishment to the massive walls impending over the edge of the precipice, and appearing like a continuation of the rock itself. Before stretched the long and picturesque bridge, and the

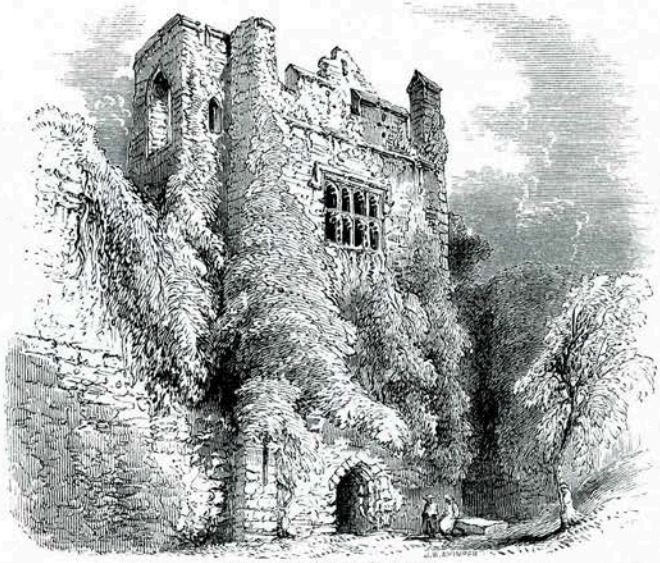


CHEPSTOW CASTLE, FROM THE WYE.

view was closed by a semicircular range of red cliffs, tinted with pendent foliage, which form the left bank of the river."

Journeying by land, the prospects are infinitely more grand, more beautiful, and more diversified, although views are obtained only of one side of the river, except occasionally, by ascending heights.

Either way, it is a charming tour of five miles between Tinterne and Chepstow. The Tourist cannot miss a scene of beauty, look where he will,—from either of the surrounding hills, or even from the common road,—in any direction. It will therefore be easy to understand that there are few more happily situated towns in the kingdom than Chepstow, through which



THE KEEP: MARTEN'S TOWER.

runs the South Wales Railway, and near to which, in a low and swampy dell, the Wye joins its waters to the Severn, both making their way hence together into the Bristol Channel.

Chepstow was a walled town, and of the walls there yet remain many picturesque fragments. It is said to have been a Roman town, but upon insufficient authority; Archdeacon Coxe, "after repeated inquiries," could never learn that any Roman antiquities had been discovered in its vicinity. The probability is that, according to Leland, "when Caerwent (one of the principal cities of the Romans, distant about seven miles) began to decay, then began Chepstow to flourish." The Saxons undoubtedly had a settlement here; and Coxe conjectures that its name is derived from *cheapian stowe*, signifying a place of traffic. A bridge connects the town, which is in Monmouthshire, with the opposite side, in Gloucestershire; and the Wye divides the two counties.

The objects to be visited in Chepstow—always excepting the "views" to be obtained anywhere

* Each visitor is requested to pay sixpence, and no more. The hill belongs to his grace the Duke of Beaufort. The fee is designed to effect what it does effect—a barrier to prevent the intrusion of mere idlers from the town, who would disturb the tranquillity of the scene.

† Mr. Hulme made his view of the Wynd Cliff from the grave-yard of St. Arven's Church; and has also given a sketch of the pretty and picturesque church, happily and tranquilly situated among so many landscape beauties.

—are the Church, the Castle, and the Western Gate. This gate is still entire, and is of much interest, although not of a date very remote; those who have time, and taste that way, may be gratified by tracing the old walls—a work of no great difficulty. To the church we conduct the reader.

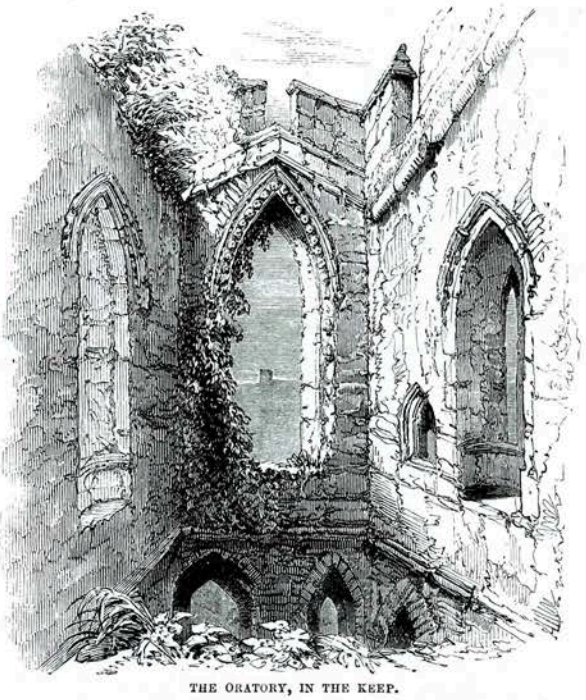
The church is part of a Benedictine priory of Norman work, said to have been founded in the reign of King Stephen; it was a cell to the Abbey of Cormeille, in Normandy, and dedicated to St. Mary.* "Scarcely any remains of the ancient priory can be traced, but the church was part of the chapel, and is a curious remnant of Norman architecture. The body was once the nave of a much larger structure, built in the form of a cathedral, and at the eastern extremity appears one of the lofty arches, which supported the tower. The nave is separated from the side aisles by a grand range of circular arches, reposing on massive piers, which have a venerable and solemn appearance." The windows are ornamented Gothic, much posterior to the era of the original structure. "The entrance to the north is through a Gothic porch, which covers the original doorway, formed by a semi-circular arch, enriched with zigzag mouldings, and supported by two columns; but the entrance to the west front is a magnificent portal, in the highest state of preservation: it consists of a semi-circular arch, reposing on receding columns, and richly decorated with divisions of diagonal and diamond mouldings, peculiar to the Saxon and early Norman style."

Since Archdeacon Coxe wrote these remarks, much has been done to the church in the way of restoration, and, generally, well done. It is, unquestionably, a venerable and very interesting edifice, with unmistakeable evidence of antiquity. Of monuments there are few of note, excepting that to Henry Marten, so long a prisoner in the castle, and who was here interred. The body was buried, and the stone placed, originally in the chancel; but a bigoted vicar, objecting to the remains of a regicide lying so near the altar, ordered the removal of both, and they are now in a passage leading from the nave into the north aisle.† The stone records the day of burial,—September 9, 1680,—and contains a verse and an acrostic, said to have been written for the purpose by himself. Those who read them will incline to believe that this is an error; the sturdy and intellectual republican could never have produced a composition so utterly wretched.‡

The castle is the principal object of attraction in Chepstow; it has a fine effect from the railway, as the train passes over the bridge that crosses the Wye; but it is best seen from the opposite side: its solemn grandeur, however, and amazing strength, are fully appreciated as we pass under it, voyaging the Wye, and entering the town. It is situated on the brow of a precipice, overhanging the right bank of the Wye; the northern side is advanced close to the edge, and so constructed as to appear part of the cliff; it was, therefore, apparently unassailable from this quarter. On the other sides it was defended by massive walls, flanked with strong and lofty towers; it is said there was a moat also, but there are no traces of it; and it is not likely that it ever had that defence, the situation being so high above the Wye, and there being no tributary stream in its vicinity. In early times it was considered impregnable; it was required to be so, for it was situate in the midst of brave and merciless enemies,—the Welsh,—who were ever on the watch to destroy the Norman invader and oppressor.

The castle seems to have borne different appellations: it is said to have been called by the Britons, Castill Gwent, or Casgwent; by the Saxons, Cheapstowe; and by the Normans, Estrighoiel, or Striguil. The structure, of which the ruins now exist, and which occupy the site of an earlier fortalice, is ascribed to a kinsman of the Conqueror, William Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford,—"the chief and greatest oppressor of the English, who cherished an enormous cause by his boldness, whereby many thousands were brought to miserable ends."

For a long period after the Conquest, the hereditary lords of the town and castle were the old Earls of Pembroke, of the house of Clare, the last of whom was the renowned Richard Strongbow, Earl of Striguil, Chepstow, and Pembroke, who died in 1176, leaving a daughter



THE ORATORY, IN THE KEEP.

Isabel, by whose marriage the estates and title passed into the family of Marshall; afterwards, by a similar union, into that of Herbert; and, subsequently, by the marriage of Elizabeth, sole daughter and heiress of William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon, and Lord Herbert, of Raglan, Chepstow, and Gower, it descended to Sir Charles Somerset, created Earl of Worcester. It is now one of the numerous castles of the noble representative of an illustrious race—Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset, Duke of Beaufort.

History records but few sieges to which this huge stronghold was subjected. The latest and greatest was that which took place in 1645, when garrisoned for the king, and assailed by the

ARCHED CHAMBER IN THE CASTLE ROCK.

troops of the Commonwealth. It had been taken and re-taken; but such was its importance, that Cromwell marched against it in person, took possession of the town, and assaulted the castle without success, though its defenders amounted to no more than one hundred and sixty men, commanded by a gallant soldier, Sir Nicholas Kemeys. Cromwell then left Colonel Ewer, with a train of artillery, seven companies of foot, and four troops of horse, to prosecute the siege. But the garrison defended themselves valiantly, until their provisions were exhausted, and even then refused to surrender, under promise of quarter, hoping to escape by means of a boat, which they had provided for the purpose. A soldier of the parliamentary army, however, swam

* There were formerly four churches in Chepstow, three of which have been destroyed, viz., St. Ann's, St. Nicholas's, and St. Ewen's.

† The name of this clergyman was CHEST; some idea of his character may be formed from the following epigram written by his son-in-law on the vicar's death:—

"Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One CHEST within another;
The CHEST OF WOOD was very good—
Who says so of the other?"

‡ We append these lines, that the reader may judge for himself:—

HERE, SEPT. 9, 1680,

WAS BURIED

A TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN,

Who, in Berkshire, was well known
To love his country's freedom 'bove his own;
But being immured full twenty year,
Had time to write, as doth appear—

HIS EPITAPH.

Here or elsewhere (all's one to you or me)
Earth, Air, or Water, gripes my ghostly dust,
None knows how soon to be by fire set free;
Reader, if you an old try'd rule will trust,
You'll gladly do and suffer what you must.

My time was spent in serving you and you,
And death's my pay, it seems, and welcome too
Revenge destroying but itself, while I
To birds of prey leave my old cage and fly;
Examples preach to the eye—care then (mine says)
Not how you end, but how you spend your days.

across the river, with a knife between his teeth, cut the cable of the boat, and brought it away. The castle was at length forced, and the brave commander slain, with forty of his men —some accounts say "in cold blood." The castle and park of Chepstow were confiscated, and settled by parliament on Oliver Cromwell; at the Restoration, however, they reverted to the Marquis of Worcester, and so descended to the Duke of Beaufort.

The entrance to the castle is from the town; it was defended by two circular towers, double gates, portcullises, and a port-hole. A massive door of oak, covered with iron bolts and clasps of singularly quaint workmanship, still stands intact, with a four-pound shot to serve the purpose of a knocker. This passed, we are in the great court, the walls and buildings enclosing which are richly covered with ivy. Little more than half a century ago, it was in a habitable state; but the roofs fell in, there was no presiding spirit to care for its safety, time did its wonted work, and it is now a ruin, excepting a small part—one of the towers, in which the warden resides. The court is a fine green sward, huge walnut-trees are flourishing there, and—as in all cases where the Duke of Beaufort is master—there is no danger of farther decay, except that which naturally arises, and will now rather add too, than take from, the picturesque.

The ramparts are, for the most part, in a good state, so are some of the towers; a pleasant walk may be taken from one of these to another, and charming views obtained of surrounding scenery. One of the most remarkable of the remains is that of the baronial hall; such, at least, it is generally supposed to be; but there is no certainty on the subject; its pointed arches and elaborately carved windows indicate its former dignity. A more striking object, however, is an arched chamber in the castle rock; to reach it some steps are descended, it is, therefore, lower than the foundations of the structure, and from a port-hole one looks directly down upon the Wye. Tradition states this to have been the spot on which the severest fighting took place during the assault, and that here Colonel Kemeys was killed. It is added, indeed, that the boat in which the beleaguered garrison designed to escape, was moored immediately underneath; the rope which secured it, and which the soldier cut, having been fastened to an iron ring within this chamber. In confirmation of the story an iron ring may still be seen strongly fastened to the stone floor; unless for some such purpose as that referred to, it is hard to guess what possible business it could have had there.*

The portion of the ruin, however, that attracts most attention, and is carefully examined by all visitors, is the KEEP, which contains the PRISON of Henry Marten. Southey's memorable lines, when Southey was a republican,—lured by the wild dreams of youth into an elysium from which he was awakened by the issue of its trial in France,—have been quoted by all tourists:—

> "For thirty years, secluded from mankind,
> Here Marten lingered. Often have these walls
> Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
> He paced around his prison. Not to him
> Did nature's fair varieties exist;
> He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
> Save when through yon high bars he poured a sad
> And broken splendour."

Stripped of its fiction, the facts are these:—Henry Marten, one of the most active and zealous allies of Cromwell, a man of much ability, and of great energy, was "a member of the high court of justice, regularly attended the trial, was present when the sentence was pronounced, and signed the warrant of death;" he was, therefore, one of "the regicides," and one of those who had least claim to life when "the Restoration" re-established monarchy. He was tried, and found guilty; but pleading that "he came in on the proclamation" of mercy, and petulantly adding, "that he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped that he should not be hanged for taking the king's word now," he obtained pardon on condition of perpetual imprisonment.

After a brief confinement in the Tower, he was transmitted to Chepstow Castle, where he remained a prisoner during twenty—not "thirty"—years, and where he died suddenly, in September, 1680, at the age of seventy-eight.

His "room" in the Keep is still shown; but it may be taken as certain that the whole of the rooms in this tower were his: they were pleasant, sufficiently spacious, had fireplaces, and, no doubt, all such other comforts as a man of substance could have required and acquired. A well of pure water immediately fronted the entrance,—it is there still,—and a purer draught never flowed from mountain rill. From the summit, wide and beautiful views were, and are, obtained. Even within the walls there was abundant space for exercise; but there is evidence that occasionally, at all events, he was permitted to make visits to the neighbouring gentry. Latterly, during his incarceration, he had the free companionship of his wife and daughters. In a word, Marten was rather confined than imprisoned, treated with lenity rather than severity, and received indulgence instead of oppression. There is little doubt that his remaining life—for twenty years—was far happier, more tranquil, and more comfortable, than his earlier years had been; and that, instead of shuddering as we enter the room that bears his name at Chepstow, we may envy him the fate that gave him seclusion when he pleased, a release from labour when he liked, and as much freedom as an aged man, sick of toil and turmoil, could have coveted or desired.

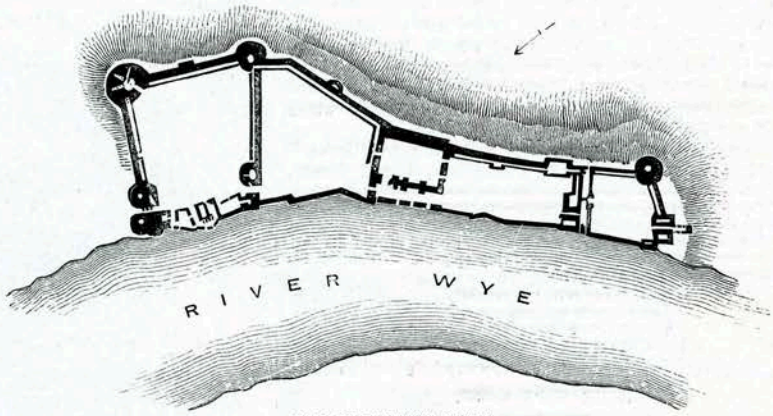
ARCHED PASSAGE.

Our engravings picture the Keep; the window denotes his "room;" the print above it is of an oratory near the roof, a lovely little chamber, commanding views of surpassing beauty.

While we thought over his career—quoting the lines of the Laureate—and looked from out those imaginary "bars" through which the sunlight of a summer's day was shining gloriously, gazed over fertile land and fair river, heard the busy hum from the near town, and listened to birds among the branches of trees blossoming in the castle yard, murmuring

> "Here Marten lingered!"

we confess it was with a feeling of envy—an intense desire to exchange a life of toil for one of such intense tranquillity—a willingness to purchase, at any price short of disloyalty to God and Queen, the privilege to "pace round such a prison."



PLAN OF CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

Our Tour of the Wye, however, has drawn to a close; we may walk two miles out of Chepstow before we leave its banks, but they are miles of anti-climax: low meadows and sides of mud mark the parting of the fair river, in mournful contrast with its beauties passed. We may not, however, bid it a grateful farewell without recalling and quoting the lines of great Wordsworth:—

> "Once again
> Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
> That on a wild secluded scene impress
> Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
> The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
> How oft
> In darkness, and amid the many shapes
> Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
> Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
> Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
> How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
> O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
> How often has my spirit turned to thee!"

* There is a monkish legend attached to the chapel within the castle: it is said to have been erected by Longinus, a Jew,—the soldier who pierced the side of Christ, and who was condemned to visit Britain and build a Christian edifice there; this command he obeyed, selecting this pleasant spot on the Wye to do architectural penance. "Nevertheless," remarks a quaint old commentator, "he must have had a fine Gothic taste;" and certain it is that the "sanctity" thus obtained for his chapel brought many an offering into the holy hands of the priests.