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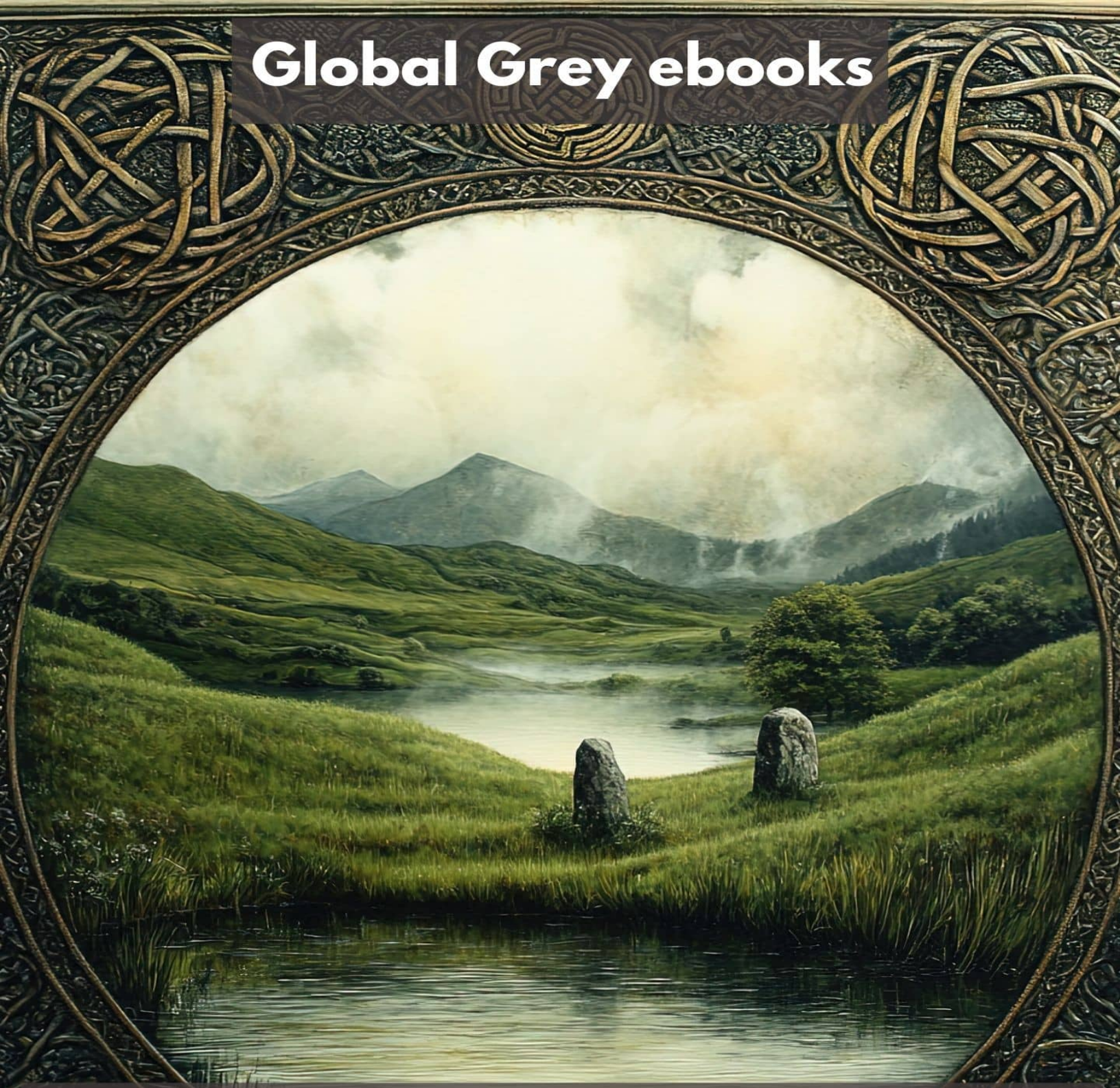

CELTIC FOLKLORE, WELSH AND MANX

John Rhys

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Celtic Folklore, Welsh and Manx
by John Rhys

First published in 1901

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Note On Transcription

This book was formatted using the text from Sacred Texts:

In the original book the voiceless L was written with a special glyph; it has been consistently replaced with a double L. The voiced TH (as in THIS) was written with the symbol Ð or ð; this has been transcribed as double D. All other letters have been transcribed identical to the original, except for circumflex w, which I write w^ herein (since there is no direct equivalent in the HTML character set). In one case there is an i with a subscript circumflex, this is transcribed as i (underlined). In the very rare instance where this system of transcription might produce an ambiguous reading, the consonant transcribed with two letters are italicized, for instance where the consonant combination ðd occurs, it is transcribed as: ddd.

This should be close to the conventional modern Welsh orthography; however, note that there are plenty of archaic spellings (in Welsh, English and other languages) in this book. As usual, accuracy of transcription takes precedence over standard orthography. However, I have taken no steps to confirm any particular Welsh spelling.

Welsh spelling can look daunting at first; however it is fairly easy to get accustomed to. CH is pronounced as in the German BACH; FF (and sometimes PH) is pronounced as English F; F is pronounced as English V; TH is always voiceless (as in THIMBLE, not THIS); and W and Y (when not part of a diphthong) are vowels which are similar to the English OO (as in POOL) and EE (as in FREE).

Volume 1

Preface

TOWARDS the close of the seventies I began to collect Welsh folklore. I did so partly because others had set the example elsewhere, and partly in order to see whether Wales could boast of any story-tellers of the kind that delight the readers of Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*. I soon found what I was not wholly unprepared for, that as a rule I could not get a single story of any length from the mouths of any of my fellow countrymen, but a considerable number of bits of stories. In some instances these were so scrappy that it took me years to discover how to fit them into their proper context; but, speaking generally, I may say, that, as the materials, such as they were, accumulated, my initial difficulties disappeared. I was, however, always a little afraid of refreshing my memory with the legends of other lands lest I should read into those of my own, ideas possibly foreign to them. While one is busy collecting, it is safest probably not to be too much engaged in comparison: when the work of collecting is done that of comparing may begin. But. after all I have not attempted to proceed very far in that direction, only just far enough to find elucidation here and there for the meaning of items of folklore brought under my notice. To have gone further would have involved me in excursions hopelessly beyond the limits of my undertaking, for comparative folklore has lately assumed such dimensions, that it seems best to leave it to those who make it their special study.

It is a cause of genuine regret to me that I did not commence my inquiries earlier, when I had more opportunities of pursuing them, especially when I was a village schoolmaster in Anglesey and could have done the folklore of that island thoroughly; but my education, such as it was, had been of a nature to discourage all interest in anything that savoured of heathen lore and superstition. Nor is that all, for the schoolmasters of my early days took very little trouble to teach their pupils to keep their eyes open or take notice of what they heard around them; so I grew up without having acquired the habit of observing anything, except the Sabbath. It is to be hoped that the younger generation of schoolmasters trained under more auspicious circumstances, when the baleful influence of Robert Lowe has given way to a more enlightened system of public instruction, will do better, and succeed

in fostering in their pupils habits of observation. At all events there is plenty of work still left to be done by careful observers and skilful inquirers, as will be seen from the geographical list showing approximately the provenance of the more important contributions to the Kymric folklore in this collection: the counties will be found to figure very unequally. Thus the anglicizing districts have helped me very little, while the more Welsh county of Carnarvon easily takes the lead; but I am inclined to regard the anomalous features of that list as in a great measure due to accident. In other words, some neighbourhoods have been luckier than others in having produced or attracted men who paid attention to local folklore; and if other counties were to be worked equally with Carnarvonshire, some of them would probably be found not much less rich in their yield. The anglicizing counties in particular are apt to be disregarded both from the Welsh and the English points of view, in folklore just as in some other things; and in this connexion I cannot help mentioning the premature death of the Rev. Elias Owen as a loss which Welsh folklorists will not soon cease to regret.

My information has been obtained partly viva voce, partly by letter. In the case of the stories written down for me in Welsh, I may mention that in some instances the language is far from good; but it has not been thought expedient to alter it in any way, beyond introducing some consistency into the spelling. In the case of the longest specimen of the written stories, Mr. J. C. Hughes' Curse of Pantannas, it is worthy of notice in passing, that the rendering of it into English was followed by a version in blank verse by Sir Lewis Morris, who published it in his *Songs of Britain*. With regard to the work generally, my original intention was to publish the materials, obtained in the way described, with such stories already in print as might be deemed necessary by way of setting for them; and to let any theories or deductions in which I might be disposed to indulge follow later. In this way the first six chapters and portions of some of the others appeared from time to time in the publications of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion and in those of the Folk-Lore Society. This would have allowed me to divide the present work into the two well marked sections of materials and deductions. But, when the earlier part came to be edited, I found that I had a good deal of fresh material at my disposal, so that the chapters in question had in some instances to be considerably lengthened and in some others modified in other ways. Then as to the deductive half of the work, it may be mentioned that certain portions of the folklore, though ever apt to repeat themselves,

were found when closely scrutinized to show serious lacunae, which had to be filled in the course of the reasoning suggested by the materials in hand. Thus the idea of the whole consisting of two distinctly defined sections had to be given up or else allowed to wait till I should find time to recast it. But I could no more look forward to any such time than to the eventual possibility of escaping minor inconsistencies by quietly stepping through the looking-glass and beginning my work with the index instead of resting content to make it in the old-fashioned way at the end. There was, however, a third course, which is only mentioned to be rejected, and that was to abstain from all further publication; but what reader of books has ever known any of his authors to adopt that!

To crown these indiscretions I have to confess that even when most of what I may call the raw material had been brought together, I had no clear idea what I was going to do with it; but I had a hazy notion, that, as in the case of an inveterate talker whose stream of words is only made the more boisterous by obstruction, once I sat down to write I should find reasons and arguments flowing in. It may seem as though I had been secretly conjuring with Vergil's words *viresque adquirit eundo*. Nothing so deliberate: the world in which I live swarms with busybodies dying to organize everybody and everything, and my instinctive opposition to all that order of tyranny makes me inclined to cherish a somewhat wild sort of free will. Still the cursory reader would be wrong to take for granted that there is no method in my madness: should he take the trouble to look for it, he would find that it has a certain unity of purpose, which has been worked out in the later chapters; but to spare him that trouble I venture to become my own expositor and to append the following summary:--

The materials crowded into the earlier chapters mark out the stories connected with the fairies, whether of the lakes or of the dry land, as the richest lode to be exploited in the mine of Celtic folklore. That work is attempted in the later chapters; and the analysis of what may briefly be described as the fairy lore given in the earlier ones carries with it the means of forcing the conviction, that the complex group of ideas identified with the little people is of more origins than one; in other words, that it is drawn partly from history and fact, and partly from the world of imagination and myth. The latter element proves on examination to be inseparably connected with certain ancient beliefs in divinities and demons associated,

for instance, with lakes, rivers, and floods. Accordingly, this aspect of fairy lore has been dealt with in chapters vi and vii: the former is devoted largely to the materials themselves, while the latter brings the argument to a conclusion as to the intimate connexion of the fairies with the water-world. Then comes the turn of the other kind of origin to be discussed, namely, that which postulates the historical existence of the fairies as a real race on which have been lavishly superinduced various impossible attributes. This opens up a considerable vista into the early ethnology of these islands, and it involves a variety of questions bearing on the fortunes here of other races. In the series which suggests itself the fairies come first as the oldest and lowest people: then comes that which I venture to call Pictish, possessed of a higher civilization and of warlike instincts. Next come the earlier Celts of the Goidelic branch, the traces, linguistic and other, of whose presence in Wales have demanded repeated notice; and last of all come the other Celts, the linguistic ancestors of the Welsh and all the other speakers of Brythonic. The development of these theses, as far as folklore supplies materials, occupies practically the remaining five chapters. Among the subsidiary questions raised may be instanced those of magic and the origin of druidism; not to mention a neglected aspect of the Arthurian legend, the intimate association of the Arthur of Welsh folklore and tradition with Snowdon, and Arthur's attitude towards the Goidelic population in his time.

Lastly, I have the pleasant duty of thanking all those who have helped me, whether by word of mouth or by letter, whether by reference to already printed materials or by assistance in any other way: the names of many of them will be found recorded in their proper places. As a rule my inquiries met with prompt replies, and I am not aware that any difficulties were purposely thrown in my way. Nevertheless I have had difficulties in abundance to encounter, such as the natural shyness of some of those whom I wished to examine on the subject of their recollections, and above all the unavoidable difficulty of cross-questioning those whose information reached me by post. For the precise value of any evidence bearing on Celtic folklore is almost impossible to ascertain, unless it can be made the subject of cross-examination. This arises from the fact that we Celts have a knack of thinking ourselves in complete accord with what we fancy to be in the inquirer's mind, so that we are quite capable of misleading him in perfect good faith. A most apposite instance, deserving of being placed on record, came under my notice many years ago. In the summer of 1868 I spent

several months in Paris, where I met the historian Henri Martin more than once. On being introduced to him he reminded me that he had visited South Wales not long before, and that he had been delighted to find the peasantry there still believing in the transmigration of souls. I expressed my surprise, and remarked that he must be joking. Nothing of the kind, he assured me, as he had questioned them himself: the fact admitted of no doubt. I expressed further surprise, but as I perceived that he was proud of the result of his friendly encounters with my countrymen I never ventured to return to the subject, though I always wondered what in the world it could mean. A few years ago, however, I happened to converse with one of the most charming and accomplished of Welsh ladies, when she chanced to mention Henri Martin's advent: it turned out that he had visited Dr. Charles Williams, then the Principal of Jesus College, and that Dr. Williams introduced him to his friends in South Wales.

So M. Martin arrived among the hospitable friends of the lady talking to me, who had in fact to act as his interpreter: I never understood that he could talk much English or any Welsh. Now I have no doubt that M. Martin, with his fixed ideas about the druids and their teaching, propounded palpably leading questions for the Welsh people whom he wished to examine. His fascinating interpreter put them into terse Welsh, and the whole thing was done.

I could almost venture to write out the dialogue, which gave back to the great Frenchman his own exact notions from the lips of simple peasants in that subtle non-Aryan syntax, which no Welsh barrister has ever been able to explain to the satisfaction of a bewildered English judge trying to administer justice among a people whom he cannot wholly comprehend.

This will serve to illustrate one of the difficulties with which the collector of folklore in Wales has to cope. I have done my best to reduce the possible extent of the error to which it might give rise; and it is only fair to say that those whom I plagued with my questionings bore the tedium of it with patience, and that to them my thanks are due in a special degree.

Neither they, however, nor I, could reasonably complain, if we found other folklorists examining other witnesses on points which had already occupied us; for in such matters one may say with confidence, that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.

JOHN RHYS.

JESUS COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Christmas, 1900.

We are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly, as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, or fitness, or proportion--of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd--could they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony? That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire--that corn was lodged, and cattle lamed--that whirlwinds uptore in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest--or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent Vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring--were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood ... There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

CHARLES LAMB'S *Essays of Elia*

1. Undine’s Kymric Sisters

Undine, liebes Bildeben du,
Seit ich zuerst aus alten Kunden
Dein seltsam Leuchten aufgefunden,
Wie sangst du oft mein Herz in Ruh!

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

THE chief object of this and several of the following chapters is to place on record all the matter I can find on the subject of Welsh lake legends: what I may have to say of them is merely by the way and sporadic, and I should feel well paid for my trouble if these contributions should stimulate others to communicate to the public bits of similar legends, which, possibly, still linger unrecorded among the mountains of Wales. For it should be clearly understood that all such things bear on the history of the Welsh, as the history of no people can be said to have been written so long as its superstitions and beliefs in past times have not been studied; and those who may think that the legends here recorded are childish and frivolous, may rest assured that they bear on questions which could not themselves be called either childish or frivolous. So, however silly a legend may be thought, let him who knows such a legend communicate it to somebody who will place it on record; he will then probably find that it has more meaning and interest than he had anticipated.

I.

I find it best to begin by reproducing a story which has already been placed on record: this appears desirable on account of its being the most complete of its kind, and the one with which shorter ones can most readily be compared. I allude to the legend of the Lady of Llyn y Fan Fach in Carmarthenshire, which I take the liberty of copying from Mr. Rees of Tonn’s version in the introduction to *The Physicians of Myddva*i[1], published by the Welsh Manuscript Society, at Llandovery, in 1861. There he says that he wrote it down from the oral recitations, which I suppose were in Welsh, of John Evans, tiler, of Myddfai, David Williams, Morfa, near Myddfai, who was about ninety years old at the time, and Elizabeth Morgan, of Henllys Lodge, near Llandovery, who was a native of the same village of

Myddfai; to this it may be added that he acknowledges obligations also to Joseph Joseph, Esq., F.S.A., Brecon, for collecting particulars from the old inhabitants of the parish of Llanddeusant. The legend, as given by Mr. Rees in English, runs as follows, and strongly reminds one in certain parts of the Story of Undine as given in the German of De la Motte Fouqué, with which it should be compared:--

'When the eventful struggle made by the Princes of South Wales to preserve the independence of their country was drawing to its close in the twelfth century, there lived at Blaensawdde [2]near Llanddeusant, Carmarthenshire, a widowed woman, the relict of a farmer who had fallen in those disastrous troubles.

'The widow had an only son to bring up, but Providence smiled upon her, and despite her forlorn condition, her live stock had so increased in course of time, that she could not well depasture them upon her farm, so she sent a portion of her cattle to graze on the adjoining Black Mountain, and their most favourite place was near the small lake called Llyn y Fan Fach, on the north-western side of the Carmarthenshire Fans.

'The son grew up to manhood, and was generally sent by his mother to look after the cattle on the mountain. One day, in his peregrinations along the margin of the lake, to his great astonishment, he beheld, sitting on the unruffled surface of the water, a lady; one of the most beautiful creatures that mortal eyes ever beheld, her hair flowed gracefully in ringlets over her shoulders, the tresses of which she arranged with a comb, whilst the glassy surface of her watery couch served for the purpose of a mirror, reflecting back her own image. Suddenly she beheld the young man standing on the brink of the lake, with his eyes riveted on her, and unconsciously offering to herself the provision of barley bread and cheese with which he had been provided when he left his home.

'Bewildered by a feeling of love and admiration for the object before him, he continued to hold out his hand towards the lady, who imperceptibly glided near to him, but gently refused the offer of his provisions.

He attempted to touch her, but she eluded his grasp, saying--

Cras dy fara;
Nid hawdd fy nala.

Hard baked is thy bread!
‘Tis not easy to catch me [3];

and immediately dived under the water and disappeared, leaving the love-stricken youth to return home, a prey to disappointment and regret that he had been unable to make further acquaintance with one, in comparison with whom the whole of the fair maidens of Llanddeusant and Myddfai [4] whom he had ever seen were as nothing.

‘On his return home the young man communicated to his mother the extraordinary vision he had beheld. She advised him to take some unbaked dough or “toes” the next time in his pocket, as there must have been some spell connected with the hard-baked bread, or “Bara cras,” which prevented his catching the lady.

‘Next morning, before the sun had gilded with its rays the peaks of the Fans, the young man was at the lake, not for the purpose of looking after his mother’s cattle, but seeking for the same enchanting vision he had witnessed the day before; but all in vain did he anxiously strain his eyeballs and glance over the surface of the lake, as only the ripples occasioned by a stiff breeze met his view, and a cloud hung heavily on the summit of the Fan, which imparted an additional gloom to his already distracted mind.

‘Hours passed on, the wind was hushed, and the clouds which had enveloped the mountain had vanished into thin air before the powerful beams of the sun, when the youth was startled by seeing some of his mother’s cattle on the precipitous side of the acclivity, nearly on the opposite side of the lake. His duty impelled him to attempt to rescue them from their perilous position, for which purpose he was hastening away, when, to his inexpressible delight, the object of his search again appeared to him as before, and seemed much more beautiful than when he first beheld her. His hand was again held out to her, full of unbaked bread, which he offered with an urgent proffer of his heart also, and vows of eternal attachment. All of which were refused by her, saying--

Llaith dy fara!
Ti ni fynna’.

Unbaked is thy bread!
I will not have thee [5].

But the smiles that played upon her features as the lady vanished beneath the waters raised within the young man a hope that forbade him to despair by her refusal of him, and the recollection of which cheered him on his way home. His aged parent was made acquainted with his ill-success, and she suggested that his bread should next time be but slightly baked, as most likely to please the mysterious being of whom he had become enamoured.

‘Impelled by an irresistible feeling, the youth left his mother’s house early next morning, and with rapid steps he passed over the mountain. He was soon near the margin of the lake, and with all the impatience of an ardent lover did he wait with a feverish anxiety for the reappearance of the mysterious lady.

‘The sheep and goats browsed on the precipitous sides of the Fan; the cattle strayed amongst the rocks and large stones, some of which were occasionally loosened from their beds and suddenly rolled down into the lake; rain and sunshine alike came and passed away; but all were unheeded by the youth, so wrapped up was he in looking for the appearance of the lady.

‘The freshness of the early morning had disappeared before the sultry rays of the noon-day sun, which in its turn was fast verging towards the west as the evening was dying away and making room for the shades of night, and hope had well-nigh abated of beholding once more the Lady of the Lake. The young man cast a sad and last farewell look over the waters, and, to his astonishment, beheld several cows walking along its surface. The sight of these animals caused hope to revive that they would be followed by another object far more pleasing; nor was he disappointed, for the maiden reappeared, and to his enraptured sight, even lovelier than ever. She approached the land, and he rushed to meet her in the water. A smile encouraged him to seize her hand; neither did she refuse the moderately baked bread he offered her; and after some persuasion she consented to become his bride, on condition that they should only live together until she received from him three blows without a cause,

Tri ergyá diachos.
Three causeless blows.

And if he ever should happen to strike her three such blows she would leave him for ever. To such conditions he readily consented, and would have

consented to any other stipulation, had it been proposed, as he was only intent on then securing such a lovely creature for his wife.

‘Thus the Lady of the Lake engaged to become the young man’s wife, and having loosed her hand for a moment she darted away and dived into the lake. His chagrin and grief were such that he determined to cast himself headlong into the deepest water, so as to end his life in the element that had contained in its unfathomed, depths the only one for whom he cared to live on earth. As he was on the point of committing this rash act, there emerged out of the lake *two* most beautiful ladies, accompanied by a hoary-headed man of noble mien and extraordinary stature, but having otherwise all the force and strength of youth. This man addressed the almost bewildered youth in accents calculated to soothe his troubled mind, saying that as he proposed to marry one of his daughters, he consented to the union, provided the young man could distinguish which of the two ladies before him was the object of his affections. This was no easy task, as the maidens were such perfect counterparts of each other that it seemed quite impossible for him to choose his bride, and if perchance he fixed upon the wrong one all would be for ever lost.

‘Whilst the young man narrowly scanned the two ladies, he could not perceive the least difference betwixt the two, and was almost giving up the task in despair, when one of them thrust her foot a slight degree forward. The motion, simple as it was, did not escape the observation of the youth, and he discovered a trifling variation in the mode with which their sandals were tied. This at once put an end to the dilemma, for he, who had on previous occasions been so taken up with the general appearance of the Lady of the Lake, had also noticed the beauty of her feet and ankles, and on now recognizing the peculiarity of her shoe-tie he boldly took hold of her hand.

‘“Thou hast chosen rightly,” said her father; “be to her a kind and faithful husband, and I will give her, as a dowry, as many sheep, cattle, goats, and horses as she can count of each without heaving or drawing in her breath. But remember, that if you prove unkind to her at any time, and strike her three times without a cause, she shall return to me, and shall bring all her stock back with her.”

‘Such was the verbal marriage settlement, to which the young man gladly assented, and his bride was desired to count the number of sheep she was to

have. She immediately adopted the mode of counting by fives, thus:--One, two, three, four, five -- One, two, three, four, five; as many times as possible in rapid succession, till her breath was exhausted. The same process of reckoning had to determine the number of goats, cattle, and horses respectively; and in an instant the full number of each came out of the lake when called upon by the father.

‘The young couple were then married, by what ceremony was not stated, and afterwards went to reside at a farm called Esgair Llaethdy, somewhat more than a mile from the village of Myddfai, where they lived in prosperity and happiness for several years, and became the parents of three sons, who were beautiful children.

‘Once upon a time there was a christening to take place in the neighbourhood, to which the parents were specially invited. When the day arrived the wife appeared very reluctant to attend the christening, alleging that the distance was too great for her to walk. Her husband told her to fetch one of the horses which were grazing in an adjoining field. “I will,” said she, “if you will bring me my gloves which I left in our house.” He went to the house and returned with the gloves, and finding that she had not gone for the horse jocularly slapped her shoulder with one of them, saying, “go! go!” (*dos, dos*), when she reminded him of the understanding upon which she consented to marry him:--That he was not to strike her without a cause; and warned him to be more cautious for the future.

‘On another occasion, when they were together at a wedding, in the midst of the mirth and hilarity of the assembled guests, who had gathered together from all the surrounding country, she burst into tears and sobbed most piteously. Her husband touched her on her shoulder and inquired the cause of her weeping: she said, “Now people are entering into trouble, and your troubles are likely to commence, as you have the second time stricken me without a cause.”

‘Years passed on, and their children had grown up, and were particularly clever young men. In the midst of so many worldly blessings at home the husband almost forgot that there remained only one causeless blow to be given to destroy the whole of his prosperity. Still he was watchful lest any trivial occurrence should take place which his wife must regard as a breach of their marriage contract. She told him, as her affection for him was unabated, to be careful that he would not, through some inadvertence, give

the last and only blow, which, by an unalterable destiny, over which she had no control, would separate them for ever.

‘It, however, so happened that one day they were together at a funeral, where, in the midst of the mourning and grief at the house of the deceased, she appeared in the highest and gayest spirits, and indulged in immoderate fits of laughter, which so shocked her husband that he touched her, saying, “Hush! hush! don’t laugh.” She said that she laughed “because people when they die go out of trouble,” and, rising up, she went out of the house, saying, “The last blow has been struck, our marriage contract is broken, and at an end! Farewell!” Then she started off towards Esgair Llaethdy, where she called her cattle and other stock together, each by name. The cattle she called thus:--

Mu wlfrech, Moelfrech,
Mu olfrech, Gwynfrech,
Pedair cae tonn-frech,
Yr hen wynebwen.
A’r las Geigen,
Gyda’r Tarw Gwyn
O lys y Brenin;
A’r llo du bach,
Syll ar y bach,
Dere dithau, yn iach adre!

Brindled cow, white speckled,
Spotted cow, bold freckled,
The four field sward mottled,
The old white-faced,
And the grey Geingen,
With the white Bull,
From the court of the King;
And the little black calf
Tho’ suspended on the hook,
Come thou also, quite well home!

They all immediately obeyed the summons of their mistress. The “little black calf,” although it had been slaughtered, became alive again, and walked off with the rest of the stock at the command of the lady. This

happened in the spring of the year, and there were four oxen ploughing in one of the fields; to these she cried:--

Pedwar eidion glas
Sydd ar y maes,
Deuwch chwithau
Yn iach adre!

The four grey oxen,
That are on the field,
Come you also
Quite well home!

Away the whole of the live stock went with the Lady across Myddfai Mountain, towards the lake from whence they came, a distance of above six miles, where they disappeared beneath its waters, leaving no trace behind except a well-marked furrow, which was made by the plough the oxen drew after them into the lake, and which remains to this day as a testimony to the truth of this story.

‘What became of the affrighted ploughman--whether he was left on the field when the oxen set off, or whether he followed them to the lake, has not been handed down to tradition; neither has the fate of the disconsolate and half-ruined husband been kept in remembrance. But of the sons it is stated that they often wandered about the lake and its vicinity, hoping that their mother might be permitted to visit the face of the earth once more, as they had been apprised of her mysterious origin, her first appearance to their father, and the untoward circumstances which so unhappily deprived them of her maternal care.

‘In one of their rambles, at a place near Dôl Howel, at the Mountain Gate, still called “Llidiad y Meddygon,” The Physicians’ Gate, the mother appeared suddenly, and accosted her eldest son, whose name was Rhiwallon, and told him that his mission on earth was to be a benefactor to mankind by relieving them from pain and misery, through healing all manner of their diseases; for which purpose she furnished him with a bag full of medical prescriptions and instructions for the preservation of health. That by strict attention thereto he and his family would become for many generations the most skilful physicians in the country. Then, promising to meet him when her counsel was most needed, she vanished. But on several

occasions she met her sons near the banks of the lake, and once she even accompanied them on their return home as far as a place still called “Pant-y-Meddygon,” The dingle of the Physicians, where she pointed out to them the various plants and herbs which grew in the dingle, and revealed to them their medicinal qualities or virtues; and the knowledge she imparted to them, together with their unrivalled skill, soon caused them to attain such celebrity that none ever possessed before them. And in order that their knowledge should not be lost, they wisely committed the same to writing, for the benefit of mankind throughout all ages.’

To the legend Mr. Rees added the following notes, which we reproduce also at full length:--

‘And so ends the story of the Physicians of Myddfai, which has been handed down from one generation to another, thus:--

Yr hên wr llwyd o’r cornel,
Gan ei dad a glywodd chwedel[6],
A chan ei dad fe glywodd yntau
Ac ar ei ôl mi gofiais innau.

The grey old man in the corner
Of his father heard a story,
Which from his father he had heard,
And after them I have remembered.

As stated in the introduction of the present work [i.e. *the Physicians of Myddvai*], Rhiwallon and his sons became Physicians to Rhys Gryg, Lord of Llandovery and Dynefor Castles, “who gave them rank, lands, and privileges at Myddfai for their maintenance in the practice of their art and science, and the healing and benefit of those who should seek their help,” thus affording to those who could not afford to pay, the best medical advice and treatment gratuitously. Such a truly royal foundation could not fail to produce corresponding effects. So the fame of the Physicians of Myddfai was soon established over the whole country, and continued for centuries among their descendants.

‘The celebrated Welsh Bard, Dafydd ap Gwilym, who flourished in the following century, and was buried at the Abbey of Tal-y-llychau [7] , in Carmarthenshire, about the year 1368, says in one of his poems, as quoted in Dr. Davies’ dictionary--

Meddyg ni wnai modd y gwnaeth
Myddfai, o chai ddyn meddfaeth.

A Physician he would not make
As Myddfai made, if he had a mead fostered man.

Of the above lands bestowed upon the Meddygon, there are two farms in Myddfai parish still called “Llwyn Han Feddyg,” the Grove of Evan the Physician; and “Llwyn Meredydd Feddyg,” the Grove of Meredith the Physician. Esgair Llaethdy, mentioned in the foregoing legend, was formerly in the possession of the above descendants, and so was Ty newydd, near Myddfai, which was purchased by Mr. Holford, of Cilgwyn, from the Rev. Charles Lloyd, vicar of Llandefalle, Breconshire, who married a daughter of one of the Meddygon, and had the living of Llandefalle from a Mr. Vaughan, who presented him to the same out of gratitude, because Mr. Lloyd’s wife’s father had cured him of a disease in the eye. As Mr. Lloyd succeeded to the above living in 1748, and died in 1800, it is probable that the skilful oculist was John Jones, who is mentioned in the following inscription on a tombstone at present fixed against the west end of Myddfai Church:--

HERE

Lieth the body of Mr. DAVID JONES, of Mothvey, Surgeon,
who was an honest, charitable, and skilful man.
He died September 14th, Anno Dom 1719, aged 61.

JOHN JONES, Surgeon,

Eldest son of the said David Jones, departed this life
the 25th of November, 1739, in the 44th year
of his Age, and also lyes interred hereunder.

These appear to have been the last of the Physicians who practised at Myddfai. The above John Jones resided for some time at Llandovery, and was a very eminent surgeon. One of his descendants, named John Lewis, lived at Cwmbran, Myddfai, at which place his great-grandson, Mr. John Jones, now resides.

‘Dr. Morgan Owen, Bishop of Llandaff, who died at Glasallt, parish of Myddfai, in 1645, was a descendant of the Meddygon, and an inheritor of much of their landed property in that parish, the bulk of which he

bequeathed to his nephew, Morgan Owen, who died in 1667, and was succeeded by his son Henry Owen; and at the decease of the last of whose descendants, Robert Lewis, Esq., the estates became, through the will of one of the family, the property of the late D. A. S. Davies, Esq., M.P. for Carmarthenshire.

'Bishop Owen bequeathed to another nephew, Morgan ap Rees, son of Rees ap John, a descendant of the Meddygon, the farm of Rhyblid, and some other property. Morgan ap Rees' son, Samuel Rice, resided at Loughor, in Gower, Glamorganshire, and had a son, Morgan Rice, who was a merchant in London, and became Lord of the Manor of Tooting Graveney, and High Sheriff in the year 1772, and Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Surrey, 1776. He resided at Hill House, which he built. At his death the whole of his property passed to his only child, John Rice, Esq., whose eldest son, the Rev. John Morgan Rice, inherited the greater portion of his estates. The head of the family is now the Rev. Horatio Morgan Rice, rector of South Hill with Callington, Cornwall, and J.P. for the county, who inherited, with other property, a small estate at Loughor. The above Morgan Rice had landed property in Llanmadock and Llangenith, as well as Loughor, in Gower, but whether he had any connexion with Howel the Physician (ap Rhys ap Llywelyn ap Philip the Physician, and lineal descendant from Einion ap, Rhiwallon), who resided at Cilgwryd in Gower, is not known.

'Amongst other families who claim descent from the Physicians were the Bowens of Cwmydw, Myddfai; and Jones of Dollgarreg and Penrhock, in the same parish; the latter of whom are represented by Charles Bishop, of Dollgarreg, Esq., Clerk of the Peace for Carmarthenshire, and Thomas Bishop, of Brecon, Esq.

'Rees Williams of Myddfai is recorded as one of the Meddygon. His great-grandson was the late Rice Williams, M.D., of Aberystwyth, who died May 16, 1842, aged 85, and appears to have been the last, although not the least eminent, of the Physicians descended from the mysterious Lady of Llyn y Fan [8].'

This brings the legend of the Lady of the Fan Lake into connexion with a widely-spread family. There is another connexion between it and modern times, as will be seen from the following statement kindly made to me by the Rev. A. G. Edwards, Warden of the Welsh College at Llandovery, since then appointed Bishop of St. Asaph: 'An old woman from Myddfai, who is

now, that is to say in January 1881, about eighty years of age, tells me that she remembers “thousands and thousands of people visiting the Lake of the Little Fan on the first Sunday or Monday in August, and when she was young she often heard old men declare that at that time a commotion took place in the lake, and that its waters boiled, which was taken to herald the approach of the Lake Lady and her Oxen.”‘ The custom of going up to the lake on the first Sunday in August was a very well known one in years gone by, as I have learned from a good many people, and it is corroborated by Mr. Joseph Joseph of Brecon, who kindly writes as follows, in reply to some queries of mine: ‘On the first Sunday in the month of August, Llyn y Fan Fach is supposed to be boiling (*berwi*). I have seen scores of people going up to see it (not boiling though) on that day. I do not remember that any of them expected to see the Lady of the Lake.’ As to the boiling of the lake I have nothing to say, and I am not sure that there is anything in the following statement made as an explanation of the yearly visit to the lake by an old fisherwoman from Llandovery: ‘The best time for eels is in August, when the north-east wind blows on the lake, and makes huge waves in it. The eels can then be seen floating on the waves.’

Last summer I went myself to the village of Myddfai, to see if I could pick up any variants of the legend, but I was hardly successful; for though several of the farmers I questioned could repeat bits of the legend, including the Lake Lady’s call to her cattle as she went away, I got nothing new, except that one of them said that the youth, when he first saw the Lake Lady at a distance, thought she was a goose-he did not even rise to the conception of a swan--but that by degrees he approached her, and discovered that she was a lady in white, and that in due time they were married, and so on. My friend, the Warden of Llandovery College, seems, however, to have found a bit of a version which may have been still more unlike the one recorded by Mr. Rees of Tonn: it was from an old man at Myddfai last year, from whom he was, nevertheless, only able to extract the statement ‘that the Lake Lady got somehow entangled in a farmer’s “gambo,” and that ever after his farm was very fertile.’ A ‘gambo,’ I ought to explain, is a kind of a cart without sides, used in South Wales: both the name and the thing seem to have come from England, though I cannot find such a word as *gambo* or *gambeau* in the ordinary dictionaries.

Among other legends about lake fairies, there are, in the third chapter of Mr. Sikes' *British Goblins*, two versions of this story: the first of them differs but slightly from Mr. Rees', in that the farmer used to go near the lake to see some lambs he had bought at a fair, and that whenever he did so three beautiful damsels appeared to him from the lake. They always eluded his attempts to catch them: they ran away into the lake, saying, *Cras dy fara*, &c. But one day a piece of moist bread came floating ashore, which he ate, and the next day he had a chat with the Lake Maidens. He proposed marriage to one of them, to which she consented, provided he could distinguish her from her sisters the day after. The story then, so far as I can make out from the brief version which Mr. Sikes gives of it, went on like that of Mr. Rees. The former gives another version, with much more interesting variations, which omit all reference, how ever, to the Physicians of Myddfai, and relate how a young farmer had heard of the Lake Maiden rowing up and down the lake in a golden boat with a golden scull. He went to the lake on New Year's Eve, saw her, was fascinated by her, and left in despair at her vanishing out of sight, although he cried out to her to stay and be his wife. She faintly replied, and went her way, after he had gazed at her long yellow hair and pale melancholy face. He continued to visit the lake, and grew thin and negligent of his person, owing to his longing. But a wise man, who lived on the mountain, advised him to tempt her with gifts of bread and cheese, which he undertook to do on Midsummer Eve, when he dropped into the lake a large cheese and a loaf of bread. This he did repeatedly, until at last his hopes were fulfilled on New Year's Eve. This time he had gone to the lake clad in his best suit, and at midnight dropped seven white loaves and his biggest and finest cheese into the lake. The Lake Lady by-and-by came in her skiff to where he was, and gracefully stepped ashore. The scene need not be further described: Mr. Sikes gives a picture of it, and the story then proceeds as in the other version.

It is a pity that Mr. Rees did not preserve the Welsh versions out of which he pieced together the English one; but as to Mr. Sikes, I cannot discover whence his has been derived, for he seems not to have been too anxious to leave anybody the means of testing his work, as one will find on verifying his references, when he gives any. See also the allusions to him in Hartland's *Science of Fairy Tales*, pp. 64, 123, 137, 165, 278.

Since writing the foregoing notes the following communication has reached me from a friend of my undergraduate days at Jesus College, Oxford, Mr. Llywarch Reynolds of Merthyr Tydfil. Only the first part of it concerns the legend of Llyn y Fan Fach; but as the rest is equally racy I make no apology for publishing it in full without any editing, except the insertion of the meaning of two or three of the Welsh words occurring in it:--

'Tell Rhys that I have just heard a sequel to the Meddygon Myddfai story, got from a rustic on Mynydd y Banwen, between Glynnêdd and Glyntawë, on a ramble recently with David Lewis the, barrister and Sidney Hartland the folklorist. It was to the effect that after the disappearance of the*forwn*, "the damsel," into the lake, the disconsolate husband and his friends set to work to drain the lake in order to get at her, if possible. They made a great cutting into the bank, when suddenly a huge hairy monster of hideous aspect emerged from the water and stormed at them for disturbing him, and wound up with this threat:--

Os na cha'i lonydd yn ym lle,
Fi fodda dre' 'Byrhonddu!

If I get no quiet in my place,
I shall drown the town of Brecon!

It was evidently the last *braich*, "arm," of a *Triban Morgannwg*, but this was all my informant knew of it. From the allusion to *Tre' Byrhonddu*, it struck me that there was here probably a tale of *Llyn Safaddon*, which had migrated to *Llyn y Fan*; because of course there would have to be a considerable change in the "levels" before *Llyn y Fan* and the *Sawdde* could put Brecon in any great jeopardy [9].

'We also got another tale about a *cwmshurwr*, "conjurer," who once lived in Ystradgyrlais (as the rustic pronounced it). The wizard was a *dyn llaw-harn*, "a man with an iron hand"; and it being reported that there was a great treasure hidden in Mynydd y Drum, the wizard said he would secure it, if he could but get some plucky fellow to spend a night with him there. John Gethin was a plucky fellow (*dyn "ysprydol"*), and he agreed to join the *dyn llaw-harn* in his *diablerie*. The wizard traced two rings on the sward touching each other "like a number 8"; he went into one, and Gethin into the other, the wizard strictly charging him on no account to step out of the ring. The *llaw-harn* then proceeded to *trafod 'i lyfrau*, or "busy himself

with his books"; and there soon appeared a monstrous bull, bellowing dreadfully; but the plucky Gethin held his ground, and the bull vanished. Next came a terrible object, a "fly-wheel of fire," which made straight for poor Gethin and made him swerve out of the ring. Thereupon the wheel assumed the form of the *diawl*, " devil," who began to haul Gethin away. The *llaw-harn* seized hold of him and tried to get him back. The devil was getting the upper hand, when the *llaw-harn* begged the devil to let him keep Gethin while the piece of candle he had with him lasted. The devil consented, and let go his hold of Gethin, where. upon the *cwmshurwr* immediately blew out the candle, and the devil was discomfited. Gethin preserved the piece of candle very carefully, stowing it away in a cool place; but still it wasted away although it was never lighted. Gethin got such a fright that he took to his bed, and as the candle wasted away he did the same, and they both came to an end simultaneously. Gethin vanished--and it was not his body that was put into the coffin, but a lump of clay which was put in to save appearances! It is said that the wizard's books are in an oaken chest at Waungyrlais farm house to this day.

'We got these tales on a ramble to see "Maen y Gweddiau," on the mountain near Coelbren junction Station on the Neath and Brecon Railway (marked on the Ordnance Map), but we had to turn back owing to the fearful heat.'

Before dismissing Mr. Reynolds' letter I may mention a story in point which relates to a lake on the Brecon side of the mountains. It is given at length by the Rev. Edward Davies in his *Mythology and Rites of the British Druids* (London, 1809), pp. 155-7. According to this legend a door in the rock was to be found open once a year--on May-day, as it is supposed--and from that door one could make one's way to the garden of the fairies, which was an island in the middle of the lake. This paradise of exquisite bliss was invisible, however, to those who stood outside the lake: they could only see an indistinct mass in the centre of the water. Once on a time a visitor tried to carry away some of the flowers given him by the fairies, but he was thereby acting against their law, and not only was he punished with the loss of his senses, but the door has never since been left open. It is also related that once an adventurous person attempted to drain the water away 'in order to discover its contents, when a terrific form arose from the midst of the lake, commanding him to desist, or otherwise he would drown the country.' This

form is clearly of the same species as that which, according to Mr. Reynolds' story, threatened to drown the town of Brecon. Subsequent inquiries have elicited more information, and I am more especially indebted to my friend Mr. Ivor James, who, as registrar of the University of Wales, has of late years been living at Brecon. He writes to the following effect:--'The lake you want is Llyn Cwm Llwch, and the legend is very well known locally, but there are variants. Once on a time men and boys dug a gully through the dam in order to let the water out. A man in a red coat, sitting in an armchair, appeared on the surface of the water and threatened them in the terms which you quote from Mr. Reynolds. The red coat would seem to suggest that this form of the legend dates possibly from a time since our soldiers were first clothed in red. In another case, however, the spectre was that of an old woman; and I am told that a somewhat similar story is told in connexion with a well in the castle wall in the parish of Llanddew, to the north of this town-Giraldus Cambrensis' parish. A friend of mine is employing his spare time at present in an inquiry into the origin of the lakes of this district, and he tells me that Llyn Cwm Llwch is of glacial origin, its dam being composed, as he thinks, of glacial débris through which the water always percolates into the valley below. But storm water flows over the dam, and in the course of ages has cut for itself a gully, now about ten feet deep at the deepest point, through the embankment. The story was possibly invented to explain that fact. There is no cave to be seen in the rock, and probably there never was one, as the formation is the Old Red Sandstone; and the island was perhaps equally imaginary.'

That is the substance of Mr. James' letter, in which he, moreover, refers to J. D. Rhys' account of the lake in his Welsh introduction to his Grammar, published in London in 1592, under the title *Cambrobrytannicæ, Cymraeæve Lingua, Institutiones et Rudimenta*. There the grammarian, in giving some account of himself, mentions his frequent sojourns at the hospitable residence of a nobleman, named M. Morgan Merêdydh, near *y Bugeildy ynn Nyphryn Tabhîda o bhywn Swydh Bhaesybhed*, that is, 'near the Beguildy in the Valley of the Teme within the county of Radnor.' Then he continues to the following effect:--'But the latter part of this book was thought out under the bushes and green foliage in a bit of a place of my own called y Clun Hîr, at the top of Cwm y Llwch, below the spurs of the mountain of Bannwchdeni, which some call Bann Arthur and others Moel Arthur. Below that *moel* and in its lap there is a lake of pretty large size,

unknown depth, and wondrous nature. For as the stories go, no bird has ever been seen to repair to it or towards it, or to swim on it: it is wholly avoided, and some say that no animals or beasts of any kind are wont to drink of its waters. The peasantry of that country, and especially the shepherds who are wont to frequent these *moels* and *bans*, relate many other wonders concerning it and the exceeding strange things beheld at times in connexion with this loch. This lake or loch is called Llyn Cwm y Llwch [10].'

II.

Before dismissing the story of Llyn y Fan Fach I wish to append a similar one from the parish of Ystrad Dyfodwg in Glamorganshire. The following is a translation of a version given in Welsh in *Cyfaill yr Aelwyd a'r Frythones*, edited by Elfed and Cadrawd, and published by Messrs. Williams and Son, Llanelly. The version in question is by Cadrawd, and it is to the following effect--see the volume for 1892, p. 59:--

'Llyn y Forwyn, " the Damsel's Pool," is in the parish of Ystrad Tyfodwg: the inhabitants call it also Llyn Nelferch. It lies about halfway between the farm house of Rhondda Fechan, "Little Rhonda," and the Vale of Safrwch. The ancient tradition concerning it is somewhat as follows:--

'Once on a time a farmer lived at the Rhonda Fechan: he was unmarried, and as he was walking by the lake early one morning in spring he beheld a young woman of beautiful appearance walking on the other side of it. He approached her and spoke to her: she gave him to understand that her home was in the lake, and that she owned a number of milch cows, that lived with her at the bottom of the water. The farmer fancied her so much that he fell in love with her over head and ears: he asked her on the spot for her hand and heart; and he invited her to come and spend her life with him as his wife at the Rhondda Fechan. She declined at first, but as he was importunate she consented at last on the following conditions, namely, that she would bring her cattle with her out of the lake, and live with him until he and she had three disputes with one another: then, she said, she and the cattle would return into the lake. He agreed to the conditions, and the marriage took place. They lived very happily and comfortably for long years; but the end was that they fell out with one another, and, when they happened to have quarrelled for the third time, she was heard early in the morning driving the cattle towards the lake with these words:--

Prw dre', Prw dre', prw'r gwartheg i dre';
Prw Milfach a Malfach, pedair Llualfach,
Alfach ac Ali, pedair Ladi,
Wynebwen drwynog, tro i'r waun lidiog,
Trech llyn y waun odyn, tair Pencethin,
Tair caseg ddu draw yn yr eithin [11].

And into the lake they went out of sight, and there they live to this day. And some believed that they had heard the voice and cry of Nelferch in the whisper of the breeze on the top of the mountain hard by--many a time after that--as an old story (*weddal*) will have it.'

From this it will be seen that the fairy wife's name was supposed to have been Nelferch, and that the piece of water is called after her. But I find that great uncertainty prevails as to the old name of the lake, as I learn from a communication in 1894 from Mr. Llewellyn Williams, living at Porth, only some five miles from the spot, that one of his informants assured him that the name in use among former generations was *Llyn Alfach*. Mr. Williams made inquiries at the Rhondda Fechan about the lake legend. He was told that the water had long since been known as Llyn y Forwyn, from a *morwyn*, or damsel, with a number of cattle having been drowned in it. The story of the man who mentioned the name as Llyn Alfach was similar: the maid belonged to the farm of Penrhys, he said, and the young man to the Rhonda Fechan, and it was in consequence of their third dispute, he added, that she left him and went back to her previous service, and afterwards, while taking the cattle to the water, she sank accidentally or purposely into the lake, so that she was never found any more. Here it will be seen how modern rationalism has been modifying the story into something quite uninteresting but without wholly getting rid of the original features, such as the three disputes between the husband and wife. Lastly, it is worth mentioning that this water appears to form part of a bit of very remarkable scenery, and that its waves strike on one side against a steep rock believed to contain caves, supposed to have been formerly inhabited by men and women. At present the place, I learn, is in the possession of Messrs. Davis and Sons, owners of the Ferndale collieries, who keep a pleasure boat on the lake. I have appealed to them on the question of the name Nelferch or Alfach, in the hope that their books would help to decide as to the old form of it. Replying on their behalf, Mr. J. Probert Evans informs me that the

company only got possession of the lake and the adjacent land in 1862, and that ‘Llyn y Vorwyn’ is the name of the former in the oldest plan which they have. Inquiries have also been made in the neighbourhood by my friend, Mr. Reynolds, who found the old tenants of the Rhondda Fechan Farm gone, and the neighbouring farm house of Dyffryn Safrwch supplanted by colliers’ cottages. But he calls my attention to the fact, that perhaps the old name was neither Nelferch nor Alfach, as Elfarch, which would fit equally well, was once the name of a petty chieftain of the adjoining Hundred of Senghenydd, for which he refers me to Clark’s *Glamorgan Genealogies*, p. 511. But I have to thank him more especially for a longer version of the fairy wife’s call to her cattle, as given in Glanffrwd’s *Plwyf Llanwyno*, ‘the Parish of Llanwynno (Pontypridd, 1888), p. 117, as follows:--

Prw me, prw me,
Prw ‘ngwartheg i dre’;
Prw Melen a Ioco,
Tegwen a Rhuddo,
Rhudd-frech a Moel-frech,
Pedair Lliain-frech;
Lliain-frech ag Eli,
A phedair Wen-ladi,
Ladi a Chornwen,
A phedair Wynebwen;
Nepwen a Rhwynog,
Tali Lieiniog;
Brech yn y Glyn
Dal yn dyn;
Tair lygeityn,
Tair gyffredin,
Tair Caseg ddu, draw yn yr eithin,
Deuwch i gyd i lys y Brenin;
Bwla, bwla,
Saif yn flaena’,
Saf yn ol y wraig o’r Ty-fry,
Fyth nis godri ngwartheg i!

The last lines--slightly mended--may be rendered:

Bull, bull!
Stand thou foremost.
Back! thou wife of the House up Hill:
Never shalt thou milk my cows.

This seems to suggest that the quarrel was about another woman, and that by the time when the fairy came to call her live stock into the lake she had been replaced by another woman who came from the *Ty-fry*, or the House up Hill [12]. In that case this version comes closer than any other to the story of Undine supplanted by Bertalda as her knight's favourite.

Mr. Probert Evans having kindly given me the address of an aged farmer who formerly lived in the valley, my friend, Mr. Llywarch Reynolds, was good enough to visit him. Mr. Reynolds shall report the result in his own words, dated January 9, 1899, as follows:--

'I was at Pentyrch this morning, and went to see Mr. David Evans, formerly of Cefn Colston.

'The old man is a very fine specimen of the better class of Welsh farmer; is in his eighty-third year; hale and hearty, intelligent, and in full possession of his faculties. He was born and bred in the Rhondda Fechan Valley, and lived there until some forty years ago. He had often heard the lake story from an old aunt of his who lived at the Maerdy Farm (a short distance north of the lake), and who died a good many years ago, at a very advanced age. He calls the lake "Llyn Elferch," and the story, as known to him, has several points in common with the Llyn y Fan legend, which, however, he did not appear to know. He could not give me many details, but the following is the substance of the story as he knows it:--The young farmer, who lived with his mother at the neighbouring farm, one day saw the lady on the bank of the lake, combing her hair, which reached down to her feet. He fell in love at first sight, and tried to approach her; but she evaded him, and crying out, *Ddali di ddim o fi, crâs dy fara!* (Thou wilt not catch me, thou of the crimped bread), she sank into the water. He saw her on several subsequent occasions, and gave chase, but always with the same result, until at length he got his mother to make him some bread which was not baked (or not baked so hard); and this he offered to the lady. She then agreed to become his wife, subject to the condition that if he offended her, or disagreed with her three times (*ar yr ammod, os byssa: fa yn 'i chroesi hi dair gwaith*) she would leave him and return into the lake with all her belongings.

‘1. The first disagreement (*croes*) was at the funeral of a neighbour, a man in years, at which the lady gave way to excessive weeping and lamentation. The husband expressed surprise and annoyance at this excessive grief for the death of a person not related to them, and asked the reason for it; and she replied that she grieved for the defunct on account of the eternal misery that was in store for him in the other world.

‘2. The second “*croes*” was at the death of an infant child of the lady herself, at which she laughed immoderately; and in reply to the husband’s remonstrance, she said she did so for joy at her child’s escape from this wicked world and its passage into a world of bliss.

‘3. The third “*croes*” Mr. Evans was unable to call to mind, but equally with the other two it showed that the lady was possessed of preternatural knowledge; and it resulted in her leaving her husband and returning into the lake, taking the cattle, &c., with her. The accepted explanation of the name of the lake was *Llyn El-ferch* [13](= Hela ‘r ferch), “because of the young man *chasing the damsel*” (*hela ‘r ferch*).

‘The following is the cattle-call, as given to me by Mr. Evans’ aged housekeeper, who migrated with the family from Rhonda Fechan to Pentyrch:

Prw i, Prw e[14]*,*
Prw ‘ngwartheg sha [= *tua*] *thre’;*
Mil a môl a melyn gwtta;
Milfach a malfach;
Petar [= *pedair*] *llearfach;*
Llearfach ag aeli;
Petar a lafi;
Lafi a chornwan [= *wèn*]*;*
[. . .] *’Nepwan drwynog;*
Drotwan [= *droedwen*] *liliog;*
Tair Byncethin;
Tair gyffretin;
Tair casag ddu
Draw yn yr ithin [= *eithin*]*,*
Dewch i gyd i lys y brenin.

Mr. Evans told me that *Dyffryn Safrwch* was considered to be a corruption of *Dyffryn Safn yr Hwch*, "Valley of the Sow's Mouth"; so that the explanation was not due to a minister with whom I foregathered on my tramp near the lake the other day, and from whom I heard it first.'

The similarity between Mr. Evans' version of this legend and that of Llyn y Fan Fach, tends to add emphasis to certain points which I had been inclined to treat as merely accidental. In the Fan Fach legend the young man's mother is a widow, and here he is represented living with his mother. Here also something depends on the young man's bread, but it is abruptly introduced, suggesting that a part of the story has been forgotten. Both stories, however, give one the impression that the bread of the fairies was regarded as always imperfectly baked. In both stories the young man's mother comes to his help with her advice. Mr. Evans' version ascribes supernatural knowledge to the fairy, though his version fails to support it; and her moralizings read considerably later than those which the Fan legend ascribes to the fairy wife. Some of these points may be brought under the reader's notice later, when he has been familiarized with more facts illustrative of the belief in fairies.

III.

On returning from South Wales to Carnarvonshire in the summer of 1881, I tried to discover similar legends connected with the lakes of North Wales, beginning with Geirionydd, the waters of which form a stream emptying itself into the Conwy, near Trefriw, a little below Llanrwst. I only succeeded, however, in finding an old man of the name of Pierce Williams, about seventy years of age, who was very anxious to talk about 'Bony's' wars, but not about lake ladies. I was obliged, in trying to make him understand what I wanted, to use the word *morforwyn*, that is to say in English, 'mermaid'; he then told me, that in his younger days he had heard people say that somebody had seen such beings in the Trefriw river. But as my questions were leading ones, his evidence is not worth much; however, I feel pretty sure that one who knew the neighbourhood of Geirionydd better would be able to find some fragments of interesting legends still existing in that wild district.

I was more successful at Llanberis, though what found, at first, was not much; but it was genuine, and to the point. This is the substance of it:--An old woman, called Siân [15]Dafydd, lived at Helfa Fawr, in the dingle called

Cwm. Brwynog, along the left side of which you ascend as you go to the top of Snowdon, from the village of lower Llanberis, or Coed y Ddol, as it is there called. She was a curious old person, who made nice distinctions between the virtues of the respective waters of the district: thus, no other would do for her to cure her of the *defaid gwylltion*[16], or cancerous warts, which she fancied that she had in her mouth, than that of the spring of Tai Bach, near the lake called Llyn Ffynnon y Gwas, though she seldom found it out, when she was deceived by a servant who cherished a convenient opinion of his own, that a drop from a nearer spring would do just as well. Old Siân has been dead over thirty-five years, but I have it, on the testimony of two highly trustworthy brothers, who are of her family, and now between sixty and seventy years of age, that she used to relate to them how a shepherd, once on a time, saw a fairy maiden (*un o'r Tylwyth Teg*) on the surface of the tarn called Llyn Du'r Arddu, and how, from bantering and joking, their acquaintance ripened into courtship, when the father and mother of the lake maiden appeared to give the union their sanction, and to arrange the marriage settlement. This was to the effect that the husband was never to strike his wife with iron, and that she was to bring her great wealth with her, consisting of stock of all kinds for his mountain farm. All duly took place, and they lived happily together until one day, when trying to catch a pony, the husband threw a bridle to his wife, and the iron in that struck her. It was then all over with him, as the wife hurried away with her property into the lake, so that nothing more was seen or heard of her. Here I may as well explain that the Llanberis side of the steep, near the top of Snowdon, is called Clogwyn du'r Arddu, or the Black Cliff of the Arddu, at the bottom of which lies the tarn alluded to as the Black Lake of the Arddu, and near it stands a huge boulder, called Maen du'r Arddu, all of which names are curious, as involving the word *du*, black. Arddu itself has much the same meaning, and refers to the whole precipitous side of the summit with its dark shadows, and there is a similar Arddu near Nanmor on the Merionethshire side of Beddgelert.

One of the brothers, I ought to have said, doubts that the lake here mentioned was the one in old Siân's tale; but he has forgotten which it was of the many in the neighbourhood. Both, however, remembered another short story about fairies, which they had heard another old woman relate, namely, Mari Domos Siôn, who died some thirty years ago: it was merely to the effect that a shepherd had once lost his way in the mist on the mountain

on the land of Caeau Gwynion, towards Cwellyn [17]Lake, and got into a ring where the *Tylwyth Teg* were dancing: it was only after a very hard struggle that he was able, at length, to get away from them.

To this I may add the testimony of a lady, for whose veracity I can vouch, to the effect that, when she was a child in Cwm Brwynog, from thirty to forty years ago, she and her brothers and sisters used to be frequently warned by their mother not to go far away from the house when there happened to be thick mist on the ground, lest they should come across the *Tylwyth Teg* dancing, and be carried away to their abode-beneath the lake. They were always, she says, supposed to live in the lakes; and the one here alluded to was Llyn Dwythwch, which is one of those famous for its *torgochiaid* or chars. The mother is still living; but she seems to have long since, like others, lost her belief in the fairies.

After writing the above, I heard that a brother to the foregoing brothers, namely, Mr. Thomas Davies, of Mur Mawr, Llanberis, remembered a similar tale. Mr. Davies is now sixty-four, and the persons from whom he heard the tale were the same Siân Dafydd of Helfa Fawr, and Mari Domos Siôn of Tyn[18]Gadlas, Llanberis: the two women were about seventy years of age when he as a child heard it from them. At my request, a friend of mine, Mr. Hugh D. Jones, of Tyn Gadlas, also a member of this family, which is one of the oldest perhaps in the place, has taken down from Mr. Davies' mouth all he could remember, word for word, as follows:--

Yn perthyn i ffarm Bron y Fedw yr oedd dyn ifancwedi cael ei fagu, nis gwyddent faint cyn eu hamser hwy. Arferai pan yn hogyn fynd i'r mynydd yn Cwm Drywenydd a Mynydd y Fedw ar ochr orllewinol y Wyddfa i fugeilio, a byddai yn taro ar hogan yn y mynydd; ac wrth fynychu gweld eu gilydd aethant yn ffrindiau mawr. Arferent gyfarfod eu gilydd mewn lle neillduol yn Cwm Drywenyd, lle'r oedd yr hogan a'r teulu yn byw, lle y byddai pob danteithion, chwareuyddiaethau a chanu dihafal; ond ni fydda'ir hogyn yn gwneyd i fyny a neb ohonynt ond yr hogan.

Diwedd y ffrindiaeth fu carwriaeth, a phan soniodd yr hogyn am iddi briodi, ni wnai ond ar un amod, sef y bywiai hi hefo fo hyd nes y tarawai ef hi a haiarn.

Priodwyd hwy, a buont byw gyda'u gilydd am nifer o flynyddoedd, a bu iddynt blant; ac ar ddydd marchnad yn Gaernarfon yr oedd yr gwr a'r

wraig yn meddwl mynd i'r farchnad ar gefn merlod, fel pob ffarmwr yr amser hwnnw. Awd i'r mynydd i ddal merlyn bob un.

Ar waelod Mynydd y Fedw mae llyn o ryw dri-ugain neu gan llath o hyd ac ugain neu ddeg llath ar hugain o led, ac y mae ar un ochr iddo le têg, ffordd y byddai'r ceffylau yn rhedeg.

Daliodd y gwr ferlyn a rhoes ef i'r wraig i'w ddal heb ffrwyn, tra byddai ef yn dal merlyn arall Ar ol rhoi ffrwyn yn mhen ei ferlyn ei hun, taflodd un arall i'r wraig i roi yn mhen ei merlyn hithau, ac wrth ei thaflu tarawodd bit *y ffrwyn hi yn ei llaw. Gollyngodd y wraig y merlyn, ac aeth ar ei phen i'r llyn, a dyna ddiwedd y briodas.*

'To the farm of Bron y Fedw there belonged a son, who grew up to be a young man, the women knew not how long before their time. He was in the habit of going up the mountain to Cwm Drywenydd [19]and Mynydd y Fedw, on the west side of Snowdon, to do the shepherding, and there he was wont to come across a lass on the mountain, so that as the result of frequently meeting one another, he and she became great friends. They usually met at a particular spot in Cwm Drywenydd, where the girl and her family lived, and where there were all kinds of nice things to eat, of amusements, and of incomparable music; but he did not make up to anybody there except the girl. The friendship ended in courtship; but when the boy mentioned that she should be married to him, she would only do so on one condition, namely, that she would live with him until he should strike her with iron. They were wedded, and they lived together for a number of years, and had children. Once on a time it happened to be market day at Carnarvon, whither the husband and wife thought of riding on ponies, like all the farmers of that time. So they went to the mountain to catch a pony each. At the bottom of Mynydd y Fedw there is a pool some sixty or one hundred yards long by twenty or thirty broad, and on one side of it there is a level space along which the horses used to run. The husband caught a pony, and gave it to the wife to hold fast without a bridle, while he should catch another. When he had bridled his own pony, he threw another bridle to his wife for her to secure hers; but as he threw it, the bit of the bridle struck her on one of her hands. The wife let go the pony, and went headlong into the pool, and that was the end of their wedded life.'

The following is a later tale, which Mr. Thomas Davies heard from his mother, who died in 1832: she would be ninety years of age had she been

still living:--

Pan oedd hi'n hogan yn yr Hafod, Llanberis, yr oedd hogan at ei hoed hi'n cael ei magu yn Cwmglas, Llanberis,ac arferai ddweyd, pan yn hogan a thra y bu byw, y byddai yn cael arian gan y Tylwyth Teg yn Cwm Cwmglas.

Yr oedd yn dweyd y byddai ar foreuau niwliog, tywyll, ym mynd i le penodol yn Cwm Cwmglas gyda dsygiad o lefrith o'r fuches a thywel glan, ac yn ei roddi ar garreg; ac yn mynd yno drachefn, ac yn cael y llestr yn wag, gyda darn deuswllt neu hanner coron ac weithiau fwy wrth ei ochr.

'When she was a girl, living at Yr Hafod, Llanberis, there was a girl of her age being brought up at Cwmglas in the same parish. The latter was in the habit of saying, when she was a girl and so long as she lived, that she used to have money from the Tylwyth Teg, in the Cwmglas Hollow. Her account was, that on dark, misty mornings she used to go to a particular spot in that Hollow with a jugful of sweet milk from the milking place, and a clean towel, and then place them on a stone. She would return, and find the jug empty, with a piece of money placed by its side: that is, two shillings or half a crown, or at times even more.'

A daughter of that woman lives now at a farm, Mr. Davies observes, called Plas Pennant, in the parish of Llanfihangel yn Mhennant, in Carnarvonshire; and he adds, that it was a tale of a kind that was common enough when he was a boy; but many laughed at it, though the old people believed it to be a fact. To this I may as well append another tale, which was brought to the memory of an old man who happened to be present when Mr. Jones and Mr. Davies were busy with the foregoing. His name is John Roberts, and his age is seventy-five: his present home is at Capel Sïon, in the neighbouring parish of Llanddeiniolen:--

Yr oedd ef pan yn hogyn yn gweini yn Towyn Trewern, yn agos i Gaergybi, gyda hen wr o'r enw Owen Owens, oedd yr adeg honno at ei oed ef yn bresennol.

Yr oeddynt unwaith mewn hen adeilad ar y ffarm; a dywedodd yr hen wr ei fod ef wedi cael llawer o arian yn y lle hwnnw pan yn hogyn, a buasai wedi cael ychwaneg oni bai ei dad.

Yr oedd wedi cuddio yr arian yn y ty, ond daeth ei fam o hyd iddynt, a dywedodd yr hanes wrth ei dad. Ofnai ei fod yn fachgen drwg, mai eu lladrata yr oedd. Dywedai ei dad y gwnai iddo ddweyd yn mha le yr oedd

yn eu cael, neu y tynnai ei groen tros ei ben; ac aeth allan a thorodd wialen bwrpasol at orchwyl o'r fath.

Yr oedd y bachgen yn gwrando ar yr ymddiddan rhwng ei dad a'i fam, ac yr oedd yn benderfynol o gudw'r peth yn ddirgelwch fel yr oedd wedi ei rybuddio gan y Tylwyth Teg.

Aeth i'r ty, a dechreuodd y lad ei holi, ac yntau yn gwrthod ateb; ymbiliai a'i dad, a dywedai eu bod yn berffaith onest iddo ef, ac y cai ef ychwaneg os cadwai'r peth yn ddirgelwch; ond os dywedai, nad oedd dim ychwaneg i'w gael. Modd bynnag ni wrandawai y tad ar ei esgusion na'i resymau, a'r wialen a orfu; dywedodd y bachgen mai gan y Tylwyth Teg yr oedd yn eu cael, a hynny ar yr amod nad oedd i ddweyd wrth neb. Mawr oedd edifeirwch yr hen bobl am ladd yr wydd oedd yn dodwy.

Aeth y bachgen i'r hen adeilad lawer gwaith ar ol hyn, ond ni chafodd byth ychwaneg o arian yno.

'When a lad, he was a servant at Towyn Trewern, near Holyhead, to an old man about his own age at present. They were one day in an old building on the farm, and the old man told him that he had had much money in that place when he was a lad, and that he would have had more had it not been for his father. He had hidden the money at home, where his mother found it and told his father of the affair: she feared he was a bad boy, and that it was by theft he got it. His father said that he would make him say where he got it, or else that he would strip him of the skin of his back, at the same time that he went out and cut a rod fit for effecting a purpose of the kind. The boy heard all this talk between his father and his mother, and felt determined to keep the matter a secret, as he had been warned by the *Tylwyth Teg*. He went into the house, and his father began to question him, while he refused to answer. He supplicatingly protested that the money was honestly got, and that he should get more if he kept it a secret, but that, if he did not, there would be no more to be got. However, the father would give no ear to his excuses or his reasons, and the rod prevailed; so that the boy said that it was from the *Tylwyth Teg* he used to get it, and that on condition of his not telling anybody. Greatly did the old folks regret having killed the goose that laid the eggs. The boy went many a time afterwards to the old building, but he never found any more money there.'

IV.

Through the Rev. Daniel Lewis, incumbent of Bettws Garmon, I was directed to Mr. Samuel Rhys Williams, of the Post Office of that place, who has kindly given me the result of his inquiries when writing on the subject of the antiquities of the neighbourhood for a competition at a literary meeting held there a few years ago. He tells me that he got the following short tale from a native of Drws y Coed, whose name is Margaret Williams. She has been living at Bettws Garmon for many years, and is now over eighty. He does not know whether the story is in print or not, but he is certain that Margaret Williams never saw it, even if it be. He further thinks he has heard it from another person, to wit a man over seventy-seven years of age, who has always lived at Drws y Coed, in the parish of Beddgelert:--

Y mae hanes am fab i amaethwr a breswyliai yn yr Ystrad [20], Betws Garmon[21], pan yn dychwelyd adref o daith yn hwyr un noswaith, ddarfod iddo weled cwmni or Tylwyth Teg ynghanol eu hafiaeth a'u gloddest. Syfrdanwyd y llanc yn y fan gan degwch anghymarol un o'r rhianod hyn, fel y beiddiodd neidio i ganol y cylch, a chymeryd ei eilun gydag ef. Wedi iddi fod yn trigo gydag ef yn ei gartref am ysbaid, cafodd ganddi addaw bod yn wraig iddo ar amodau neillduol. Un o'r amodau hyn ydoedd, na byddai iddo gyffwrdd ynddi ag un math o haiarn. Bu yn wraig iddo, a ganwyd iddynt ddau o blant. Un diwrnod yr oedd y gwr yn y maes yn ceisio dal y ceffyl; wrth ei weled yn ffaelu, aeth y wraig ato i'w gynorthwyo, a phan oedd y march yn carlamu heibio gollyngodd yntau y ffrwyn o'i law, er mwyn ceisio ei atal heibio; a phwy a darawodd ond ei wraig, yr hon a ddiflannodd yn y fan allan o'i olwg?

'The story goes, that the son of a farmer, who lived at the Ystrad in Bettws Garmon, when returning home from a journey, late in the evening, beheld a company of fairies in the middle of their mirth and jollity. The youth was at once bewildered by the incomparable beauty of one of these ladies, so that he ventured to leap into the circle and take his idol away with him. After she had tarried awhile with him at his home, he prevailed on her, on special conditions, to become his wife. One of these conditions was that he should not touch her with iron of any description. She became his wife, and two children were born to them. One day the husband was in the field trying to catch the horse; seeing him unsuccessful, the wife went to him to help him, and, when the horse was galloping past him, he let go the bridle at him in

order to prevent him from passing; but whom should he strike but his wife, who vanished out of his sight on the spot.'

Just as I was engaged in collecting these stories in 1881, a correspondent sent me a copy of the Ystrad tale as published by the late bard and antiquary, the Rev. Owen Wyn Jones, better known in Wales by his bardic name of Glasynys [22], in the *Brython* [23]for 1863, p. 1931 will not attempt to translate Glasynys' poetic prose with all its compound adjectives, but it comes to this in a few words. One fine sunny morning, as the young heir of Ystrad was busied with his sheep on the side of Moel Eilio, he met a very pretty girl, and when he got home he told the folks there of it. A few days afterwards he met her again, and this happened several times, when he mentioned it to his father, who advised him to seize her when he next met her. The next time he met her he proceeded to do so, but before he could take her away, a little fat old man came to them and begged him to give her back to him, to which the youth would not listen. The little man uttered terrible threats, but the heir of Ystrad would not yield, so an agreement was made between them, that the latter was to have the girl to wife until he touched her skin with iron, and great was the joy both of the son and his parents in consequence. They lived together for many years; but once on a time, on the evening of the Bettws Fair, the wife's horse became restive, and somehow, as the husband was attending to the horse, the stirrup touched the skin of her bare leg, and that very night she was taken away from him. She had three or four children, and more than one of their descendants, as Glasynys maintains, were known to him at the time he wrote in 1863. Glasynys regards this as the same tale which is given by Williams of Llandegai, to whom we shall refer later; and he says that he heard it scores of times when he was a lad.

Lastly, I happened to mention these legends last summer among others to the Rev. Owen Davies, curate of Llanberis, a man who is well versed in Welsh literature, and thoroughly in sympathy with everything Welsh. Mr. Davies told me that he knew a tale of the sort from his youth, as current in the parishes of Llanllechid and Llandegai, near Bangor. Not long afterwards he visited his mother at his native place, in Llanllechid, in order to have his memory of it refreshed; and he also went to the Waen Fawr, on the other side of Carnarvon, where he had the same legend told him with the different localities specified. The following is the Waen Fawr version, of which I

give the Welsh as I have had it from Mr. Davies, and as it was related, according to him, some forty years ago in the valley of Nant y Bettws, near Carnarvon:--

Ar brydnawngwaith hyfryd yn Hefin, aeth llanc ieuanc gwrol-ddewr ac anturiaethus, sef etifedd a pherchennog yr Ystrad, i lan afon Gwyrfai, heb fod yn nepell o'i chychwyniad o lyn Cawellyn, ac a ymguddiodd yno mewn dyryslwyn, sef ger y fan y byddai poblach y cotiau cochion--y Tylwyth Teg--yn arfer dawnsio. Yr ydoedd yn noswaith hyfryd loergannog, heb un cwmwl i gau llygaid y Lloer, ac anian yn ddistaw dawedog, oddigerth murmuriad lleddf y Wyrfai, a swn yr awel ysgafndroed yn rhodio brigau dediog y coed. Ni bu yn ei ymguddfa ond dros ychydig amser, cyn cael difyrru o hono ei olygon a dawns y teulu dedwydd. Wrth syllu ar gywreinrwyddy ddawns, y chwim droadau cyflym, yr ymgyniweiriad ysgafn-droediog, tarawodd ei lygaid ar las lodes ieuanc, dlysaf, harddaf, lunieiddiaf a welodd er ei febyd. Yr oedd ei chwim droadau a lledneisrwydd ei hagweddion wedi tanio ei serch tu ag ati i'r fath raddau, fel ag yr oedd yn barod i unrhyw anturiaeth er mwyn ei hennill yn gydymaith iddo ei hun. O'i ymguddfa dywyll, yr oedd yn gwylio pob ysgogiad er mwyn ei gyfleustra ei hun. Mewn mynud, yn ddisymwth ddigon, rhwng pryder ac ofn, llamneidiodd fel llew gwrol i ganol cylch y Tylwyth Teg, ac ymafaelodd a dwylaw cariad yn y fun luniaidd a daniodd ei serch, a hynny, pan oedd y Tylwyth dedwydd yn nghanol nwyfiant eu dawns. Cofleidiodd hi yn dyner garedig yn ei fynwes wresog, ac aeth a hi i'w gartref--i'r Ystrad. Ond diflannodd ei chyd-ddawnsyddion fel anadl Gorphennaf, er ei chroch ddolefau am gad ei rhyddhau, a'i hymegnion difliho i ddianc o afael yr hwn a'i hoffodd. Mewn anwylder mawr, ymddygodd y llanc yn dyner odiaethol tu ag at y fun deg, ac yr oedd yn orawyddus i'w chadw yn ei olwg ac yn ei feddiant. Llwyddodd drwy ei dynerwch tu ag ati i gael ganddi addaw dyfod yn forwyn iddo yn yr Ystrad. A morwyn ragorol oedd hi. Godrai deirgwaith y swm arferol o laeth oddiarbob buwch, ac yr oedd yr ymenyn heb bwys arno. Ond er ei holl daerni, nis gallai mewn un modd gael ganddi ddyweud ei henw wrtho. Gwnaeth lawer cais, ond yn gwbl ofer. Yn ddamweiniol ryw dro, wrth yrru

Brithen a'r Benwen i'r borfa,

a hi yn noswaith loergan, efe a aeth i'r man lle yr arferai y Tylwylh Teg fyned drwy eu campau yng ngoleuni'r Lloer wen. Y tro hwn eto, efe a ymguddiodd mewn dyryslwyn, a chlywodd y Tylwyth Teg yn dywedyd y naill

wrth y llall--'Pan oeddym ni yn y lle hwn y tro diweddaf, dygwyd ein chwaer Penelope oddiarnom gan un o'r marwolion.' Ar hynny, dychwelodd y llencyn adref, a'i fynwes yn llawn o falchder cariad, o herwydd iddo gad gwybod enw ei hoff forwyn, yr hon a synnodd yn aruthr, pan glywodd ei meistr ieuanc yn ei galw wrth ei henw. Ac am ei bod yn odiaethol dlos, a lluniaidd, yn fywiog-weithgar, a medrus ar bob gwaith, a bod popeth yn llwyddo dan ei llaw, cynygiodd ei hun iddi yn wr--y celai fod yn feistres yr Ystrad, yn lle bod yn forwyn. Ond ni chydsyniai hi a'i gais ar un cyfrif; ond bod braidd yn bendrist oherwydd iddo wybod ei henw. Fodd bynnag, gwedi maith amser, a thrwy ei daerineb diflino, cydsyniodd, ond yn amodol. Addawodd ddyfod yn wraig iddo, ar yr amod canlynol, sef, 'Pa bryd bynnag y tarawai ef hi â haiarn, yr elai ymaith oddi wrtho, ac na ddychwelai byth ato mwy.' Sicrhawyd yr amod o'i du yntau gyda pharodrwydd cariad. Buont yn cyd-fyw a'u gilydd yn hapus a chysurus lawer o flynyddoedd, a ganwyd iddynt fab a merch, y rhai oeddynt dlysaf a llunieiddiaf yn yr holl froydd. Ac yn rhinwedd ei medrusrwydd a'i deheurwydd fel gwraig gaff, rinwedd'ol, aethant yn gyfoethog iawn--yn gyfoethocach na neb yn yr holl wlad. Heblaw ei etifeddiaeth ei hun--Yr Ystrad, yr oedd yn ffarmio holl ogledd-barth Nant y Betws, ac oddi yno i ben yr Wyddfa, ynghyd a holl Gwm Brwynog, yn mhlwyf Llanberis. Ond, ryw ddiwrnod,yn anffortunus ddigon aeth y ddau i'r ddol i ddal y ceffyl, a chan fod y ceffylyn braidd yn wyllt ac an-nof, yn rhedeg oddi arnynt, taflodd y gwr y ffrwyn mewn gwylltineb yn ei erbyn, er ei atal, ac ar bwy y disgynnodd y ffrwyn, ond ar Penelope, y wraig! Diflannodd Penelope yn y fan, ac ni welodd byth mo honi. Ond ryw noswaith, a'r gwynt yn chwythu yn oer o'r gogledd, daeth Penelope at ffenestr ei ystafell wely, a dywedodd wrtho am gymmeryd gofal o'r plant yn y geiriau hyn:

Rhag bod anwyd ar fy mab,
Yn rhodd rhowch arno gôb ei dad;
Rhag bod anuyd ar liw'r can,
Rhoddwch arni bais ei mham.

Ac yna ciliodd, ac ni chlywyd na siw na miw byth yn et chylch.

For the sake of an occasional reader who does not know Welsh, I add a summary of it in English.

One fine evening in the month of June a brave, adventurous youth, the heir of Ystrad, went to the banks of the Gwyrfai, not far from where it leaves

Cwellyn Lake, and hid himself in the bushes near the spot where the folks of the Red Coats--the fairies--were wont to dance. The moon shone forth brightly without a cloud to intercept her light; all was quiet save where the Gwyrfai gently murmured on her bed, and it was not long before the young man had the satisfaction of seeing the fair family dancing in full swing. As he gazed on the subtle course of the dance, his eyes rested on a damsel, the most shapely and beautiful he had seen from his boyhood. Her agile movements and the charm of her looks inflamed him with love for her, to such a degree that he felt ready for any encounter in order to secure her to be his own. From his hiding place he watched every move for his opportunity; at last, with feelings of anxiety and dread, he leaped suddenly into the middle of the circle of the fairies. There, while their enjoyment of the dance was at its height, he seized her in his arms and carried her away to his home at Ystrad. But, as she screamed for help to free her from the grasp of him who had fallen in love with her, the dancing party disappeared like one's breath in July. He treated her with the utmost kindness, and was ever anxious to keep her within his sight and in his possession. By dint of tenderness he succeeded so far as to get her to consent to be his servant at Ystrad. And such a servant she turned out to be! Why, she was wont to milk the cows thrice a day, and to have the usual quantity of milk each time, so that the butter was so plentiful that nobody thought of weighing it. As to her name, in spite of all his endeavours to ascertain it, she would never tell it him. Accidentally, however, one moonlight night, when driving two of his cows to the spot where they should graze, he came to the place where the fairies were wont to enjoy their games in the light of the moon. This time also he hid himself in a thicket, when he overheard one fairy saying to another, 'When we were last here our sister Penelope was stolen from us by a man.' As soon as he heard this off he went home, full of joy because he had discovered the name of the maid that was so dear to him. She, on the other hand, was greatly astonished to hear him call her by her own name. As she was so charmingly pretty, so industrious, so skilled in every work, and so attended by luck in everything she put her hand to, he offered to make her his wife instead of being his servant. At first she would in no wise consent, but she rather gave way to grief at his having found her name out. However, his importunity at length brought her to consent, but on the condition that he should not strike her with iron; if that should happen, she would quit him never to return. The agreement was made on his side with

the readiness of love, and after this they lived in happiness and comfort together for many years, and there were born to them a son and a daughter, who were the handsomest children in the whole country. Owing, also, to the skill and good qualities of the woman, as a shrewd and virtuous wife, they became very rich--richer, indeed, than anybody else in the country around; for, besides the husband's own inheritance of Ystrad, he held all the northern part of Nant y Bettws, and all from there to the top of Snowdon, together with Cwm Brwynog in the parish of Llanberis. But one day, as bad luck would have it, they went out together to catch a horse in the field, and, as the animal was somewhat wild and untamed, they had no easy work before them. In his rashness the man threw a bridle at him as he was rushing past him, but alas! on whom should the bridle fall but on the wife! No sooner had this happened than she disappeared, and nothing more was ever seen of her. But one cold night, when there was a chilling wind blowing from the north, she came near the window of his bedroom, and told him in these words to take care of the children

Lest my son should find it cold,
Place on him his father's coat
Lest the fair one find it cold,
Place on her my petticoat.

Then she withdrew, and nothing more was heard of her.

In reply to some queries of mine, Mr. O. Davies tells me that Penelope was pronounced in three syllables, Pénelôp --so he heard it from his grandfather: he goes on to say that the offspring of the Lake Lady is supposed to be represented by a family called *Pellings*, which was once a highly respected name in those parts, and that there was a Lady Bulkeley who was of this descent, not to mention that several people of a lower rank, both in Anglesey and Arfon, claimed to be of the same origin. I am not very clear as to how the name got into this tale, nor have I been able to learn anything about the Pellings; but, as the word appears to have been regarded as a corrupt derivative from Penelope, that is, perhaps, all the connexion, so that it may be that it has really nothing whatever to do with the legend. This is a point, however, which the antiquaries of North Wales ought to be able to clear up satisfactorily.

In reply to queries of mine, Mr. O. Davies gave me the following particulars:--'I am now (June, 1881) over fifty-two years of age, and I can

assure you that I have heard the legend forty years ago. I do not remember my father, as he died when I was young, but my grandfather was remarkable for his delight in tales and legends, and it was his favourite pastime during the winter nights, after getting his short black pipe ready, to relate stories about struggles with robbers, about bogies, and above all about the *Tylwyth Teg*; for they were his chief delight. He has been dead twenty-six years, and he had almost reached eighty years of age. His father before him, who was born about the year 1740, was also famous for his stories, and my grandfather often mentioned him as his authority in the course of his narration of the tales. Both he and the rest of the family used to look at Corwrion, to be mentioned presently, as a sacred spot. When I was a lad and happened to be reluctant to leave off playing at dusk, my mother or grandfather had only to say that 'the Pellings were coming,' in order to induce me to come into the house at once: indeed, this announcement had the same effect on persons of a much riper age than mine then was.'

Further, Mr. Davies kindly called my attention to a volume, entitled *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains*, by Mr. William Williams, of Llandegai, published in London in 1802. In that work this tale is given somewhat less fully than by Mr. Davies' informant, but the author makes the following remarks with regard to it, pp. 37, 40:--'A race of people inhabiting the districts about the foot of Snowdon, were formerly distinguished and known by the nickname of *Pellings*, which is not yet extinct. There are several persons and even families who are reputed to be descended from these people. . . . These children [Penelope's] and their descendants, they say, were called *Pellings*, a word corrupted from their mother's name, Penelope. The late Thomas Rowlands, Esq., of Caerau, in Anglesey, the father of the late Lady Bulkeley, was a descendant of this lady, if it be true that the name Pellings came from her; and there are still living several opulent and respectable people who are known to have sprung from the *Pellings*. The best blood in my own veins is this fairy's.'

Lastly, it will be noticed that these last versions do not distinctly suggest that the Lake Lady ran into the lake, that is into Cwellyn, but rather that she disappeared in the same way as the dancing party by simply becoming invisible like one's breath in July. The fairies are called in Welsh, *Y Tylwyth Teg*, or the Fair Family; but the people of Arfon have been so familiarized

with the particular one I have called the Lake Lady, that, according to one of my informants, they have invented the term *Y Dylwythes Deg*, or even *Y Dylwythen Deg*, to denote her; but it is unknown to the others, so that the extent of its use is not very considerable.

This is, perhaps, the place to give another tale, according to which the man goes to the Lake Maiden's country, instead of her settling with him at his home. I owe it to the kindness of Mr. William Jones, of Regent Place, Llangollen, a native of Beddgelert. He heard it from an old man before he left Beddgelert, but when he sent a friend to inquire some time afterwards, the old man was gone. According to Mr. Jones, the details of the tale are, for that reason, imperfect, as some of the incidents have faded from his memory; but such as he can still remember the tale, it is here given in his own words:--

Ryw noson lawn lloer ac un o feibion Llwyn On yn Nant y Betws yn myned i garu i Glogwyn y Gwin, efe a welodd y Tylwyth yn ymloddestu a dawnsio ei hochr hi ar weirglodd wrth llan Llyn Cawellin. Efe a nesaodd tuag atynt; ac o dipyn i beth fe'i llithiwyd gan bereidddra swynol eu canu a hoender a bywiogrwydd eu chwareu, nes myned o hono tu fewn i'r cylch; ac yn fuan fe ddaeth rhyw hud drosto, fel y collodd adnabyddiaeth o bobman; a chafodd ei hun mewn gwlad harddaf a welodd erioed, lle'r oedd pawb yn treulio eu hamser mewn afiaeth a gorfoledd Yr oedd wedi bod yno am saith mlynedd, ac eto nid oedd ddim ond megis breuddwyd nos; and daeth adgof i'w feddwl am ei neges, a hiraeth ynddo am weled ei anwylyd. Felly efe a ofynodd ganiatad i ddychwelyd adref, yr hyn a roddwyd ynghyd a llu o gymdeithion i'w arwain tua'i wlad; ac yn ddisymwth cafodd ei hun fel yn deffro o freuddwyd ar y ddol, lle gwelodd y Tylwyth Teg yn chwareu. Trodd ei wyneb tuag adref; ond wedi myned yno yr oedd popeth wedi newid, ei rieni wedi meirw, ei frodyr yn ffaelu ei adnabod, a'i gariad wedi priodi un arall.- Ar ol y fath gyfnewidiadau efe a dorodd ei galon, ac a fu farw mewn llai nag wythnos ar ol ei ddychweliad.

'One bright moonlight night, as one of the sons of the farmer who lived at Llwyn On in Nant y Bettws was going to pay his addresses to a girl at Clogwyn y Gwin, he beheld the *Tylwyth Teg* enjoying themselves in full swing on a meadow close to Cwellyn Lake. He approached them, and little by little he was led on by the enchanting sweetness of their music and the liveliness of their playing until he had got within their circle. Soon some

kind of spell passed over him, so that he lost his knowledge of the place, and found himself in a country, the most beautiful he had ever seen, where everybody spent his time in mirth and rejoicing. He had been there seven years, and yet it seemed to him but a night's dream; but a faint recollection came to his mind of the business on which he had left home, and he felt a longing to see his beloved one. So he went and asked for permission to return home, which was granted him, together with a host of attendants to lead him to his country; and, suddenly, he found himself, as if waking from a dream, on the bank where he had seen the fair family amusing themselves. He turned towards home, but there he found everything changed: his parents were dead, his brothers could not recognize him, and his sweetheart was married to another man. In consequence of such changes he died broken-hearted in less than a week after coming back.'

V.

The Rev. O. Davies regarded the Llanllechid legend as so very like the one he got about Cwellyn Lake and the Waen Fawr, that he has not written the former out at length, but merely pointed out the following differences: (1) Instead of Cwellyn, the lake in the former is the pool of Corwrion, in the parish of Llandegai, near Bangor. (2) What the Lake Lady was struck with was not a bridle, but an iron fetter: the word used is *llyfether*, which probably means a long fetter connecting a forefoot and a hind-foot of a horse together. In Arfon, the word is applied also to a cord tying the two fore-feet together, but in Cardiganshire this would be called a *hual*, the other word, there pronounced *llowethir*, being confined to the long fetter. In books, the word is written *llywethair*, *llefethair* and *llyffethair* or *llyffethar*, which is possibly the pronunciation in parts of North Wales, especially Arfon. This is an interesting word, as it is no other than the English term 'long fetter,' borrowed into Welsh; as, in fact, it was also into Irish early enough to call for an article on it in Cormac's *Irish Glossary*, where *langfiter* is described as an English word for a fetter between the fore and the hind legs: in Anglo-Manx it is become *lanketer*. (3) The field in which they were trying to catch the horse is, in the Llanllechid version, specified as that called Maes Madog, at the foot of the Llefn. (4) When the fairy wife ran away, it was headlong into the pool of Corwrion, calling after her all her milch cows, and they followed her with the utmost readiness.

Before going on to mention bits of information I have received from others about the Llanllechid legend, I think it best here to finish with the items given me by Mr. O. Davies, whom I cannot too cordially thank for his readiness to answer my questions. Among other things, he expresses himself to the following effect: ‘It is to this day a tradition--and I have heard it a hundred times--that the dairy of Corwrion excelled all other dairies in those parts, that the milk was better and more plentiful, and that the cheese and butter were better there than in all the country round, the reason assigned being that the cattle on the farm of Corwrion had mixed with the breed belonging to the fairy, who had run away after being struck with the iron fetter. However that may be, I remember perfectly well the high terms of praise in which the cows of Corwrion used to be spoken of as being remarkable for their milk and the profit they yielded; and, when I was a boy, I used to hear people talk of*Tarw Penwyn Corwrion*, or “the White-headed Bull of Corwrion,” as derived from the breed of cattle which had formed the fairy maiden’s dowry.’

My next informant is Mr. Hugh Derfel Hughes, of Pendinas, Llandegai [24], who has been kind enough to give me the version, of which I here give the substance in English, premising that Mr. Hughes says that he has lived about thirty-four years within a mile of the pool and farm house called Corwrion, and that he has refreshed his memory of the legend by questioning separately no less than three old people, who had been bred and born at or near that spot. He is a native of Merioneth, but has lived at Llandegai for the last thirty-seven years, his age now being sixty-six. I may add that Mr. Hughes is a local antiquary of great industry and zeal; and that he published a book on the antiquities of the district, under the title of *Hynafiaethau Llandegai a Llanllechid*, that is ‘the Antiquities of Llandegai and Llanllechid’ (Bethesda, 1866); but it is out of print, and I have had some trouble to procure a copy:--

‘In old times, when the fairies showed themselves much oftener to men than they do now, they made their home in the bottomless pool of Corwrion, in Upper Arllechwedd, in that wild portion of Gwynedd called Arfon. On fine mornings in the month of June these diminutive and nimble folk might be seen in a regular line vigorously engaged in mowing hay, with their cattle in herds busily grazing in the fields near Corwrion. This was a sight which often met the eyes of the people on the sides of the hills around, even on

Sundays; but when they hurried down to them they found the fields empty, with the sham workmen and their cows gone, all gone. At other times they might be heard hammering away like miners, shovelling rubbish aside, or emptying their carts of stones. At times they took to singing all the night long, greatly to the delight of the people about, who dearly loved to hear them; and, besides singing so charmingly, they sometimes formed into companies for dancing, and their movements were marvellously graceful and attractive. But it was not safe to go too near the lake late at night, for once a brave girl, who was troubled with toothache, got up at midnight and went to the brink of the water in search of the root of a plant that grows there full of the power to kill all pain in the teeth. But, as she was plucking up a bit of it, there burst on her ear, from the depths of the lake, such a shriek as drove her back into the house breathless with fear and trembling; but whether this was not the doing of a stray fairy, who had been frightened out of her wits at being suddenly overtaken by a damsel in her nightdress, or the ordinary fairy way of curing the toothache, tradition does not tell. For sometimes, at any rate, the fairies busied themselves in doing good to the men and women who were their neighbours, as when they tried to teach them to keep all promises and covenants to which they pledged themselves. A certain man and his wife, to whom they wished to teach this good habit, have never been forgotten. The husband had been behaving as he ought, until one day, as he held the plough, with the wife guiding his team, he broke his covenant towards her by treating her harshly and unkindly. No sooner had he done so, than he was snatched through the air and plunged in the lake. When the wife went to the brink of the water to ask for him back, the reply she had was, that he was there, and that there he should be.

‘The fairies when engaged in dancing allowed themselves to be gazed at, a sight which was wont greatly to attract the young men of the neighbourhood, and once on a time the son and heir of the owner of Corwrion fell deeply in love with one of the graceful maidens who danced in the fairy ring, for she was wondrously beautiful and pretty beyond compare. His passion for her ere long resulted in courtship, and soon in their being married, which took place on the express understanding, that firstly the husband was not to know her name, though he might give her any name he chose; and, secondly, that he might now and then beat her with a rod, if she chanced to misbehave towards him; but he was not to strike her with iron on pain of her leaving him at once. This covenant was kept for

some years, so that they lived happily together and had four children, of whom the two youngest were a boy and a girl. But one day as they went to one of the fields of Bryn Twrw in the direction of Pennardd Gron, to catch a pony, the fairy wife, being so much nimbler than her husband, ran before him and had her hand in the pony's mane in no time. She called out to her husband to throw her a halter, but instead of that he threw towards her a bridle with an iron bit, which, as bad luck would have it, struck her. The wife at once flew through the air, and plunged headlong into Corwrion Pool. The husband returned sighing and weeping towards Bryn Twrw, "Noise Hill," and when he had reached it, the *twrw*, "noise," there was greater than had ever been heard before, namely that of weeping after "Belenë"; and it was then, after he had struck her with iron, that he first learnt what his wife's name was. Belenë never came back to her husband, but the feelings of a mother once brought her to the window of his bedroom, where she gave him the following order:--

Os bydd anwyd ar fy mab,
Rho'wch am dano gob ei dad;
Os anwydog a fydd can [25]*,*
Rho'wch am dani bais ei mam.

If my son should feel it cold,
Let him wear his father's coat;
If the fair one feel the cold,
Let her wear my petticoat.

'As years and years rolled on a grandson of Belend's fell in love with a beautiful damsel who lived at a neighbouring farm house called Tai Teulwriaid, and against the will of his father and mother they married, but they had nothing to stock their land with. So one morning what was their astonishment, when they got up, to see grazing quietly in the field six black cows and a white-headed bull, which had come up out of the lake as stock for them from old grannie Belenë? They served them well with milk and butter for many a long year, but on the day the last of the family died, the six black cows and the white-headed bull disappeared into the lake, never more to be seen.'

Mr. Hughes referred to no less than three other versions, as follows:--(1) According to one account, the husband was ploughing, with the wife leading the team, when by chance he came across her and the accident

happened. The wife then flew away like a wood-hen (*iar goed*) into the lake. (2) Another says that they were in a stable trying to bridle one of the horses, when the misfortune took place through inadvertence. (3) A third specifies the field in front of the house at Corwrion as the place where the final accident took place, when they were busied with the cows and horses.

To these I would add the following traditions, which Mr. Hughes further gives. Sometimes the inhabitants, who seem to have been on the whole on good terms with the fairies, used to heat water and leave it in a vessel on the hearth overnight for the fairies to wash their children in it. This they considered such a kindness that they always left behind them on the hearth a handful of their money. Some pieces are said to have been sometimes found in the fields near Corwrion, and that they consisted of coins which were smaller than our halfpennies, but bigger than farthings, and had a harp on one side. But the tradition is not very definite on these points.

Here also I may as well refer to a similar tale which I got last year at Llanberis from a man who is a native of the Llanllechid side of the mountain, though he now lives at Llanberis. He is about fifty-five years of age, and remembers hearing in his youth a tale connected with a house called Hafoty'r Famaeth, in a very lonely situation on Llanllechid Mountain, and now represented only by some old ruined walls. It was to the effect that one night, when the man who lived there was away from home, his wife, who had a youngish baby, washed him on the hearth, left the water there, and went to bed with her little one: she woke up in the night to find that the *Tylwyth Teg* were in possession of the hearth, and busily engaged in washing their children. That is all I got of this tale of a well-known type.

To return to Mr. Hughes' communications, I would select from them some remarks on the topography of the teeming home of the fairies. He estimated the lake or pool of Corwrion to be about 120 yards long, and adds that it is nearly round; but he thinks it was formerly considerably larger, as a cutting was made some eighty or a hundred years ago to lead water from it to Penrhyn Castle; but even then its size would not approach that ascribed to it by popular belief, according to which it was no less than three miles long. In fact it was believed that there was once a town of Corwrion which was swallowed up by the lake, a sort of idea which one meets with in many parts of Wales, and some of the natives are said to be able to discern the houses under the water. This must have been near the end which is not

bottomless, the latter being indicated by a spot which is said never to freeze even in hard winters. Old men remember it the resort of herons, cormorants, and the water-hen (*hobi wen*). Near the banks there grew, besides the water-lily, various kinds of rushes and sedges, which were formerly much used for making mats and other useful articles. It was also once famous for eels of a large size, but it is not supposed to have contained fish until Lord Penrhyn placed some there in recent years. It teemed, however, with leeches of three different kinds so recently that an old man still living describes to Mr. Hughes his simple way of catching them when he was a boy, namely, by walking bare-legged in the water: in a few minutes he landed with nine or ten leeches sticking to his legs, some of which fetched a shilling each from the medical men of those days. Corwrion is now a farm house occupied by Mr. William Griffiths, a grandson of the late bard Gutyn Peris. When Mr. Hughes called to make inquiries about the legend, he found there the foundations of several old buildings, and several pieces of old querns about the place. He thinks that there belonged to Corwrion in former times, a mill and a fuller's house, which he seems to infer from the names of two neighbouring houses called 'Y Felin Hen,' the Old Mill, and 'Pandy Tre Garth,' the Fulling Mill of Tregarth, respectively. He also alludes to a gefail or smithy there, in which one Rhys ab Robert used to work, not to mention that a great quantity of ashes, such as come from a smithy, are found at the end of the lake furthest from the farm house. The spot on which Corwrion stands is part of the ground between the Ogwen and another stream which bears the name of 'Afon Cegin Arthur,' or the River of Arthur's Kitchen, and most of the houses and fields about have names which have suggested various notions to the people there: such are the farms called 'Coed Howel,' whence the belief in the neighbourhood that Howel Dda, King of Wales, lived here. About him Mr. Hughes has a great deal to say:. among other things, that he had boats on Corwrion lake, and that he was wont to present the citizens of Bangor yearly with 300 fat geese reared on the waters of the same. I am referred by another man to a lecture delivered in the neighbourhood on these and similar things by the late bard and antiquary the Rev. Robert Ellis (*Cynddelw*), but I have never come across a copy. A field near Corwrion is called 'Cae Stabal,' or the Field of the Stable, which contains the remains of a row of stables, as it is supposed, and of a number of mangers where Howel's horses were once fed. In a neighbouring wood, called 'Parc y Gelli' or 'Hopiar y Gelli,' my informant goes on to say, there

are to be seen the foundations of seventeen or eighteen old hut-circles, and near them some think they see the site of an old church. About a mile to the south-east of Corwrion is Pendinas, which Mr. Hughes describes as an old triangular Welsh fortress, on the bank of the Ogwen; and within two stone's-throws or so of Corwrion on the south side of it, and a little to the west of Bryn Twrw mentioned in the legend, is situated Penardd Gron, a *caer* or fort, which he describes as being, before it was razed in his time, forty-two yards long by thirty-two wide, and defended by a sort of rampart of earth and stone several yards wide at the base. It used to be the resort of the country people for dancing, cock-fighting [26], and other amusements on Sundays. Near it was a cairn, which, when it was dug into, was found to cover a kistvaen, a pot, and a quern: a variety of tales attaching to it are told concerning ghosts, caves, and hidden treasures. Altogether Mr. Hughes is strongly of opinion that Corwrion and its immediate surroundings represent a spot which at one time had great importance; and I see no reason wholly to doubt the correctness of that conclusion, but it would be interesting to know whether Penrhyn used, as Mr. Hughes suggests, to be called Penrhyn Corwrion; there ought, perhaps, to be no great difficulty in ascertaining this, as some of the Penrhyn estate appears to have been the subject of litigation in times gone by.

Before leaving Mr. Hughes' notes, I must here give his too brief account of another thing connected with Corwrion, though, perhaps, not with the legends here in question. I allude to what he calls the Lantern Ghost (*Ysbryd y Lantar*):--'There used to be formerly,' he says, 'and there is still at Corwrion, a good-sized sour apple-tree, which during the winter half of the year used to be lit up by fire. It began slowly and grew greater until the whole seemed to be in a blaze. He was told by an old woman that she formerly knew old people who declared they had seen it. In the same way the trees in Hopiar y Gelli appeared, according to them, to be also lit up with fire.' This reminds me of Mr. Fitzgerald's account of the Irish Bile-Tineadh in the *Revue Celtique*, iv. 194.

After communicating to me the notes of which the foregoing are abstracts, Mr. Hughes kindly got me a version of the legend from Mr. David Thomas, of Pont y Wern, in the same neighbourhood, but as it contains nothing which I have not already given from Mr. Hughes' own, I pass it by. Mr. Thomas, however, has heard that the number of the houses making up the

town of Corwrion some six or seven centuries ago was about seventy-five; but they were exactly seventy-three according to my next informant, Mr. David Evan Davies, of Treflys, Bethesda, better known by his bardic name of Dewi Glan Ffrydlas. Both these gentlemen have also heard the tradition that there was a church at Corwrion, where there used to be every Sunday a single service, after which the people went to a spot not far off to amuse themselves, and at night to watch the fairies dancing, or to mix with them while they danced in a ring around a glow-worm. According to Dewi Glan Ffrydlas, the spot was the Pen y Boric, already mentioned, which means, among other things, that they chose a rising ground. This is referred to in a modern rhyme, which runs thus:--

A'r Tylwyth Teg yn dauwnsi'on sionc
O gylch magïen Pen y Bonc.

With the fairies nimbly dancing round
The glow-worm on the Rising Ground.

Dewi Glan Ffrydlas has kindly gone to the trouble of giving me a brief, but complete, version of the legend as he has heard it. It will be noticed that the discovering of the fairy's name is an idle incident in this version: it is brought in too late, and no use is made of it when introduced. This is the substance of his story in English:--'At one of the dances at Pen y Bonc, the heir of Corwrion's eyes fell on one of the damsels of the fair family, and he was filled with love for her. Courtship and marriage in due time ensued, but he had to agree to two conditions, namely, that he was neither to know her name nor to strike her with iron. By-and-by they had children, and when the husband happened to go, during his wife's confinement, to a merry-making at Pen y Boric, the fairies talked together concerning his wife, and in expressing their feelings of sympathy for her, they inadvertently betrayed the mystery of her name by mentioning it within his hearing. Years rolled on, when the husband and wife went out together one day to catch a colt of theirs that had not been broken in, their object being to go to Conway Fair. Now, as she was swifter of foot than her husband, she got hold of the colt by the mane, and called out to him to throw her a halter, but instead of throwing her the one she asked for, he threw another with iron in it, which struck her. Off she went into the lake. A grandson of this fairy many years afterwards married one of the girls of Corwrion. They had a large piece of land, but no means of stocking it, so that they felt rather distressed in their

minds. But lo and behold! one day a white-headed bull came out of the lake, bringing with him six black cows to their land. There never were the like of those cows for milk, and great was the prosperity of their owners, as well as the envy it kindled in their neighbours' breasts. But when they both grew old and died, the bull and the cows went back into the lake.'

Now I add the other sayings about the *Tylwyth Teg*, which Dewi Glan Ffrydlas has kindly collected for me, beginning with a blurred story about changelings:--

'Once on a time, in the fourteenth century, the wife of a man at Corwrion had twins, and she complained one day to a witch, who lived close by, at Tyddyn y Barcud, that the children were not getting on, but that they were always crying day and night. "Are you sure that they are your children?" asked the witch, adding that it did not seem to her that they were like hers. "I have my doubts also," said the mother. "I wonder if somebody has exchanged children with you," said the witch. "I do not know," said the mother. "But why do you not seek to know?" asked the other. "But how am I to go about it?" said the mother. The witch replied, "Go and do something rather strange before their eyes and watch what they will say to one another." "Well, I do not know what I should do," said the mother. "Well," said the other, "take an eggshell, and proceed to brew beer in it in a chamber aside, and come here to tell me what the children will say about it." She went home and did as the witch had directed her, when the two children lifted their heads out of the cradle to find what she was doing--to watch and to listen. Then one observed to the other, "I remember seeing an oak having an acorn," to which the other replied, "And I remember seeing a hen having an egg"; and one of the two added, "But I do not remember before seeing anybody brew beer in the shell of a hen's egg." The mother then went to the witch and told her what the twins had said one to the other; and she directed her to go to a small wooden bridge, not far off, with one of the strange children under each arm, and there to drop them from the bridge into the river beneath. The mother went back home again and did as she had been directed. When she reached home this time, she found to her astonishment that her own children had been brought back.'

Next comes a story about a midwife who lived at Corwrion. 'One of the fairies called to ask her to come and attend on his wife. Off she went with him, and she was astonished to be taken into a splendid palace. There she

continued to go night and morning to dress the baby for some time, until one day the husband asked her to rub her eyes with a certain ointment he offered her. She did so, and found herself sitting on a tuft of rushes, and not in a palace. There was no baby: all had disappeared. Some time afterwards she happened to go to the town, and whom should she there see busily buying various wares, but the fairy on whose wife she had been attending. She addressed him with the question, "How are you to-day?" Instead of answering her, he asked, "How do you see me?" "With my eyes," was the prompt reply. "Which eye?" he asked. "This one," said the woman, pointing to it; and instantly he disappeared, never more to be seen by her.' This tale, as will be seen on comparison later, is incomplete, and probably incorrect.

Here is another from Mr. D. E. Davies:--'One day Guto, the farmer of Corwrion, complained to his wife that he lacked men to mow his hay, when she replied, " Why fret about it? look yonder! There you have a field full of them at it, and stripped to their shirt-sleeves (*yn llewys eu crysau*)." When he went to the spot the sham workmen of the fairy family had disappeared. This same Guto-- r somebody else-happened another time to be ploughing, when he heard some person he could not see, calling out to him, "I have got the bins (that is the *vice*) of my plough broken." "Bring it to me," said the driver of Guto's team, "that I may mend it." When they finished the furrow, they found the broken vice, with a barrel of beer placed near it. One of the men sat down and mended the vice. Then they made another furrow, and when they returned to the spot they found there a two-eared dish filled to the brim with *bara a chwrw*, or "bread and beer." The word *vice*, I may observe, is an English term, which is applied in Carnarvonshire to a certain part of the plough: it is otherwise called *bins*, but neither does this seem to be a Welsh word, nor have I heard either used in South Wales.

At times one of the fairies was in the habit, as I was told by more than one of my informants, of coming out of Llyn Corwrion with her spinning-wheel (*troell bach*) on fine summer days and betaking herself to spinning. While at that work she might be heard constantly singing or humming, in a sort of round tune, the words *sìli ffrit*. So that *sìli ffrit Leisa Bela* may now be heard from the mouths of the children in that neighbourhood. But I have not been successful in finding out what Liza Bella's 'silly frit' exactly means, though I am, on the whole, convinced that the words are other than of Welsh origin. The last of them, *ffrit*, is usually applied in Cardiganshire to

anything worthless or insignificant, and the derivative, *ffrityn*, means one who has no go or perseverance in him: the feminine is *ffriten*. In Carnarvonshire my wife has heard *ffrityn* and *ffritan* applied to a small man and a small woman respectively. Mr. Hughes says that in Merioneth and parts of Powys *sìli ffrit* is a term applied to a small woman or a female dwarf who happens to be proud, vain, and fond of the attentions of the other sex (*benyw fach neu goraches falch a hunanol a fyddai hoff o garu*); but he thinks he has heard it made use of with regard to the gipsies, and possibly also to the *Tylwyth Teg*. The Rev. O. Davies thinks the words *sìli ffrit Leisa Bèla* to be very modern, and that they refer to a young woman who lived at a place in the neighbourhood, called Bryn Bèla or Brymbèla, 'Bella's Hill,' the point being that this Bella was ahead, in her time, of all the girls in those parts in matters of taste and fashion. This however does not seem to go far enough back, and it is possible still that in Bèla, that is, in English spelling, Bella, we have merely a shortening of some such a name as Isabella or Arabella, which were once much more popular in the Principality than they are now: in fact, I do not feel sure that *Leisa Bèla* is not bodily a corruption of Isabella. As to *sìli ffrit*, one might at first have been inclined to render it by small fry, especially in the sense of the French 'de la friture' as applied to young men and boys, and to connect it with the Welsh *sil* and *silod*, which mean small fish; but the pronunciation of *silli* or *sìli* being nearly that of the English word *silly*, it appears, on the whole, to belong to the host of English words to be found in colloquial Welsh, though they seldom find their way into books. Students of English ought to be able to tell us whether *frit* had the meaning here suggested in any part of England, and how lately; also, whether there was such a phrase as 'silly frit' in use. After penning this, I received the following interesting communication from Mr. William Jones, of Llangollen:--The term *sìli ffrìt* was formerly in use at Beddgelert, and what was thereby meant was a child of the *Tylwyth Teg*. It is still used for any creature that is smaller than ordinary. 'Pooh, a silly frit like that!' (*Pw, rhyw sìli ffrit fel yna!*). 'Mrs. So-and-So has a fine child.' 'Ha, do you call a silly frit like that a fine child?' (*Mae gan hon a hon blentyn braf. Ho, a ydych chwi'n galw rhyw sìli ffrit fel hwnna'nbraf?*) To return to Leisa Bèla and Belenë, it may be that the same person was meant by both these names, but I am in no hurry to identify them, as none of my correspondents knows the latter of them except Mr. Hughes, who gives it on the authority of the bard Gutyn Peris, and nothing further so far as I can

understand, whereas Bèla will come before us in another story, as it is the same name, I presume, which Glasynys has spelled *Bella* in *Cymru Fu*.

So I wrote in 1881: since then I have ascertained from Professor Joseph Wright, who is busily engaged on his great *English Dialect Dictionary*, that *frit* [27]is the same word, in the dialects of Cheshire, Shropshire, and Pembrokeshire, as *fright* in literary English; and that the corresponding verb to*frighten* is in them *fritten*, while a *frittenin* (= the book English frightening) means a ghost or apparition. So *sìli ffrit* is simply the English *silly frit*, and means probably a silly sprite or silly ghost, and *sìli ffrit Leisa Bèla* would mean the silly ghost of a woman called Liza Bella. But the silly frit found spinning near Corwrion Pool will come under notice again, for that fairy belongs to the Rumpelstiltzchen group of tales, and the fragment of a story about her will be seen to have treated Silly Frit as her proper name, which she had not intended to reach the ears of the person of whom she was trying to get the better.

These tales are brought into connexion with the present day in more ways than one, for besides the various accounts of the *bwganod* or bogies of Corwrion frightening people when out late at night, Mr. D. E. Davies knows a man, who is still living, and who well remembers the time when the sound of working used to be heard in the pool, and the voices of children crying somewhere in its depths, but that when people rushed there to see what the matter was, all was found profoundly quiet and still. Moreover, there is a family or two, now numerously represented in the parishes of Llandegai and Llanllechid, who used to be taunted with being the offspring of fairy ancestors. One of these families was nicknamed ‘Simychiaid’ or ‘Smychiaid’; and my informant, who is not yet quite forty, says that he heard his mother repeat scores of times that the old people used to say, that the Smychiaid, who were very numerous in the neighbourhood, were descended from fairies, and that they came from Llyn Corwrion. At all this the Smychiaid were wont to grow mightily angry. Another tradition, he says, about them was that they were a wandering family that arrived in the district from the direction of Conway, and that the father’s name was a Simwch, or rather that was his nickname, based on the proper name Simwnt, which appears to have once been the prevalent name in Llandegai. The historical order of these words would in that case have been *Simwnt*, *Simwch*, *Simychiaid*, *Smychiaid*. Now *Simwnt* seems to be

merely the Welsh form given to some such English name as *Simond*, just as Edmund or Edmond becomes in North Wales *Emwnt*. The objection to the nickname seems to lie in the fact, which one of my correspondents points out to me, that Simwch is understood to mean a monkey, a point on which I should like to have further information. Pughe gives *simach*, it is true, as having the meaning of the Latin *simia*. A branch of the same family is said to be called ‘y Cowperiaid’ or the Coopers, from an ancestor who was either by name or by trade a cooper. Mr. Hughes’ account of the Smychiaid was, that they are the descendants of one Simonds, who came to be a bailiff at Bodysgallan, near Deganwy, and moved from there to Coetmor in the neighbourhood of Corwrion. Simonds was obnoxious to the bards, he goes on to say, and they described the Smychiaid as having arrived in the parish at the bottom of a *cawell*, ‘a creel or basket carried on the back,’ when chance would have it that the *cawell* cord snapped just in that neighbourhood, at a place called Pont y Llan. That accident is described, according to Mr. Hughes, in the following doggerel, the origin of which I do not know--

E dorai ‘r anwest, ede wan,
Brwnt y lle, ar Bont y Llan.

The cord would snap, feeble yarn,
At that nasty spot, Pont y Llan.

Curiously enough, the same *cawell* story used to be said of a widely spread family in North Cardiganshire, whose surname was pronounced Massn and written Mason or Mazon: as my mother was of this family, I have often heard it. The cawell, if I remember rightly, was said, in this instance, to have come from Scotland, to which were traced three men who settled in North Cardiganshire. One had no descendants, but the other two, Mason and Peel--I think his name was Peel, but I am only sure that it was not Welsh- had so many, that the Masons, at any rate, are exceedingly numerous there; but a great many of them, owing to some extent, probably, to the *cawell* story, have been silly enough to change their name into that of Jones, some of them in my time. The three men came there probably for refuge in the course of troubles in Scotland, as a Frazer and a Francis did to Anglesey. At any rate, I have never heard it suggested that they were of aquatic origin, but, taking the *cawell* into consideration, and the popular account of the Smychiaid, I should be inclined to think that

the *cawell* originally referred to some such a supposed descent. I only hope that somebody will help us with another and a longer *cawell* tale, which will make up for the brevity of these allusions. We may, however, assume, I think, that there was a tendency at one time in Gwynedd, if not in other parts of the Principality, to believe, or pretend to believe, that the descendants of an Englishman or Scotsman, who settled among the old inhabitants, were of fairy origin, and that their history was somehow uncanny, which was all, of course, duly resented. This helps, to some extent, to explain how names of doubtful origin have got into these tales, such as *Smychiaid*, *Cowperiaid*, *Pellings*, *Penelope*, *Leisa Bèla* or *Isabella*, and the like. This association of the lake legends with intruders from without is what has, perhaps, in a great measure served to rescue such legends from utter oblivion.

As to a church at Corwrion, the tradition does not seem to be an old one, and it appears founded on one of the popular etymologies of the word Corwrion, which treats the first syllable as *cor* in the sense of a choir; but the word has other meanings, including among them that of an ox-stall or enclosure for cattle. Taking this as coming near the true explanation, it at once suggests itself, that Creuwyryon in the *Mabinogi* of Math ab Mathonwy is the same place, for *creu* or *crau* also meant an enclosure for animals, including swine. In Irish the word is *cró*, an enclosure, a hut or hovel. The passage in the *Mabinogi* [28] relates to Gwydion returning with the swine he had got by dint of magic and deceit from Pryderi, prince of Dyfed, and runs thus in Lady Charlotte Guest's translation: 'So they journeyed on to the highest town of Arllechwedd, and there they made a sty (*creu*) for the swine, and therefore was the name of Creuwyryon given to that town.' As to *wyryon* or *wyrion*, which we find made into *wrion* in Corwrion according to the modern habit, it would seem to be no other word than the usual plural of *wyr*, a grandson, formerly also any descendant in the direct line. If so, the name of an ancestor must have originally followed, just as one of the places called Bettws was once Betws Wyrion Iddon, 'the Bettws of Iddon's Descendants'; but it is possible that *wyrion* in Creu- or Cor-wyrion was itself a man's name, though I have never met with it. It is right to add that the name appears in the *Record of Carnarvon* (pp. 12, 25, 26) as Creweryon, which carries us back to the first half of the fourteenth century. There it occurs as the name of a township containing eight gavels, and the particulars about it might, in the hand of one familiar with the tenures of

that time, perhaps give us valuable information as to what may have been its status at a still earlier date.

VI.

Here, for the sake of comparison with the Northwalian stories in which the fairy wife runs away from her husband in consequence of his having unintentionally touched or hit her with the iron in the bridle, the fetter, or the stirrup, as on pp. 35, 40, 46, 50, 54, 61. I wish to cite the oldest recorded version, namely from Walter Mapes' curious miscellany of anecdotes and legends entitled *De Nugis Curialium Distinctiones Quinque*. Mapes flourished in the latter part of the twelfth century, and in *Distinctio* ii. II of Thomas Wright's edition, published in the year 1850, one reads the following story, which serves the purpose there of giving the origin of a certain Trinio, of whom Mapes had more to say:--

*Aliud non miraculum sed portentum nobis Walenses referunt. Wastinum Wastiniauc secus stagnum Brekeinauc [*read *Brecheinauc], quod in circuitu duo miliaria tenet, mansisse aiunt et vidisse per tres claras a luna noctes choreas fæminarum in campo avenæ, suæ, et secutum eum eas fuisse donec in aqua stagni submergerentur, unam tamen quarta vice retinuisse. Narrabat etiam ille raptor illius quod eas noctibus singulis post submersionem earum murmurantes audisset sub aqua et dicentes, 'Si hoc fecisset, unam de nobis cepisset,' et se ab ipsis edoctum quomodo hanc adepta [*read *-us] sit, qua, et consensit et nupsit ei, et prima verba sua hæc ad virum suum, 'Libens tibi serviam, et tota obedientiæ devotione usque in diem illum prosilire volens ad clamores ultra Lenem [*read *Leueni] me freno tuo percusseris.' Est autem Leueni aqua vicina stagno. Quod et factum est; post plurimæ, prolis susceptionem ab eo freno percussa est, et in reditu suo inventam eam fugientem cum prole, insecutus est, et vix unum ax filiis suis arripuit, nomine Triunem Uagelauc.*

'The Welsh relate to us another thing, not so much a miracle as a portent, as follows. They say that Gwestin of Gwestiniog dwelt beside Brecknock Mere, which has a circumference of two miles, and that on three moonlight nights he saw in his field of oats women dancing, and that he followed them until they sank in the water of the mere; but the fourth time they say that he seized hold of one of them. Her captor further used to relate that on each of these nights he had heard the women, after plunging into the mere, murmuring beneath the water and saying, "If he had done so and so, he

would have caught one of us," and that he had been instructed by their own words, as to the manner in which he caught her. She both yielded and became his wife, and her first words to her husband were these: "Willingly will I serve thee, and with whole-hearted obedience, until that day when, desirous of sallying forth in the direction of the cries beyond the Llyfni, thou shalt strike me with thy bridle"--the Llyfni is a burn near the mere. And this came to pass: after presenting him with a numerous offspring she was struck by him with the bridle, and on his returning home, he found her running away with her offspring, and he pursued her, but it was with difficulty that he got hold even of one of his sons, and he was named Trinio (?) Faglog.'

The story, as it proceeds, mentions Trinio engaged in battle with the men of a prince who seems to have been no other than Brychan of Brycheiniog, supposed to have died about the middle of the fifth century. The battle was disastrous to Trinio and his friends, and Trinio was never seen afterwards; so Walter Mapes reports the fact that people believed him to have been rescued by his mother, and that he was with her living still in the lake. Giraldus calls it lacus ille de Brecheniauc magnus et famosus, quem et Clamosum dicunt, 'that great and famous lake of Brecknock which they also call Clamosus,' suggested by the Welsh Lyn Llefni, so called from the river Llefni, misinterpreted as if derived from *llef* 'a cry.' With this lake he connects the legend, that at the bidding of the rightful Prince of Wales, the birds frequenting it would at once warble and sing. This he asserts to have been proved in the case of Gruffudd, son of Rhys, though the Normans were at the time masters of his person and of his territory[29]. After dwelling on the varying colours of the lake he adds the following statement:--*Ad hæcetiam totus ædificiis consertus, culturis egregiis, hortis ornatus et pomeriis, ab accolis quandoque conspicitur*, 'Now and then also it is seen by the neighbouring inhabitants to be covered with buildings, and adorned with excellent farming, gardens, and orchards.' It is remarkable as one of the few lakes in Wales where the remains of a crannog have been discovered, and while Mapes gives it as only two miles round, it is now said to be about five; so it has sometimes [30]been regarded as a stockaded island rather than as an instance of pile dwellings.

In the *Brython* for 1863, pp. 114 -15, is to be found what purports to be a copy of a version of the Legend of Llyn Syfaddon, as contained in a

manuscript of Hugh Thomas' in the British Museum. It is to the effect that the people of the neighbourhood have a story that all the land now covered by the lake belonged to a princess, who had an admirer to whom she would not be married unless he procured plenty of gold: she did not care how. So he one day murdered and robbed a man who had money, and the princess then accepted the murderer's suit, but she felt uneasy on account of the reports as to the murdered man's ghost haunting the place where his body had been buried. So she made her admirer go at night to interview the ghost and lay it. Whilst he waited near the grave he heard a voice inquiring whether the innocent man was not to be avenged, and another replying that it would not be avenged till the ninth generation. The princess and her lover felt safe enough and were married: they multiplied and became numerous, while their town grew to be as it were another Sodom; and the original pair lived on so astonishingly long that they saw their descendants of the ninth generation. They exulted in their prosperity, and one day held a great feast to celebrate it; and when their descendants were banqueting with them, and the gaiety and mirth were at their zenith, ancestors and descendants were one and all drowned in a mighty cataclysm which produced the present lake.

Lastly may be briefly mentioned the belief still lingering in the neighbourhood, to the effect that there is a town beneath the waters of the lake, and that in rough weather the bells from the church tower of that town may be heard ringing, while in calm weather the spire of the church may be distinctly seen. My informant, writing in 1892, added the remark: 'This story seems hardly creditable to us, but many of the old people believe it.'

I ought to have mentioned that the fifteenth-century poet Lewis Glyn Cothi connects with Syfaddon[31]Lake an *afanc* legend; but this will be easier to understand in the light of the more complete one from the banks of the river Conwy. So the reader will find Glyn Cothi's words given in the next chapter.

2. The Fairies' Revenge

In th' olde dayes of the king Arthour,
Of which that Britons speken greet honour,
Al was this land fulfild of fayerye.
The elf-queen, with hir joly companye,
Daunced ful ofte in many a grene mede;
This was the olde opinion, as I rede.
I speke of manye hundred yeres ago.

CHAUCER.

I.

THE best living authority I have found on the folklore of Beddgelert, Drws y Coed, and the surrounding district, is Mr. William Jones, of Llangollen. He has written a good deal on the subject in the *Brython*, and in essays intended for competition at various literary meetings in Wales. I had the loan from him of one such essay, and I have referred to the Brython; and I have also had from Mr. Jones a number of letters, most of which contain some additional information. In harmony, moreover, with my usual practice, I have asked Mr. Jones to give me a little of his own history. This he has been kind enough to do; and, as I have so far followed no particular order in these jottings, I shall now give the reader the substance of his letters in English, as I am anxious that no item should be lost or left inaccessible to English students of folklore. What is unintelligible to me may not be so to those who have made a serious study of the subject. Mr. Jones' words are in substance to the following effect:--

'I was bred and born in the parish of Beddgelert, one of the most rustic neighbourhoods and least subject to change in the whole country. Some of the old Welsh customs remained within my memory, in spite of the adverse influence of the Calvinistic Reformation, as it is termed, and I have myself witnessed several Knitting Nights and Nuptial Feasts (Neithiorau), which, be it noticed, are not to be confounded with weddings, as they were feasts which followed the weddings, at the interval of a week. At these gatherings song and story formed an element of prime importance in the entertainment at a time when the Reformation alluded to had already blown the blast of

extinction on the Merry Nights (Noswyliau Llawen) and Saints' Fêtes[32](Gwyliau Mabsant) before the days of my youth, though many of my aged acquaintances remembered them well, and retained a vivid recollection of scores of the amusing tales which used to be related for the best at the last mentioned long-night meetings. I have heard not a few of them reproduced by men of that generation. As an example of the old-fashioned habits of the people of Beddgelert in my early days, I may mention the way in which wives and children used to be named. The custom was that the wife never took her husband's family name, but retained the one she had as a spinster. Thus my grandmother on my mother's side was called Ellen Hughes, daughter to Hugh Williams, of Gwastad Annas. The name of her husband, my grandfather, was William Prichard [= W. ab Rhisiart, or Richard's son], son to Richard William, of the Efail Newydd. The name of their eldest son, my uncle (brother to my mother), was Hugh Hughes, and the second son's name was Richard William. The mother had the privilege of naming her first-born after her own family in case it was a boy; but if it happened to be a girl, she took her name from the father's family, for which reason my mother's maiden name was Catharine Williams. This remained her name to the day of her death: and the old people at Beddgelert persisted in calling me, so long as I was at home, William Prichard, after my grandfather, as I was my mother's eldest child.

'Most of the tales I have collected,' says Mr. Jones, 'relate to the parishes of Beddgelert and Dolwyddelen. My kindred have lived for generations in those two parishes, and they are very numerous: in fact, it used to be said that the people of Dolwyddelen and Beddgelert were all cousins. They were mostly small farmers, and jealous of all strangers, so that they married almost without exception from the one parish into the other. This intermixture helped to carry the tales of the one parish to the other, and to perpetuate them on the hearths of their homes from generation to generation, until they were swept away by another influence in this century. Many of my ancestors seem to have been very fond of stories, poetry, and singing, and I have been told that some of them were very skilled in these things. So also, in the case of my parents, the memory of the past had a great charm for them on both sides; and when the relatives from Dolwyddelen and Beddgelert met in either parish, there used to be no end to the recounting of pedigrees and the repeating of tales for the best. By

listening to them, I had been filled with desire to become an adept in pedigrees and legends. My parents used to let me go every evening to the house of my grandfather, William ab Rhisiart, the clerk, to listen to tales, and to hear edifying books read. My grandfather was a reader "without his rival," and "he used to beat the parson hollow." Many people used to meet at Pen y Bont in the evenings to converse together, and the stories of some of them were now and then exceedingly eloquent. Of course, I listened with eager ears and open mouth, in order, if I heard anything new, to be able to repeat it to my mother. She, unwilling to let herself be beaten, would probably relate another like it, which she had heard from her mother, her grandmother, or her old aunt of Gwastad Annas, who was a fairly good verse-wright of the homely kind. Then my father, if he did not happen to be busy with his music-book, would also give us a tale which he had heard from his grandmother or grandfather, the old John Jones, of Tyn Llan Dolwyddelen, or somebody else would do so. That is one source from which I got my knowledge of folklore; but this ceased when we moved from Beddgelert to Carnarvon in the year 1841. My grandfather died in 1844, aged seventy-eight.

'Besides those,' Mr. Jones goes on to say, 'who used to come to my grandfather's house and to his workshop to relate stories, the blacksmith's shop used to be, especially on a rainy day, a capital place for a story, and many a time did I lurk there instead of going to school, in order to hear old William Dafydd, the sawyer, who, peace be to his ashes! drank many a hornful from the *Big Quart* without ever breaking down, and old Ifan Owen, the fisherman, tearing away for the best at their yarns, sometimes a tissue of lies and sometimes truth. The former was funny, and a great wag, up to all kinds of tricks. He made everybody laugh, whereas the latter would preserve the gravity of a saint, however lying might be the tale which he related. Han Owen's best stories were about the Water Spirit, or, as he called it, *Llamhigyn y Dwr*, "the Water Leaper." He had not himself seen the *Llamhigyn*, but his father had seen it "hundreds of times." Many an evening it had prevented him from catching a single fish in Llyn Gwynan, and, when the fisherman got on this theme, his eloquence was apt to become highly polysyllabic in its adjectives. Once in particular, when he had been angling for hours towards the close of the day, without catching anything, he found that something took the fly clean off the hook each time he cast it. After moving from one spot to another on the lake, he fished

opposite the Benlan Wen, when something gave his line a frightful pull, "and, by the gallows, I gave another pull," the fisherman used to say, "with all the force of my arm: out it came, and up it went off the hook, whilst I turned round to see, as it dashed so against the cliff of Benlan that it blazed like a lightning." He used to add, "If that was not the *Llamhigyn*, it must have been the very devil himself." That cliff must be two hundred yards at least from the shore. As to his father, he had seen the Water Spirit many times, and he had also been fishing in the Llyn Glâs or Ffynnon Lâs, once upon a time, when he hooked a wonderful and fearful monster: it was not like a fish, but rather resembled a toad, except that it had a tail and wings instead of legs. He pulled it easily enough towards the shore, but, as its head was coming out of the water, it gave a terrible shriek that was enough to split the fisherman's bones to the marrow, and, had there not been a friend standing by, he would have fallen headlong into the lake, and been possibly dragged like a sheep into the depth; for there is a tradition that if a sheep got into the Llyn Glâs, it could not be got out again, as something would at once drag it to the bottom. This used to be the belief of the shepherds of Cwm Dyli, within my memory, and they acted on it in never letting their dogs go after the sheep in the neighbourhood of this lake. These two funny fellows, William Dafydd and Ifan Owen, died long ago, without leaving any of their descendants blessed with as much as the faintest gossamer thread of the story-teller's mantle. The former, if he had been still living, would now be no less than 129 years of age, and the latter about 120.'

Mr. Jones proceeds to say that he had stories from sources besides those mentioned, namely, from Lowri Robart, wife of Rhisiart Edwart, the 'Old Guide'; from his old aunt of Gwastad Annas; from William Wmffra, husband to his grandmother's sister; from his grandmother, who was a native of Dolwyddelen, but had been brought up at Pwllgwernog, in Nanmor; from her sister; and from Gruffudd Prisiart, of Nanmor, afterwards of Glan Colwyn, who gave him the legend of Owen Lawgoch of which I shall have something to say later, and the story of the bogie of Pen Pwll Coch, which I do not know. 'But the chief story-teller of his time at Beddgelert,' Mr. Jones goes on to say, 'was Twm Ifan Siams (pronounced Siams or Shams), brother, I believe, to Dafydd Siôn Siams, of the Penrhyn, who was a bard and pedigree man. Twm lived at Nanmor, but I know not what his vocation was; his relatives, however, were small farmers, carpenters, and masons. It is not improbable that he was also an artisan, as

he was conversant with numbers, magnitude, and letters, and left behind him a volume forming a pedigree book known at Nanmor as the Barcud Mawr, or "Great Kite," as Gruffudd Prisiart told me. The latter had been reading it many a time in order to know the origin of somebody or other. All I can remember of this character is that he was very old--over 90--and that he went from house to house in his old age to relate tales and recount pedigrees: great was the welcome he had from everybody everywhere. I remember, also, that he was small of stature, nimble, witty, exceedingly amusing, and always ready with his say on every subject. He was in the habit of calling on my grandfather in his rambles, and very cordial was the reception which my parents always gave him on account of his tales and his knowledge of pedigrees. The story of the afanc, as given in my collection, is from his mouth. You will observe how little difference there is between his version[33]and that known to Edward Llwyd in the year 1695. I had related this story to a friend of mine at Portmadoc, who was grandson or great-grandson to Dafydd Siôn Siams, of Penrhyn, in 1858, when he called my attention to the same story in the *Cambrian Journal* from the correspondence of Edward Llwyd. I was surprised at the similarity between the two versions, and I went to Beddgelert to Gruffudd Rhisiart, who was related to Twm Siôn Siams. I read the story to him, and I found that he had heard it related by his uncle just as it was by me, and as given in the Cambrian Journal. Twm Ifan Siams had funny stories about the tricks of *Gwrach y Rhibyn*, the *Bodach* [34]*Glas*, and the *Bwbach Llwyd*, which he localized in Nanmor and Llanfrothen; he had, also, a very eloquent tale about the courtship between a sailor from Moel y Gest, near Portmadoc, and a mermaid, of which I retain a fairly good recollection. I believe Twm died in the year 1835-6, aged about ninety-five.'

So far, I have merely translated Mr. Jones' account of himself and his authorities as given me in the letter I have already referred to, dated in June of last year, 1881. I would now add the substance of his general remarks about the fairies, as he had heard them described, and as he expressed himself in his essay for the competition on folklore at the Carnarvon Eisteddfod of 1880:--The traditions, he says, respecting the *Tylwyth Teg* vary according to the situation of the districts with which they are connected, and many more such traditions continue to be remembered among the inhabitants of the mountains than by those of the more level

country. In some places the *Tylwyth Teg* are described as a small folk of a thieving nature, living in summer among the fern bushes in the mountains, and in winter in the heather and gorse. These were wont to frequent the fairs and to steal money from the farmers' pockets, where they placed in its stead their own fairy money, which looked like the coin of the realm, but when it was paid for anything bought it would vanish in the pockets of the seller. In other districts the fairies were described as a little bigger and stronger folk; but these latter were also of a thieving disposition. They would lurk around people's houses, looking for an opportunity to steal butter and cheese from the dairies, and they skulked about the cow-yards, in order to milk the cows and the goats, which they did so thoroughly that many a morning there was not a drop of milk to be had. The principal mischief, however, which those used to do, was to carry away unbaptized infants, and place in their stead their own wretched and peevish offspring. They were said to live in hidden caves in the mountains, and he had heard one old man asserting his firm belief that it was beneath Moel Eilio, also called Moel Eilian, a mountain lying between Llanberis and Cwellyn, the *Tylwyth Teg* of Nant y Bettws lived, whom he had seen many a time when he was a lad; and, if any one came across the mouth of their cave, he thought that he would find there a wonderful amount of wealth, 'for they were thieves without their like.' There is still another species of *Tylwyth Teg*, very unlike the foregoing ones in their nature and habits. Not only was this last kind far more beautiful and comely than the others, but they were honest and good towards mortals. Their whole nature was replete with joy and fun, nor were they ever beheld hardly, except engaged in some merrymaking or other. They might be seen on bright moonlight nights at it, singing and carolling playfully on the fair meadows and the green slopes, at other times dancing lightly on the tops of the rushes in the valleys. They were also wont to be seen hunting in full force on the backs of their grey horses; for this kind were rich, and kept horses and servants. Though it used to be said that they were spiritual and immortal beings, still they ate and drank like human beings: they married and had children. They were also remarkable for their cleanliness, and they were wont to reward neat maidservants and hospitable wives. So housewives used to exhort their maids to clean their houses thoroughly every night before going to bed, saying that if the *Tylwyth Teg* happened to enter, they would be sure to leave money for them somewhere; but they were to tell no one in case they found any, lest the *Tylwyth* should be

offended and come no more. The mistresses also used to order a tinful of water to be placed at the foot of the stairs, a clean cloth on the table, with bread and its accompaniments (*bara ac enllyn*) placed on it, so that, if the *Tylwyth* came in to eat, the maids should have their recompense on the hob as well as unstinted praise for keeping the house clean, or, as Mr. Jones has it in a couplet from Goronwy Owen's Cywydd y Cynghorfynt--

Cael eu rhent ar y pentan,
A ffwyr glod o bai ffawr glân.

Finding the fairies' pay on the hob,
With full credit for a clean floor.

Thus, whether the fairies came or not to pay a visit to them during their sleep, the house would be clean by the morning, and the table ready set for breakfast. it appears that the places most frequently resorted to by this species were rushy combes surrounded by smooth hills with round tops, also the banks of rivers and the borders of lakes; but they were seldom seen at any time near rocks or cliffs. So more tales about them are found in districts of the former description than anywhere else, and among them maybe mentioned Penmachno, Dolwyddelen, the sides of Moel Siabod, Llandegái Mountain, and from there to Llanberis, to Nantlle Lakes, to Moel Tryfan[35]and Nant y Bettws, the upper portion of the parish of Beddgelert from Drws y Coed to the Pennant, and the district beginning from there and including the level part of Eifion, on towards Celynnog Fawr. I have very little doubt that there are many traditions about them in the neighbourhood of the Eifl and in Lleyn; I know but little, however, about these last. This kind of fairies was said to live underground, and the way to their country lay under hollow banks that overhung the deepest parts of the lakes, or the deepest pools in the rivers, so that mortals could not follow them further than the water, should they try to go after them. They used to come out in broad daylight, two or three together, and now and then a shepherd, so the saying went, used to talk and chat with them. Sometimes, moreover, he fell over head and ears in love with their damsels, but they did not readily allow a mortal to touch them. The time they were to be seen in their greatest glee was at night when the moon was full, when they celebrated a merry night (*noswaith lawen*). At midnight to the minute, they might be seen rising out of the ground in every combe and valley; then, joining hands, they would form into circles, and begin to sing and dance with might and main until the

cock crew, when they would vanish. Many used to go to look at them on those nights, but it was dangerous to go too near them, lest they should lure the spectator into their circle; for if that happened, they would throw a charm over him, which would make him invisible to his companions, and he would be detained by the fairies as long as he lived. At times some people went too near to them, and got snatched in; and at other times a love-inspired youth, fascinated by the charms of one of their damsels, rushed in foolhardily to try to seize one of them, and became instantly surrounded and concealed from sight. If he could be got out before the cock crew he would be no worse; but once the fairies disappeared Without his having been released, he would never more be seen in the land of the living. The way to get the captured man out was to take a long stick of mountain ash (*pren criafol*), which two or more strong men had to hold with one of its ends in the middle of the circle, so that when the man came round in his turn in the dance he might take hold of it, for he is there bodily though not visible, so that he cannot go past without coming across the stick. Then the others pull him out, for the fairies, no more than any other spirit, dare touch the mountain ash.

We now proceed to give some of Mr. Jones' legends, The first is one which he published in the fourth volume of the *Brython*, p. 70, whence the following free translation is made of it:--

'In the north-west corner of the parish of Beddgelert there is a place which used to be called by the old inhabitants the Land of the Fairies, and it reaches from Cwm Hafod Ruffydd along the slope of the mountain of Drws y Coed as far as Llyn y Dywarchen. The old people of former times used to find much pleasure and amusement in this district in listening every moonlight night to the charming music of the fair family, and in looking at their dancing and their mirthful sports. Once on a time, a long while ago, there lived at upper Drws y Coed a youth, who was joyous and active, brave and determined of heart. This young man amused himself every night by looking on and listening to them. One night they had come to a field near the house, near the shore of Llyn y Dywarchen, to pass a merry night. He went, as usual, to look at them, when his glances at once fell on one of the ladies, who possessed such beauty as he had never seen in a human being. Her appearance was like that of alabaster; her voice was as agreeable as the nightingale's, and as unruffled as the zephyr in a flower-garden at the noon

of a long summer's day; and her gait was pretty and aristocratic; her feet moved in the dance as lightly on the grass as the rays of the sun had a few hours before on the lake hard by. He fell in love with her over head and ears, and in the strength of that passion--for what is stronger than love!--he rushed, when the bustle was at its height, into the midst of the fair crowd, and snatched the graceful damsel in his arms, and ran instantly with her to the house. When the fair family saw the violence used by a mortal, they broke up the dance and ran after her towards the house; but, when they arrived, the door had been bolted with iron, wherefore they could not get near her or touch her in any way; and the damsel had been placed securely in a chamber. The youth, having her now under his roof, as is the saying, endeavoured, with all his talent, to win her affection and to induce her to wed. But at first she would on no account hear of it; on seeing his persistence, however, and on finding that he would not let her go to return to her people, she consented to be his servant if he could find out her name; but she would not be married to him. As he thought that was not impossible, he half agreed to the condition; but, after bothering his head with all the names known in that neighbourhood, he found himself no nearer his point, though he was not willing to give up the search hurriedly. One night, as he was going home from Carnarvon market, he saw a number of the fair folks in a turbary not far from his path. They seemed to him to be engaged in an important deliberation, and it struck him that they were planning how to recover their abducted sister. He thought, moreover, that if he could secretly get within hearing, he might possibly find her name out. On looking carefully around, he saw that a ditch ran through the turbary and passed near the spot where they stood. So he made his way round to the ditch, and crept, on all fours, along it until he was within hearing of the family. After listening a little, he found that their deliberation was as to the fate of the lady he had carried away, and he heard one of them crying, piteously, "O Penelop, O Penelop, my sister, why didst thou run away with a mortal?" "Penelop," said the young man to himself, "that must be the name of my beloved: that is enough." At once he began to creep back quietly, and he returned home safely without having been seen by the fairies. When he got into the house, he called out to the girl, saying, "Penelop, my beloved one, come here!" and she came forward and asked, in astonishment, "O mortal, who has betrayed my name to thee?" Then, lifting up her tiny folded hands, she exclaimed, "Alas, my fate, my fate!" But she grew contented with her

fate, and took to her work in earnest. Everything in the house and on the farm prospered under her charge. There was no better or cleanlier housewife in the neighbourhood around, or one that was more provident than she. The young man, however, was not satisfied that she should be a servant to him, and, after he had long and persistently sought it, she consented to be married, on the one condition, that, if ever he should touch her with iron, she would be free to leave him and return to her family. He agreed to that condition, since he believed that such a thing would never happen at his hands. So they were married, and lived several years happily and comfortably together. Two children were born to them, a boy and a girl, the picture of their mother and the idols of their father. But one morning, when the husband wanted to go to the fair at Carnarvon, he went out to catch a filly that was grazing in the field by the house; but for the life of him he could not catch her, and he called to his wife to come to assist him. She came without delay, and they managed to drive the filly to a secure corner, as they thought; but, as the man approached to catch her, she rushed past him. In his excitement, he threw the bridle after her; but, who should be running in the direction of it, but his wife! The iron bit struck her on the cheek, and she vanished out of sight on the spot. Her husband never saw her any more; but one cold frosty night, a long time after this event, he was awakened from his sleep by somebody rubbing the glass of his window, and, after he had given a response, he recognized the gentle and tender voice of his wife saying to him:--

Lest my son should find it cold,
Place on him his father’s coat;
Lest the fair one find it cold,
Place on her my petticoat.

It is said that the descendants of this family still continue in these neighbourhoods, and that they are easy to be recognized by their light and fair complexion. A similar story is related of the son of the farmer of Braich y Dinas, in Llanfihangel y Pennant, and it used to be said that most of the inhabitants of that neighbourhood were formerly of a light complexion. I have often heard old people saying, that it was only necessary, within their memory, to point out in the fair at Penmorfa any one as being of the breed of the Tylwyth, to cause plenty of fighting that day at least.’

The reader may compare with this tale the following, for which I have to thank Mr. Samuel Rhys Williams, whose words I give, followed by a translation:--

Yr oedd gwr ieuanc o gymydogaeth Drws y Coed yn dychwelyd adref o Beddgelert ar noswaith loergan lleuad; pan ar gyfer Llyn y Gader gwelai nifer o'r boneddigesau a elwir y Tylwyth Teg yn myned trwy eu chwareuon nosawl. Swynwyd y llanc yn y fan gan brydferthwch y rhianod hyn, ac yn neillduol un o honynt. Collodd y llywodraeth arno ei hunan i'r fath raddau fel y penderfynodd neidio i'r cylch a dwyn yn ysbail iddo yr hon oedd wedi myned a'i galon mor llwyr. Cyflawnodd ei fwriad a dygodd y foneddiges gydag ef adref. Bu yn wraig iddo, a ganwyd plant iddynt. Yn ddamweiniol, tra yn cyflawni rhyw orchwyl, digwyddodd iddo ei tharo a haiarn ac ar amrantiad diflannodd ei anwylyd o'i olwg ac nis gwelodd hi mwyach, ond ddarfod iddi ddyfod at ffenestr ei ystafell wely un noswaith ar ol hyn a'i annog i fod yn dirion wrth y plant a'i bod hi yn aros gerllaw y tyyn Llyn y Dywarchen. Y mae y traddodiad hefyd yn ein hysbysu ddarfod i'r gwr hwn symud i fyw o Ddrws y Coed i Ystrad Betws Garmon.

'A young man, from the neighbourhood of Drws y Coed, was returning home one bright moonlight night, from Beddgelert; where he came opposite the lake called Llyn y Gader, he saw a number of the ladies known as the *Tylwyth Teg* going through their nightly frolics. The youth was charmed at once by the beauty of these ladies, and especially by one of them. He so far lost his control over himself, that he resolved to leap into the circle and carry away as his spoil the one who had so completely robbed him of his heart. He accomplished his intention, and carried the lady home with him. She became his wife, and children were born to them. Accidentally, while at some work or other, it happened to him to strike her with iron, and, in the twinkling of an eye, his beloved one disappeared from his sight. He saw her no more, except that she came to his bedroom window one night afterwards, and told him to be tender to the children, and that she was staying, near the house, in the lake called Llyn y Dywarchen. The tradition also informs us that this man moved from Drws y Coed to live at Ystrad near Bettws Garmon.'

The name Llyn y Dywarchen, I may add, means the Lake of the Sod or Turf: it is the one with the floating island, described thus by Giraldus, ii. 9 (p. 135):--*Alter enim insulam habet erraticam, vi ventorum impellentium ad*

oppositas plerumque lacus partes errabundam. Hic armenta pascentia nonnunquam pastores ad longinquas subito, partes translata mirantur. 'For one of the two lakes holds a wandering island, which strays mostly with the force of the winds impelling it to the opposite parts of the lake. Sometimes cattle grazing on it are, to the surprise of the shepherds, suddenly carried across to the more distant parts.' Sheep are known to get on the floating islet, and it is still believed to float them away from the shore. Mr. S. Rhys Williams, it will be noticed, has given the substance of the legend rather than the story itself. I now proceed to translate the same tale as given in Welsh in *Cymru Fu* (pp. 474--7 of the edition published by Messrs. Hughes and Son, Wrexham), in a very different dress--it is from Glasynys' pen, and, as might be expected, decked out with all the literary adornments in which he delighted. The language he used was his own, but there is no reason to think that he invented any of the incidents:--'The farmer of Drws y Coed's son was one misty day engaged as a shepherd on the side of the mountain, a little below Cwm Marchnad, and, as he crossed a rushy flat, he saw a wonderfully handsome little woman standing under a clump of rushes. Her yellow and curly hair hung down in ringed locks, and her eyes were as blue as the clear sky, while her forehead was as white as the wavy face of a snowdrift that has nestled on the side of Snowdon only a single night. Her two plump cheeks were each like a red rose, and her pretty-lipped mouth might make an angel eager to kiss her. The youth approached her, filled with love for her, and, with delicacy and affection, asked her if he might converse with her. She smiled kindly, and reaching out her hand, said to him, "Idol of my hopes, thou hast come at last!" They began to associate secretly, and to meet one another daily here and there on the moors around the banks of Llyn y Gader; at last, their love had waxed so strong that the young man could not be at peace either day or night, as he was always thinking of Bella or humming to himself a verse of poetry about her charms. The yellow-haired youth was now and then lost for a long while, and nobody could divine his history. His acquaintances believed that he had been fascinated: at last the secret was found out. There were about Llyn y Dywarchen shady and concealing copses: it was there he was wont to go, and the she-elf would always be there awaiting him, and it was therefore that the place where they used to meet got to be called *Llwyn y Forwyn*, the Maiden's Grove. After fondly loving for a long time, it was resolved to wed; but it was needful to get the leave of the damsel's father. One

moonlight night it was agreed to meet in the wood, and the appointment was duly kept by the young man, but there was no sign of the subterranean folks coming, until the moon disappeared behind the Garn. Then the two arrived, and the old man at once proceeded to say to the suitor: “Thou shalt have my daughter on the condition that thou do not strike her with iron. If thou ever touch her with iron, she will no longer be thine, but shall return to her own.” The man consented readily, and great was his joy. They were betrothed, and seldom was a handsomer pair seen at the altar. It was rumoured that a vast sum of money as dowry had arrived with the pretty lady at Drws y Coed on the evening of her nuptials. Soon after, the mountain shepherd of Cwm Marchnad passed for a very rich and influential man. In the course of time they had children, and no happier people ever lived together than their parents. Everything went on regularly and prosperously for a number of years: they became exceedingly wealthy, but the sweet is not to be had without the bitter. One day they both went out on horseback, and they happened to go near Llyn y Gader, when the wife’s horse got into a bog and sank to his belly. After the husband had got Bella off his back, he succeeded with much trouble in getting the horse out, and then he let him go. Then he lifted her on the back of his own, but, unfortunately, in trying quickly to place her foot in the stirrup, the iron part of the same slipped, and struck her--or, rather, it touched her at the knee-joint. Before they had made good half their way home, several of the diminutive*Tylwyth* began to appear to them, and the sound of sweet singing was heard on the side of the hill. Before the husband reached Drws y Coed his wife had left him, and it is supposed that she fled to Llwyn y Forwyn, and thence to the world below to Faery. She left her dear little ones to the care of her beloved, and no more came near them. Some say, however, that she sometimes contrived to see her beloved one in the following manner. As the law of her country did not permit her to frequent the earth with an earthly being, she and her mother invented a way of avoiding the one thing and of securing the other. A great piece of sod was set to float on the surface of the lake, and on that she used to be for long hours, freely conversing in tenderness with her consort on shore; by means of that plan they managed to live together until he breathed his last. Their descendants owned Drws y Coed for many generations, and they intermarried and mixed with the people of the district. Moreover, many a fierce fight took place in later times at the *Gwyl-fabsant* at Dolbenmaen or at Penmorfa, because the men

of Eifionydd had a habit of annoying the people of Pennant by calling them Bellisians.'

In a note, Glasynys remarks that this tale is located in many districts without much variation, except in the names of the places; this, however, could not apply to the latter part, which suits Llyn y Dywarchen alone. With this account of the fairy wife frequenting a lake island to converse with her husband on shore, compare the Irish story of the Children of Lir, who, though transformed into swans, were allowed to retain their power of reasoning and speaking, so that they used to converse from the surface of the water with their friends on the dry land: see Joyce's Old Celtic Romances, pp. x, 1-36. Now I return to another tale which was sent me by Mr. William Jones: unless I am mistaken it has not hitherto been published; so I give the Welsh together with a free translation of it:--

Yr oedd ystori am jab Braich y Dinas a adroddai y diweddar hybarch Elis Owen o Gefn y Meusydd yn lled debyg i chwedl mab yr Ystrad gan Glasynys, sef iddo hudo un o ferched y Tylwyth Teg i lawr o Foel Hebog, a'i chipio i mewn i'r ty drwy orthrech; ac wedi hynny efe a'i perswadiodd i ymbriodi ag ef ar yr un telerau ag y gwnaeth mab yr Ystrad. Ond clywais hen foneddiges o'r enw Mrs. Roberts, un o ferched yr Isallt, oed' lawer hyn na Mr. Owen, yn ei hadrodd yn wahanol. Yr oedd yr hen wreigan hon yn credu yn nilysrwydd y chwedl, oblegid yr oedd hi 'yn cofio rhai o'r teulu, waeth be' ddeudo neb.' Dirwynnai ei hedau yn debyg i hyn:--Yn yr amser gynt--ond o ran hynny pan oedd hi yn ferch ifanc--yr oedd llawer iawn o Dylwyth Teg yn trigo mewn rhyw ogofau yn y Foel o Gwm Ystradllyn hyd i flaen y Pennant. Yr oedd y Tylwyth hwn yn llawer iawn harddach na dim a welid mewn un rhan arall o'r wlad. Yr oeddynt o ran maint yn fwy o lawer na'r rhai cyffredin, yn lan en pryd tu hwnt i bawb, eu gwallt yn oleu fel llin, eu llygaid yn loyw leision. Yr oeddynt yn ymddangos mewn rhyw le neu gilydd yn chwareu, canu ac ymddifyru bob nos deg a goleu; a byddai swn eu canu yn denu y llanciau a'r merched ifainc i fyned i'w gweled; ac os byddent yn digwydd bod o bryd goleu hwy a ymgomient a hwynt, ond ni adawent i un person o liw tywyll ddod yn agos atynt, eithr cilient ymaith o ffordd y cyfryw un. Yrw^an yr oedd mab Braich y Dinas yn llanc hardd, heini, bywiog ac o bryd glan, goleu a serchiadol. Yr oeddhwn yn hoff iawn o edrych ar y Tylwyth, a byddai yn cael ymgom a rhai o honynt yn aml, ond yn bennaf ag un o'r merched oedd yn rhagori arnynt oll mewn glendid a

synwyr; ac o fynych gyfarfod syrthiodd y ddau mewn cariad a'u gilydd, eithr ni fynai hi ymbriodi ag ef, ond addawodd fyned i'w wasanaeth, a chydunodd i'w gyfarfod yn Mhant--nid wyf yn cofio yr enw i gyd--drannoeth, oblegid nid oedd wiw iddi geisio myned gydag ef yn ngwydd y lleill. Felly drannoeth aeth i fynu i'r Foel, a chyfarfyddodd y rhian ef yn ol ei haddewid, ag aeth gydag ef adref, ac ymgymerodd a'r swdd o laethwraig, a buan y dechreuodd popeth lwyddo o dan ei llaw: yr oedd yr ymenym a'r caws yn cynhyddu beunydd. Hir a thaer y bu'r llanc yn ceisio ganddi briodi. A hi a addawodd, os medrai ef gael allan ei henw. Ni wyddai Mrs. Roberts drwy ba ystryw y llwyddodd i gael hwnnw, ond hynny a fu, a daeth ef i'r ty un noswaith a galwodd ar 'Sibi,' a phan glywodd hi ei henw, hi a aeth i lewygfa; ond 'pan ddaeth ati ei hun, hi a ymfoddlonodd i briodi ar yr amod nad oedd ef i gyffwrdd a hi a haiarn ac nad oedd bollt haiarn i fod ar y drws na chlo ychwaith, a hynny a fu: priodwyd hwynt, a buont fyw yn gysurus am lawer o flynyddoedd, a ganwyd iddynt amryw blant. Y diwedd a fu fel hyn: yr oedd ef wedi myned un diwrnod i dori baich o frwyn at doi, a tharawodd y cryman yn y baich i fyned adref; fel yr oed yr nesu at y gadlas, rhedodd Sibi i'w gyfarfod, a thaflodd ynteu y baich brwyn yn ddireidus tu ag ati, a rhag iddo ddyfod ar ei thraws ceisiodd ei atal a'i llaw, yr hon a gyffyrddod a'r cryman; a hi a ddiflannodd o'r golwg yn y fan ym nghysgod y baich brwyn: ni welwyd ac ni chlywyd dim oddiwrthi mwyach.

'There was a story respecting the son of the farmer of Braich y Dinas, which used to be told by the late respected Mr. Ellis Owen, of Cefn y Meusydd, somewhat in the same way as that about the Ystrad youth, as told by Glasynys; that is to say, the young man enticed one of the damsels of the fair family to come down from Moel Hebog, and then he carried her by force into the house, and afterwards persuaded her to become his wife on the same conditions as the heir of Ystrad did. But I have heard an old lady called Mrs. Roberts, who had been brought up at Isallt, and who was older than Mr. Owen, relating it differently. This old woman believed in the truth of the story, as "she remembered some of the family, whatever anybody may say." She used to spin her yarn somewhat as follows:--In old times--but, for the matter of that, when she was a young woman--there were a great many of the fair family living in certain caves in the Foel from Cwm Strallyn[36]down to the upper part of Pennant. This Tylwyth was much handsomer than any seen in any other part of the country. In point of stature they were much bigger than the ordinary ones, fair of complexion beyond

everybody, with hair that was as light as flax, and eyes that were of a clear blue colour. They showed themselves in one spot or another, engaged in playing, singing, and jollity every light night. The sound of their singing used to draw the lads and the young women to look at them; and, should they be of clear complexion, the fairies would chat with them; but they would let no person of a dark hue come near them: they moved away from such a one. Now the young man of Braich y Dinas was a handsome, vigorous, and lively stripling of fair, clear, and attractive complexion. He was very fond of looking at the fair family, and had a chat with some of them often, but chiefly with one of the damsels, who surpassed all the rest in beauty and good sense. The result of frequently meeting was that they fell in love with one another, but she would not marry him. She promised, however, to go to service to him, and agreed to meet him at Pant y--I have forgotten the rest of the name--the day after, as it would not do for her to go with him while the others happened to be looking on. So he went up the. next day to the Foel, and the damsel met him according to her promise, and went with him home, where she took to the duties of a dairymaid. Soon everything began to prosper under her hand; the butter and the cheese were daily growing in quantity. Long and importunately did the youth try to get her to marry him. She promised to do so provided he could find out her name. Mrs. Roberts did not know by what manœuvre he succeeded in discovering it, but it was done, and he came into the house one night and called to "Sibi," and when she heard her name she fainted away. When, however, she recovered her consciousness, she consented to marry on the condition that he was not to touch her with iron, and that there was not to be a bolt of iron on the door, or a lock either. It was agreed, and they were married; they lived together comfortably many years, and had children born to them. The end came thus: he had gone one day to cut a bundle of rushes for thatching, and planted the reaping-hook in the bundle to go home. As he drew towards the haggard, Sibi ran out to meet him, and he wantonly threw the bundle of rushes towards her, when she, to prevent its hitting her, tried to stop it with her hand, which touched the reaping-hook. She vanished on the spot out of sight behind the bundle of rushes, and nothing more was seen or heard of her.'

Mr. Ellis Owen, alluded to above, was a highly respected gentleman, well known in North Wales for his literary and antiquarian tastes. He was born in 1789 at Cefn y Meusydd near Tremadoc, where he continued to live till the

day of his death, which was January 27, 1868. His literary remains, preceded by a short biography, were published in 1877 by Mr. Robert Isaac Jones of Tremadoc; but it contains no fairy tales so far as I have been able to find.

A tale which partially reminds one of that given by Dewi Glan Ffrydlas respecting the Corwrion midwife. referred to at p. 63 above, was published by Mr. W. Jones in the fourth volume of the *Brython*, p. 251: freely rendered into English, it runs thus:--

'Once on a time, when a midwife from Nanhwynan had newly got to the Hafoddydd Brithion to pursue her calling, a gentleman came to the door on a fine grey steed and bade her come with him at once. Such was the authority with which he spoke, that the poor midwife durst not refuse to go, however much it was her duty to stay where she was. So she mounted behind him, and off they went, like the flight of a swallow, through Cwmlltan, over the Bwlch, down Nant yr Aran, and over the Gader to Cwm Hafod Ruffydd, before the poor woman had time even to say Oh! When they reached there, she saw before her a magnificent mansion, splendidly lit up with such lamps as she had never seen before. They entered the court, and a crowd of servants in expensive liveries came to meet them, and she was at once led through the great hall into a bedchamber, the like of which she had never seen. There the mistress of the house, to whom she had been fetched, was awaiting her. The midwife got through her duties successfully, and stayed there until the lady had completely recovered, nor had she spent any part of her life so merrily, for there nought but festivity went on day and night: dancing, singing, and endless rejoicing reigned there. But merry as it was, she found that she must go, and the nobleman gave her a large purse, with the order not to open it until she had got into her own house. Then he bade one of his servants escort her the same way that she had come. When she reached home she opened the purse, and, to her great joy, it was full of money: she lived happily on those earnings to the end of her life.'

With this ending of the story one should contrast Dewi Glan Ffrydlas' tale to which I have already alluded; and I may here refer to Mr. Sikes' British Goblins, pp. 86-8, for a tale differing from both Dewi's and Jones', in that the fairies are there made to appear as devils to the nurse, who had accidentally used a certain ointment which she was not to place near her

own eyes. Instead of being rewarded for her services she was only too glad to be deposited anyhow near her home. ‘But,’ as the story goes on to relate, ‘very many years afterwards, being at a fair, she saw a man stealing something from a stall, and, with one corner of her eye, beheld her old master pushing the man’s elbow. Unthinkingly she said, “How are you, master? how are the children?” He said, “How did you see me?” She answered, “With the corner of my left eye.” From that moment she was blind of her left eye, and lived many years with only her right! Such is the end of this tale given by Mr. Sikes.

‘But the fair family did not,’ Mr. William Jones goes on to say, ‘always give mortals the means of good living: sometimes they made no little fun of them. Once on a time the Drws y Coed man was going home from Beddgelert Fair, rather merry than sad, along the old road over the Gader, when he saw, on coming near the top of the Gader, a fine, handsome house near the road, in which there was a rare merrymaking. He knew perfectly well that there was no such a building anywhere on his way, and it made him think that he had lost his way and gone astray; so he resolved to turn into the house to ask for lodgings, which were given him. At once, when he entered, he took it to be a nuptial feast (neithior) by reason of the jollity, the singing, and the dancing. The house was full of young men, young women, and children, all merry, and exerting themselves to the utmost. The company began to disappear one by one, and he asked if he might go to bed, whereupon he was led to a splendid chamber, where there was a bed of the softest down with snow-white clothes on it. He stripped at once, went into it, and slept quietly enough till the morning. The first thing to come to his mind when he lay half asleep, half awake, was the jollity of the night before, and the fact of his sleeping in a splendid chamber in the strange house. He opened his eyes to survey his bedroom, but it was too wide: he was sleeping on the bare swamp, with a clump of rushes as his pillow, and the blue sky as his coverlet.’

Mr. Jones mentions that, within his memory, there were still people in his neighbourhood who believed that the fairies stole unbaptized children and placed their own in their stead: he gives the following story about the farmer’s wife of Dyffryn Mymbyr, near Capel Curig, and her infant:--

Yr oedd y wraig hon wedi rhoddi genedigaeth i blentyn iach a heinif yn nechreu y cynheuaf ryw haf blin a thymhestlog: ac o herwydd fod y tyddyn

getyn o ffordd oddiwrth lan na chapel, a'r hin mor hynod o lawiog, esgeuluswyd bedyddio y plentyn yn yr amser arferol, sef cyn ei fod yn wyth niwrnod oed. Ryw diwrnod teg ynnghanol y cynheuaf blin aeth y wraig allan i'r maes gyda'r rhelyw o'r teulu i geisio achub y cynheuaf, a gadawodd y baban yn cysgu yn ei gryd o dan ofal ei nain, yr hon oedd hen a methiantus, ac yn analluog i fyned lawer o gwmpas. Syrthiodd yr hen wreigan i gysgu, a thra yr oedd hi felly, daeth y Tylwyth i fewn, a chymerasant y baban o'r cryd, a dodasant un arall yn ei le. Yn mhen ennyd dechreuodd hwn erain a chwyno nes deffro y nain, ac aeth at y cryd, lle y gwelodd gleiriach hen eiddil crebachlyd yn ymstwyrian yn flin. 'O'r wchw!' ebai hi, 'y mae yr hen Dylwyth wedi bod yma;' ac yn ddioed chwythodd yn y corn i alw y fam, yr hon a daeth yno yn ddiatreg; a than glywodd y crio yn y cryd, rhedodd, ato, a chododd y bychan i fynu heb sylwi arno, a hi a'i cofleidiodd, a'i suodd ac a'i swcrodd at ei bronnau, ond nid oedd dim yn tycio, parhau i nadu yn ddidor yr oedd nes bron a hollti ei chalon; ac ni wyddai ba beth i wneud i'w ddistewi. O'r diwedd hi a edrychodd arno, a gwelodd nad oedd yn debyg i'w mhebyn hi, ac aeth yn loes i'w chalon: edrychodd arno drachefn, ond po fwyaf yr edrychai arno, hyllaf yn y byd oedd hi yn ei weled; anfonodd am ei gwr o'r cae, a gyrrodd ef i ymholi am wr cyfarwydd yn rhywle er mwyn cael ei gynghor; ac ar ol hir holi dywedod, rhywun wrtho fod person Trawsfynydd yn gyfarwydd, yn nghyfrinion yr ysprydion; ac efe a aeth ato, ac archodd hwnnw iddo gymeryd rhaw a'i gorchwddio a halen, a thori llun croes yn yr halen; yna ei chymeryd i'r ystafell lle yr oedd mab y Tylwyth, ac ar ol agor y ffenestr, ei rhoddi ar y tan hyd nes y llosgai yr halen; a hwy a wnaethant felly, a phan aeth yr halen yn eiriasboeth fe aeth yr erthyl croes ymaith yn anweledig iddynt hwy, ac ar drothwy y drws hwy a gawsant y baban arall yn iach a dianaf.

'This woman had given birth to a healthy and vigorous child at the beginning of the harvest, one wretched and inclement summer. As the homestead was a considerable distance from church or chapel, and the weather so very rainy, it was neglected to baptize the child at the usual[37]time, that is to say, before it was eight days old. One fine day, in the middle of this wretched harvest, the mother went to the field with the rest of the family to try to save the harvest, and left her baby sleeping in its cradle in its grandmother's charge, who was so aged and decrepit as to. be unable to go much about. The old woman fell asleep, and, while she was in that

state, the *Tylwyth Teg* came in and took away the baby, placing another in its stead. Very shortly the latter began to whine and groan, so that the grandmother awoke: she went to the cradle, where she saw a slender, wizened old man moving restlessly and peevishly about. "Alas! alas!" said she, "the old *Tylwyth* have been here"; and she at once blew in the horn to call the mother home, who came without delay. As she heard the crying in the cradle, she ran towards it, and lifted the little one without looking at him; she hugged him, put him to her breast, and sang lullaby to him, but nothing was of any avail, as he continued, without stopping, to scream enough to break her heart; and she knew not what to do to calm him. At last she looked at him: she saw that he was not like her dear little boy, and her heart was pierced with agony. She looked at him again, and the more she examined him the uglier he seemed to her. She sent for her husband home from the field, and told him to search for a skilled man somewhere or other; and, after a long search, he was told by somebody that the parson of Trawsfynydd was skilled in the secrets of the spirits; so he went to him. The latter bade him take a shovel and cover it with salt, and make the figure of the cross in the salt; then to take it to the chamber where the fairy child was, and, after taking care to open the window, to place the shovel on the fire until the salt was burnt. This was done, and when the salt had got white hot, the peevish abortion went away, seen of no one, and they found the other baby whole and unscathed at the doorstep.' Fire was also made use of in Scotland in order to detect a changeling and force him to quit: see the British Association's *Report*, 1896, p. 650, where Mr. Gomme refers to Mr. Gregor's *Folklore of the North-east of Scotland*, pp. 8-9.

In answer to a question of mine with regard to gossamer, which is called in North Wales *edafedd gwawn*, *'gwawn* yarn,' Mr. Jones told me in a letter, dated April, 1881, that it used to be called *Rhaffau'r Tylwyth Teg*, that is to say, the Ropes of the Fair Family, which were associated with the diminutive, mischievous, and wanton kind of fairies who dwelt in marshy and rushy places, or among the fern and the heather. It used to be said that, if a man should lie down and fall asleep in any such a spot, the fairies would come and bind him with their ropes so that he could not move, and that they would then cover him with a sheet made of their ropes, which would make him invisible. This was illustrated by him by the following tale he had heard from his mother:--

Clywais fy mam yn adrodd chwedl am jab y Ffridd, yr hwn wrth ddychwelyd adref o ffair Beddgelert yn rhywle oddeutu Pen Cae'r Gors a welodd beth afrifed o'r Tylwyth Bach yn neidio a phrancio ar bennau y grug. Efe a eisteddodd i lawr i edrych arnynt, a daeth hun drosto; ymollyngodd i lawr a chysgodd yn drwm. A phan oedd felly, ymosododd yr holl lu arno a rhwymasant ef mor dyn felna allasai symud; yna hwy a'i cuddasant ef a'r tudded gwawn fel na allai neb ei weled os digwyddai iddo lefain am help. Yr oedd ei deulu yn ei ddisgwyl adref yn gynnar y nos honno, ac wrth ei weled yn oedi yn hwyr, aethant yn anesmwyth am dano ac aethpwyd i'w gyfarfod, eithr ni welent ddim oddiwrtho, ac aed gan belled a'r pentref, lle eu hyspyswyd ei fod wedi myned tuag adref yn gynnar gyda gwr Hafod Ruffydd. Felly aed tua'r Hafod i edrych a oedd yno; ond dywedodd gwr yr Hafod eu bod wedi ymwahanu ar Bont Glan y Gors, pawb tua'i fan ei hun. Yna chwiliwyd yn fanwl bob ochr i'r fford oddiyno i'r Ffridd heb weled dim oddiwrtho. Buwyd yn chwilio yr holl ardal drwy y dydd drannoeth ond yn ofer. Fodd bynnag oddeutu yr un amser nos drannoeth daeth y Tylwyth ac a'i rhyddhasant, ac yn fuan efe a ddeffrôdd wedi cysgu o hono drwy y nos a'r dydd blaenorol. Ar ol iddo ddeffro ni wyddai amcan daear yn mha le yr oedd, a chrwydro y bu hyd ochrau y Gader a'r Gors Fawr hyd nes y canodd y ceiliog, pryd yr adnabu yn mha le yr oedd, sef o fewn llai na chwarter milltir i'w gartref.

'I have heard my mother relating a tale about the son of the farmer of the Ffridd, who, while on his way home from Beddgelert Fair, saw, somewhere near Pen Cae'r Gors, an endless number of the diminutive family leaping and capering on the heather tops. He sat him down to look at them, and sleep came over him; he let himself down on the ground, and slept heavily. When he was so, the whole host attacked him, and they bound him so tightly that he could not have stirred; then they covered him with the gossamer sheet, so that nobody could see him in case he called for help. His people expected him home early that evening, and, as they found him delaying till late, they got uneasy about him. They went to meet him, but no trace of him was seen, and they went as far as the village, where they were informed that he had started home in good time with the farmer of Hafod Ruffydd. So they went to the Hafod to see if he was there; but the farmer told them that they had parted on Glan y Gors Bridge to go to their respective homes. A minute search was then made on both sides of the road from there to the Ffridd, but without finding any trace of him. They kept

searching the whole neighbourhood during the whole of the next day, but in vain. However, about the same time the following night the *Tylwyth* came and liberated him, and he shortly woke up, after sleeping through the previous night and day. When he woke he had no idea where on earth he was; so he wandered about on the slopes of the Gader and near the Gors Fawr until the cock crew, when he found where he was, namely, less than a quarter of a mile from his home.'

The late Mr. Owen, of Cefn Meusydd, has already been alluded to. I have not been able to get at much of the folklore with which he was familiar, but, in reply to some questions of mine, Mr. Robert Isaac Jones of Tremadoc, his biographer, and the publisher of the *Brython*, so long as it existed, has kindly ransacked his memory. He writes to me in Welsh to the following effect:--

'I will tell you what I heard from Mr. Owen and my mother when I was a lad, about fifty-seven years ago. The former used to say that the people of Pennant in Eifionydd had a nickname, to wit, that of Belsiaid y Pennant, "the Bellisians of the Pennant"; that, when he was a boy, if anybody called out Belsiaid y Pennant at the Penmorfa Fair, every man jack of them would come out, and fighting always ensued. The antiquary used to explain it thus. Some two or three hundred years ago, Sir Robert of the Nant, one of Sir Richard Bulkeley's ancestors, had a son and heir who was extravagant and wild. He married a gipsy, and they had children born to them; but, as the family regarded this marriage as a disgrace to their ancient stem, it is said that the father, the next time the vagabonds came round, gave a large sum of money to the father of the girl for taking her away with him. This having been done, the rumour was spread abroad that it was one of the fairies the youth had married, and that she had gone with him to catch a pony, when he threw the bridle at the beast to prevent it passing, and the iron of the bridle touched the wife; then that she at once disappeared, as the fairies always do so when touched with iron. However, the two children were put out to nurse, and the one of them, who was a girl, was brought up at Plas y Pennant, and her name was *Pelisha* [38]; her descendants remain to this day in the Nant, and are called Bellis, who are believed there, to this day, to be derived from the *Tylwyth Teg*. Nothing offends them more than to be reminded of this.'

Mr. R. I. Jones goes on to relate another tale as follows:--

Dywedir fod lle a elwir yr Hafod Rugog mewn cwm anial yn y mynydd lle y byddai y Tylwyth Teg yn arferol a mynychu; ac y byddent yn trwblio'r hen wraig am fenthyg rhywbeth neu gilydd. Dywedodd hithau, 'Cewch os caniatewch ddau u beth cyntaf- i'r peth cyntaf y cyffyrddaf ag ef wrth y drws dorri, ar peth cyntaf y rhof fy llaw arno yn y ty estyn hanner llath.' Yr oedd carreg afael, fel ei gelwir, yn y mur wrth y drws ar ei fford,' ac yr oedd ganddi ddefnydd syrcyn gwlanen yn rhy fyr o hanner llath. Ond yn anffodus wrth ddod a'i chawellad mawn i'r ty bu agos iddi a syrthio: rhoes ei llaw ar ben ei chlun i ymarbed a thorodd honno, a chan faint y boen cyffyrddod yny ty a'i thrwyn yr hwn a estynnodd hanner llath.

'It is said that there was a place called Hafod Rugog in a wild hollow among the mountains, where the fair family were in the habit of resorting, and that they used to trouble the old woman of Hafod for the loan of one thing and another. So she said, one day, "You shall have the loan if you will grant me two first things--that the first thing I touch at the door break, and that the first thing I put my hand on in the house be lengthened half a yard." There was a grip stone (carreg afael), as it is called, in the wall near the door, which was in her way, and she had in the house a piece of flannel for a jerkin which was half a yard too short. But, unfortunately, as she came, with her kreel full of turf on her back, to the house, she nearly fell down: she put her hand, in order to save herself, to her knee-joint, which then broke; and, owing to the pain, when she had got into the house, she touched her nose with her hand, when her nose grew half a yard longer.'

Mr. Jones went on to notice how the old folks used to believe that the fairies were wont to appear in the marshes near Cwellyn Lake, not far from Rhyd-Ddu, to sing and dance, and that it was considered dangerous to approach them on those occasions lest one should be fascinated. As to the above-mentioned flannel and stone a folklorist asks me, why the old woman did not definitely mention them and say exactly what she wanted. The question is worth asking: I cannot answer it, but I mention it in the hope that somebody else will.

II.

Early in the year 1899[39] I had a small group of stories communicated to me by the Rev. W. Evans Jones, rector of Dolbenmaen, who tells me that the neighbourhood of the Garn abounds in fairy tales. The scene of one of these is located near the source of Afon fach Blaen y Cae, a tributary of the

Dwyfach. ‘There a shepherd while looking after his flock came across a ring of rushes which he accidentally kicked, as the little people were coming out to dance. They detained him, and he married one of their number. He was told that he would live happily with them as long as he would not touch any instrument of iron. For years nothing happened to mar the peace and happiness of the family. One day, however, he unknowingly touched iron, with the consequence that both the wife and the children disappeared.’ This differs remarkably from stories such as have been already mentioned at pp. 32, 35; but until it is countenanced by stories from other sources, I can only treat it as a blurred version of a story of the more usual type, such as the next one which Mr. Evans Jones has sent me as follows:--

‘A son of the farmer of Blaen Pennant married a fairy and they lived together happily for years, until one day he took a bridle to catch a horse, which proved to be rather an obstreperous animal, and in trying to prevent the horse passing, he threw the bridle at him, which, however, missed the animal and hit the wife so that the bit touched her, and she at once disappeared. The tradition goes, that their descendants are to this day living in the Pennant Valley; and if there is any unpleasantness between them and their neighbours they are taunted with being of the *Tylwyth Teg* family.’ These are, I presume, the people nicknamed *Belsiaid*, to which reference has already been made.

The next story is about an old woman from Garn Dolbenmaen who was crossing y Graig Goch, ‘the Red Rock,’ ‘when suddenly she came across a fairy sitting down with a very large number of gold coins by her. The old woman ventured to remark how wealthy she was: the fairy replied, Wele dacw, “Lo there!” and immediately disappeared.’ This looks as if it ought to be a part of a longer story which Mr. Evans Jones has not heard.

The last bit of folklore which he has communicated is equally short, but of a rarer description: ‘A fairy was in the habit of attending a certain family in the Pennant Valley every evening to put the children to bed; and as the fairy was poorly clad, the mistress of the house gave her a gown, which was found in the morning torn into shreds.’ The displeasure of the fairy at being offered the gown is paralleled by that of the fenodyree or the Manx brownie, described in chapter iv. As for the kind of service here ascribed to the Pennant fairy, I know nothing exactly parallel.

III.

The next four stories are to be found in *Cymru Fu* at pp. 175-9, whence I have taken the liberty of translating them into English. They were contributed by Glasynys, whose name has already occurred so often in connexion with these Welsh legends, that the reader ought to know more about him; but I have been disappointed in my attempt to get a short account of his life to insert here. All I can say is, that I made his acquaintance in 1865 in Anglesey: at that time he had a curacy near Holyhead, and he was in the prime of life. He impressed me as an enthusiast for Welsh antiquities: he was born and bred, I believe, in the neighbourhood of Snowdon, and his death took place about ten years ago. It would be a convenience to the student of Welsh folklore to have a brief biography of Glasynys, but as yet nothing of the kind seems to have been written.

(1) 'When the people of the Gors Goch one evening had just gone to bed, they heard a great row and disturbance around the house. One could not comprehend at all what it was that made a noise at that time of night. Both the husband and the wife had waked up, quite unable to make out what it might be. The children also woke, but no one could utter a word: their tongues had all stuck to the roof of their mouths. The husband, however, at last managed to move, and to ask, "Who is there? What do you want?" Then he was answered from without by a small silvery voice, "It is room we want to dress our children." The door was opened: a dozen small beings came in, and began to search for an earthen pitcher with water; there they remained for some hours, washing and titivating themselves. As the day was breaking, they went away, leaving behind them a fine present for the kindness they had received. Often afterwards did the Gors Goch folks have the company of this family. But once there happened to be there a fine plump and pretty baby in his cradle. The fair family came, and, as the baby had not been baptized, they took the liberty of changing him for one of their own. They left behind in his stead an abominable creature that would do nothing but cry and scream every day of the week. The mother was nearly breaking her heart on account of the misfortune, and greatly afraid of telling anybody about it. But everybody got to see that there was something wrong at the Gors Goch, which was proved before long by the mother dying of longing for her child. The other children died broken-hearted after their

mother, and the husband was left alone with the little elf without any one to comfort them. But shortly after, one began to resort again to the hearth of the Gors Goch to dress children, and the gift, which had formerly been silver money, became henceforth pure gold. In the course of a few years the elf became the heir of a large farm in North Wales, and that is why the old people used to say, “Shoe the elf with gold and he will grow” (*Fe ddaw gwiddon yn fawr ond ei bedoli ag aur*). That is the legend of the Gors Goch.’

(2) ‘Once when William Ellis, of the Gilwern, was fishing on the bank of Cwm Silin Lake on a dark misty day, he had seen no living Christian from the time when he left Nantlle. But as he was in a happy mood, throwing his line, he beheld over against him in a clump of rushes a large crowd of people, or things in the shape of people about a foot in stature: they were engaged in leaping and dancing. He looked on for hours, and he never heard, as he said, such music in his life before. But William went too near them, when they threw a kind of dust into his eyes, and, while he was wiping it away, the little family took the opportunity of betaking themselves somewhere out of his sight, so that he neither saw nor heard anything more of them.’

(3) ‘There is a similar story respecting a place called Llyn y Ffynhonnau. There was no end of jollity there, of dancing, harping, and fiddling, with the servant man of Gelli Ffrydau and his two dogs in the midst of the crowd, leaping and capering as nimbly as anybody else. At it they were for three days and three nights, without stopping; and had it not been for a skilled man, who lived not far off, and came to know how things were going on, the poor fellow would, without doubt, have danced himself to death. But he was rescued that time!

(4) The fourth story is one, of which he says, that he heard it from his mother; but he has elaborated it in his usual fashion, and the proper names are undoubtedly his own:--’Once on a time, a shepherd boy had gone up the mountain. That day, like many a day before and after, was exceedingly misty. Now, though he was well acquainted with the place, he lost his way, and walked backwards and forwards for many a long hour. At last he got into a low rushy spot, where he saw before him many circular rings. He at once recalled the place, and began to fear the worst. He had heard, many hundreds of times, of the bitter experiences, in those rings, of many a

shepherd who had happened to chance on the dancing place or the circles of the fair family. He hastened away as fast as ever he could, lest he should be ruined like the rest; but, though he exerted himself to the point of perspiring and losing his breath, there he was, and there he continued to be, a long time. At last he was met by an old fat little man, with merry blue eyes, who asked him what he was doing. He answered that he was trying to find his way home. “Oh,” said he, “come after me, and do not utter a word until I bid thee.” This he did, following him on and on until they came to an oval stone; and the old fat little man lifted it, after tapping the middle of it three times with his walking-stick. There was there a narrow path with stairs visible here and there; and a sort of whitish light, inclining to grey and blue, was to be seen radiating from the stones. “Follow me fearlessly,” said the fat man; “no harm will be done thee.” So on the poor youth went, as reluctantly as a dog to be hanged. But presently a fine, wooded, fertile country spread itself out before them, with well arranged mansions dotting it all over, while every kind of apparent magnificence met the eye and seemed to smile in the landscape; the bright waters of the rivers meandered in twisted streams, and the hills were covered with the luxuriant verdure of their grassy growth, and the mountains with a glossy fleece of smooth pasture. By the time they had reached the stout gentleman’s mansion, the young man’s senses had been bewildered by the sweet cadence of the music which the birds poured forth from the groves: then there was gold dazzling his eyes, and silver flashing on his sight. He saw there all kinds of musical instruments and all sorts of things for playing; but he could discern no inhabitant in the whole place; and, when he sat down to-eat, the dishes on the table came to their places of themselves, and disappeared when one had done with them. This puzzled him beyond measure; moreover, he heard people talking together around him, but for the life of him he could see no one but his old friend. At length the fat man said to him: “Thou canst now talk as much as it may please thee;” but, when he attempted to move his tongue, it would no more stir than if it had been a lump of ice, which greatly frightened him. At this point, a fine old lady, with health and benevolence beaming in her face, came to them and slightly smiled at the shepherd: the mother was followed by her three daughters, who were remarkably beautiful. They gazed with somewhat playful looks at him, and at length began to talk to him; but his tongue would not wag. Then one of the girls came to him, and, playing with his yellow and curly locks, gave

him a smart kiss on his ruddy lips. This loosened the string that bound his tongue, and he began to talk freely and eloquently. There he was, under the charm of that kiss, in the bliss of happiness; and there he remained a year and a day without knowing that he had passed more than a day among them; for he had got into a country where there was no reckoning of time. But by-and-by he began to feel somewhat of a longing to visit his old home, and asked the stout man if he might go. “Stay a little yet,” said he, “and thou shalt go for awhile.” That passed: he stayed on, but Olwen, for that was the name of the damsel that had kissed him, was very unwilling that he should depart. She looked sad every time he talked of going away; nor was he himself without feeling a sort of a cold thrill passing through him at the thought of leaving her. On condition, however, of returning, he obtained leave to go, provided with plenty of gold and silver, of trinkets and gems. When he reached home, nobody knew who he was: it had been the belief that he had been killed by another shepherd, who found it necessary to betake himself hastily far away to America, lest he should be hanged without delay. But here is Einion Las at home, and everybody wonders especially to see that the shepherd had got to look like a wealthy man: his manners, his dress, his language, and the treasure he had with him, all conspired to give him the air of a gentleman. He went back one Thursday night, the first of the moon of that month, as suddenly as he had left the first time, and nobody knew whither. There was great joy in the country below when Einion returned thither, and nobody was more rejoiced at it than Olwen his beloved. The two were right impatient to get married; but it was necessary to do that quietly, for the family below hated nothing more than fuss and noise; so, in a sort of a half-secret fashion, they were wedded. Einion was very desirous to go once more among his own people, accompanied, to be sure, by his wife. After he had been long entreating the old man for leave, they set out on two white ponies, that were, in fact, more like snow than anything else in point of colour. So he arrived with his consort in his old home, and it was the opinion of all that Einion’s wife was the handsomest person they had anywhere seen. Whilst at home, a son was born to them, to whom they gave the name of Taliessin. Einion was now in the enjoyment of high repute, and his wife received due respect. Their wealth was immense, and soon they acquired a large estate; but it was not long till people began to inquire after the pedigree of Einion’s wife: the country was of opinion that it was not the right thing to be without a

pedigree. Einion was questioned about it, but without giving any satisfactory answer, and one came to the conclusion that she was one of the fair family (Tylwyth Teg). “Certainly,” replied Einion, “there can be no doubt that she comes from a very fair family; for she has two sisters who are as fair as she, and, if you saw them together, you would admit that name to be a most fitting one.” This, then, is the reason why the remarkable family in the Land of Enchantment and Glamour (*Hud a Lledrith*) is called the fair family.’

The two next tales of Glasynys’ appear in *Cymru Fu*, at pp. 478-9; the first of them is to be compared with one already related (pp. 99, 100), while the other is unlike anything that I can now recall:--

(5) ‘Cwmllan was the principal resort of the fair family, and the shepherds of Hafod Llan used to see them daily in the ages of faith gone by. Once, on a misty afternoon, one of them had been searching for sheep towards Nant y Bettws. When he had crossed Bwlch Cwmllan, and was hastening laboriously down, he saw an endless number of little folks singing and dancing in a lively and light-footed fashion, while the handsomest girls he had ever seen anywhere were at it preparing a banquet. He went to them and had a share of their dainties, and it seemed to him that he had never in his life tasted anything approaching their dishes. When the twilight came, they spread their tents, and the man never before saw such beauty and ingenuity. They gave him a soft bed of yielding down, with sheets of the finest linen, and he went to rest as proud as if he had been a prince. But, alas! next morning, after all the jollity and sham splendour, the poor man, when he opened his eyes, found that his bed was but a bush of bulrushes, and his pillow a clump of moss. Nevertheless, he found silver money in his shoes, and afterwards he continued for a long time to find, every week, a piece of coined money between two stones near the spot where he had slept. One day, however, he told a friend of his the secret respecting the money, and he never found any more.’

(6) ‘Another of these shepherds was one day urging his dog at the sheep in Cwmllan, when he heard a kind of low noise in the cleft of a rock. He turned to look, when he found there some kind of a creature weeping plenteously. He approached, and drew out a wee lass; very shortly afterwards two middle-aged men came to him to thank him for his kindness, and, when about to part, one of them gave him a walking-stick, as a

souvenir of his good deed. The year after this, every sheep in his possession had two ewe-lambs; and so his sheep continued to breed for some years. But he had stayed one evening in the village until it was rather late, and there hardly ever was a more tempestuous night than that: the wind howled, and the clouds shed their contents in sheets of rain, while the darkness was such that next to nothing could be seen. As he was crossing the river that comes down from Cwmllan, where its flood was sweeping all before it in a terrible current, he somehow let go the walking-stick from his hand; and when one went next morning up the Cwm, it was found that nearly all the sheep had been swept away by the flood, and that the farmer's wealth had gone almost as it came with the walking-stick.'

The shorter versions given by Glasynys are probably more nearly given as he heard them, than the longer ones, which may be suspected of having been a good deal spun out by him; but there is probably very little in any of them of his own invention, though the question whence he got his materials in each instance may be difficult to answer. In one this is quite clear, though he does not state it, namely the story of the sojourn of Elfod the Shepherd in Fairyland, as given in *Cymru Fu*, p. 477: it is no other than a second or third-hand reproduction of that recorded by Giraldus concerning a certain Eliodorus, a twelfth-century cleric in the diocese of St. David's[40]. But the longest tale published by Glasynys is the one about a mermaid: see *Cymru Fu*, pp. 434-44. Where he got this from I have not been able to find out, but it has probably been pieced together from various sources. I feel sure that some of the materials at least were Welsh, besides the characters known to Welsh mythology as Nefydd Naf Neifion, Gwyn ab Nudd, Gwydion ab Dôn, Dylan, and Ceridwen, who have been recklessly introduced into it. He locates it, apparently, somewhere on the coast of Carnarvonshire, the chief scene being called *Ogof Deio* or David's Cave, which so far as I know is not an actual name, but one suggested by 'David Jones' locker' as sailors' slang for the sea. In hopes that somebody will communicate to me any bits of this tale that happen to be still current on the Welsh coast, I give an abstract of it here:--

'Once upon a time, a poor fisherman made the acquaintance of a mermaid in a cave on the sea-coast; at first she screeched wildly, but, when she got a little calmer, she told him to go off out of the way of her brother, and to return betimes the day after. In getting away, he was tossed into the sea, and

tossed out on the land with a rope, which had got wound about his waist; and on pulling at this he got ashore a coffer full of treasure, which he spent the night in carrying home. He was somewhat late in revisiting the cave the next day, and saw no mermaid come there to meet him according to her promise. But the following night he was roused out of his sleep by a visit from her at his home, when she told him to come in time next day. On his way thither, he learnt from some fishermen that they had been labouring in vain during the night, as a great big mermaid had opened their nets in order to pick the best fish, while she let the rest escape. When he reached the cave he found the mermaid there combing her hair: she surprised him by telling him that she had come to live among the inhabitants of the land, though she was, according to her own account, a king's daughter. She was no longer stark naked, but dressed like a lady: in one hand she held a diadem of pure gold, and in the other a cap of wonderful workmanship, the former of which she placed on her head, while she handed the latter to Ifan Morgan, with the order that he should keep it. Then she related to him how she had noticed him when he was a ruddy boy, out fishing in his father's white boat, and heard him sing a song which made her love him, and how she had tried to repeat this song at her father's court, where everybody wanted to get it. Many a time, she said, she had been anxiously listening if she might hear it again, but all in vain. So she had obtained permission from her family to come with her treasures and see if he would not teach it her; but she soon saw that she would not succeed without appearing in the form in which she now was. After saying that her name was Nefyn, daughter of Nefydd Naf Neifion, and niece to Gwyn son of Nudd, and Gwydion son of Dôn, she calmed his feelings on the subject of the humble cottage in which he lived. Presently he asked her to be his wife, and she consented on the condition that he should always keep the cap she had given him out of her sight and teach her the song. They were married and lived happily together, and had children born them five times, a son and a daughter each time; they frequently went to the cave, and no one knew what treasures they had there; but once on a time they went out in a boat pleasuring, as was their wont, with six or seven of the children accompanying them, and when they were far from the land a great storm arose; besides the usual accompaniments of a storm at sea, most unearthly screeches and noises were heard, which frightened the children and made their mother look uncomfortable; but presently she bent her head over the side of the boat, and whispered

something they did not catch: to their surprise the sea was instantly calm. They got home comfortably, but the elder children were puzzled greatly by their mother's influence over the sea, and it was not long after this till they so teased some ill-natured old women, that the latter told them all about the uncanny origin of their mother. The eldest boy was vexed at this, and remembered how his mother had spoken to somebody near the boat at sea, and that he was never allowed to go with his parents to Ogof Deio. He recalled, also, his mother's account of the strange countries she had seen. Once there came also to Han Morgan's home, which was now a mansion, a visitor whom the children were not even allowed to see; and one night, when the young moon had sunk behind the western horizon, Han and his wife went quietly out of the house, telling a servant that they would not return for three weeks or a month: this was overheard by the eldest son. So he followed them very quietly until he saw them on the strand, where he beheld his mother casting a sort of leather mantle round herself and his father, and both of them threw themselves into the hollow of a billow that came to fetch them. The son went home, broke his heart, and died in nine days at finding out that his mother was a mermaid; and, on seeing her brother dead, his twin sister went and threw herself into the sea; but, instead of being drowned, she was taken up on his steed by a fine looking knight, who then galloped away over the waves as if they had been dry and level land. The servants were in doubt what to do, now that Nefydd Morgan was dead and Eilonwy had thrown herself into the sea; but Tegid, the second son, who feared nothing, said that Nefydd's body should be taken to the strand, as somebody was likely to come to fetch it for burial among his mother's family. At midnight a knight arrived, who said the funeral was to be at three that morning, and told them that their brother would come back to them, as Gwydion ab Dôn was going to give him a heart that no weight could break, that Eilonwy was soon to be wedded to one of the finest and bravest of the knights of Gwerddonau Llion, and that their parents were with Gwyn ab Nudd in the Gwaelodion. The body was accordingly taken to the beach, and, as soon as the wave touched it, out of his coffin leaped Nefydd like a porpoise. He was seen then to walk away arm in arm with Gwydion ab Dôn to a ship that was in waiting, and most enchanting music was heard by those on shore; but soon the ship sailed away, hardly touching the tops of the billows. After a year and a day had elapsed Han Morgan, the father, came home, looking much better and more gentlemanly than he had

ever done before; he had never spoken of Nefyn, his wife, until Tegid one day asked him what about his mother; she had gone, he said, in search of Eilonwy, who had run away from her husband in Gwerddonau Llion, with Glanfryd ab Gloywfraint. She would be back soon, he thought, and describe to them all the wonders they had seen. Ifan Morgan went to bed that night, and was found dead in it in the morning; it was thought that his death had been caused by a Black Knight, who had been seen haunting the place at midnight for some time, and always disappearing, when pursued, into a well that bubbled forth in a dark recess near at hand. The day of Han Morgan's funeral, Nefyn, his wife, returned, and bewailed him with many tears; she was never more seen on the dry land. Tegid had now the charge of the family, and he conducted himself in all things as behoved a man and a gentleman of high principles and great generosity. He was very wealthy, but often grieved by the thought of his father's murder. One day, when he and two of his brothers were out in a boat fishing in the neighbouring bay, they were driven by the wind to the most wonderful spot they had ever seen. The sea there was as smooth as glass, and as bright as the clearest light, while beneath it, and not far from them, they saw a most splendid country with fertile fields and dales covered with pastures, with flowery hedges, groves clad in their green foliage, and forests gently waving their leafy luxuriance, with rivers lazily contemplating their own tortuous courses, and with mansions here and there of the most beautiful and ingenious description; and presently they saw that the inhabitants amused themselves with all kinds of merriment and frolicking, and that here and there they had music and engaged themselves in the most energetic dancing; in fact, the rippling waves seemed to have absorbed their fill of the music, so that the faint echo of it, as gently given forth by the waves, never ceased to charm their ears until they reached the shore. That night the three brothers had the same dream, namely that the Black Knight who had throttled their father was in hiding in a cave on the coast: so they made for the cave in the morning, but the Black Knight fled from them and galloped off on the waves as if he had been riding for amusement over a meadow. That day their sisters, on returning home from school, had to cross a piece of sea, when a tempest arose and sunk the vessel, drowning all on board, and the brothers ascribed this to the Black Knight. About this time there was great consternation among the fishermen on account of a sea-serpent that twined itself about the rocks near the caves, and nothing would do but that Tegid and his brothers

should go forth to kill it; but when one day they came near the spot frequented by it, they heard a deep voice saying to them, “Do not kill your sister,” so they wondered greatly and suddenly went home. But that night Tegid returned there alone, and called his sister by her name, and after waiting a long while she crept towards him in the shape of a sea-serpent, and said that she must remain some time in that form on account of her having run away with one who was not her husband; she went on to say that she had seen their sisters walking with their mother, and their father would soon be in the cave. But all of a sudden there came the Black Knight, who unsheathed a sword that looked like a flame of fire, and began to cut the sea-serpent into a thousand bits, which united, however, as fast as he cut it, and became as whole as before. The end was that the monster twisted itself in a coil round his throat and bit him terribly in his breast. At this point a White Knight comes and runs him through with his spear, so that he fell instantly, while the White Knight went off hurriedly with the sea-serpent in a coil round his neck. Tegid ran away for his life, but not before a monster more terrible than anything he had ever seen had begun to attack him. It haunted him in all kinds of ways: sometimes it would be like a sea, but Tegid was able to swim: sometimes it would be a mountain of ice, but Tegid was able to climb it: and sometimes it was like a furnace of intense fire, but the heat had no effect on him. But it appeared mostly as a combination of the beast of prey and the venomous reptile. Suddenly, however, a young man appeared, taking hold of Tegid’s arm and encouraging him, when the monster fled away screeching, and a host of knights in splendid array and on proudly prancing horses came to him: among them he found his brothers, and he went with them to his mother’s country. He was especially welcome there, and he found all happy and present save his father only, whom he thought of fetching from the world above, having in fact got leave to do so from his grandfather. His mother and his brothers went with him to search for his father’s body, and with him came Gwydion ab Dôn and Gwyn ab Nudd, but he would not be wakened. So Tegid, who loved his father greatly, asked leave to remain on his father’s grave, where he remains to this day. His mother is wont to come there to soothe him, and his brothers send him gifts, while he sends his gifts to Nefyd Naf Neifion, his grandfather; it is also said that his twin-sister, Ceridwen, has long since come to live near him, to make the glad gladder and the pretty prettier, and to maintain her dignity and honour in peace and tranquillity.’

The latter part of this tale, the mention of Ceridwen, invoked by the bards as the genius presiding over their profession, and of Tegid remaining on his father's grave, is evidently a reference to *Llyn Tegid*, or Bala Lake, and to the legend of Taliessin in the so-called *Hanes* or history of Taliessin, published at the end of the third volume of Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*. So the story has undoubtedly been pieced together, but not all invented, as is proved by the reference to the curious cap which the husband was to keep out of the sight of his mermaid wife. In Irish legends this cap has particular importance attached to it, of which Glasynys cannot have been aware, for he knew of no use to make of it. The teaching of the song to the wife is not mentioned after the marriage; and the introduction of it at all is remarkable: at any rate I have never noticed anything parallel to it in other tales. The incident of the tempest, when the mermaid spoke to somebody by the side of the boat, reminds one of Undine during the trip on the Danube. It is, perhaps, useless to go into details till one has ascertained how much of the story has been based on genuine Welsh folklore. But, while I am on this point, I venture to append here an Irish tale, which will serve to explain the meaning of the mermaid's cap, as necessary to her comfort in the water world. I am indebted for it to the kindness of Dr. Norman Moore, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who tells me, in a letter dated March 7, 1882, that he and the Miss Raynells of Killynon heard it from an old woman named Mrs. Dolan, who lived on the property of the late Mr. Cooke of Cookesborough, in Westmeath. The following was her tale:--'There was a man named Mahon had a farm on the edge of Loch Owel. He noticed that his corn was trampled, and he sat up all night to watch it. He saw horses, colts and fillies rather, come up out of the lake and trample it. He chased them, and they fled into the lake. The next night he saw them again, and among them a beautiful girl with a cap of salmon skin on her head, and it shone in the moonlight; and he caught her and embraced her, and carried her off to his house and married her, and she was a very good housewife, as all those lake people are, and kept his house beautifully; and one day in the harvest, when the men were in the fields, she went into the house, and there she looked on the hurdle for some lard to make colcannon[41] for the men, and she saw her old cap of fish skin, and she put it on her head and ran straight down into the lake and was never seen any more, and Mahon he was terribly grieved, and he died soon after of a

decline. She had had three children, and I often saw them in the Mullingar market. They were farmers, too, on Loch Owel.'

IV.

Let me now return to the fresh-water fairies of Snowdon and give a reference to Pennant's *Tours in Wales*: in the edition published at Carnarvon in 1883 we are told, ii. 326, how Mr. Pennant learned 'that, in fairy days, those diminutive gentry kept their revels' on the margins of the Snowdon lake, called Llyn Coch. There is no legend now extant, so far as I can ascertain, about the Llyn Coch fairies. So I proceed to append a legend differing considerably from all the foregoing: I owe it to the kindness of my friend Mr. Howell Thomas, of the Local Government Board. It was written out by Mr. G. B. Gattie ' and I take the liberty of prefixing to it his letter to Mr. Thomas, dated Walham Grove, London, S.W., April 27, T1882. The letter runs as follows:--

'I had quite forgotten the enclosed, which I had jotted down during my recent illness, and ought to have sent you long ago. Of course, the wording is very rough, as no care has been taken on that point. It is interesting, as being another version of a very pretty old legend which my mother used to repeat. She was descended from a very old north Welsh family; indeed, I believe my esteemed grandfather went so far as to trace his descent from the great patriot, Owen Glendower himself! My mother delighted not only in the ancient folklore legends and fairy tales of the Principality, with which she was perfectly familiar, but especially in the lovely national melodies, all of which she knew by heart; and, being highly accomplished, would never tire of playing or singing them. You will see the legend is, in the main, much as related by Professor Rhys, though differing somewhat in the singular terms of the marriage contract. The scene of the legend, as related by my late mother, was, of course, a lake, the Welsh name of which I have, unfortunately, forgotten, but it was somewhere, I think, near Llanberis, and the hero a stalwart young farmer.'

The legend itself reads as follows:--

'One hot day, the farmer, riding by the lake, took his horse into the water to drink, and, whilst looking straight down over his horse's ears into the smooth surface, he became aware of a most lovely face, just beneath the tide, looking up archly at him. Quite bewildered, he earnestly beckoned,

and by degrees the head and shoulders which belonged to the face emerged from the water. Overcome with emotion, and nearly maddened by the blaze of beauty so suddenly put before him, he leaped from his horse and rushed wildly into the lake to try to clasp the lovely vision to his heart. As this was a clear case of "love at first sight," the poor young man was not, of course, answerable for his actions. But the vision had vanished beneath the waves, to instantly reappear, however, a yard or two off, with the most provoking of smiles, and holding out her beautiful white hands towards her admirer, but slipping off into deep water the moment he approached.

'For many days the young farmer frequented the lake, but without again seeing the beautiful Naiad, until one day he sat down by the margin hoping that she would appear, and yet dreading her appearance, for this latter to him simply meant loss of all peace. Yet he rushed on his fate, like the love-sick shepherd in the old Italian romance, who watched the sleeping beauty, yet dreaded her awakening:--*Io perderò la pace, quando si sveglierà*!

'The young man had brought the remains of his frugal dinner with him, and was quietly munching, by way of dessert, an apple of rare and delicious quality, from a tree which grew upon a neighbouring estate. Suddenly the lady appeared in all her rare beauty almost close to him, and begged him to "throw" her one of his apples. This was altogether too much, and he replied by holding out the tempting morsel, exhibiting its beautiful red and green sides, saying that, if she really wanted it, she must fetch it herself. Upon this she came up quite close, and, as she took the apple from his left hand, he dexterously seized tight hold of her with his right, and held her fast. She, however, nothing daunted, bawled lustily, at the top of her voice, for help, and made such an outrageous noise, that at length a most respectable looking old gentleman appeared suddenly out of the midst of the lake. He had a superb white beard, and was simply and classically attired merely in a single wreath of beautiful water-lilies wound round his loins, which was possibly his summer costume, the weather being hot. He politely requested to know what was the matter, and what the young farmer wanted with his daughter. The case was thereupon explained, but not without the usual amount of nervous trepidation which usually happens to love-sick swains when called into the awful presence of "Papa" to "explain their intentions!"

'After a long parley the lady, at length, agreed to become the young man's wife on two conditions, which he was to solemnly promise to keep. These

conditions were that he was never to strike her with *steel* or *clay* (earth), conditions to which the young man very readily assented. As these were primitive days, when people were happy and honest, there were no lawyers to encumber the Holy Estate with lengthy settlements, and to fill their own pockets with heavy fees; matters were therefore soon settled, and the lady married to the young farmer on the spot by the very respectable old lake deity, her papa.

‘The story goes on to say that the union was followed by two sons and two daughters. The eldest son became a great physician, and all his descendants after him were celebrated for their great proficiency in the noble healing art. The second son was a mighty craftsman in all works appertaining to the manufacture and use of iron and metals. Indeed it has been hinted that, his little corracle of bull’s hide having become old and unsafe, he conceived the brilliant idea of making one of thin iron. This he actually accomplished, and, to the intense amazement of the wondering populace, he constantly used it for fishing, or other purposes, on the lake, where he paddled about in perfect security. This important fact ought to be more generally known, as it gives him a fair claim to the introduction of iron ship-building, *pace* the shades of Beaufort and Brunel.

‘Of the two daughters, one is said to have invented the small ten-stringed harp, and the other the spinning-wheel. Thus were introduced the arts of medicine, manufactures, music, and woollen work.

‘As the old ballad says, applying the quotation to the father and mother:--

They lived for more than forty year
Right long and happillie!

‘One day it happened that the wife expressed a great wish for some of those same delicious apples of which she was so fond, and of which their neighbour often sent them a supply. Off went the farmer, like a good husband that he was, and brought back, not only some apples, but a beautiful young sapling, seven or eight feet high, bearing the same apple, as a present from their friend. This they at once proceeded to set, he digging and she holding; but the hole not being quite deep enough, he again set to work, with increased energy, with his spade, and stooping very low threw out the last shovelful over his shoulder--alas! without looking--full into the breast of his wife. She dropped the sapling and solemnly warned him that

one of the two conditions of their marriage contract had been broken. Accident was pleaded, but in vain; there was the unfortunate fact--*he had struck her with clay*! Looking upon the sapling as the cause of this great trouble he determined to return it forthwith to his kind neighbour. Taking a bridle in his hand he proceeded to the field to catch his horse, his wife kindly helping him. They both ran up, one on each side, and, as the unruly steed showed no signs of stopping, the husband attempted to throw the bridle over his head. Not having visited Mexico in his travels, and thereby learned the use of the lasso, he missed his horse's head and--misfortune of misfortunes--struck his wife in the face with the iron bit, thus breaking the second condition. *He had struck her with steel*. She no sooner received the blow than--like Esau--she "cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry," and bidding her husband a last farewell, fled down the hill with lightning speed, dashed into the lake, and disappeared beneath the smooth and glassy waters! Thus, it may be said that, if an apple--indirectly--occasioned the beginning of her married life, so an apple brought about its sad termination.'

Such is Mr. Gattie's tale, and to him probably is to be traced its literary trimming; but even when it is stripped of that accessory, it leaves us with difficulties of somewhat the same order as those attaching to some of the stories which have passed through the hands of Glasynys. However, the substance of it seems to be genuine, and to prove that there has been a Northwalian tradition which traced the medical art to a lake lady like the Egeria of the Physicians of Myddfai.

V.

Allusion has already been made to the *afanc* story, and it is convenient to give it before proceeding any further. The *Cambrian Journal* for 1859, pp. 142-6, gives it in a letter of Edward Llwyd's dated 1693, and contributed to that periodical by the late Canon Robert Williams, of Rhyd y Croesau, who copied it from the original letter in his possession[42], and here follows a translation into English of the part of it which concerns Llyn yr Afanc[43], a pool on the river Conwy, above Bettws y Coed and opposite Capel Garmon:--

'I suppose it very probable that you have heard speak of Llyn yr Afanc, "the Afanc's Pool," and that I therefore need not trouble to inform you where it

stands. I think, also, that you know, if one may trust what the country people say, that it was a girl that enticed the afanc to come out of his abode, namely the pool, so as to be bound with iron chains, whilst he slumbered with his head on her knees, and with the grip of one hand on her breast. When he woke from his nap and perceived what had been done to him, he got up suddenly and hurried to his old refuge, taking with him in his claw the breast of his sweetheart. It was then seen that it was well the chain was long enough to be fastened to oxen that pulled him out of the pool. Thereupon a considerable dispute arose among some of the people, each asserting that he had taken a great weight on himself and pulled far harder than anybody else. "No," said another, "it was I," &c. And whilst they were wrangling in this way, the report goes that the afanc answered them, and silenced their discontent by saying--

Oni bae y dai ag a dyn
Ni ddaetha'r afanc byth o'r llyn.

Had it not been for the oxen pulling,
The afanc had never left the pool.

'You must understand that some take the afanc to be a corporeal demon; but I am sufficiently satisfied that there is an animal of the same name, which is called in English a *bever*, seeing that the term *ceillie'r afanc* signifies *bever stones*. I know not what kind of oxen those in question were, but it is related that they were twins; nor do I know why they were called *Ychain Mannog* or *Ychain Bannog*. But peradventure they were called *Ychain Bannog* in reference to their having had many a fattening, or fattening on fattening (having been for many a year fattened). Yet the word bannog is not a good, suitable word to signify fattened, as *bannog* is nought else than what has been made exceeding thick by beating [or fulling], as one says of a thick blanket made of coarse yarn (*y gwrthban tew-bannog*), the thick *bannog* [44] blanket. Whilst I was dawdling behind talking about this, the oxen had proceeded very far, and I did not find their footmarks as they came through portions of the parish of Dolydd-Elan (Lueddog) until I reached a pass called ever since *Bwlch Rhiw'r Ychen*, "the Pass of the Slope of the Oxen," between the upper parts of Dolyddelan and the upper part of Nanhwynen. In coming over this pass one of the oxen dropped one of its eyes on an open spot, which for that reason is called *Gwaun Lygad Ych*, "the Moor of the Ox's Eye." The place where the eye fell has become a

pool, which is by this time known as Pwll Llygad Ych, "the Pool of the Ox's Eye," which is at no time dry, though no water rises in it or flows into it except when rain falls; nor is there any flowing out of it during dry weather. It is always of the same depth; that is, it reaches about one's knee-joint, according to those who have paid attention to that for a considerable number of years. There is a harp melody, which not all musicians know: it is known as the *Ychain Mannog* air, and it has a piteous effect on the ear, being as plaintive as were the groanings of these *Ychain* under the weight of the afanc, especially when one of the pair lost an eye. They pulled him up to Llyn Cwm Ffynnon Las, "the Lake of the Dingle of the Green Well," to which he was consigned, for the reason, peradventure, that some believed that there were in that lake uncanny things already in store. In fact, it was but fitting that he should be permitted to go to his kind. But whether there were uncanny things in it before or not, many think that there is nothing good in it now, as you will understand from what follows. There is much talk of Llyn Cwm Ffynnon Las besides the fact that it is always free from ice, except in one corner where the peat water of clear pools comes into it, and that it has also a variety of dismal hues. The cause of this is, as I suppose, to be sought in the various hues of the rocks surrounding it; and the fact that a whirlwind makes its water mixed, which is enough to give any lake a disagreeable colour. Nothing swims on it without danger, and I am not sure that it would be very safe for a bird to fly across it or not. Throw a rag into its water and it will go to the bottom, and I have with my own ears heard a man saying that he saw a goat taking to this lake in order to avoid being caught, and that as soon as the animal went into the water, it turned round and round, as if it had been a top, until it was drowned. . . . Some mention that, as some great man was hunting in the Snowdon district (Eryri), a stag, to avoid the hounds when they were pressing on him, and as is the habit of stags to defend themselves, made his escape into this lake: the hunters had hardly time to turn round before they saw the stag's antlers (*mwnglws*) coming to the surface, but nothing more have they ever seen. . . . A young woman has been seen to come out of this lake to wash clothes, and when she had done she folded the clothes, and taking them under her arm went back into the lake. One man, whose brother is still alive and well, beheld in a canoe, on this same lake still, an angler with a red cap on his head; but the man died within a few days, having not been in his right mind during that time. Most people regard this as the real truth, and, as for

myself, I cannot refuse to believe that such a vision might not cause a man to become so bewildered as to force on a disease ending with his death. . . .'

The name Llyn Cwm Ffynnon Las would have led one to suppose that the pool meant is the one given in the ordnance maps as Llyn y Cwm Ffynnon, which I presume to be gibberish for Llyn Cwm y Ffynnon, and situated in the mountains between Pen y Gwryd and the upper valley of Llanberis; but from the writer on the parish of Beddgelert in the *Brython* for 1861, pp. 371-2, it appears that this is not so, and that the tarn meant was in the upper reach of Cwm Dyli, and was known as Llyn y Ffynnon Las, 'Lake of the Green Well,' about which he has a good deal to say in the same strain as that of Llwyd in the letter already cited. Among other things he remarks that it is a very deep tam, and that its bottom has been ascertained to be lower than the surface of Llyn Llydaw, which lies 300 feet lower. And as to the afanc, he remarks that the inhabitants of Nant Conwy and the lower portions of the parish of Dolwyddelan, having frequent troubles and losses inflicted on them by a huge monster in the river Conwy, near Bettws y Coed, tried to kill it but in vain, as no harpoon, no arrow or spear made any impression whatsoever on the brute's hide; so it was resolved to drag it away as in the Llwyd story. I learn from Mr. Pierce (Elis o'r Nant), of Dolwyddelan, that the lake is variously known as Llyn (Cwm) Ffynnon Las, and Llyn Glas or Glaslyn: this last is the form which I find in the maps. It is to be noticed that the Nant Conwy people, by dragging the afanc there, got him beyond their own watershed, so that he could no more cause floods in the Conwy.

Here, as promised at p. 74, I append Lewis Glyn Cothi's words as to the afanc in Llyn Syfaddon. The bard is dilating in the poem, where they occur, on his affection for his friend Llywelyn ab Gwilym ab Thomas Vaughan, of Bryn. Hafod in the Vale of Towy, and averring that it would be as hard to induce him to quit his friend's hospitable home, as it was to get the afanc away from the Lake of Syfaddon, as follows:--

Yr avanc er ei ovyn
Wyv yn llech ar vin y llyn;
O dòn Llyn Syfaddon vo

Ni thynwyd ban aeth yno:
Ni'm ty`n mèn nag ychain gwaith,
Oddiyma heddyw ymaith [45].

The afanc am I, who, sought for, bides
In hiding on the edge of the lake;
Out of the waters of Syfaddon Mere
Was be not drawn, once he got there.
So with me: nor wain nor oxen wont to toil
Me to-day will draw from here forth.

From this passage it would seem that the Syfaddon story contemplated the afanc being taken away from the lake in a cart or waggon drawn by oxen; but whether driven by Hu, or by whom, one is not told. However, the story must have represented the undertaking as a failure, and the afanc as remaining in his lake: had it been otherwise it would be hard to see the point of the comparison.

VI.

The parish of Llanfachreth and its traditions have been the subject of some contributions to the first volume of the *Taliesin* published at Ruthin in 1859-60, pp. 132-7, by a writer who calls himself *Cofiadur*. It was Glasynys, I believe, for the style seems to be his: he pretends to copy from an old manuscript of Hugh Bifan's--both the manuscript and its owner were fictions of Glasynys' as I am told. These jottings contain two or three items about the fairies which seem to be genuine:--

'The bottom of Llyn Cynnwch, on the Nannau estate, is level with the hearth-stone of the house of Dôl y Clochydd. Its depth was found out owing to the sweetheart of one of Siwsi's girls having lost his way to her from Nannau, where he was a servant. The poor man had fallen into the lake, and gone down and down, when he found it becoming clearer the lower he got, until at last he alighted on a level spot where everybody and everything looked much as he had observed on the dry land. When he had reached the bottom of the lake, a short fat old gentleman came to him and asked his business, when he told him how it happened that he had come. He met with great welcome, and he stayed there a month without knowing that he had been there three days, and when he was going to leave, he was led out to his beloved by the inhabitants of the lake bottom. He asserted that the whole way was level except in one place, where they descended about a fathom into the ground; but, he added, it was necessary to ascend about as much to reach the hearth-stone of Dôl y Clochydd. The most wonderful thing, however, was that the stone lifted itself as he came up from the

subterranean road towards it. It was thus the sweetheart arrived there one evening, when the girl was by the fire weeping for him. Siwsi had been out some days before, and she knew all about it though she said nothing to anybody. This, then, was the way in which the depth of Llyn Cynnwch came to be known!

Then he has a few sentences about an old house called Ceimarch:-

-'Ceimarch was an old mansion of considerable repute, and in old times it was considered next to Nannau in point of importance in the whole district. There was a deep ditch round it, which was always kept full of water, with the view of keeping off vagabonds and thieves, as well as other lawless folks, that they might not take the inmates by surprise. But, in distant ages, this place was very noted for the frequent visits paid it by the fair family. They used to come to the ditch to wash themselves, and to cross the water in boats made of the bark of the rowan-tree[46], or else birch, and they came into the house to pay their rent for trampling the ground around the place. They always placed a piece of money under a pitcher, and the result was that the family living there became remarkably rich. But somehow, after the lapse of many years, the owner of the place offended them, by showing disrespect for their diminutive family: soon the world began to go against him, and it was not long before he got low in life. Everything turned against him, and in times past everybody believed that he incurred all this because he had earned the displeasure of the fair family!

In the *Brython* for the year 1862, p. 456, in the course of an essay on the history of the Lordship of Mawddwy in Merioneth, considered the best in a competition at an Eisteddfod held at Dinas Mawddwy, August 2, 1855, Glasynys gives the following bit about the fairies of that neighbourhood:-

-'The side of Aran Fawddwy is a great place for the fair family: they are ever at it playing their games on the hillsides about this spot. It is said that they are numberless likewise about Bwlch y Groes. Once a boy crossed over near the approach of night, one summer eve, from the Gadfa to Mawddwy, and on his return he saw near Aber Rhiwlech a swarm of the little family dancing away full pelt. The boy began to run, with two of the maidens in pursuit of him, entreating him to stay; but Robin, for that was his name, kept running, and the two elves failed altogether to catch him, otherwise he would have been taken a prisoner of love. There are plenty of

their dancing-rings to be seen on the hillsides between Aber Rhiwlech and Bwlch y Groes.'

Here I would introduce two other Merionethshire tales, which I have received from Mr. E. S. Roberts, master of the Llandysilio School, near Llangollen. He has learnt them from one Abel Evans, who lives at present in the parish of Llandysilio: he is a native of the parish of Llandrillo on the slopes of the Berwyn, and of a glen in the same, known as Cwm Pennant, so called from its being drained by the Pennant on its way to join the Dee. Now Cwm Pennant was the resort of fairies, or of a certain family of them, and the occurrence, related in the following tale, must have taken place no less than seventy years ago: it was well known to the late Mrs. Ellen Edwards of Llandrillo:--

Ryw diwrnod aeth dau gyfaill i hela dwfrgwn ar hyd lannau afon Pennant, a thra yn cyfeirio eu camrau tuagat yr afon gwelsant ryw greadur bychan lliwgoch yn rhedeg yn gyflym iawn ar draws un o'r dolydd yn nghyfeiriad yr afon. Ymaeth a nhw ar ei ol. Gwelsant ei fod wedi myned odditan wraidd coeden yn ochr yr afon i ymguddio. Yr oedd y ddau ddyn yn meddwl mae dwfrgi ydoedd, ond ar yr un pryd yn methu a deall paham yr ymddangkosai i'w llygaid yn lliwgoch. Yr oeddynt yn dymuno ei ddal yn fyw, ac ymaith yr aeth un o honynt i ffarmdy gerllaw i ofyn am sach, yr hon a gafwyd, er mwyn rhoi y creadur ynddi. Yr oedd yno ddau dwll o tan wraidd y pren, a thra daliai un y sach yn agored ar un twll yr oedd y llall yn hwthio ffon i'r twll arall, ac yn y man aeth y creadur i'r sach. Yr oedd y ddau ddyn yn meddwl eu bod wedi dal dwfrgi, yr hyn a ystyrient yn orchest nid bychan. Cychwynasant gartref yn llawen ond cyn eu myned hyd lled cae, llefarodd lletywr y sach mewn ton drist gan ddywedyd--'Y mae fy mam yn galw am danaf, O, mae fy mam yn galw am danaf,' yr hyn a roddodd fraw mawr i'r dau heliwr, ac yn y man taflasanty sach i lawr, a mawr oedd eu rhyfeddod a'u dychryn pan welsant ddyn bach mewn gwisg goch yn rhedeg o'r sach tuagat yr afon. Fe a ddiflannodd o'i golwg yn mysg y drysni ar fin yr afon. Yr oedd y ddau wedi eu brawychu yn ddirfawr ac yn teimlo mae doethach oedd myned gartref yn hytrach nag ymyrraeth yn mhellach a'r Tylwyth Teg.

'One day, two friends went to hunt otters on the banks of the Pennant, and when they were directing their steps towards the river, they beheld some small creature of a red colour running fast across the meadows in the

direction of the river. Off they ran after it, and saw that it went beneath the roots of a tree on the brink of the river to hide itself. The two men thought it was an otter, but, at the same time, they could not understand why it seemed to them to be of a red colour. They wished to take it alive, and off one of them went to a farm house that was not far away to ask for a sack, which he got, to put the creature into it. Now there were two holes under the roots of the tree, and while one held the sack with its mouth open over one of them, the other pushed his stick into the other hole, and presently the creature went into the sack. The two men thought they had caught an otter, which they looked upon as no small feat. They set out for home, but before they had proceeded the width of one field, the inmate of the sack spoke to them in a sad voice, and said, "My mother is calling for me; oh, my mother is calling for me!" This gave the two hunters a great fright, so that they at once threw down the sack; and great was their surprise to see a little man in a red dress running out of the sack towards the river. He disappeared from their sight in the bushes by the river. The two men were greatly terrified, and felt that it was more prudent to go home than meddle any further with the fair family.' So far as I know, this story stands alone in Welsh folklore; but it has an exact parallel in Lancashire[47].

The other story, which I now reproduce, was obtained by Mr. Roberts from the same Abel Evans. He learnt it from Mrs. Ellen Edwards, and it refers to a point in her lifetime, which Abel Evans fixes at ninety years ago. Mr. Roberts has not succeeded in recovering the name of the cottager of whom it speaks; but he lived on the side of the Berwyn, above Cwm Pennant, where till lately a cottage used to stand, near which the fairies had one of their resorts:--

Yr oed' perchen y bwthyn wedi amaethu rhyw ran fychan o'r mynydd ger llaw y ty er mwyn plannu pytafws ynddo. Felly y gwnaeth. Mewn coeden yn agos i'r fan canfyddodd nyth bran. Fe feddyliodd mae doeth fuasai iddo dryllio y nyth cyn amlhau o'r brain. Fe a esgynnodd y goeden ac a ddrylliodd y nyth, ac wedi disgyn i lawr canfyddodd gylch glas (fairy ring) oddiamgylch y pren, ac ar y cylch fe welodd hanner coron er ei fawr lawenydd. Wrth fyned heibio yr un fan y boreu canlynol fe gafodd hanner coron yn yr un man ag y cafodd y dydd o'r blaen. Hynna fu am amryw ddydiau. Un diwrnod dywedodd wrth gyfaill am ei hap dda a ddangosodd y fan a'r lle y cawsai yr hanner coron bob boreu. Wel y boreu canlynol nid

oedd yno na hanner coron na dim arall iddo, oherwydd yr oedd wedi torri rheolau y Tylwythion trwy wneud eu haelioni yn hysbys. Y mae y Tylwythion o'r farn na ddylai y llaw aswy wybod yr hyn a wna Y llaw ddehau.

'The occupier of the cottage had tilled a small portion of the mountain side near his home in order to plant potatoes, which he did. He observed that there was a rook's nest on a tree which was not far from this spot, and it struck him that it would be prudent to break the nest before the rooks multiplied. So he climbed the tree and broke the nest, and, after coming down, he noticed a green circle (a fairy ring) round the tree, and on this circle he espied, to his great joy, half a crown. As he went by the same spot the following morning, he found another half a crown in the same place as before. So it happened for several days; but one day he told a friend of his good luck, and showed him the spot where he found half a crown every morning. Now the next morning there was for him neither half a crown nor anything else, because he had broken the rule of the fair folks by making their liberality known, they being of opinion that the left hand should not know what the right hand does.'

So runs this short tale, which the old lady, Mrs. Edwards, and the people of the neighbourhood explained as an instance of the gratitude of the fairies to a man who had rendered them a service, which in this case was supposed to have consisted in ridding them of the rooks, that disturbed their merry-makings in the green ring beneath the branches of the tree.

VII.

It would be unpardonable to pass away from Merioneth without alluding to the stray cow of Llyn Barfog. The story appears in Welsh in the *Brython* for 1860, pp. 1834, but the contributor, who closely imitates Glasynys' style, says that he got his materials from a paper by the late Mr. Pughe of Aberdovey, by which he seems to have meant an article contributed by the latter to the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, and published in the volume for 1853, pp. 201-5. Mr. Pughe dwells in that article a good deal on the scenery of the corner of Merioneth in the rear of Aberdovey; but the chief thing in his paper is the legend connected with Llyn Barfog, which he renders into English as the Bearded Lake[48]. It is described as a mountain lake in a secluded spot in the upland country behind Aberdovey; but I shall let Mr. Pughe speak for himself:--

‘The lovers of Cambrian lore are aware that the Triads in their record of the deluge affirm that it was occasioned by a mystic Afanc y Llyn, crocodile [49] of the lake, breaking the banks of Llyn Llion, the lake of waters; and the recurrence of that catastrophe was prevented only by Hu Gadarn, the bold man of power, dragging away the afanc by aid of his *Ychain Banawg*, or large horned oxen. Many a lakelet in our land has put forward its claim to the location of Llyn Llion; amongst the rest, this lake. Be that as it may, King Arthur and his war-horse have the credit amongst the mountaineers here of ridding them of the monster, in place of Hu the Mighty, in proof of which is shown an impression on a neighbouring rock bearing a resemblance to those made by the shoe or hoof of a horse, as having been left there by his charger when our British Hercules was engaged in this redoubtable act of prowess, and this impression has been given the name of Cam March Arthur, the hoof of Arthur’s horse, which it retains to this day. It is believed to be very perilous to let the waters out of the lake, and recently an aged inhabitant of the district informed the writer that she recollected this being done during a period of long drought, in order to procure motive power for Llyn Pair Mill, and that long-continued heavy rains followed. No wonder our bold but superstitious progenitors, awestruck by the solitude of the spot--the dark sepial tint of its waters, unrelieved by the flitting apparition of a single fish, and seldom visited by the tenants of the air--should have established it as a canon in their creed of terror that the lake formed one of the many communications between this outward world of ours and the inner or lower one of Annwn--the unknown world[50] --the dominion of Gwyn ap Nudd, the mythic king of the fabled realm, peopled by those children of mystery, Plant Annwn; and the belief is still current amongst the inhabitants of our mountains in the occasional visitations of the Gwragedd Annwn, or dames of Elfin land, to this upper world of ours. A shrewd old hill farmer (Thomas Abergraes by name), well skilled in the folk-lore of the district, informed me that, in years gone by, though when, exactly, he was too young to remember, those dames were wont to make their appearance, arrayed in green, in the neighbourhood of Llyn Barfog, chiefly at eventide, accompanied by their kine and hounds, and that on quiet summer nights in particular, these ban-hounds were often to be heard in full cry pursuing their prey--the souls of doomed men dying without baptism and penance--along the upland township of Cefnrhosucha. Many a farmer had a sight of their comely milk-white kine; many a swain

had his soul turned to romance and poesy by a sudden vision of themselves in the guise of damsels arrayed in green, and radiant in beauty and grace; and many a sportsman had his path crossed by their white hounds of super-natural fleetness and comeliness, the Cwn Annwn; but never had any one been favoured with more than a passing view of either, till an old farmer residing at Dyssyrnant, in the adjoining valley of Dyffryn Gwyn, became at last the lucky captor of one of their milk-white kine. The acquaintance which the Gwartheg y Llyn, the kine of the lake, had formed with the farmer's cattle, like the loves of the angels for the daughters of men, became the means of capture; and the farmer was thereby enabled to add the mystic cow to his own herd, an event in all cases believed to be most conducive to the worldly prosperity of him who should make so fortunate an acquisition. Never was there such a cow, never such calves, never such milk and butter, or cheese, and the fame of the Fuwch Gyfeiliorn, the stray cow, was soon spread abroad through that central part of Wales known as the district of Rhwng y ddwy Afon, from the banks of the Mawddach to those of the Dofwy,[51] from Aberdiswnwy[52] to Abercorris. The farmer, from a small beginning, rapidly became, like job, a man of substance, possessed of thriving herds of cattle--a very patriarch among the mountains. But, alas! wanting Job's restraining grace, his wealth made him proud, his pride made him forget his obligation to the Elfin cow, and fearing she might soon become too old to be profitable, he fattened her for the butcher, and then even she did not fail to distinguish herself, for a more monstrously fat beast was never seen. At last the day of slaughter came--an eventful day in the annals of a mountain farm--the killing of a fat cow, and such a monster of obesity! No wonder all the neighbours were gathered together to see the sight. The old farmer looked upon the preparations in self-pleased importance--the butcher felt he was about no common feat of his craft, and, baring his arms, he struck the blow--not now fatal, for before even a hair had been injured, his arm was paralysed--the knife dropped from his hand, and the whole company was electrified by a piercing cry that awakened echo in a dozen hills, and made the welkin ring again; and lo and behold! the whole assemblage saw a female figure clad in green, with uplifted arms, standing on one of the craigs overhanging Llyn Barfog, and heard her calling with a voice loud as thunder:--

Dere di velen Einion,
Cyrn Cyveiliorn-braith y Llyn,

A'r voel Dodin,
Codwch, dewch adre.

Come yellow Anvil, stray horns,
Speckled one of the lake,
And of the hornless Dodin,
Arise, come home[53].

And no sooner were these words of power uttered than the original lake cow and all her progeny, to the third and fourth generations, were in full flight towards the heights of Llyn Barfog, as if pursued by the evil one. Self-interest quickly roused the farmer, who followed in pursuit, till breathless and panting he gained an eminence overlooking the lake, but with no better success than to behold the green attired dame leisurely descending mid-lake, accompanied by the fugitive cows and their calves formed in a circle around her, they tossing their tails, she waving her hands in scorn as much as to say, "You may catch us, my friend, if you can," as they disappeared beneath the dark waters of the lake, leaving only the yellow water-lily to mark the spot where they vanished, and to perpetuate the memory of this strange event. Meanwhile the farmer looked with rueful countenance upon the spot where the Elfin herd disappeared, and had ample leisure to deplore the effects of his greediness, as with them also departed the prosperity which had hitherto attended him, and he became impoverished to a degree below his original circumstances; and, in his altered circumstances, few felt pity for one who in the noontide flow of prosperity had shown himself so far forgetful of favours received, as to purpose slaying his benefactor.'

Mr. Pughe did a very good thing in saving this legend from oblivion, but it would be very interesting to know how much of it is still current among the inhabitants of the retired district around Llyn Barfog, and how the story would look when stripped of the florid language in which Mr. Pughe thought proper to clothe it. Lastly, let me add a reference to the *Iolo Manuscripts*, pp. 85, 475, where a short story is given concerning a certain Milkwhite Sweet-milk Cow (*y Fuwch Laethwen Lefrith*) whose milk was so abundant and possessed of such virtues as almost to rival the Holy Grail. Like the Holy Grail also this cow wandered everywhere spreading plenty, until she chanced to come to the Vale of Towy, where the foolish inhabitants

wished to kill and eat her: the result was that she vanished in their hands and has never since been heard of.

VIII.

Here I wish to add some further stories connected with Merionethshire which have come under my notice lately. I give them chiefly on the authority of Mr. Owen M. Edwards of Lincoln College, who is a native of Llanuwchllyn, and still spends a considerable part of his time there; and partly on that of Hywel's essay on the folklore of the county, which was awarded the prize at the National Eisteddfod of 1898 [54]. A story current at Llanuwchllyn, concerning a midwife who attends on a fairy mother, resembles the others of the same group: for one of them see p. 63 above. In the former, however, one misses the ointment, and finds instead of it that the midwife wag not to touch her eyes with the water with which she washed the fairy baby. But as might be expected one of her eyes happened to itch, and she touched it with her fingers straight from the water. It appears that thenceforth she was able to see the fairies with that eye; at any rate she is represented some time afterwards recognizing the father of the fairy baby at a fair at Bala, and inquiring of him kindly about his family. The fairy asked with which eye she saw him, and when he had ascertained this, he at once blinded it, so that she never could see with it afterwards. Hywel also has it that the *Tylwyth Teg* formerly used to frequent the markets at Bala, and that they used to swell the noise in the market-place without anybody being able to see them: this was a sign that prices were going to rise.

The shepherds of Ardudwy are familiar, according to Hywel, with a variant of the story in which a man married a fairy on condition that he did not touch her with iron. They lived on the Moelfre and dwelt happily together for years, until one fine summer day, when the husband was engaged in shearing his sheep, he put the *gwelle*, 'shears,' in his wife's hand: she then instantly disappeared. The earlier portions of this story are unknown to me, but they are not hard to guess.

Concerning Llyn Irddyn, between the western slopes of the Llawllech, Hywel has a story the like of which I am not acquainted with: walking near that lake you shun the shore and keep to the grass in order to avoid the fairies, for if you take hold of the grass no fairy can touch you, or dare under any circumstances injure a blade of grass.

Lastly, Hywel speaks of several caves containing treasure, as for instance a *telyn aur*, or golden harp, hidden away in a cave beneath Castell Carn Dochan in the parish of Llanuwchllyn. Lewis Morris, in his *Celtic Remains*, p. 100, calls it Castell Corndochen, and describes it as seated on the top of a steep rock at the bottom of a deep valley: it appears to have consisted of a wall surrounding three turrets, and the mortar seems composed of cockle-shells: see also the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1850, p. 204. Hywel speaks also of a cave beneath Castell Dinas Brân, near Llangollen, as containing much treasure, which will only be disclosed to a boy followed by a white dog with *llygaid arian*, 'silver eyes,' explained to mean light eyes: every such dog is said to see the wind. So runs this story, but it requires more exegesis than I can supply. One may compare it at a distance with Myrddin's arrangement that the treasure buried by him at Dinas Emrys should only be found by a youth with yellow hair and blue eyes, and with the belief that the cave treasures of the Snowdon district belong to the *Gwyddyl* or Goidels, and that Goidels will eventually find them: see chapter viii.

The next three stories are from Mr. Owen Edwards' *Cymru* for 1897, pp. 188-9, where he has published them from a collection made for a literary competition or local Eisteddfod by his friend J. H. Roberts, who died in early manhood. The first is a blurred version of the story of the Lake Lady and her dowry of cattle, but enough of the story remains to show that, had we got it in its original form, it would be found to differ somewhat on several points from all the other versions extant. I summarize the Welsh as follows:--In ages gone by, as the shepherd of Hafod y Garreg was looking after his sheep on the shores of the Arennig Lake, he came across a young calf, plump, sleek, and strong, in the rushes. He could not guess whence the beast could have come, as no cattle were allowed to approach the lake at that time of the year. He took it home, however, and it was reared until it was a bull, remarkable for his fine appearance. In time his offspring were the only cattle on the farm, and never before had there been such beasts at Hafod y Garreg. They were the wonder and admiration of the whole country. But one summer afternoon in June, the shepherd saw a little fat old man playing on a pipe, and then he heard him call the cows by their names--

Mulican, Molican, Malen, Mair,
Dowch adre'r awrhon ar fy ngair.

Mulican, Molican, Malen and Mair,
Come now home at my word.

He then beheld the whole herd running to the little man and going into the lake. Nothing more was heard of them, and it was everybody's opinion that they were the *Tylwyth Teg's* cattle.

The next is a quasi fairy tale, the outcome of which recalls the adventure of the farmer of Drws y Coed on his return from Beddgelert Fair, p. 99 above. It is told of a young harpist who was making his way across country from his home at Yspyty Ifan to the neighbourhood of Bala, that while crossing the mountain he happened in the mist to lose his road and fall into the Gors Fawr, 'the big bog.' There he wallowed for hours, quite unable to extricate himself in spite of all his efforts. But when he was going to give up in despair, he beheld close to him, reaching him her hand, a little woman who was wondrous fair beyond all his conception of beauty, and with her help he got out of the Gors. The damsel gave him a jolly sweet kiss that flashed electricity through his whole nature: he was at once over head and ears in love. She led him to the hut of her father and mother: there he had every welcome, and he spent the night singing and dancing with Olwen, for that was her name. Now, though the harpist was a mere stripling, he thought of wedding at once--he was never before in such a heaven of delight. But next morning he was waked, not by a kiss from Olwen, but by the Plas Drain shepherd's dog licking his lips: he found himself sleeping against the wall of a sheepfold (corlan), with his harp in a clump of rushes at his feet, without any trace to be found of the family with whom he had spent such a happy night.

The next story recalls Glasynys' Einion Las, as given above: its peculiarity is the part played by the well introduced. The scene was a turbary near the river called Mon Mynach, so named from Cwm Tir Mynach, behind the hills immediately north of Bala:--Ages ago, as a number of people were cutting turf in a place which was then moorland, and which is now enclosed ground forming part of a farm called Nant Hir, one of them happened to wash his face in a well belonging to the fairies. At dinner-time in the middle of the day they sat down in a circle, while the youth who had washed his face went to fetch the food, but suddenly both he and the box of food were

lost. They knew not what to do, they suspected that it was the doing of the fairies; but the wise man (*gwr hyspys*) came to the neighbourhood and told them, that, if they would only go to the spot on the night of full moon in June, they would behold him dancing with the fairies. They did as they were told, and found the moor covered with thousands of little agile creatures who sang and danced with all their might, and they saw the missing man among them. They rushed at him, and with a great deal of trouble they got him out. But oftentimes was Einion missed again, until at the time of full moon in another June he returned home with a wondrously fair wife, whose history or pedigree no one knew. Everybody believed her to be one of the *Tylwyth Teg*.

IX.

There is a kind of fairy tale of which I think I have hitherto not given the reader a specimen: a good instance is given in the third volume of the *Brython*, at p. 459, by a contributor who calls himself Idnerth ab Gwgan, who, I learn from the Rev. Chancellor Silvan Evans, the editor, was no other than the Rev. Benjamin Williams, best known to Welsh antiquaries by his bardic name of Gwynionydd. The preface to the tale is also interesting, so I am tempted to render the whole into English, as follows:--

‘The fair family were wonderful creatures in the imaginary world: they encamped, they walked, and they capered a great deal in former ages in our country, according to what we learn from some of our old people. It may be supposed that they were very little folks like the children of *Rhys Ddwfn*; for the old people used to imagine that they were wont to visit their hearths in great numbers in ages gone by. The girls at the farm houses used to make the hearths clean after supper, and to place a cauldron full of water near the fire; and so they thought that the fair family came there to play at night, bringing sweethearts for the young women, and leaving pieces of money on the hob for them in the morning. Sometimes they might be seen as splendid hosts exercising themselves on our hills. They were very fond of the mountains of Dyfed; travellers between Lampeter and Cardigan used to see them on the hill of Llanwenog, but by the time they had reached there the fairies would be far away on the hills of Llandyssul, and when one had reached the place where one expected to see the family together in tidy array, they would be seen very busily engaged on the tops of Crug y Balog; when one went there they would be on Blaen Pant ar Fi, moving on and on

to Bryn Bwa, and, finally, to some place or other in the lower part of Dyfed. Like the soldiers of our earthly world, they were possessed of terribly fascinating music; and in the autumnal season they had their rings, still named from them, in which they sang and danced. The young man of Llech y Derwydd[55] was his father's only son, as well as heir to the farm; so he was very dear to his father and his mother, indeed he was the light of their eyes. Now, the head servant and the son were bosom friends: they were like brothers together, or rather twin brothers. As the son and the servant were such friends, the farmer's wife used to get exactly the same kind of clothes prepared for the servant as for her son. The two fell in love with two handsome young women of very good reputation in the neighbourhood. The two couples were soon joined in honest wedlock, and great was the merry-making on the occasion. The servant had a suitable place to live in on the farm of Llech y Derwydd; but about half a year after the son's marriage, he and his friend went out for sport, when the servant withdrew to a wild and retired corner to look for game. He returned presently for his friend, but when he got there he could not see him anywhere: he kept looking around for some time for him, shouting and whistling, but there was no sign of his friend. By-and-by, he went home to Llech y Derwydd expecting to see him, but no one knew anything about him. Great was the sorrow of his family through the night; and next day the anxiety was still greater. They went to see the place where his friend had seen him last: it was hard to tell whether his mother or his wife wept the more bitterly; but the father was a little better, though he also looked as if he were half mad with grief. The spot was examined, and, to their surprise, they saw a fairy ring close by, and the servant recollected that he had heard the sound of very fascinating music somewhere or other about the time in question. It was at once agreed that the man had been unfortunate enough to have got into the ring of the *Tylwyth*, and to have been carried away by them, nobody knew whither. Weeks and months passed away, and a son was born to the heir of Llech y Derwydd, but the young father was not there to see his child, which the old people thought very hard. However, the little one grew up the very picture of his father, and great was his influence over his grandfather and grandmother; in fact he was everything to them. He grew up to be a man, and he married a good-looking girl in that neighbourhood; but her family did not enjoy the reputation of being kindhearted people. The old folks died, and their daughter-in-law also. One windy afternoon in the month of

October, the family of Llech y Derwydd beheld a tall thin old man, with his beard and hair white as snow, coming towards the house, and they thought he was a Jew. The servant maids stared at him, and their mistress laughed at the "old Jew," at the same time that she lifted the children up one after another to see him. He came to the door and entered boldly enough, asking about his parents. The mistress answered him in an unusually surly and contemptuous tone, wondering why the "drunken old Jew had come there," because it was thought he had been drinking, and that he would otherwise not have spoken so. The old man cast wondering and anxious looks around on everything in the house, feeling as he did greatly surprised; but it was the little children about the floor that drew his attention most: his looks were full of disappointment and sorrow. He related the whole of his account, saying that he had been out the day before and that he was now returning. The mistress of the house told him that she had heard a tale about her husband's father, that he had been lost years before her birth while out sporting, whilst her father maintained that it was not true, but that he had been killed. She became angry, and quite lost her temper at seeing "the old Jew" not going away. The old man was roused, saying that he was the owner of the house, and that he must have his rights. He then went out to see his possessions, and presently went to the house of the servant, where, to his surprise, things had greatly changed; after conversing with an aged man, who sat by the fire, the one began to scrutinize the other more and more. The aged man by the fire told him what had been the fate of his old friend, the heir of Llech y Derwydd. They talked deliberately of the events of their youth, but it all seemed like a dream; in short, the old man in the corner concluded that his visitor was his old friend, the heir of Llech y Derwydd, returning from the land of the *Tylwyth Teg* after spending half a hundred years there. The other old man, with the snow-white beard, believed in his history, and much did they talk together and question one another for many hours. The old man by the fire said that the master of Llech y Derwydd was away from home that day, and he induced his aged visitor to eat some food, but, to the horror of all, the eater fell down dead on the spot [56]. There is no record that an inquest was held over him, but the tale relates that the cause of it was, that he ate food after having been so long in the world of the fair family. His old friend insisted on seeing him buried by the side of his ancestors; but the rudeness of the mistress of Llech

y Derwydd to her father-in-law brought a curse on the family that clung to it to distant generations, and until the place had been sold nine times.'

A tale like this is to be found related of Idwal of Nantclwyd, in *Cymru Fu*, p. 85. I said 'a tale like this,' but, on reconsidering the matter, I should think it is the very same tale passed through the hands of Glasynys or some one of his imitators. Another of this kind will be found in the *Brython*, ii. 170, and several similar ones also in Wirt Sikes' book, pp. 65-90, either given at length, or merely referred to. There is one kind of variant which deserves special notice, as making the music to which the sojourner in Faery listens for scores of years to be that of a bird singing on a tree. A story of the sort is located by Howells, in his *Cambrian Superstitions*, pp. 127-8, at Pant Shon Shencin, near Pencader, in Cardiganshire, This latter kind of story leads easily up to another development, namely, to substituting for the bird's. warble the song and felicity of heaven, and for the simple shepherd a pious monk. In this form it is located at a place called Llwyn y Nef, or 'Heaven's Grove,' near Celynnog Fawr, in Carnarvonshire. It is given by Glasynys in *Cymru Fu*, pp. 183-4, where it was copied from the *Brython*, iii. 111, in which he had previously published it. Several versions of it in rhyme came down from the eighteenth century, and Silvan Evans has brought together twenty-six stanzas in point in *St. David's College Magazine f*or 1881, pp. 191-200, where he has put into a few paragraphs all that is known about the song of the *Hen Wr o'r Coed*, or the Old Man of the Wood, in his usually clear and lucid style.

A tale from the other end of the tract of country once occupied by a sprinkling, perhaps, of Celts among a population of Picts, makes the man, and not the fairies, supply the music. I owe it to the kindness of the Rev. Andrew Clark, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, who heard it from the late sexton of the parish of Dollar, in the county of Clackmannan. The sexton died some twelve years ago, aged seventy: he had learnt the tale from his father. The following are Mr. Clark's words:--

'Glendevon is a parish and village in the Ochils in County Perth, about five miles from Dollar as you come up Glen Queich and down by Gloomhill. Glen Queich is a narrowish glen between two grassy hills--at the top of the glen is a round hill of no great height, but very neat shape, the grass of which is always short and trim, and the ferns on the shoulder of a very marked green. This, as you come up the glen, seems entirely to block the

way. It is called the “Maiden Castle.” Only when you come quite close do you see the path winding round the foot of it. A little further on is a fine spring bordered with flat stones, in the middle of a neat, turfy spot, called the “Maiden’s Well.” This road, till the new toll-road was made on the other side of the hills, was the thoroughfare between Dollar and Glendevon.’

The following is the legend, as told by the ‘Bethrel’:--A piper, carrying his pipes, was coming from Glendevon to Dollar in the grey of the evening. He crossed the Garchel (a little stream running into the Queich burn), and looked at the “Maiden Castle,” and saw only the grey hillside and heard only the wind soughing through the bent. He had got beyond it when he heard a burst of lively music: he turned round, and instead of the dark knoll saw a great castle, with lights blazing from the windows, and heard the noise of dancing issuing from the open door. He went back incautiously, and a procession issuing forth at that moment, be was caught and taken into a great hall ablaze with lights, and people dancing on the floor. He had to pipe to them for a day or two, but he got anxious, because he knew his people would be wondering why he did not come back in the morning as he had promised. The fairies seemed to sympathize with his anxiety, and promised to let him go if he played a favourite tune of his, which they seemed fond of, to their satisfaction. He played his very best, the dance went fast and furious, and at its close he was greeted with loud applause. On his release he found himself alone, in the grey of the evening, beside the dark hillock, and no sound was heard save the purr of the burn and the soughing of the wind through the bent. Instead of completing his journey to Dollar, he walked hastily back to Glendevon to relieve his folk’s anxiety. He entered his father’s house and found no kent face there. On his protesting that he had gone only a day or two before, and waxing loud in his bewildered talk, a grey old man was roused from a doze behind the fire; and told how he had heard when a boy from his father that a piper had gone away to Dollar on a quiet evening, and had never been heard or seen since, nor any trace of him found. He had been in the “castle” for a hundred years.’

The term *Plant Rhys Ddwfn* has already been brought before the reader: it means ‘the Children of Rhys Ddwfn,’ and *Rhys Ddwfn* means literally Rhys the Deep, but the adjective in Welsh connotes depth of character in the sense of shrewdness or cunning. Nay, even the English deep is often

borrowed for use in the same sense, as when one colloquially says *un dip iawn yw e*, 'he is a very calculating or cunning fellow.' The following account of Rhys and his progeny is given by Gwynionydd in the first volume of the *Brython*, p. 130, which deserves being cited at length:-

-'There is a tale current in Dyfed, that there is, or rather that there has been, a country between Cemmes, the northern Hundred of Pembrokeshire, and Aberdaron in Lleyn. The chief patriarch of the inhabitants was Rhys Ddwfn, and his descendants used to be called after him the Children of Rhys Ddwfn. They were, it is said, a handsome race enough, but remarkably small in size. It is stated that certain herbs of a strange nature grew in their land, so that they were able to keep their country from being seen by even the most sharp sighted of invaders. There is no account that these remarkable herbs grew in any other part of the world excepting on a small spot, about a square yard in area, in a certain part of Cemmes. If it chanced that a man stood alone on it, he beheld the whole of the territory of *Plant Rhys Ddwfn*; but the moment he moved he would lose sight of it altogether, and it would have been utterly vain for him to look for his footprints. In another story, as will be seen presently, the requisite platform was a turf from St. David's churchyard. The Rhysians had not much land--they lived in towns. So they were wont in former times to come to market to Cardigan, and to raise the prices of things terribly. They were seen of no one coming or going, but only seen there in the market. When prices happened to be high, and the corn all sold, however much there might have been there in the morning, the poor used to say to one another on the way home, "Oh! *they* were there to-day," meaning *Plant Rhys Ddwfn*. So they were dear friends in the estimation of Siôn Phil Hywel, the farmer; but not so high in the opinion of Dafydd, the labourer. It is said, however, that they were very honest and resolute men. A certain Gruffydd ab Einon was wont to sell them more corn than anybody else, and so he was a great friend of theirs. He was honoured by them beyond all his contemporaries by being led on a visit to their home. As they were great traders like the Phœnicians of old, they had treasures from all countries under the sun. Gruffydd, after feasting his eyes to satiety on their wonders, was led back by them loaded with presents. But before taking leave of them, he asked them how they succeeded in keeping themselves safe from invaders, as one of their number might become unfaithful, and go beyond the virtue of the herbs that formed their safety. "Oh!" replied the little old man of shrewd looks, "just as

Ireland has been blessed with a soil on which venomous reptiles cannot live, so with our land: no traitor can live here. Look at the sand on the seashore: perfect unity prevails there, and so among us. Rhys, the father of our race, bade us, even to the most distant descendant, honour our parents and ancestors; love our own wives without looking at those of our neighbours; and do our best for our children and grandchildren. And he said that if we did so, no one of us would ever prove unfaithful to another, or become what you call a traitor. The latter is a wholly imaginary character among us; strange pictures are drawn of him with his feet like those of an ass, with a nest of snakes in his bosom, with a head like the devil's, with hands somewhat like a man's, while one of them holds a large knife, and the family lies dead around the figure. Good-bye!" When Gruffydd looked about him he lost sight of the country of *Plant Rhys*, and found himself near his home. He became very wealthy after this, and continued to be a great friend of *Plant Rhys* as long as he lived. After Gruffydd's death they came to market again, but such was the greed of the farmers, like Gruffydd before them, for riches, and so unreasonable were the prices they asked for their corn, that the Rhysians took offence and came no more to Cardigan to market. The old people used to think that they now went to Fishguard market, as very strange people were wont to be seen there.' On the other hand, some Fishguard people were lately of opinion that it was at Haverfordwest the fairies did their marketing: I refer to a letter of Mr. Ferrar Fenton's, in the *Pembroke County Guardian* of October 31, 1896, in which he mentions a conversation he had with a Fishguard woman as to the existence of fairies: 'There are fairies,' she asserted, 'for they came to Ha'rordwest market to buy things, so there *must* be.'

With this should be compared pp. 9-10 of Wirt Sikes' *British Goblins*, where mention is made of sailors on the coast of Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire, 'who still talk of the green meadows of enchantment lying in the Irish Channel to the west of Pembrokeshire,' and of men who had landed on them, or seen them suddenly vanishing. The author then proceeds to abstract from Howells' Cambrian Superstitions, p. 119, the following paragraph:--'The fairies inhabiting these islands are said to have regularly attended the markets at Milford Haven and Laugharne. They made their purchases without speaking, laid down their money and departed, always leaving the exact sum required, which they seemed to know without asking the price of anything. Sometimes they were invisible; but they were often

seen by sharp-eyed persons. There was always one special butcher at Milford Haven upon whom the fairies bestowed their patronage instead of distributing their favours indiscriminately. The Milford Haven folk could see the green Fairy Islands distinctly, lying out a short distance from land; and the general belief was that they were densely peopled with fairies. It was also said that the latter went to and fro between the islands and the shore, through a subterranean gallery under the bottom of the sea.'

Another tale given in the *Brython*, ii. 20, by a writer who gives his name as B. Davies[57], will serve to show, short though it be, that the term *Plant Rhys Ddwfn* was not confined to those honestly dealing fairies, but was used in a sense wholly synonymous with that of *Tylwyth Teg*, as understood in other parts of Wales. The story runs as follows, and should be compared with the Dyffryn Mymbyr one given above, pp. 100-3:--'One calm hot day, when the sun of heaven was brilliantly shining, and the hay in the dales was being busily made by lads and lasses, and by grown-up people of both sexes, a woman in the neighbourhood of Emlyn placed her one-year-old infant in the *gader*, or chair, as the cradle is called in these parts, and out she went to the field for a while, intending to return, when her neighbour, an old woman overtaken by the decrepitude of eighty summers, should call to her that her darling was crying. It was not long before she heard the old woman calling to her; she ran hurriedly, and as soon as she set foot on the kitchen floor she took her little one in her arms as usual, saying to him, "O my little one! thy mother's delight art thou! I would not take the world for thee, &c." But to her surprise he had a very old look about him, and the more the tender-hearted mother gazed at his face, the stranger it seemed to her, so that at last she placed him in the cradle and told her trouble and sorrow to her relatives and acquaintances. And after this one and the other had given his opinion, it was agreed at last that it was one of *Rhys Ddwfn's* children that was in the cradle, and not her dearly loved baby. In this distress there was nothing to do but to fetch a sorcerer, as fast as the fastest horse could gallop. He said, when he saw the child, that he had seen his like before, and that it would be a hard job to get rid of him, though not such a very hard job this time. The shovel was made red hot in the fire by one of the Cefnarth[58]boys, and held before the child's face; and in an instant the short little old man took to his heels, and neither he nor his like was seen afterwards from Aber Cuch to Aber Bargoed at any rate. The mother, it is said, found her darling

unscathed the next moment. I remember also hearing that the strange child was as old as the grandfather of the one that had been lost.'

As I see no reason to make any profound distinction between lake maidens and sea maidens, I now give Gwynionydd's account of the mermaid who was found by a fisherman from Llandydoch or St. Dogmael's[59] , near Cardigan: see the *Brython*, i. 82:--

'One fine afternoon in September, in the beginning of the last century, a fisherman, whose name was Pergrin[60] , went to a recess in the rock near Pen Cemmes, where he found a sea maiden doing her hair, and he took the water lady prisoner to his boat. . . . We know not what language is used by sea maidens . . . but this one, this time at any rate, talked, it is said, very good Welsh; for when she was in despair in Pergrin's custody, weeping copiously, and with her tresses all dishevelled, she called out: 'Pergrin, if thou wilt let me go, I will give thee three shouts in the time of thy greatest need.' So, in wonder and fear, he let her go to walk the streets of the deep, and visit her sweethearts there. Days and weeks passed without Pergrin seeing her after this; but one hot afternoon, when the sea was pretty calm, and the fishermen had no thought of danger, behold his old acquaintance showing her head and locks, and shouting out in a loud voice: 'Pergrin! Pergrin! Pergrin! take up thy nets, take up thy nets, take up thy nets!' Pergrin and his companion instantly obeyed the message, and drew their nets in with great haste. In they went, past the bar, and by the time they had reached the Pwll Cam the most terrible storm had overspread the sea, while he and his companion were safe on land. Twice nine others had gone out with them, but they were all drowned without having the chance of obeying the warning of the -water lady.' Perhaps it is not quite irrelevant to mention here the armorial bearings which Drayton ascribes to the neighbouring county of Cardigan in the following couplet in his *Battaile of Agincourt* (London, 1631), p. 23:--

As Cardigan the next to them that went,
Came with a Mermayd sitting on a Rock.

A writer in the *Brython*, iv. 194, states that the people of Nefyn in Lleyn claim the story of the fisher and the mermaid as belonging to them, which proves that a similar legend has been current there: add to this the fact mentioned in the *Brython*, iii. 133, that a red mermaid with yellow hair, on a

white field, figures in the coat of arms of the family resident at Glasfryn in the parish of Llangybi, in Eifionyd or the southern portion of Carnarvonshire; and we have already suggested that Glasynys' story (pp. 117-25) was made up, to a certain extent, of materials found on the coasts of Carnarvonshire. A small batch of stories about South Wales mermaids is given by a writer who calls himself Ab Nadol[61], in the Brython, iv- 310, as follows:--

"A few rockmen are said to have been working, about eighty years ago, in a quarry near Porth y Rhaw, when the day was calm and clear, with nature, as it were, feasting, the flowers shedding sweet scent around, and the hot sunshine beaming into the jagged rocks. Though an occasional wave rose to strike the romantic cliffs, the sea was like a placid lake, with its light coverlet of blue attractive enough to entice one of the ladies of *Rhys Ddwfn* forth from the town seen by Daniel Huws off Trefin as he was journeying between Fishguard and St. David's in the year 1858, to make her way to the top of a stone and to sit on it to disentangle her flowing silvery hair. Whilst she was cleaning herself, the rockmen went down, and when they got near her they perceived that, from her waist upwards, she was like the lasses of Wales, but that, from her waist downwards, she had the body of a fish. And, when they began to talk to her, they found she spoke Welsh, though she only uttered the following few words to them: "Reaping in Pembrokeshire and weeding in Carmarthenshire." Off she then went to walk in the depth of the sea towards her home. Another tale is repeated about a mermaid, said to have been caught by men below the land of Llanwnda, near the spot, if not on the spot, where the French made their landing afterwards, and three miles to the west of Fishguard. It then goes on to say that they carried her to their home, and kept her in a secure place for some time; before long, she begged to be allowed to return to the brine land, and gave the people of the house three bits of advice; but I only remember one of them,' he writes, 'and this is it: "Skim the surface of the pottage before adding sweet milk to it: it will be whiter and sweeter, and less of it will do." I was told that this family follow the three advices to this day.' A somewhat similar advice to that about the pottage is said to have been given by a mermaid, under similar circumstances, to a Manxman.

After putting the foregoing bits together, I was favoured by Mr. Benjamin Williams with notes on the tales and on the persons from whom he heard

them: they form the contents of two or three letters, mostly answers to queries of mine, and the following is the substance of them:--Mr. Williams is a native of the valley of Troed yr Aur [62], in the Cardiganshire parish of that name. He spent a part of his youth at Verwig, in the angle between the northern bank of the Teifi and Cardigan Bay. He heard of Rhys Ddwfn's Children first from a distant relative of his father's, a Catherine Thomas, who came to visit her daughter, who lived not far from his father's house: that would now be from forty-eight to fifty years ago. He was very young at the time, and of Rhys. Ddwfn's progeny he formed a wonderful idea, which was partly due also to the talk of one James Davies or Siams Mocyn, who was very well up in folklore, and was one of his father's next-door neighbours. He was an old man, and nephew to the musician, David Jenkin Morgan. The only spot near Mr. Williams' home, that used to be frequented by the fairies, was Cefn y Ceirw, 'the Stag's Ridge,' a large farm, so called from having been kept as a park for their deer by the Lewises of Aber Nant Bychan. He adds that the late Mr. Philipps, of Aberglasney, was very fond of talking of things in his native neighbourhood, and of mentioning the fairies at Cefn y Ceirw. It was after moving to Verwig that Mr. Williams began to put the tales he heard on paper: then he came in contact with three brothers, whose names were John, Owen, and Thomas Evans. They were well-to-do and respectable bachelors, living together on the large farm of Hafod Ruffydd. Thomas was a man of very strong common sense, and worth consulting on any subject: he was a good arithmetician, and a constant reader of the Baptist periodical, *Seren Gomer*, from its first appearance. He thoroughly understood the bardic metres, and had a fair knowledge of music. He was well versed in Scripture, and filled the office of deacon at the Baptist Chapel. His death took place in the year 1864. Now, the eldest of the three brothers, the one named John, or Siôn, was then about seventy-five years of age, and he thoroughly believed in the tales about the fairies, as will be seen from the following short dialogue:--

Siôn: *Williams bach, ma'n rhaid i bod nhw'i gâl: yr w i'n cofio yn amser Bone fod marchnad Aberteifi yn llawn o lafir yn y bore--digon yno am fis--ond cin pen hanner awr r ôdd y cwbwl wedi darfod. Nid ôdd possib i gweld nhwi: mâ gida nhwi faint a fynnon nhwi o arian.*

Williams: *Siwt na fyse dynion yn i gweld nhwi ynte, Siôn?*

Siôn: O *mâ gida nhwi ddynion fel ninne yn prynidrostyn nhwi; ag y mâ nhwi fel yr hen siówmin yna yn gelli gneid pob tric.*

John: 'My dear Williams, it must be that they exist: I remember Cardigan market, in the time of Bonaparte, full of corn in the morning--enough for a month--but in less than half an hour it was all gone. It was impossible to see them: they have as much money as they like.'

Williams: 'How is it, then, that men did not see them, John?'

John: 'Oh, they have men like us to do the buying for them; and they can, like those old showmen, do every kind of trick.'

At this kind of display of simplicity on the part of his brother, Thomas used to smile and say: 'My brother John believes such things as those;' for he had no belief in them himself. Still it is from his mouth that Mr. Williams published the tales in the *Brython*, which have been reproduced here, that of 'Pergrin and the Mermaid,' and all about the 'Heir of Llech y Derwydd,' not to mention the ethical element in the account of Rhys Ddwfn's country and its people, the product probably of his mind. Thomas Evans, or as he was really called, Tommos Ifan, was given rather to grappling with the question of the origin of such beliefs; so one day he called Mr. Williams out, and led him to a spot about four hundred yards from Bol y Fron, where the latter then lived: he pointed to the setting sun, and asked Mr. Williams what he thought of the glorious sunset before them. 'It is all produced,' he then observed, 'by the reflection of the sun's rays on the mist: one might think,' he went on to say, 'that there was there a paradise of a country full of fields, forests, and everything that is desirable.' And before they had moved away the grand scene had disappeared, when Thomas suggested that the idea of the existence of the country of Rhys Ddwfn's Children arose from the contemplation of that phenomenon. One may say that Thomas Evans was probably far ahead of the Welsh historians who try to extract history from the story of *Cantre'r Gwaelod*, 'the Bottom Hundred,' beneath the waves of Cardigan Bay; but what was seen was probably an instance of the mirage to be mentioned presently. Lastly, besides Mr. Williams' contributions to the *Brython*, and a small volume of poetry, entitled *Briallen glan Ceri*, some tales of his were published by Llallawg in *Bygones* some years ago, and he had the prize at the Cardigan Eisteddfod of 1866 for the best collection in Welsh of the folklore of Dyfed: his recollection was that it contained in all thirty-six tales of all kinds; but since the manuscript, as the property of the

Committee of that Eisteddfod, was sold, he could not now consult it: in fact he is not certain as to who the owner of it may now be, though he has an idea that it is either the Rev. Rees Williams, vicar of Whitchurch, near Solva, Pembrokeshire, or R. D. Jenkins, Esq., of Cilbronnau, Cardiganshire. Whoever the owner may be, he would probably be only too glad to have it published, and I mention this merely to call attention to it. The Eisteddfod is to be commended for encouraging local research, and sometimes even for burying the results in obscurity, but not always.

X.

Before leaving Dyfed I wish to revert to the extract from Mr. Sikes, p. 161 above. He had been helped partly by the article on Gavran, in the *Cambrian Biography*, by William Owen, better known since as William Owen Pughe and Dr. Pughe, and partly by a note of Southey's on the following words in his *Madoc* (London, 1815), i, III:--

Where are the sons of Gavran? where his tribe,
The faithful? following their beloved Chief,
They the Green Islands of the Ocean sought;
Nor human tongue hath told, nor human ear,
Since from the silver shores they went their way,
Hath heard their fortunes.

The Gavran story, I may premise, is based on one of the Welsh Triads--i. 34, ii. V, iii. 80--and Southey cites the article in the *Cambrian Biography*; but he goes on to give the following statements without indicating on what sources he was drawing--the reader has, however, been made acquainted already with the virtue of a blade of grass, [04] by the brief mention of Llyn Irddyn above, p. 148:--

'Of these Islands, or Green Spots of the Floods, there are some singular superstitions. They are the abode of the *Tylwyth Teg*, or the fair family, the souls of the virtuous Druids, who, not having been Christians, cannot enter the Christian heaven, but enjoy this heaven of their own. They however discover a love of mischief, neither becoming happy spirits, nor consistent with their original character; for they love to visit the earth, and, seizing a man, inquire whether he will travel above wind, mid wind, or below wind; above wind is a giddy and terrible passage, below wind is through bush and brake, the middle is a safe course. But the spell of security is, to catch hold

of the grass, for these Beings have not power to destroy a blade of grass. In their better moods they come over and carry the Welsh in their boats. He who visits these Islands imagines on his return that he has been absent only a few hours, when, in truth, whole centuries have passed away. If you take a turf from St. David's churchyard, and stand upon it on the sea shore, you behold these Islands. A man once, who thus obtained sight of them, immediately put to sea to find them; but they disappeared, and his search was in vain. He returned, looked at them, again from the enchanted turf, again set sail, and failed again. The third time he took the turf into his vessel, and stood upon it till he reached them.'

A correspondent signing himself 'the Antient Mariner,' and writing, in the *Pembroke County Guardian*, from Newport, Pembrokeshire, Oct. 26, 1896, cites Southey's notes, and adds to them the statement, that some fifty years ago there was a tradition amongst the inhabitants of Trevine (Trefin) in his county, that these Islands could be seen from Man Non, or Eglwys Non, in that neighbourhood. To return to *Madoc*, Southey adds to the note already quoted a reference to the inhabitants of Arran More, on the coast of Galway, to the effect that they think that they can on a clear day see Hy-Breasail, the Enchanted Island supposed to be the Paradise of the Pagan Irish: compare the Phantom City seen in the same sea from the coast of Clare. Then he asks a question suggestive of the explanation, that all this is due to 'that very extraordinary phenomenon, known in Sicily by the name of Morgaine le Fay's works.' In connexion with this question of mirage I venture to quote again from the *Pembroke County Guardian*. Mr. Ferrar Fenton, already mentioned, writes in the issue of Nov. 1, 1896, giving a report which he had received one summer morning from Captain John Evans, since deceased. It is to the effect 'that once when trending up the Channel, and passing Grasholm Island, in what he had always known as deep water, he was surprised to see to windward of him a large tract of land covered with a beautiful green meadow. It was not, however, *above water*, but just a few feet *below*, say two or three, so that the grass waved and swam about as the ripple flowed over it, in a most delightful way to the eye, so that as watched it made one feel quite drowsy. You know, he continued, I have heard old people say there is a floating island off there, that sometimes rises to the surface, or nearly, and then sinks down again fathoms deep, so that no one sees it for years, and when nobody expects it comes up again for a while. How it may be, I do not know, but that is what they say.'

Lastly, Mr. E. Perkins, of Penysgwarne, near Fishguard, wrote on Nov. 2, 1896, as follows, of a changing view to be had from the top of the Garn, which means the *Garn Fawr*, one of the most interesting prehistoric sites in the county, and one I have had the pleasure of visiting more than once in the company of Henry Owen and Edward Laws, the historians of Pembrokeshire:--

'May not the fairy islands referred to by Professor Rhys have originated from mirages? During the glorious weather we enjoyed last summer, I went up one particularly fine evening to the top of the Garn behind Penysgwarne to view the sunset. It would have been worth a thousand miles' travel to go to see such a scene as I saw that evening. It was about half an hour before sunset--the bay was calm and smooth as the finest mirror. The rays of the sun made

A golden path across the sea,

and a picture indescribable. As the sun neared the horizon the rays broadened until the sheen resembled a gigantic golden plate prepared to hold the brighter sun. No sooner had the sun set than I saw a striking mirage. To the right I saw a stretch of country similar to a landscape in this country. A farmhouse and outbuildings were seen, I will not say quite as distinct as I can see the upper part of St. David's parish from this Garn, but much more detailed. We could see fences, roads, and gateways leading to the farmyard, but in the haze it looked more like a panoramic view than a veritable landscape. Similar mirages may possibly have caused our old to think these were the abode of the fairies.'

To return to Mr. Sikes, the rest of his account of the Pembrokeshire fairies and their green islands, of their Milford butcher, and of the subterranean gallery leading into their home, comes, as already indicated, for the most part from Howells. But it does not appear on what authority Southey himself made departed druids of the fairies. One would be glad to be reassured on this last point, as such a hypothesis would fit in well enough with what we are told of the sacrosanct character of the inhabitants of the isles on the coast of Britain in ancient times. Take, for instance, the brief account given by Plutarch of one of the isles explored by a certain Demetrius in the service of the Emperor of Rome: see chapter viii.

XI.

Mr. Craigfryn Hughes, the author of a Welsh novelette[63] with its scene laid in Glamorgan, having induced me to take a copy, I read it and found it full of local colouring. Then I ventured to sound the author on the question of fairy tales, and the reader will be able to judge how hearty the response has been. Before reproducing the tale which Mr. Hughes has sent me, I will briefly put into English his account of himself and his authorities. Mr. Hughes lives at the Quakers' Yard in the neighbourhood of Pontypridd, in Glamorganshire. His father was not a believer[64] in tales about fairies or the like, and he learned all he knows of the traditions about them in his father's absence, from his grandmother and other old people. The old lady's name was Rachel Hughes. She was born at Pandy Pont y Cymmer, near Pontypool, or *Pont ap Hywe*l as Mr. Hughes analyses the name, in the year 1773, and she had a vivid recollection of Edmund Jones of the Tranch, of whom more anon, coming from time to time to preach to the Independents there. She came, however, to live in the parish of Llanfabon, near the Quakers' Yard, when she was only twelve years of age; and there she continued to live to the day of her death, which took place in 1864, so that she was about ninety-one years of age at the time. Mr. Hughes adds that he remembers many of the old inhabitants besides his grandmother, who were perfectly familiar with the story he has put on record; but only two of them were alive when he wrote to me in 1881, and these were both over ninety years old, with their minds overtaken by the childishness of age; but it was only a short time since the death of another, who was, as he says, a walking library of tales about corpse candles, ghosts, and *Bendith y Mamau* [65], or 'The Mothers' Blessing,' as the fairies are usually called in Glamorgan. Mr. Hughes' father tried to prevent his children being taught any tales about ghosts, corpse candles, or fairies; but the grandmother found opportunities of telling them plenty, and Mr. Hughes vividly describes the effect on his mind when he was a boy, how frightened he used to feel, how he pulled the clothes over his head in bed, and how he half suffocated himself thereby under the effects of the fear with which the tales used to fill him. Then, as to the locality, he makes the following remarks:--'There are few people who have not heard something or other about the old graveyard of the Quakers, which was made by Lydia Phil, a lady who lived at a neighbouring farm house, called Cefn y Fforest. This old graveyard lies in the eastern corner of the parish of Merthyr Tydfil, on land called Pantannas, as to the meaning of which there is much controversy. Some will have it that it is properly Pant

yr Aros, or the Hollow of the Staying, because travellers were sometimes stopped there overnight by the swelling of the neighbouring river; others treat it as Pant yr Hanes, the Hollow of the Legend, in allusion to the following story. But before the graveyard was made, the spot was called Rhyd y Grug, or the Ford of the Heather, which grows thereabouts in abundance. In front of the old graveyard towards the south the rivers Taff and Bargoed, which some would make into Byrgoed or Short-Wood, meet with each other, and thence rush in one over terrible cliffs of rock, in the recesses of which lie huge *cerwyni* or cauldron-like pools, called respectively the Gerwyn Fach, the Gerwyn Fawr, and the Gerwyn Ganol, where many a drowning has taken place. As one walks up over Tarren y Crynwyr, "the Quakers' Rift," until Pantannas is reached, and proceeds northwards for about a mile and a half, one arrives at a farm house called Pen Craig Daf [66], "the Top of the Taff Rock." The path between the two houses leads through fertile fields, in which may be seen, if one has eyes to observe, small rings which are greener than the rest of the ground. They are, in fact, green even as compared with the greenness around them--these are the rings in which Bendith y Mamau used to meet to sing and dance all night. If a man happened to get inside one of these circles when the fairies were there, he could not be got out in a hurry, as they would charm him and lead him into some of their caves, where they would keep him for ages, unawares to him, listening to their music. The rings vary greatly in size, but in point of form they are all round or oval. I have heard my grandmother,' says Mr. Hughes, 'reciting and singing several of the songs which the fairies sang in these rings. One of them began thus:--

Canu, canu, drwy y nos,
Dawnsio, dawnsio, ar Waen y Rhos
Y' ngoleuni'r lleuad dlos:
Hapus. ydym ni!

Pawb ohonom sydd yn llon
Heb un gofid dan ei fron:
Canu, dawnsio, ar y ton [67]--
Dedwydd ydym ni!

Singing, singing, through the night,
Dancing, dancing with our might,

Where the moon the moor doth light,
Happy ever we!

One and all of merry mien,
Without sorrow are we seen,
Singing, dancing on the green,
Gladsome ever we!

Here follows, in Mr. Hughes' own Welsh, a remarkable story of revenge exacted by the fairies:--

Yn un o'r canrifoedd a aethant heibio, preswyliai amaethwr yn nhyddyn Pantannas, a'r amser hwnnw yroedd bendith y mamau yn ymwelwyr aml ag amryw gaeau perthynol iddo ef, a theimlai yntau gryn gasineb yn ei fynwes at yr 'atras fwstrog, leisiog, a chynllwynig,' fel y galwai hwynt, a mynych yr hiraethai am allu dyfod o hyd i ryw lwybr er cael eu gwared oddiyno. O'r diwedd hysbyswyd ef gan hen reibwraig, fod y ffordd i gael eu gwared yn ddigon hawdd, ac ond iddo ef roddi godro un hwyr a boreu iddi hi, yr hysbysai y fford iddo gyrraedd yr hyn a fawr ddymunai. Boddlonodd i'w thelerau a derbyniodd yntau y cyfarwyddyd, yr hyn ydoedd fel y canlyn.- Ei fod i aredig yr holl gaeau i ba rai yr oedd eu hoff ymgyrchfan, ac ond iddynt hwy unwaith golli y ton glas, y digient, ac na ddeuent byth mwy i'w boeni drwy eu hymweliadau a'r lle.

Dilynodd yr amaethwr ei chyfarwyddyd i'r llythyren, a choronwyd ei waith a llwyddiant. Nid oedd yr un o honynt i'w weled oddeutu y caeau yn awr; ac yn lle sain cu caniadau soniarus, a glywid bob amser yn dyrchu o Waen y Rhos, nid oedd dim ond y distawrwydd trylwyraf yn teyrnasu o gylch eu hen a'u hoff ymgyrchfan.

Hauodd yr amaethwr wenith, &c., yn y caeau, ac yr oedd y gwanwyn gwyrddlas wedi gwthio y gauaf oddiar ei sedd, ac ymddangosai y maesydd yn ardderchog yn eu llifrai gwyrddleision a gwanwynol.

Ond un prydnawn, ar ol i'r haul ymgilio i yst felloedd y gorllewin, tra yr oedd amaethwr Pantannas yn dychwelyd tua ei gartref, cyfarfyddwyd ag ef gan fod bychan ar ffurf dyn, yn gwisgo hugan goch; a phan ddaeth gyferbyn ag ef dadweiniodd ei gledd bychan, gan gyfeirio ei flaen at yr amaethwr, a dywedyd,

Dial a ddaw,
Y mat gerllaw.

Ceisiodd yr amaethwr chwerthin, ond yr oedd rhywbeth yn edrychiad sarrug a llym y gwr bychan ag a barodd iddo deimlo yn hynod o annymunol.

Ychydig o nosweithiau yn ddiweddarach, pan oedd y teulu ar ymneillduo i'w gorphwysleoedd, dychrynwyd hwy yn fawr iawn gan drwst, fel pe byddai y ty yn syrthio i lawr bendramwnwgl, ac yn union ar ol a'r twrf beidio, clywent y geiriau bygythiol a ganlyn--a dim yn rhagor--yn cael eu parablu yn uchel,

Daw dial.

Pan oedd yr yd wedi cael ei fedi ac yn barod i gael ei gywain i'r ysgubor, yn sydyn ryw noswaith llosgwyd ef fel nad oedd yr un dywysen na gwelltyn i'w gael yn un man o'r caeau, ac nis gallasai neb fod wedi gosod yr yd ar dan ond Bendith y Mamau.

Fel ag y mae yn naturiol i ni feddwl teimlodd yr amaethwr yn fawr oherwydd y tro, ac edifarhaodd yn ei galon ddarfod iddo erioed wrando a gwneuthur yn ol cyfarwyddyd yr hen reibwraig, ac felly ddwyn arno ddigofaint a chasineb Bendith y Mamau.

Drannoeth i'r noswaith y llosgwyd yr yd fel yr oedd yn arolygu y difrod achoswyd gan y tan, wele'r gwr bychan ag ydoedd wedi ei gyfarfod ychydig o ddiwrnodau yn flaenorol yn ei gyfarfod eilwaith a chyda threm herfeiddiol pwyntiodd ei gleddyf ato gan ddywedyd,

Nid yw ond dechreu.

Trodd gwyneb yr amaethwr cyn wynned a'r marmor, a safodd gan alw y gwr bychan yn ol, ond bu y còr yn hynod o wydn ac anewyllysgar i droi ato, ond ar ol hir erfyn arno trodd yn ei ol gan ofyn yn sarrug beth yr oedd yr amaethwr yn ei geisio, yr hwn a hysbysodd iddo ei fod yn berffaith foddlon i adael y caeau lle yr oedd eu hoff ymgyrchfan i dyfu yn don eilwaith, a rhoddi caniatad iddynt i ddyfod iddynt pryd y dewisent, ond yn unig iddynt beidio dial eu llid yn mhellach arno ef.

'Na,' oedd yr atebiad penderfynol, 'y mae gair y brenin wedi ei roi y bydd iddo ymddial arnat hyd eithaf ei allu acnid oes dim un gallu ar wyneb y greadigaeth a bair iddo gael ei dynnu yw ol.'

Dechreuodd yr amaethwr wylo ar hyn, ond yn mhen ychydig hysbysodd y gwr bychan y byddai iddo ef siarad a'i bennaeth ar y mater, ac y cawsai efe

wybod y canlyniad ond iddo ddyfod i'w gyfarfod ef yn y fan honno amser machludiad haul drennydd.

Addawodd yr amaethwr ddyfod i'w gyfarfod, a phan ddaeth yr amser apwyntiedig o amgylch iddo j gyfarfod a'r bychan cafodd ef yno yn ei aros, ac hysbysodd iddo fod y pennaeth wedi ystyried ei gais yn ddifrifol, ond gan fod et air bob amser yn anghyfnewidiol y buasai y dialedd bygythiedig yn rhwym o gymeryd lle ar y teulu, ond ar gyfrif ei edifeirwch ef na chawsai digwydd yn ei amser ef nac eiddo ei blant.

Llonyddodd hynny gryn lawer ar feddwl terfysglyd yr amaethwr, a dechreuodd Bendith y Mamau dalu eu hymweliadau a'r lle eilwaith a mynych y clywid sain eu cerddoriaeth felusber yn codi o'r caeau amgylchynol yn ystod y nos.

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Pasiodd canrif heibio heb i'r dialedd bygythiedig gael ei gyflawni, ac er fod teulu Pantannas yn cael eu hadgofio yn awr ac eilwaith, y buasai yn sicr o ddigwydd hwyr neu hwyrach, eto wrth hir glywed y waedd,

Daw Dial,

ymgynefinasant a hi nes eu bod yn barod i gredu na fuasai dim yn dyfod o'r bygythiad byth.

Yr oedd etifedd Pantannas yn caru a merch i dirfeddiannydd cymydogaethol a breswyliai mewn tyddyn o'r enw Pen Craig Daf. Yr oedd priodas y par dedwydd i gymeryd lle yn mhen ychydig wythnosau ac ymddangosai rhieni y cwpl ieuanc yn hynod o foddlon i'r ymuniad teuluol ag oedd ar gymeryd lle.

Yr oedd yn amser y Nadolig--a thalodd y ddarpar wraig ieuanc ymweliad a theulu ei darpar wr, ac yr oedd yno wledd o wydd rostiedig yn baratoedig gogyfer a'r achlysur.

Eisteddai y cwmni oddeutu y tan i adrodd rhyw chwedlau difyrrus er mwyn pasio yr amser, pryd y cawsant eu dychrynu yn fawr gan lais treiddgar yn dyrchafu megis o wely yr afon yn gwaeddi

Daeth amser ymdïal.

Aethant oll allan i wrando a glywent y lleferydd eilwaith, ond nid oedd dim i'w glywed ond brochus drwst y dwfir wrth raiadru dros glogwyni aruthrol

y cerwyni. Ond ni chawsant aros i wrando yn hir iawn cyn iddynt glywed yr un lleferydd eilwaith yn dyrchafu i fyny yn uwch na swn y dwfr pan yn bwrlymu dros ysgwyddau y graig, ac yn gwaeddi,

Daeth yr amser.

Nis gallent ddyfalu beth yr oedd yn ei arwyddo, a chymaint ydoedd eu braw, a'u syndod fel nad allent lefaru yr un gair a'u gilydd. Yn mhen ennyd dychwelasant i'r ty a chyn iddynt eistedd credent yn ddios fod yr adeilad yn cael ei ysgwyd idd ei sylfeini gan ryw dwrf y tu allan. Pan yr oedd yr oll wedi cael eu parlysio gan fraw, wele fenyw fechan yn gwneuthur ei hymddangosiad ar y bwrdd o'u blaen, yr hwn oedd yn sefyll yn agos i'r ffenestr.

'Beth yr wyt yn ei geisio yma, y peth bychan hagr?' holai un o'r gwyddfodolion.

Nid oes gennyf unrhyw neges a thi, y gwr hir dafod,' oedd atebiad y fenyw fechan. 'Ond yr wyf wedi cael fy anfon yma i adrodd rhyw bethau ag sydd ar ddigwydd i'r teulu hwn, a theulu arall o'r gymydogaeth ag a ddichon fod o ddyddordeb iddynt, ond gan i mi dderbyn y fath sarhad oddiar law y gwr du ag sydd yn eistedd yn y cornel, ni fydd i mi godi y llen ag oedd yn cuddio y dyfodol allan o'u golwg.'

'Atolwg os oes yn dy feddiant ryw wybodaeth parth dyfodol rhai o honom ag a fyddai yn ddyddorol i ni gael ei glywed, dwg hi allan,' ebai un arall o'r gwyddfodolion.

'Na wnaf, ond yn unig hysbysu, fod calon gwyryf fel llong ar y traeth yn methu cyrraedd y porthlad oherwydd digalondid y pilot.'

A chyda ei bod yn llefaru y gair diweddaf diflannodd o'u gwydd, na wyddai neb i ba le na pha fodd!

Drwy ystod ei hymweliad hi, peidiodd y waedd a godasai o'r afon, ond yn fuan ar ol iddi ddiflannu, dechreuodd eilwaith a chyhoeddi

Daeth amser dial,

ac ni pheidiodd am hir amser. Yr oedd y cynulliad wedi cael eu meddiannu a gormod o fraw i fedru llefaru yr un gair, ac yr oedd llen o bruddder yn daenedig dros wyneb pob un o honynt. Daeth amser iddynt i ymwahanu, ac aeth Rhydderch y mab i hebrwng Gwerfyl ei gariadferch tua Phen Craig Daf, o ba siwrnai ni dychwelodd byth.

Cyn ymadael di fun dywedir iddynt dyngu bythol ffyddlondeb i'w gilydd, pe heb weled y naill y llall byth ond hynny, ac nad oedd dim a allai beri iddynt anghofio y eu gilydd.'

Mae yn debygol i'r llanc Rhydderch pan yn dychwelyd gartref gael ei hun oddifewn i un o gylchoedd Bendith y Mamau, ac yna iddynt ei hud-ddenu i mewn i un o'u hogofau yn Nharren y Cigfrain, ac yno y bu.

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Y mae yn llawn bryd i ni droi ein gwynebau yn ol tua Phantannas a Phen Craig Daf. Yr oedd rhieni y bachgen anffodus yn mron gwallgofi. Nid oedd ganddynt yr un drychfeddwl i ba le i fyned i chwilio am dano, ac er chwilio yn mhob man a phob lle methwyd yn glir a dyfod o hyd iddo, na chael gair o'i hanes.

Ychydig i fyny yn y cwm mewn ogof danddaearol trigfannai hen feudwy oedrannus, yr hwn hefyd a ystyrrid yn ddewin, o'r enw Gweirydd. Aethant yn mhen ychydig wythnosau i ofyn iddo ef, a fedrai roddi iddynt ryw wybodaeth parthed i'w mab colledig--ond i ychydig bwrpas. Ni wnaeth yr hyn a adrododd hwnnw wrthynt ond dyfnhau y clwyf a rhoi golwg fwy anobeithiol fyth ar yr amgylchiad. Ar ol iddynt ei hysbysu ynghylch ymddangosiad y fenyw fechan ynghyd a'r llais wylofus a glywsent yn dyrchafu o'r afan y nos yr aeth ar goll, hysbysodd efe iddynt mai y farn fygythiedig ar y teulu gan Fendith y Mamau oedd wedi goddiweddid y llanc, ac nad oedd o un diben iddynt feddwl cael ei weled byth mwyach! Ond feallai y gwnelai ei ymddangosiad yn mhen oesau, ond dim yn eu hamser hwy.

Pasiai yr amser heibio, a chwyddodd yr wythnosau i fisoedd, a'r misoedd i flynyddoedd, a chasglwyd tad a mam Rhydderch at eu tadau. Yr oedd y lle o hyd yn parhau yr un, ond y preswylwyr yn newid yn barhaus, ac yr oedd yr adgofion am ei golledigaeth yn darfod yn gyflym, ond er hynny yr oedd un yn disgwyl ei ddychweliad yn ol yn barhaus, ac yn gobeithio megis yn erbyn gobaith am gael ei weled eilwaith. Bob boreu gyda bod dorau y wawr yn ymagor dros gaerog fynyddoedd y dwyrain gwelid hi bob tywydd yn rhedeg i ben bryn bychan, a chyda llygaid yn orlawn o ddagrau hiraethlon syllai i bob cyfeiriad i edrych a ganfyddai ryw argoel fod ei hanwylyd yn dychwelyd; ond i ddim, pwrpas. Canol dydd gwelid hi eilwaith yn yr un

man, a phan ymgollai yr haul fel pelen eiriasgoch o dân dros y terfyngylch, yr oedd hi yno.

Edrychai nes yn agos bod yn ddall, ac wylai ei henaid allan o ddydd i ddydd ar ol anwylddyn ei chalon. O'r diwedd aeth y rhai sydd yn edrych drwy y ffenestri i omedd eu gwasanaeth iddi, ac yr oedd y pren almon yn coroni eiphen a'i flagur gwyryfol, ond parhai hi i edrych, ond nid oedd neb yn dod. Yn llawn o ddyddiau ac yn aeddfed i'r bedd rhoddwyd terfyn ar ei holl obeithion a'i disgwyliadau gan angeu, a chludwyd ei gweddillion marwol i fynwent hen Gapel y Fan.

Pasiai blynyddoedd heibio fel mwg, ac oesau fel cysgodion y boreu, ac nid oedd neb yn fyw ag oedd yn cofio Rhydderch, ond adroddid ei golliad disymwyth yn aml. Dylasem fynegu na welwyd yr un o Fendith y Mamau oddeutu y gymydogaeth wedi ei golliad, a pheidiodd sain eu cerddoriaeth o'r nos honno allan.

Yr oedd Rhydderch wedi cael ei hud-ddenu i fyned gyda Bendith y Mamau--ac aethant ag ef i ffwrdd i'w hogof. Ar ol iddo aros yno dros ychydig o ddiwrnodau fel y tybiai, gofynnodd am ganiatad i ddychwelyd, yr hyn a rwydd ganiatawyd iddo gan y brenin. Daeth allan o'r ogof, ac yr oedd yn ganol dydd braf, a'r haul yn llewyrchu odiar fynwes ffurfafen ddigwmwl. Cerddodd yn mlaen o Darren y Cigfrain hyd nes iddo ddyfod i olwg Capel y Fan, ond gymaint oedd ei syndod pan y gwelodd nad oedd yr un capel yno! Pa le yr oedd wedi bod, a pha faint o amser? Gyda theimladau cymysgedik cyfeiriodd ei gamrau tua Phen Craig Daf, cartref-le ei anwylyd, ond nid oedd hi yno, ac nid oedd yn adwaen yr un dyn ag oedd yno chwaith. Ni fedrai gael gair o hanes ei gariad a chymerodd y rhai a breswylient yno mai gwallgofddyn ydoedd.

Prysurodd eilwaith tua Phantannas, ac yr oedd ei syndod yn fwy fyth yno! Nid oedd yn adwaen yr un o honynt, ac ni wyddent hwythau ddim am dano yntau. O'r diwedd daeth gwr y ty i fewn, ac yr oedd hwnnw yn cofio clywed ei dad cu yn adrodd am lanc ag oedd wedi myned yn ddisymwyth i goll er ys peth cannoedd o flynyddoedd yn ol, ond na wyddai neb i ba le. Rywfodd neu gilydd tarawodd gwr y tŷ ei ffon yn erbyn Rhydderch, pa un a ddiflannoddmewn cawod o lwch, ac ni chlywyd air o son beth ddaeth o hono mwyach.

‘In one of the centuries gone by, there lived a husbandman on the farm of Pantannas; and at that time the fairies used to pay frequent visits to several of the fields which belonged to him. He cherished in his bosom a considerable hatred for the “noisy, boisterous, and pernicious tribe,” as he called them, and often did he long to be able to discover some way to rid the place of them. At last he was told by an old witch that the way to get rid of them was easy enough, and that she would tell him how to attain what he so greatly wished, if he gave her one evening’s milking[68] on his farm, and one morning’s. He agreed to her conditions, and from her he received advice, which was to the effect that he was to plough all the fields where they had their favourite resorts, and that, if they found the green sward gone, they would take offence, and never return to trouble him with their visits to the spot.

‘The husbandman followed the advice to the letter, and his work was crowned with success. Not a single one of them was now to be seen about the fields, and, instead of the sound of their sweet music, which used to be always heard rising from the Coarse Meadow Land, the most complete silence now reigned over their favourite resort.

‘He sowed his land with wheat and other grain; the verdant spring had now thrust winter off its throne, and the fields appeared splendid in their vernal and green livery.

‘But one evening, when the sun had retired to the chambers of the west, and when the farmer of Pantannas was returning home, he was met by a diminutive being in the shape of a man, with a red coat on. When he had come right up to him, he unsheathed his little sword, and, directing the point towards the farmer, he said:--

Vengeance cometh,
Fast it approacheth.

‘The farmer tried to laugh, but there was something in the surly and stern looks of the little fellow which made him feel exceedingly uncomfortable.

‘A few nights afterwards, as the family were retiring to rest, they were very greatly frightened by a noise, as though the house was falling to pieces; and, immediately after the noise, they heard a voice uttering loudly the threatening words--and nothing more:--

Vengeance cometh.

‘When, however, the corn was reaped and ready to be carried to the barn, it was, all of a sudden, burnt up one night, so that neither an ear nor a straw of it could be found anywhere in the fields; and now nobody could have set the corn on fire but the fairies.

‘As one may naturally suppose, the farmer felt very much on account of this event, and he regretted in his heart having done according to the witch’s direction, and having thereby brought upon him the anger and hatred of the fairies.

‘The day after the night of the burning of the corn, as he was surveying the destruction caused by the fire, behold the little fellow, who had met him a few days before, met him again, and, with a challenging glance, he pointed his sword towards him, saying:--

It but beginneth.

The farmer’s face turned as white as marble, and he stood calling the little fellow to come back; but the dwarf proved very unyielding and reluctant to turn to him; but, after long entreaty, he turned back, asking the farmer, in a surly tone, what he wanted, when he was told by the latter that he was quite willing to allow the fields, in which their favourite resorts had been, to grow again into a green sward, and to let them frequent them as often as they wished, provided they would no further wreak their anger on him.

‘“No,” was the determined reply, “the word of the king has been given, that he will avenge himself on thee to the utmost of his power; and there is no power on the face of creation that will cause it to be withdrawn.”

‘The farmer began to weep at this, and, after a while, the little fellow said that he would speak to his lord on the matter, and that he would let him know the result, if he would come there to meet him at the hour of sunset on the third day after.

‘The farmer promised to meet him; and, when the time appointed for meeting the little man came, he found him awaiting him, and he was told by him that his lord had seriously considered his request, but that, as the king’s word was ever immutable, the threatened vengeance was to take effect on the family. On account, however, of his repentance, it would not be allowed to happen in his time or that of his children.

‘That calmed the disturbed mind of the farmer a good deal. The fairies began again to pay frequent visits to the place, and their melodious singing was again heard at night in the fields around.

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A century passed by without seeing the threatened vengeance carried into effect; and, though the Pantannas, family were reminded now and again that it was certain sooner or later to come, nevertheless, by long hearing the voice that said--

Vengeance cometh,

they became so accustomed to it, that they were ready to believe that nothing would ever come of the threat.

‘The heir of Pantannas was paying his addresses to the daughter of a neighbouring landowner who lived at the farm house called Pen Craig Daf, and the wedding of the happy pair was to take place in a few weeks, and the parents on both sides appeared exceedingly content with the union that was about to take place between tile two families.

‘It was Christmas time, and the intended wife paid a visit to the family of her would-be husband. There they had a feast of roast goose prepared for the occasion.

‘The company sat round the fire to relate amusing tales to pass the time, when they were greatly frightened by a piercing voice, rising, as it were, from the bed of the river [69], and shrieking:--

The time for revenge is come.

‘They all went out to listen if they could hear the voice a second time, but nothing was to be heard save the angry noise of the water as it cascaded over the dread cliffs of the kerwyni; they had not long, however, to wait till they heard again the same voice rising above the noise of the waters, as they boiled over the shoulders of the rock, and crying:--

The time is come.

‘They could not guess what it meant, and so great was their fright and astonishment, that no one could utter a word to another. Shortly they returned to the house, when they believed that beyond doubt the building was being shaken to its foundations by some noise outside. When all were

thus paralysed by fear, behold a little woman made her appearance on the table, which stood near the window.

‘“What dost thou, ugly little thing, want here?’ asked one of those present.

‘“I have nothing to do with thee, O man of the meddling tongue,” said the little woman, “but I have been sent here to recount some things that are about to happen to this family and another family in the neighbourhood, things that might be of interest to them; but, as I have received such an insult from the black fellow that sits in the corner, the veil that hides them from their sight shall not be lifted by me.”

‘“Pray,” said another of those present, “if thou hast in thy possession any knowledge with regard to the future of any one of us that would interest us to hear, bring it forth.”

‘“No, I will but merely tell you that a certain maiden’s heart is like a ship on the coast, unable to reach the harbour because the pilot has lost heart.”

‘As soon as she had cried out the last word, she vanished, no one knew whither or how.

‘During her visit, the cry rising from the river had stopped, but soon afterwards it began again to proclaim:--

The time of vengeance is come;

nor did it cease for a long while. The company had been possessed by too much terror for one to be able to address another, and a sheet of gloom had, as it were, been spread over the face of each. The time for parting came, and Rhydderch the heir went to escort Gwerfyl, his lady-love, home towards Pen Craig Daf, a journey from which he never returned.

‘Before bidding one another “Good-bye,” they are said to have sworn to each other eternal fidelity, even though they should never see one another from that moment forth, and that nothing should make the one forget the other.

‘It is thought probable that the young man Rhydderch, on his way back towards home, got into one of the rings of the fairies, that they allured him into one of their caves in the Ravens’ Rift, and that there he remained.

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‘It is high time for us now to turn back towards Pantannas and Pen Craig Daf. The parents of the unlucky youth were almost beside themselves: they had no idea where to go to look for him, and, though they searched every spot in the place, they failed completely to find him or any clue to his history.

‘A little higher up the country, there dwelt, in a cave underground, an aged hermit called Gweirydd, who was regarded also as a sorcerer. They went a few weeks afterwards to ask him whether he could give them any information about their lost son; but it was of little avail. What that man told them did but deepen the wound and give the event a still more hopeless aspect. When they had told him of the appearance of the little woman, and the doleful cry heard rising from the river on the night when their son was lost, he informed them that it was the judgement threatened to the family by the fairies that had overtaken the youth, and that it was useless for them to think of ever seeing him again: possibly he might make his appearance after generations had gone by, but not in their lifetime.

‘Time rolled on, weeks grew into months, and months into years, until Rhydderch’s father and mother were gathered to their ancestors. The place continued the same, but the inhabitants constantly changed, so that the memory of Rhydderch’s disappearance was fast dying away. Nevertheless there was one who expected his return all the while, and hoped, as it were against hope, to see him once more. Every morn, as the gates of the dawn opened beyond the castellated heights of the east, she might be seen, in all weathers, hastening to the top of a small hill, and, with eyes full of the tears of longing, gazing in every direction to see if she could behold any sign of her beloved’s return; but in vain. At noon, she might be seen on the same spot again; she was also there at the hour when the sun was wont to hide himself, like a red-hot ball of fire, below the horizon. She gazed until she was nearly blind, and she wept forth her soul from day to day for the darling of her heart. At last they that looked out at the windows began to refuse their service, and the almond tree commenced to crown her head with its virgin bloom. She continued to gaze, but he came not. Full of days, and ripe for the grave, death put an end to all her hopes and all her expectations. Her mortal remains were buried in the graveyard of the old Chapel of the Fan.[70]

‘Years passed away like smoke, and generations like the shadows of the morning, and there was no longer anybody alive who remembered Rhydderch, but the tale of his sudden missing was frequently in people’s mouths. And we ought to have said that after the event no one of the fairies was seen about the neighbourhood, and the sound of their music ceased from that night.

‘Rhydderch had been allured by them, and they took him away into their cave. When he had stayed there only a few days, as he thought, he asked for permission to return, which was readily granted him by the king. He issued from the cave when it was a fine noon, with the sun beaming from the bosom of a cloudless firmament. He walked on from the Ravens’ Rift until he came near the site of the Fan Chapel; but what was his astonishment to find no chapel there! Where, he wondered, had he been, and how long away? So with mixed feelings he directed his steps towards Pen Craig Daf, the home of his beloved one, but she was not there nor any one whom he knew either. He could get no word of the history of his sweetheart, and those who dwelt in the place took him for a madman.

‘He hastened then to Pantannas, where his astonishment was still greater. He knew nobody there, and nobody knew anything about him. At last the man of the house came in, and he remembered hearing his grandfather relating how a youth had suddenly disappeared, nobody knew whither, some hundreds of years previously. Somehow or other the man of the house chanced to knock his walking-stick against Rhydderch, when the latter vanished in a shower of dust. Nothing more was ever heard of him.’

Before leaving Glamorgan, I may add that Mr. Sikes associates fairy ladies with Crymlyn Lake, between Briton Ferry and Swansea; but, as frequently happens with him, he does not deign to tell us whence be got the legend. ‘It is also believed,’ he says at p. 35, ‘that a large town lies swallowed up there, and that the *Gwragedd Annwn* have turned the submerged walls to use as the superstructure of their fairy palaces. Some claim to have seen the towers of beautiful castles lifting their battlements beneath the surface of the dark waters, and fairy bells are at times heard ringing from these towers.’ So much by the way: we shall return to Crymlyn in chapter vii.

XII.

The other day, as I was going to Gwent, I chanced to be in the Golden Valley in Herefordshire, where the names in the churchyards seem largely to imply a Welsh population, though the Welsh language has not been heard there for ages. Among others I noticed Joneses and Williamses in abundance at Abbey Dore, Evanses and Bevans, Morgans, Prossers and Prices, not to mention Sayces--that is to say, Welshmen of English extraction or education--a name which may also be met with in Little England in Pembrokeshire, and probably on other English-Welsh borders. Happening to have to wait for a train at the Abbey Dore station, I got into conversation with the tenants of a cottage hard by, and introduced the subject of the fairies. The old man knew nothing about them, but his wife, Elizabeth Williams, had been a servant girl at a place called Pen Pôch, which she pronounced with the Welsh guttural *ch*: she said that it is near Llandeilo Cressenny in Monmouthshire. It was about forty years ago when she served at Pen Pôch, and her mistress' name was Evans, who was then about fifty years of age. Now Mrs. Evans was in the habit of impressing on her servant girls' minds, that, unless they made the house tidy before going to bed, and put everything in its place overnight, the little people--the fairies, she thinks she called them--would leave them no rest in bed at night, but would come and 'pinch them like.' If they put everything in its place, and left the house 'tidy like,' it would be all right, and 'nobody would do anything to them like.' That is all I could get from her without prompting her, which I did at length by suggesting to her that the fairies might leave the tidy servants presents, a shilling 'on the hearth or the hob like.' Yes, she thought there was something of that sort, and her way of answering me suggested that this was not the first time she had heard of the shilling. She had never been lucky enough to have had one herself, nor did she know of anybody else that I had got it like.'

During a brief but very pleasant sojourn at Llanover in May, 1883, I made some inquiries about the fairies, and obtained the following account from William Williams, who now, in his seventieth year, works in Lady Llanover's garden:--'I know of a family living a little way from here at ----, or as they would now call it inEnglish -----, whose ancestors, four generations ago, used to be kind to *Bendith y Mamau*, and always welcomed their visits by leaving at night a basinful of bread and milk for them near the fire. It always used to be eaten up before the family got up in the morning. But one night a naughty servant man gave them instead of

milk a bowlful of urine [71]. They, on finding it out, threw it about the house and went away disgusted. But the servant watched in the house the following night. They found him out, and told him that he had made fools of them, and that in punishment for his crime there would always be a fool, i. e. an idiot, in his family. As a matter of fact, there was one among his children afterwards, and there is one in the family now. They have always been in a bad way ever since, and they never prosper. The name of the man who originally offended the fairies was -----; and the name of the present fool among his descendants is -----.' For evident reasons it is not desirable to publish the names.

Williams spoke also of a sister to his mother, who acted as servant to his parents. There were, he said, ten stepping stones between his father's house and the well, and on every one of these stones his aunt used to find a penny every morning, until she made it known to others, when, of course, the pennies ceased coming. He did not know why the fairies gave money to her, unless it was because she was a most tidy servant.

Another Llanover gardener remembered that the fairies used to change children, and that a certain woman called Nani Fach in that neighbourhood was one of their offspring; and he had been told that there were fairy rings in certain fields not far away in Llanover parish.

A third gardener, who is sixty-eight years of age, and is likewise in Lady Llanover's employ, had heard it said that servant girls about his home were wont to sweep the floor clean at night, and to throw crumbs of bread about on it before going to bed.

Lastly, Mrs. Gardner of Ty Llchaf Llanover, who is ninety years of age, remembers having a field close to Capel Newydd near Blaen Mon, in Llanover Uchaf, pointed out to her as containing fairy rings; and she recollects hearing, when she was a child, that a man had got into one of them. He remained away from home, as they always did, she said, a whole year and a day; but she has forgotten how he was recovered. Then she went on to say that her father had often got up in the night to see that his horses were not taken out and ridden about the fields by *Bendith y Mamau*; for they were wont to ride people's horses late at night round the four comers of the fields, and thereby they often broke the horses' wind. This, she gave me to understand, was believed in the parish of Llanover and that part of the

country generally. So here we have an instance probably of confounding fairies with witches.

I have not the means at my command of going at length into the folklore of Gwent, so I will merely mention where the reader may find a good deal about it. I have already introduced the name of the credulous old Christian, Edmund Jones of the Tranch: he published at Trefecca in the year 1779 a small volume entitled, *A Geographical, Historical, and Religious Account of the Parish of Aberystruth in the County of Monmouth, to which are added Memoirs of several Persons of Note who lived in the said Parish*. In 1813, by which time he seems to have left this world for another, where he expected to understand all about the fairies and their mysterious life, a small volume of his was published at Newport, bearing the title, *A Relation of Apparitions of Spirits in the County of Monmouth and the Principality of Wales, with other notable Relations from England, together with Observations about them, and Instructions from them, designed to confute and to prevent the Infidelity of denying the Being and Apparition of Spirits, which tends to Irreligion and Atheism. By the late Rev. Edmund Jones, of the Tranch.* Naturally those volumes have been laid under contribution by Mr. Sikes, though the tales about apparitions in them are frequently of a ghastly nature, and sometimes loathsome: on the whole, they remind me more than anything else I have ever read of certain Breton tales which breathe fire and brimstone: all such begin to be now out of fashion in Protestant countries. I shall at present only quote a passage of quite a different nature from the earlier volume, p. 72--it is an interesting one, and it runs thus:--'It was the general opinion in times past, when these things were very frequent, that the fairies knew whatever was spoken in the air without the houses, not so much what was spoken in the houses. I suppose they chiefly knew what was spoken in the air at night. It was also said that they rather appeared to an uneven number of persons, to one, three, five, &c.; and oftener to men than to women. Thomas William Edmund, of Havodavel, an honest pious man, who often saw them, declared that they appeared with one bigger than the rest going before them in the company.' With the notion that the fairies heard everything uttered out of doors may be compared the faculty attributed to the great magician king, Math ab Mathonwy, of hearing any whisper whatsoever that met the wind: see the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 60, and Guest's *Mabinogion*, iii. 219; see also this book, as to the same faculty belonging to the fairy people of the

Corannians, and the strange precautions taken against them by the brothers Llûd and Llevelys.

3. Fairy Ways And Words

Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy!
SHAKESPEARE.

IN the previous chapters, the fairy lore of the Principality was hastily skimmed without any method; and I fear that, now I have to reproduce some of the things which I gleaned somewhat later, there will be, if possible, still less method. The general reader, in case he chances on these pages, will doubtless feel that, as soon as he has read a few of the tales, the rest seem to be familiar to him, and exceedingly tiresome. It may be, however, presumed that all men anxious to arrive at an idea as to the origin among us of the belief in fairies, will agree that we should have as large and exhaustive a collection as possible of facts on which to work. If we can supply the data without stint, the student of anthropology may be trusted in time to discover their value for his inductions, and their place in the history of the human race.

I.

In the course of the summer of 1882[72]I was a good deal in Wales, especially Carnarvonshire, and I made notes of a great many scraps of legends about the fairies, and other bits of folklore. I will now string some of them together as I found them. I began at Trefriw [73], in Nant Conwy, where I came across an old man, born and bred there, called Morris Hughes. He appears to be about seventy years of age: he formerly worked as a slater, but now he lives at Llanrwst, and tries to earn a livelihood by angling. He told me that fairies came a long while ago to Cowlyd Farm, near Cowlyd Lake, with a baby to dress, and asked to be admitted into the house, saying that they would pay well for it. Their request was granted, and they used to leave money behind them. One day the servant girl accidentally found they had also left some stuff they were in the habit of using in washing their children. She examined it, and, one of her eyes happening to itch, she rubbed it with the finger that had touched the stuff; so when she went to Llanrwst Fair she saw the same fairy folks there stealing cakes from a standing, and asked them why they did that. They inquired with what eye she saw them: she put her hand to the eye, and one of the fairies quickly

rubbed it, so that she never saw any more of them. They were also very fond of bringing their children to be dressed in the houses between Trefriw and Llanrwst; and on the flat land bordering on the Conwy they used to dance, frolic, and sing every moonlight night. Evan Thomas of Sgubor Gerrig used to have money from them. He has been dead, Morris Hughes said, over sixty years: he had on his land a sort of cowhouse where the fairies had shelter, and hence the pay.

Morris, when a boy, used to be warned by his parents to take care lest he should be stolen by the fairies. He knew Thomas Williams of Bryn Syllty, or, as he was commonly called, Twm Bryn Syllty, who was a changeling. He was a sharp, small man, afraid of nothing. He met his death some years ago by drowning near Eglwys Fach, when he was about sixty-three years of age. There are relatives of his about Llanrwst still: that is, relatives of his mother, if indeed she was his mother (*os oedd hi'n fam iddo fo, ynté*). Lastly, Morris had a tale about a mermaid cast ashore by a storm near Conway. She entreated the fishermen who found her to help her back into her native element; and on their refusing to comply she prayed them to place her tail at least in the water. A very crude rhyme describes her dying of exposure to the cold, thus:--

Y forforwyn ar y traeth,
Crio gwaeddu'n arw wnaeth,
Ofn y deuai drycin drannoeth:
Yr hin yn oer a rhewi wnaeth.

The stranded mermaid on the beach
Did sorely cry and sorely screech,
Afraid to bide the morrow's breeze:
The cold it came, and she did freeze.

But before expiring, the mermaid cursed the people of Conway to be always poor, and Conway has ever since, so goes the tale, laboured under the curse; so that when a stranger happens to bring a sovereign there, the Conway folk, if silver is required, have to send across the water to Llansanffraid for change.

My next informant was John Duncan Maclaren, who was born in 1812, and lives at Trefriw. His father was a Scotsman, but Maclaren is in all other respects a Welshman. He also knew the Sgubor Gerrig people, and that

Evan Thomas and Lowri his wife had exceeding great trouble to prevent their son Roger from being carried away by the fairies. For the fairy maids were always trying to allure him away, and he was constantly finding fairy money. The fairy dance, and the playing and singing that accompanied it, used to take place in a field in front of his father's house; but Lowri would never let her son go out after the sun had gone to his battlements *(ar ol i'r haulfyn'd i lawr i gaera*). The most dangerous nights were those when the moon shone brightly, and pretty wreaths of mist adorned the meadows by the river. Maclaren had heard of a man, whom he called Siôn Catrin of Tyn TwIt, finding a penny every day at the *pistyll* or water-spout near the house, when he went there to fetch water. The flat land between Trefriw and Llanrwst had on it a great many fairy rings, and some of them are, according to Maclaren, still to be seen. There the fairies used to dance, and when a young man got into one of the rings the fairy damsels took him away; but he could be got out unharmed at the end of a year and a day, when he would be found dancing with them in the same ring: he must then be dexterously touched by some one of his friends with a piece of iron and dragged out at once. This is the way in which a young man whom my notes connect with a place called Bryn Glas was recovered. He had gone out with a friend, who lost him, and he wandered into a fairy ring. Hehadnewshoesonatthe time, and his friends brought him out at the end of the interval of a year and a day; but he could not be made to understand that he had been away more than five minutes, until he was asked to look at his new shoes, which were by that time in pieces. Maclaren had also something to say concerning the history and habitat of the fairies. Those of Nant Conwy dress in green; and his mother,.who died about sixty-two years ago, aged forty-seven, had told him that they lived seven years on the earth, seven years in the air, and seven years underground. He also had a mermaid tale, like that of Pergrin from Dyfed. A fisherman from Mandrifto yn Rhos, between Colwyn and Llandudno, had caught a mermaid in his net. She asked to be set free, promising that she would, in case he complied, do him a kindness. He consented, and one fine day, a long while afterwards, she suddenly peeped out of the water near him, and shouted: *Siôn Ifan, cwyd dy rwyda' a thyn tua'r Ian*, 'John Evans, take up thy nets and make for the shore.' He obeyed, and almost immediately there was a terrible storm, in which many fishermen lost their lives. The river Conwy is the chief haunt of the mysterious afanc, already mentioned, and Maclaren stated that its

name used to be employed within his memory to frighten girls and children: so much was it still dreaded. Perhaps I ought to have stated that Maclaren is very fond of music, and that he told me of a gentleman at Conway who had taken down in writing a supposed fairy tune. I have made inquiries of the latter's son, Mr. Hennessy Hughes of Conway; but his father's papers seem to have been lost, so that he cannot find the tune in question, though he has heard of it.

Whilst on this question of music let me quote from the Llwyd letter in the *Cambrian Journal* for 1859, pp. 145-6, on which I have already drawn, pp. 130-3, above. The passage in point is to the following effect:--

'I will leave these tales aside whilst I go as far as the Ogo Du, "the Black Cave," which is in the immediate vicinity of Crigcieth[74] , and into which the musicians entered so far that they lost their way back. One of them was heard to play on his pipe, and another on his horn, about two miles from where they went in; and the place where the piper was heard is called Braich y Bib, and where the man with the horn was heard is called Braich y Cornor. I do not believe that even a single man doubts but that this is all true, and I know not how the airs called Ffarwel Die y Pibydd, " Dick the Piper's Farewell," and Ffarwel Dwm Bach, " Little Tom's Farewell," had those names, unle4s it was from the musicians above mentioned. Nor do I know that Ned Puw may not have been the third, and that the air called Ffarwel Ned Puw, " Ned Pugh's Farewell," may not have been the last he played before going into the cave. I cannot warrant this to be true, as I have only heard it said by one man, and he merely held it as a supposition, which had been suggested by this air of Ffarwel Die y Pibydd.'

A story, however, mentioned by Cyndelw in the *Brython* for 1860, p. 57, makes Ned Pugh enter the cave of Tal y Clegyr, which the writer in his article identifies with Ness Cliff, near Shrewsbury. In that cave, which was regarded as a wonderful one, he says the musician disappeared, while the air he was playing, Ffarwel Ned Puw, Ned Pugh's Farewell," was retained in memory of him. Some account of the departure of Ned Pugh and of the interminable cave into which he entered, will be found given in a rambling fashion in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine* (London, 1829), vol. i, pp. 40-5, where the minstrel's Welsh name is given as lolo ap Huw. There we are told that he was last seen in the twilight of a misty Halloween, and the notes of the tune he was last heard to play are duly given. One of the

surmises as to Iolo's ultimate fate is also recorded, namely, that in the other world he has exchanged his fiddle for a bugle, and become huntsman-in-chief to Gwyn ab Nudd, so that every Halloween he may be found cheering *Cwn Annwn*, 'the Hounds of the Other World,' over Cader ldris.[75]

The same summer I fell in with Mr. Morris Evans, of Cerrig Man, near Amlwch. He is a mining agent on the Gwydir Estate in the Vale of Conwy, but he is a native of the neighbourhood of Parys Mountain, in Anglesey, where he acquired his knowledge of mining. He had heard fairy tales from his grandmother, Grace Jones, of Llwyn Ysgaw near Mynydd Mechelt, between Amlwch and Holyhead. She died, nearly ninety years of age, over twenty years ago. She used to relate how she and others of her own age were wont in their youth to go out on bright moonlight nights to a spot near Llyn y Bwch. They seldom had to wait there long before they would hear exquisite music and behold a grand palace standing on the ground. The diminutive folks of fairyland would then come forth to dance and frolic. The next morning the palace would be found gone, but the grandmother used to pick up fairy money on the spot, and this went on regularly so long as she did not tell others of her luck. My informant, who is himself a man somewhat over fifty-two, tells me that at a place not far from Llyn y Bwch there were plenty of fairy rings to be seen in the grass; and it is in them the fairies were supposed to dance[76].

From Llanrwst I went up to see the bard and antiquary, Mr. Gethin Jones. His house was prettily situated on the hillside on the left of the road as you approach the village of Penmachno. I was sorry to find that his memory had been considerably impaired by a paralytic stroke from which he had suffered not long before. However, from his room he pointed out to me a spot on the other side of the Machno, called *Y Werddon*, which means'The Green Land,' or more literally, 'The Greenery,' so to say. It was well known for its green, grassy fairy rings, formerly frequented by the *Tylwyth Teg*; and he said he could distinguish some of the rings even then from where he stood. The Werdon is on the Bennar, and the Bermar is the high ground between Penmachno and Dolwydelan. The spot in question is on the part nearest to the Conwy Falls. This name, *Y Werddon*, is liable to be confounded with *Iwerddon*, 'Ireland,' which is commonly treated as if it began with the definite article, so that it is made into *Y Werddon* and *Werddon*. The fairy *Werddon*, in the radical form *Gwerddon*,

not only recalls to my mind the Green Isles called *Gwerddonau Llïon*, but also the saying, common in North Wales, that a person in great anxiety 'sees *Y Werddon*.' Thus, for instance, a man who fails to return to his family at the hour expected, and believes his people to be in great anxiety about him, expresses himself by saying that they will have 'seen the Wercton on my account' (*mi fyddan' wedi gwel'd y Werddon am dana'i*). Is that Ireland, or is it the land of the fairies, the other world, in fact? If the latter, it might simply mean they will have died of anxiety; but I confess I have not so far been able to decide. I am not aware that the term occurs in any other form of expression than the one I have given; if it had, and if the Werddon were spoken of in some other way, that might possibly clear up the difficulty. If it refers to Ireland, it must imply that sighting Ireland is equivalent to going astray at sea, meaning in this sort of instance, getting out of one's senses; but the Welsh are not very much given to nautical expressions. It reminds me somewhat of Gerald Griffin's allusion to the Phantom City, and the penalty paid by those who catch a glimpse of its turrets as the dividing waves expose them for a moment to view on the western coast of Ireland:--

Soon close the white waters to screen it
And the bodement, they say, of the wonderful sight,
Is death to the eyes that have seen it.

The Fairy Glen above Bettws y Coed is called in Welsh Ffos 'Noddyn, 'the Sink of the Abyss'; but Mr. Gethin Jones told me that it was also called Glyn y Tylwyth Teg, which is very probable, as some such a designation is required to account for the English name, the Fairy Glen.' People on the Capel Garmon side used to see the *Tylwyth* playing there, and descending into the Ffos or Glen gently and lightly without occasioning themselves the least harm. The Fairy Glen was, doubtless, supposed to contain an entrance to the world below. This reminds one of the name of the pretty hollow running inland from the railway station at Bangor. Why should it be called Nant Uffern, or 'The Hollow of Hell'? Can it be that there was a supposed entrance to the fairy world somewhere there? In any case, I am quite certain that Welsh place-names involve allusions to the fairies much oftener than has been hitherto supposed; and I should be inclined to cite, as a further example, Moel Eilio [77], or Moel Ellian, from the personal name Eilian, to be mentioned presently. Moel Eilian is a mountain under which the fairies were supposed to have great stores of treasure. But to return to Mr. Gethin

Jones, I had almost forgotten that I have another instance of his in point. He showed me a passage in a paper which he wrote in Welsh some time ago on the antiquities of Yspyty Ifan. He says that where the Serw joins the Conwy there is a cave, to which tradition asserts that a harpist was once allured by the *Tylwyth Teg*. He was, of course, not seen afterwards, but the echo of the music made by him and them on their harps is still to be heard a little lower down, under the field called to this day Gweirglodd y Telynorion, 'The Harpers' Meadow': compare the extract from Edward Llwyd's correspondence above.

Mr. Gethin Jones also spoke to me of the lake called Llyn Pencraig, which was drained in hopes of finding lead underneath it, an expectation not altogether doomed to disappointment, and he informed me that its old name was Llyn Llifon; so the moor around it was called Gwaen Llifon. It appears to have been a large lake, but only in wet weather, and to have no deep bed. The names connected with the spot are now Nant Gwaen Llifon and the Gwaith (or Mine) of Gwaen Llifon: they are, I understand, within the township of Trefriw. The name Llyn Llifon is of great interest when taken in connexion with the Triadic account of the cataclysm called the Bursting of Llyn Lli[f]on. Mr. Gethin Jones, however, believed himself that Llyn Llïon was no other than Bala Lake, through which the Dee makes her way.

II

One day in August of the same year, I arrived at Dinas Station, and walked down to Llandwrog in order to see Dinas Dinlle, and to ascertain what traditions still existed there respecting Caer Arianrhod, Llew Llawgyffes, Dylan Eilton, and other names that figure in the *Mabinogi* of Math ab Mathonwy. I called first on the schoolmaster, and he kindly took me to the clerk, Hugh Evans, a native of the neighbourhood of Llangefni, in Anglesey. He had often heard people talk of some women having once on a time come from Tregar Anthreg to Cae'r 'Loda', a place near the shore, to fetch food or water, and that when they looked back they beheld the town overflowed by the sea: the walls can still be seen at low water. Gwennan was the name of one of the women, and she was buried at the place now called Bed Gwennan, or Gwennan's Grave. He had also heard the fairy tales of Waen Fawr and Nant y Bettws, narrated by the antiquary, Owen Williams of the former place. For instance, he had related to him the tale of the man who slept on a clump of rushes, and thought he was all the while in a

magnificent mansion; see p. 100, above. Now I should explain that Tregar Anthreg is to be seen at low water from Dinas Dinlle as a rock not far from the shore. The Caranthreg which it implies is one of the modern forms to which Caer Arianrhod has been reduced; and to this has been prefixed a synonym of *caer*, namely, *tref*, reduced to *tre'*, just as Carmarthen is frequently called *Tre' Gaefyrddin*. Cae'r 'Loda' is explained as Cae'r Aelodau', 'The Field of the Limbs'; but I am sorry to say that I forgot to note the story explanatory of the name. It is given, I think, to a farm, and so is Bedd Gwennan likewise the name of a farm house. The tenant of the latter, William Roberts, was at home when I visited the spot. He told me the same story, but with a variation: three sisters had come from Tregan Anrheg to fetch provisions, when their city was overflowed. Gwen fled to the spot now called Bedd Gwennan, Elan to Tyddyn Elan, or Elan's Holding, and Maelan to Rhos Maelan, or Maelan's Moor; all three are names of places in the immediate neighbourhood.

From Dinas Dinlle I was directed across Lord Newborough's grounds at Glynillifon to Pen y Groes Station; but on my way I had an opportunity of questioning several of the men employed at Glynllifon. One of these was called William Thomas Solomon, an intelligent middle-aged man, who works in the garden there. He said that the three women who escaped from the submerged city were sisters, and that he had learned in his infancy to call them Gwennan bi Don, Elan bi Don, and Maelan bi Dôn. Lastly, the name of the city, according to him, was Tregan Anthrod. I had the following forms of the name that day:--Tregar Anrheg, Tregar Anthreg, Tregan Anrheg, Tregan Anthreg, and Tregan Anthrod. All these are attempts to reproduce what might be written Tre'-Gaer-Arianrhod. The modification of *nrh* into *nthr* is very common in North Wales, and Tregar Anrheg seems to have been fashioned on the supposition that the:name had something to do with *anrheg*, 'a gift.' Tregan Anthrod is undoubtedly the Caer Arianrhod, or 'fortress of Arianrhod,' in the *Mabinogi*, and it is duly marked as such in a map of Speede's at the spot where it should be. Now the Arianrhod of the *Mabinogi* of Math could hardly be called a lady of rude virtue, and it is the idea in the neighbourhood that the place was inundated on account of the wickedness of the inhabitants. So it would appear that Gwennan, Elan, and Maelan, Arianrhod's sisters, were the just ones allowed to escape. Arianrhod was probably drowned as the principal sinner in possession; but I did not find, as I expected, that the crime which called for such an expiation

was in this instance that of playing cards on Sunday. In fact, this part of the legend does not seem to have been duly elaborated as yet.

I must now come back to Solomon's *bi Dôn*, which puzzles me not a little. Arianrhod was daughter of Don, and so several other characters in the same *Mabinogi* were children of Don. But what is *bi Dîôn*? I have noticed that all the Welsh antiquaries who take Don out of books invariably call that personage Don or Donn with a short *o*, which is wrong, and this has saved me from being deceived once or twice: so I take it that *bi Dôn* is, as Solomon asserted, a local expression of which he did not know the meaning. I can only add, in default of a better explanation, that *bi Dôn* recalled to my mind what I had shortly before heard on my trip from Aberdaron to Bardsey Island. My wife and I, together with two friends, engaged, after much eloquent haggling, a boat at the former place, but one of the men who were to row us insinuated a boy of his, aged four, into the boat, an addition which did not exactly add to the pleasures of that somewhat perilous trip amidst incomprehensible currents. But the Aberdaron boatmen always called that child *bi Donn*, which I tookto have been a sort of imitation of an infantile pronunciation of 'baby John,' for his name was John, which Welsh infants as a rule first pronounce Donn: I can well remember the time when I did. This, applied to *Gwennan bi Dôn*, would imply that Solomon heard it as a piece of nursery lore when he was a child, and that it meant simply--Gwennan, baby or child of Don. Lastly, the only trace of Dylan I could find was in the name of a small promontory, called variously by the Glynllifon men Pwynt Maen Tylen, which was Solomon's pronunciation, and Pwynt Maen Dulan. It is also known, as I was given to understand, as Pwynt y Wig: I believe I have seen it given in maps as Maen Dylan Point.

Solomon told me the following fairy tale, and he was afterwards kind enough to have it written out for me. I give it in his own words, as it is peculiar in some respects:--

Mi'r oedd gwr a gwraig yn byw yn y Garth Dorwen[78]*ryw gyfnod maith yn ol, ag aethant i Gaer'narfon i gyflogi morwyn ar ddydd ffair Glangaeaf, ag yr oedd yn arferiad gan feibion a merched y pryd hynny i'r rhai oedd yn sefyll allan am lefydd aros yn top y maes presennol wrth boncan las oedd yn y fan y lle saif y Post-office presennol; aeth yr hen wr a'r hen wraig at y fan yma a gwelent eneth lan a gwallt melyn yn sefyll 'chydig o'r neilldu i bawb*

arall; aeth yr hen wraig ati a gofynnodd i'r eneth oedd arni eisiau lle. Atebodd fod, ag felly cyflogwyd yr eneth yn ddioed a daeth i'w lle i'r amser penodedig. Mi fyddai yn arferiad yr adeg hynny o nyddu ar ol swper yn hirnos y gauaf, ag fe fyddai y forwyn yn myn'd i'r weirglodd i nyddu wrth oleu y lloer; ag fe fyddai tylwyth teg yn dwad ati hi i'r weirglodd i ganu a dawnsio. A ryw bryd yn y gwanwyn pan esdynnod y dydd diangodd Eilian gyd a'r tylwythion teg i ffwrdd, ag ni welwyd 'mo'ni mwyach. Mae y cae y gwelwyd hi diwethaf yn cael ei alw hyd y dydd heddyw yn Gae Eilian a'r weirglodd yn Weirglodd y Forwyn. Mi'r oedd henwraig y Garth Dorwen yn arfer rhoi gwragedd yn eu gwlâu, a byddai pawb yn cyrchu am dani o bob cyfeiriad; a rhyw bryd dyma wr boneddig ar ei geffyl at y drws ar noswaith loergan lleuad, a hithau yn glawio 'chydig ag yn niwl braidd,' i 'nol yr hen wreigan at ei wraig; ag felly aeth yn sgil y gwr dïarth ar gefn y march i Ros y Cowrt. Ar ganol y Rhos pryd hynny 'r oedd poncan lled uchel yn debyg i hen amddiffynfia a llawer o gerrig mawrion ar ei phen a charnedd fawr o gerrig yn yr ochor ogleddol iddi, ag mae hi i'w gwel'd hyd y dydd heddyw dan yr enw Bryn y Pibion. Pan gyrhaeddasan' y lle aethan' i ogo'fawr ag aethan' i 'stafell lle'r oedd y wraig yn ei gwely, a'r lle crandia' a welodd yr hen wraig yrioed. Ag fe roth y wraig yn ei gwely ag aeth at y tan i drin y babi; ag ar ol iddi orphen dyna y gwr yn dod a photel i'r hen wraig i hiro llygaid y babi ag erfyn arni beidio a'i gwffwr' a' i llygaid ei hun. Ond ryw fodd ar ol rhoi y botel heibio fe ddaeth cosfa ar lygaid yr hen wraig a rhwbiodd ei llygaid â'r un bys ag oedd wedi bod yn rhwbio llygad y baban a gwelodd hefo 'r llygad hwnnw y wraig yn gorfedd ar docyn o frwyn a rhedyn crinion mewn ogo'fawr o gerrig mawr o bob tu iddi a 'chydik bach o dan mewn rhiw gornel, a gwelodd mai Eilian oedd hi, ei hen forwyn, ag hefo'r llygad arall yn gwel'd y lle crandia' a welodd yrioed. Ag yn mhen ychydik ar ol hynny aeth i'r farchnad i Gaer'narfon a gwelodd y gwr a gofynnodd iddo--'Pa sud mae Edian?' 'O Y mae hi yn bur dda,' medd'ai wrth yr hen wraig: 'a pha lygad yr ydych yn fy ngwel'd?' 'Hefo hwn,' meddai hithau. Cymerodd babwyren ag a'i tynodd allan ar unwaith.

'An old man and his wife lived at the Garth Dorwen in some period a long while ago. They went to Carnarvon to hire a servant maid at the Allhallows[79] fair; the custom then for young men and women who stood out for places to station themselves at the top of the present *Maes*, by a little green eminence which was where the present Post-office stands. The old man and his wife went to that spot, and saw there a lass with yellow hair,

standing a little apart from all the others; the old woman went to her and asked her if she wanted a place. She replied that she did, and so she hired herself at once and came to her place at the time fixed. In those times it was customary during the long winter nights that spinning should be done after supper. Now the maid servant would go to the meadow to spin by the light of the moon, and the *Tylwyth Teg* used to come to her to sing and dance. But some time in the spring, when the days had grown longer, Eilian escaped with the *Tylwyth Teg*, so that she was seen no more. The field where she was last seen is to this day called Eilian's Field, and the meadow is known as the Maid's Meadow. The old woman of Garth Dorwen was in the habit of putting women to bed, and she was in great request far and wide. Some time after Eilian's escape there came a gentleman on horseback to the door one pight when the moon was full, while there was a slight rain and just a little mist, to fetch the old woman to his wife. So she rode off behind the stranger on his horse, and came to Rhos y Cowrt. Now there was at that time, in the centre of the rhos, somewhat of a rising ground that looked like an old fortification, with many big stones on the top, and a large cairn of stones on the northern side: it is to be seen there to this day, and it goes by the name of Bryn y Pibion, but I have never visited the spot. When they reached the spot, they entered a large cave, and they went into a room where the wife lay in her bed; it was the finest place the old woman had seen in her life. When she had successfully brought the wife to bed, she went near the fire to dress the baby; and when she had done, the husband came to the old woman with a bottle of ointment[80] that she might anoint the baby's eyes; but he entreated her not to touch her own eyes with it. Somehow after putting the bottle by, one of the old woman's eyes happened to itch, and she rubbed it with the same finger that she had used to rub the baby's eyes. Then she saw with that eye how the wife lay on a bundle of rushes and withered ferns in a large cave, with big stones all round her, and with a little fire in one corner; and she saw also that the lady was only Eilian, her former servant girl, whilst, with the other eye, she beheld the finest place she had ever seen. Not long afterwards the old midwife went to Carnarvon to market, when she saw the husband, and said to him, "How is Eilian?" "She is pretty well," said he to the old woman, "but with what eye do you see me?" "With this one," was the reply; and he took a bulrush and put her eye out at once.'

That is exactly the tale, my informant tells me, as he heard it from his mother, who heard it from an old woman who lived at Garth Dorwen when his mother was a girl, about eighty-four years ago, as he guessed it to have been; but in his written version he has omitted one thing which he told me at Glynllifon, namely, that, when the servant girl went out to the fairies to spin, an enormous amount of spinning used to be done. I mention this as it reminds me of the tales of other nations, where the girl who cannot spin straw into gold is assisted by a fairy, on certain conditions which are afterwards found very inconvenient. It may be guessed that in the case of Eilian the conditions involved her becoming a fairy's wife, and that she kept to them. Lastly, I should like the archaeologists of Carnarvonshire to direct their attention to Bryn y Pibion; for they might be expected to come across the remains there of a barrow or of a fort.

III

The same summer I happened to meet the Rev. Robert Hughes, of Uwchlaw'r Ffynnon, near Llanaelhaearn, a village on which Tre'r Ceiri, or the Town of the Keiri, looks down in its primitive grimness from the top of one of the three heights of the Eifl, or Rivals as English people call them. The district is remarkable for the longevity of its inhabitants, and Mr. Hughes counted fifteen farmers in his immediate neighbourhood whose average age was eighty-three; and four years previously the average age of eighteen of them was no less than eighty-five. He himself was, when I met him, seventy-one years of age, and he considered that he represented the traditions of more than a century and a half, as he was a boy of twelve when one of his grandfathers died at the age of ninety-two: the age reached by one of his grandmothers was all but equal, while his father died only a few years ago, after nearly reaching his ninety-fifth birthday.

Story-telling was kept alive in the parish of Llanaelhaearn by the institution known there as the *pilnos*, or peeling night, when the neighbours met in one another's houses to spend the long winter evenings dressing hemp and carding wool, though I guess that a *pilnos* was originally the night when people met to *peel* rushes for rushlights. When they left these merry meetings they were ready, as Mr. Hughes says, to see anything. In fact, he gives an instance of some people coming from a tilhos across the mountain from Nant Gwrtheyrn to Llithfaen, and finding the fairies singing and dancing with all their might: they were drawn in among them and found

themselves left alone in the morning on the heather. Indeed, Mr. Hughes has seen the fairies himself: it was on the Pwllheli road, as he was returning in the grey of the morning from the house of his *fiancée* when he was twenty-seven. The fairies he saw came along riding on wee horses: his recollection is that he now and then mastered his eyes and found the road quite clear, but the next moment the vision would return, and he thought he saw the diminutive cavalcade as plainly as possible. Similarly, a man of the name of Solomon Evans, when, thirty years ago, making his way home late at night through Glynllifon Park, found himself followed by quite a crowd of little creatures, which he described as being of the size of guinea pigs and covered with red and white spots. He was an ignorant man, who knew no better than to believe to the day of his death, some eight or nine years ago, that they were demons. This is probably a blurred version of a story concerning *Cwn Annwn*, 'Hell hounds,' such as the following, published by Mr. O. M. Edwards in his *Cymru* for 1897, p. 190, from Mr. J. H. Roberts' essay mentioned above at p. 148:--'Ages ago as a man who had been engaged on business, not the most creditable in the world, was returning in the depth of night across Cefn Creini, and thinking in a downcast frame of mind over what he had been doing, he heard in the distance a low and fear-inspiring bark; then another bark, and another, and then half a dozen and more. Ere long he became aware that he was being pursued by dogs, and that they were *Cwn Annwn*. He beheld them coming: he tried to flee, but he felt quite powerless and could not escape. Nearer and nearer they came, and he saw the shepherd with them: his face was black and he had horns on his head. They had come round him and stood in a semicircle ready to rush upon him, when he had a remarkable deliverance: he remembered that he had in his pocket a small cross, which he showed them. They fled in the greatest terror in all directions, and this accounts for the proverb, *Mwy na'r cythraul at y groes* (Any more than the devil to the cross).' That is Mr. Roberts' story; but several allusions have already been made to *Cwn Annwn*. It would be right probably to identify them in the first instance with the pack with which Arawn, king of Annwn, is found hunting by Pwylt, king of Dyfed, when the latter happens to meet him in Glyn Cuch in his own realm. Then in a poem in the *Black Book of Carmarthen* we find Gwyn ab Nudd with a pack led by Dormarth, a hound with a red snout which he kept close to the ground when engaged in the chase; similarly in the story of Iolo ab Huw the dogs are treated as belonging to Gwyn. But on the whole

the later idea has more usually been, that the devil is the huntsman, that his dogs give chase in the air, that their quarry consists of the souls of the departed, and that their bark forebodes a death, since they watch for the souls of men about to die. This, however, might be objected to as pagan; so I have heard the finishing touch given to it in the neighbourhood of Ystrad Meurig, by one who, like Mr. Pughe, explained that it is the souls only of notoriously wicked men and well-known evil livers. With this limitation the pack[81] seems in no immediate danger of being regarded as poaching.

To return to Llanaelhaearn, it is right to say that good spirits too, who attend on good Calvinists, are there believed in. Morris Hughes, of Cwm Corryn, was the first Calvinistic Methodist at Llanaelhaearn; hewas greatgrandfather to Robert Hughes' wife; and he used to be followed by two pretty little yellow birds. He would call to them, *'Wryd, Wryd*!' and they would come and feed out of his hand, and when he was dying they came and flapped their wings against his window. This was testified to by John Thomas, of Moelfre Bach, who was present at the time. Thomas died some twentyfive years ago, at the age of eighty-seven. I have heard this story from other people, but I do not know what to make of it, though I may add that the little birds are believed to have been angels. In Mr. Rees' *Welsh Saints*, pp. 305-6, Gwryd is given as the name of a friar who lived about the end of the twelfth century, and has been commemorated on November:t; and the author adds a note referring to the *Cambrian Register* for 1800, Vol. iii. p. 221, where it is said that Gwryd relieved the bard Einion ab Gwalchmai of some oppression, probably mental, which had afflicted him for seven years. Is one to suppose that Gwryd sent two angels in the form of little birds to protect the first Llanaelhaearn Methodist? The call 'Wryd, Wryd,' would seem to indicate that the name was not originally *Gwryd*, but *Wryd*, to be identified possibly with the Pictish name *Uoret* in an inscription at St. Vigean's, near Arbroath, and to be distinguished from the Welsh word *gwryd*, 'valour,' and from the Welsh name *Gwriad*, representing what in its Gaulish form was *Viriatus*. We possibly have the name *Wryd* in Hafod Wryd, a place in the Machno Valley above Bettws y Coed; otherwise one would have expected *Hafod y Gwryd*, making colloquially, *Hafod Gwryd*.

Mr. Hughes told me a variety of things about Nant Gwrtheyrn, one of the spots where the Vortigern story is localized. The Nant is a sort of a *cul de*

sac hollow opening to the sea at the foot of the Eifl. There is a rock there called *Y Farches*, and the angle of the sea next to the old castle, which seems to be merely a mound, is called *Y Llynclyn*, or'The Whirlpool'; and this is perhaps an important item in the localizing of Vortigern's city there. I was informed by Mr. Hughes that the grave of Olfyn is in this Nant, with a razed church close by: both are otherwise quite unknown to me. Coming away from this weird spot to the neighbourhood of Celynnog, one finds that the Pennardd of the *Mabinogi* of Math is now called Pennarth, and has on it a well known cromlech. Of course, I did not leave Mr. Hughes without asking him about Caer Arianrhod, and I found that he called it Tre' Gaer Anrheg: he described it as a stony patch in the sea, and it can, he says, be reached on foot when the ebb is at its lowest in spring and autumn. The story he had heard about it when he was a boy at school with David Thomas, better known by his bardic name of *Dafydd Ddu Eryri*, was the following:--

'Tregaer Anrheg was inhabited by a family of robbers, and among other things they killed and robbed a man at Glyn Iwrch, near the further wall of GlynnItifon Park: this completed the measure of their lawlessness. There was one woman, however, living with them at Tregaer Anrheg, who was not related to them, and as she went out one evening with her pitcher to fetch water, she heard a voice crying out, *Dos i ben y bryn i wefd rhyfeddod*, that is, Go up the hill to see a wonder. She obeyed, and as soon as she got to the top of the hill, whereby was meant Dinas Dintle, she beheld Tregaer Anrheg sinking in the sea.'

As I have wandered away from the fairies I may add the following curious bit of legend which Mr. Hughes gave me:--'When St. Beuno lived at Celynnog, he used to go regularly to preach at Llandwyn on the opposite side of the water, which he always crossed on foot. But one Sunday he accidentally dropped his book of sermons into the water, and when he had failed to recover it a *gylfin-hir*, or curlew, came by, picked it up, and placed it on a stone out of the reach of the tide. The saint prayed for the protection and favour of the Creator for the *gylfn-hir*: it was granted, and so nobody ever knows where that bird makes its nest.'

IV.

One day in August of the same summer I went to have another look at the old inscribed stone at Gesail Gyfarch [82], near Tremadoc, and, instead of

returning the same way, I walked across to Criccieth Station; but on my way I was directed to call at a farm house called Llwyn y Mafon Uchaf, where I was to see Mr. Edward Llewelyn, a bachelor then seventy-six years of age. He is a native of the neighbourhood, and has always lived in it; moreover, he has now been for some time blind. He had heard a good many fairy tales. Among others he mentioned John Roberts, a slater from the Garn, that is Carn Dolbenmaen, as having one day, when there was a little mist and a drizzling rain, heard a crowd of fairies talking together in great confusion, near a sheepfold on Llwytmor Mountain; but he was too much afraid to look at them. He also told me of a man at Ystum Cegid, a farm not far off, having married a fairy wife on condition that he was not to touch her with any kind of iron on pain of her leaving him for ever. Then came the usual accident in catching a horse in order to go to a fair at Carnarvon, and the immediate disappearance of the wife. At this point Mr. Llewelyn's sister interposed to the effect that the wife did once return and address her husband in the rhyme, *Os bydd anwyd arfy mab*, &c.: see pp. 44, 55 above. Then Mr. Llewelyn enumerated several people who are of this family, among others a girl, who is, according to him, exactly like the fairies. This made me ask what the fairies are like, and he answered that they are small unprepossessing creatures, with yellow skin and black hair. Some of the men, however, whom he traced to a fairy origin are by no means of this description. The term there for men of fairy descent is *Belsiaid*, and they live mostly in the neighbouring parish of Pennant, where it would never do for me to go and collect fairy tales, as I am told; and Mr. Llewelyn remembers the fighting that used to take place at the fairs at Penmorfa if the term Belsiaid once began to be heard. Mr. Llewelyn was also acquainted with the tale of the midwife that went to a fairy family, and how the thieving husband had deprived her of the use of one eye He also spoke of the fairies changing children, and how one of these changelings, supposed to be a baby, expressed himself to the effect that he had seen the acorn before the oak, and the egg before the chick, but never anybody who brewed ale in an egg-shell: see p. 62 above. As to modes of getting rid of the changelings, a friend of Mr. Llewelyn's mentioned the story that one was once dropped into the Glaslyn river, near Bedgelert. The sort of children the fairies liked were those that were unlike their own; that is, bairns whose hair was white, or inclined to yellow, and whose skin was fair. He had a great deal to say of a certain Elis Bach of Nant Gwrtheyrn, who

used to be considered a changeling. With the exception of this changing of children the fairies seemed to have been on fairly good terms with the inhabitants, and to have been in the habit of borrowing from farm houses a *padell* and *gradell* for baking. The *gradell* is a sort of round flat iron, on which the dough is put, and the *padell* is the *patella* or pan put over it: they are still commonly used for baking in North Wales. Well, the fairies used to borrow these two articles, and by way of payment to leave money on the hob at night. All over Lleyn the *Tylwyth* are represented as borrowing *padell a gradell*. They seem to have never been very strong in household furniture especially articles made of iron. Mr. Llewelyn had heard that the reason why people do not see fairies nowadays is that they have been exorcised (*wedi eu hoffrymu*) for hundreds of years to come.

About the same time I was advised to try the memory of Miss Jane Williams, who lives at the Graig, Tremadoc: she was then, as I was told, seventy-five, very quick-witted, but by no means communicative to idlers. The most important information she had for me was to the effect that the*Tylwyth Teg* had been exorcised away (*wedi'ffrymu*) and would not be back in *our* day. When she was about twelve she served at the Gelli between Tremadoc and Pont Aberglaslyn. Her master's name was Siôn Ifan, and his wife was a native of the neighbourhood of Carnavon; she had many tales to tell them about the *Tylwyth*, how they changed children, how they allured men to the fairy rings, and how their dupes returned after a time in a wretched state, with hardly any flesh on their bones. She heard her relate the tale of a man who married a fairy, and how she left him; but before going away from her husband and children she asked the latter by name which they would like to have, a dirty cow-yard (*buches fudur*) or a clean cow-yard (*buches lân*). Some gave the right answer, a dirty cow-yard, but some said a clean cow-yard: the lot of the latter was poverty, for they were to have no stock of cattle. The same question is asked in a story recorded by the late Rev. Elias Owen, in his Welsh Folk-lore, p. 82[83] : his instance belongs to the neighbourhood of Pentrevoelas, in Denbighshire.

V.

When I was staying at Pwlltheli the same summer, I went out to the neighbouring village of Four Crosses, and found a native of the place, who had heard a great many curious things from his mother. His name was Lewis Jones: he was at the time over eighty, and he had formerly been a

saddler. Among other things, his mother often told him that her grandmother had frequently been with the fairies, when the latter was a child. She lived at Plas Du, and once she happened to be up near Carn Bentyrch when she saw them. She found them resembling little children, and playing in a brook that she had to cross. She was so delighted with them, and stayed so long with them, that a search was made for her, when she was found in the company of the fairies. Another time, they met her as she was going on an errand across a large bog on a misty day, when there was a sort of a drizzle, which one might call either dew or rain, as it was not decidedly either, but something between the two, such as the Welsh would call *gwlithlaw*, 'dew-rain.' She loitered in their company until a search was made for her again. Lewis Jones related to me the story of the midwife--he pronounced it in Welsh 'midwaith'-who attended on a fairy. As in the other versions, she lost the sight of one eye in consequence of her discovering the gentleman fairy thieving; but the fair at which this happened was held in this instance at Nefyn. He related also how a farmer at Pennant had wedded a fairy called Bella. This tale proceeded like the other versions, and did not even omit the fighting at Penmorfa: see pp. 89, 93, 220. He had likewise the tale about the two youths who had gone out to fetch some cattle, and came, while returning about dusk, across a party of fairies dancing. The one was drawn into the circle, and the other was suspected at length of having murdered him, until, at the suggestion of a wizard, he went to the same place at the end of a year and a day: then he found him dancing, and managed to get him out. He had been reduced to a mere skeleton, but he inquired at once if the cattle he was driving were far ahead. Jones had heard of a child changed by the fairies when its mother had placed it in some hay while she worked at the harvest. She discovered he was not her own by brewing in an egg-shell, as usual. Then she refused to take any notice of him, and she soon found her own baby returned; but the latter looked much the worse for its sojourn in the land of the *Tylwyth Teg*.

My informant described to me Elis Bach of Nant Gwrtheyrn, already mentioned, p. 221, who died somewhat more than forty years ago. His father was a farmer there, and his children, both boys and girls, were like ordinary folks, excepting Elis, who was deformed, his legs being so short that his body seemed only a few inches from the ground when he walked. His voice was also small and squeaky. However, he was very sharp, and could find his way among the rocks pretty well when he went in quest of his

father's sheep and goats, of which there used to be plenty there formerly. Everybody believed Elis to have been a changeling, and one saying of his is still remembered in that part of the country. When strangers visited Nant Gwrtheyrn, a thing which did not frequently happen, and when his parents asked them to their table, and pressed them to eat, he would squeak out drily, *Buta 'nynna buta'r cwbwl*, that is to say, 'Eating that means eating all we have.'

He told me further that the servant girls used formerly to take care to bring a supply of water indoors at the approach of night, that the fairies might find plenty in which to bathe their children, for fear that they might use the milk instead, if water was wanting. Moreover, when they had been baking, they took care to leave the fairies both *padell* and *gradell*, that they might do their baking in the night. The latter used to pay for this kindness by leaving behind them a cake of fairy bread and sometimes money on the hob. I have, however, not been able to learn anything about the quality or taste of this fairy food.

He had also a great deal to say about the making of bonfires about the beginning of winter. A bonfire was always kindled on the farm called Cromlech on the eve of the Winter Calends or *Nos Galan Gaeaf*, as it is termed in Welsh; and the like were to be seen in abundance towards Llithfaen, Carnguwch, and Llanaelhaearn, as well as on the Merioneth side of the bay. Besides fuel, each person present used to throw into the fire a small stone, with a mark whereby he should know it again. If he succeeded in finding the stone on the morrow, the year would be a lucky one for him, but the contrary if he failed to recover it. Those who assisted at the making of the bonfire watched until the flames were out, and then somebody would raise the usual cry, when each ran away for his life, lest he should be found last. This cry, which is a sort of eqqivalent, well known over Carnarvonshire, of the English saying, 'The devil take the hindmost,'was in the Welsh of that county--

Yr hwch, ddu gwta [84]
A gipio'ir ola';

that is to say, 'May the black sow without a tail seize the hindmost!

The cutty black sow is often alluded to nowadays to frighten children in Arfon, and it is clearly the same creature that is described in some parts of

North Wales as follows:--

Hwch ddu gwta
Ar bob camfa
Yn nyddu a chardio
Bob nos G'langaea'.

A cutty black sow
On every stile,
Spinning and carding
Every Allhallows' Eve.

In Cardiganshire this is reduced to the words:--

Nos Galan Gaea',
Bwbach ar bob camfa.

On Allhallows' Eve
A bogie on every stile.

Welsh people speak of only three Calends--*Calan-mai*, or the first of May; *Calan-gaeaf*, the Calends of Winter, or Allhallows; and *Y Calan*, or The Calends *par excellence*, that is to say, the first day of January, which last is probably not Celtic but Roman. The other two most certainly are, And it is one of their peculiarities that all uncanny spirits and bogies are at liberty the night preceding each of them. The *Hwch ddu gwta* is at large on Allhallows' Eve, and the Scottish Gaels have the name 'Samhanach' for any Allhallows' demon, formed from the word *Samhain*, Allhallows. The eve of the first of May may be supposed to have been the same, as may be gathered from the story of Rhiannon's baby and of Teyrnon's colt, both of which were stolen by undescribed demons that night--I allude to the *Mabinogi* of Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed.

VI.

At Nefyn, in Lleyn [85], I had some stories about the *Tylwyth Teg* from Lowri Hughes, the widow of John Hughes, who lives in a cottage at Pen Isa'r Dref, and is over seventy-four years of age. An aunt of hers, who knew a great many tales, had died about six years before my visit, at the advanced age of ninety-six. She used to relate to Lowri how the *Tylwyth* were in the habit of visiting Singrug, a house now in ruins on the land of Pen Isa'r Dref, and how they had a habit of borrowing a *padell* and *gradell* for baking: they

paid for the loan of them by giving their owners a loaf. Her grandmother, who died not long ago at a very advanced age, remembered a time when she was milking in a corner of the land of Carn Boduan, and how a little dog came to her and received a blow from her that sent it rolling away. Presently, she added, the dog reappeared with a lame man playing on a fiddle; but she gave them no milk. If she had done so, there was no knowing, she said, how much money she might have got. But, as it was, such singing and dancing were indulged in by the *Tylwyth* around the lame fiddler that she ran away as fast as her feet could carry her. Lowri's husband had also seen the *Tylwyth* at the break of day, near Madrun Mill, where they seem to have been holding a sort of conversazione; but presently one of them observed that he had heard the voice of the hen's husband, and off they went instantly then. The fairies were in the habit also of dancing and singing on the headland across which the the old earthworks called Dinllaen. When they had played and enjoyed themselves enough, they used to lift a certain bit of sod and descend to their own land. My informant had also heard the midwife story, and she was aware that the fairies changed people's children; in fact, she mentioned to me a farm house not far off where there was a daughter of this origin then, not to mention that she knew all about Elis Bach. Another woman whom I met near Porth Dintlaen said, that the Dintlaen fairies were only seen when the weather was a little misty.

At Nefyn, Mr. John Williams (Alaw Lleyn) got from his mother the tale of the midwife. It stated that the latter lost the sight of her right eye at Nefyn Fair, owing to the fairy she there recognized, pricking her eye with a green rush. During my visit to Aberdaron, my wife and I went to the top of Mynyd Anelog, and on the way up we passed a cottage, where a very illiterate woman told us that the *Tylwyth Teg* formerly frequented the mountain when there was mist on it; that they changed people's children if they were left alone on the ground; and that the way to get the right child back was to leave the fairy urchin without being touched or fed. She also said that, after baking, people left the *gradell* for the fairies to do their baking: they would then leave a cake behind them as pay. As for the fairies just now, they have been exorcised (*wedi 'ffrymu*) for some length of time. Mrs. Williams, of Pwtt Defaid, told me that the rock opposite, called Clip y Gylfinir, on Bodwydog mountain, a part of Mynyd y Rhiw, was the resort of the *Tylwyth Teg*, and that they revelled there when it was covered with mist; she added that a neighbouring farm, called Bodermud Isa', was well

known at one time as a place where the fairies came to do their baking. But the most remarkable tale I had in the neighbourhood of Aberdaron was from Evan Williams, a Smith who lives at Yr Arcl Las, on Rhos Hirwaen. If I remember rightly, he is a native of Llaniestin, and what he told me relates to a farmer's wife who lived at the Nant, in that parish. Now this old lady was frequently visited by a fairy who used to borrow *padell a gradell* from her. These she used to get, and she returned them with a loaf borne on her head in acknowledgement. But one day she came to ask for the loan of her *troell bach*, or wheel for spinning flax. When handing her this, the farmer's wife wished to know her name, as she came so often, but she refused to tell her. However, she was watched at her spinning, and overheard singing to the whir of the wheel:--

Bychan a wydda' hi
Mai Sili go Dwt
Yw f'enw i.

Little did she know
That Silly go Dwt
Is my name,

This explains to some extent the *sili ffrit* sung by a Corwrion fairy when she came out of the lake to spin: see p. 64 above. At first I had in vain tried to make out the meaning of that bit of legend; but since then I have also found the Llaniestin rhyme a little varied at Llanberis: it was picked up there, I do not exactly know how, by my little girls this summer. The words as they have them run thus:--

Bychan a wydda' hi
Mai Trwtyn-Tratyn
Yw f'enw i.

Here, instead of *Sìli go Dwt* or *Sìli ffrit*, the name is *Trwtyn-Tratyn*, and these doggerels at once remind one of the tale of Rumpelstiltzchen; but it is clear that we have as yet only the merest fragments of the whole, though I have been thus far unable to get any more. So one cannot quite say how far it resembled the tale of Rumpelstiltzchen: there is certainly one difference, which is at once patent, namely, that while the German Rumpelstiltzchen was a male fairy, our Welsh *Sili ffrit* or *Sili go Dwt* is of the other sex. Probably, in the Llaniestin tale, the borrowing for baking had nothing to do

with the spinning, for all fairies in Lleyn borrow a *padell* and a *gradell*, while they do not usually appear to spin. Then may we suppose that the spinning was in this instance done for the farmer's wife on conditions which she was able to evade by discovering the fairy helper's name? At any rate one expects a story representing the farmer's wife laid under obligation by the fairy, and not the reverse. I shall have an opportunity of returning to this kind of tale in chapter x.

The smith told me another short tale, about a farmer who lived not long ago at Deunant, close to Aberdaron. The latter used, as is the wont of country people, to go out a few steps in front of his house every night to--before going to bed; but once on a time, while he was standing there, a stranger stood by him and spoke to him, saying that he had no idea how he and his family were annoyed by him. The farmer asked how that could be, to which the stranger replied that his house was just below where they stood, and if he would only stand on his foot he would see that what he said was true. The farmer complying, put his foot on the other's foot, and then he could clearly see that all the slops from his house went down the chimney of the other's house, which stood far below in a street he had never seen before. The fairy then advised him to have his door in the other side of his house, and that if he did so his cattle would never suffer from the *clwy' byr* [86]. The result was that the farmer obeyed, and had his door walled up and another made in the other side of the house: ever after he was a most prosperous man, and nobody was so successful as he in rearing stock in all that part of the country. To place the whole thing beyond the possibility of doubt, Evan Williams assured me that he had often seen the farmer's house with the front door in the back. I mention this strange story in order to compare it, in the matter of standing on the fairy's foot, with that of standing with one's foot just inside a fairy ring. Compare also standing on a particular sod in Dyfed in order to behold the delectable realm of Rhys Ddwfn's Children: see p. 158 above.

VII

Soon afterwards I went to the neighbourhood of Aber Soch and Llanengan, where I was lucky enough to find Professor Owen of St. David's College, Lampeter, since appointed Bishop of St. David's, on a visit to his native place. He took me round to those of the inhabitants who were thought most likely to have tales to tell; but I found nothing about the fairies except the

usual story of their borrowing *padell a gradell*, and of their changing children. However, one version I heard of the process of recovering the stolen child differs from all others known to me: it was given us by Margaret Edwards, of Pentre Bach, whose age was then eighty-seven. It was to the effect that the mother, who had been given a fairy infant, was to place it on the floor, and that all those present in the house should throw a piece of iron at it. This she thought was done with the view of convincing the *Tylwyth Teg* of the intention to kill the changeling, and in order to induce them to bring the right child back. The plan was, we are told, always successful, and it illustrates, to my thinking, the supposed efficacy of iron against the fairies.

On the way to Aber Soch I passed by an old-fashioned house which has all the appearance of having once been a place of considerable importance; and on being told that its name is Castellmarch, I began thinking of March ab Meirchion mentioned in the Triads. He, I had long been convinced, ought to be the Welsh reflex of Labhraidh Lorc, or the Irish king with horse's ears; and the corresponding Greek character of Midas with ass's ears is so well known that I need not dwell on it. So I undertook to question various people in the neighbourhood about the meaning of the name of Castellmarch. Most of them analysed it into *Castell y March*, the 'Castle of the Steed,' and explained that the knight of the shire or some other respectable obscurity kept his horses there. This treatment of the word is not very decidedly countenanced by the pronunciation, which makes the name into one word strongly accented on the middle syllable. It was further related to me how Castellmarch was once upon a time inhabited by a very wicked and cruel man, one of whose servants, after being very unkindly treated by him, ran away and went on board a man-of-war. Some time afterwards the man-of-war happened to be in Cardigan Bay, and the runaway servant persuaded the captain of the vessel to come and anchor in the Tudwal Roads. Furthermore he induced him to shell his old master's mansion; and the story is regarded as proved by the old bullets now and then found at Castellmarch. It has since been suggested to me that the bullets are evidence of an attack on the place during the Civil War, which is not improbable. But having got so far as to find that there was a wicked, cruel man associated with Castellmarch, I thought I should at once hear the item of tradition which I was fishing for; but not so: it was not to be wormed out in a hurry. However, after tiring a very old blacksmith, whose memory was far gone,

with my questions, and after he had in his turn tired me with answers of the kind I have already described, I ventured to put it to him at last whether he had never heard some very silly tale about the lord of Castellmarch, to the effect that he was not quite like other men. He at once admitted that he had heard it said that he had horse's ears, but that he would never have thought of repeating such nonsense to me. This is not a bad instance of the difficulty which one has in eliciting this sort of tradition from the people. It is true that, as far as regards Castellmarch, nothing, as it happens, would have been lost if I had failed at Aber Soch, for I got the same information later at Sarn Fyllteyrn; not to mention that after coming back to my books, and once more turning over the leaves of the *Brython*, I was delighted to find the tale there. It occurs at p. 431 of the volume for 1860. It is given with several other interesting bits of antiquity, and at the end the editor has put 'Edward Llwyd, 1693'; so I suppose the whole comes from letters emanating from the great Lhwyd, for so, or rather *Lhuyd*, he preferred to write his name. It is to the following effect:--

One of Arthur's warriors, whose name was March (or Parch) Amheirchion [87], was lord of Castellmarch in Lleyn. This man had horse's ears (resembling Midas), and lest anybody should know it, he used to kill every man he sought to shave his beard, for fear lest he should not be able to keep the secret; and on the spot where he was wont to bury the bodies there grew reeds, one of which somebody cut to make a pipe. The pipe would give no other sound than 'March Amheirchion has horse's ears.' When the warrior heard this, he would probably have killed the innocent man on that account, if he had not himself failed to make the pipe produce any other sound. But after hearing where the reed had grown, he made no further effort to conceal either the murders or his ears. This story of Edward Llwyd's clearly goes back to a time when some kind of a pipe was the favourite musical instrument in North Wales, and not the harp.

VIII.

Some time ago I was favoured with a short but interesting tale by Mr. Evan Lloyd Jones, of Dinorwig, near Llanberis. Mr. Lloyd Jones, I may here mention, publisfied not long ago, in *Llais y Wlad* (Bangor, North Wales), and in the *Drych* (Utica, United States of North America), a series of articles entitled *Llen y Werin yn Sir Gaernaarfon* or the Folklore of Carnarvonshire. I happened to see it at a friend's house, and I found at once

that the writer was passionately fond of antiquities, and in the habit of making use of the frequent opportunities he has in the Dinorwig quarries for gathering information as to what used to be believed by the people of Arfon and Anglesey. The tale about to be given relates to a lake called Marchlyn Mawr, or the Great Horse-lake, for there are two lakes called Marchlyn: they lie near one another, between the Fronttwyd, in the parish of Llandegai, and the Elidyr, in the parishes of Llanddeiniolen and Llanberis. Mr. Lloyd Jones shall tell his tale in his own words:--

Amgylchynir y Marchlyn Mawr gan greigian erchyll yr olwg arnynt; a dywed tradodiad d'arfod i un o feibion y Rhiwen [88] *unwaith tra yn cynorthwyo dafad oed, wedi syrthio i'r creigiau i dod odiyno, darganfod ogof anferth: aeth i fewn idi a gwelod' ei bod yn ffawn o drysorau ac arfau gwerthfawr; ond gan ei bod yn dechreu tywyllu, a dringo i fynu yn orchwyl anhawd hyd yn nod yn ngoleu'r dyd, aeth adref y noswaith honno, a boreu drannoeth ar lasiad y dyd cychwvnnodd eilwaith i'r ogof, ac heb lawer o drafferth daeth o hyd idi: aeth i jewn, a dechreuod edrych o'i amgylch ar y trysorau oedd yno:--Ar ganol yr ogof yr oedd bwrd enfawr o aur pur, ac ar y bwrdd, goron o aur a pherlau: deallod yn y fan mai coron a thrysorau Arthur oedynt--nesaodd at y bwrd, a phan oect yn estyn ei law i gymeryd gafal yn y goron dychrynwyd ef gan drwst erchyll, trwst megys mil o daranau yn ymrwygo uwch ei ben ac aeth yr holl le can dywylled a'r afagdu. Ceisiod ymbafalu odiyno gynted ag y gallai; pan lwydod i gyrraedd i ganol y creigiau taflod ei olwg ar y llyn, yr hwn oed wedi ei gynhyfu drwydo di donnau brigwynion yn cael eu lluchio trwy dand ysgythrog y creigiau hyd y man yr oed efe yn sefyll arno; ond tra yr oedd yn parhau i syllu ar ganol y llyn gwelai gwrwgl a thair o'r benywod prydferthaf y disgynod llygad unrhyw dyn arnynt eriod yndo yn cad ei rwyfo yn brysur tuag at enau yr ogof. Ond och! yr oed golwg ofnadwy yr hwn oed yn rhwyfo yn digon i beri iasau o fraw trewy y dyn cryfaf. Gallodd y llanc rywfodd dianc adref ond ni fuiechyd yn ei gyfansoddiad ar ol hynny, a bydai hyd yn nod crybwyll enw y Marchlyn yn ei glywedigaeth yn digon I'w yrru yn wallgof.*

'The Marchlyn Mawr is surrounded by rocks terrible to look at, and tradition relates how one of the sons of the farmer of Rhiwen, once on a time, when helping a sheep that had fallen among the rocks to get away, discovered a tremendous cave there; he entered, and saw that it was full of

treasures and arms of great value; but, as it was beginning to grow dark, and as clambering back was a difficult matter even in the light of day, he went home that evening, and next morning with the grey dawn he set out again forthe cave, when he found it without much trouble. He entered, and began to look about him at the treasures that were there. In the centre of the cave stood a huge table of pure gold, and on the table lay a crown of gold and pearls. He understood at once that they were the crown and treasures of Arthur. He approached the table, and as he stretched forth his hand to take hold of the crown he was frightened by an awful noise, the noise, as it were, of a thousand thunders bursting over his head, and the whole place became as dark as Tartarus. He tried to grope and feel his way out as fast as he could. When he had succeeded in reaching to the middle of the rocks, he cast his eye on the lake, which had been stirred all through, while its white-crested waves dashed through the jagged teeth of the rocks up to the spot on which he stood. But as he continued looking at the middle of the lake he beheld a coracle containing three women, the fairest that the eye of man ever fell on. They were being quickly rowed to the mouth of the cave; but the dread aspect of him who rowed was enough to send thrills of horror through the strongest of men. The youth was able somehow to escape home, but no health remained in his constitution after that, and even the mere mention of the Marchlyn in his hearing used to be enough to make him insane.'

Mr. Lloyd Jones appends to the tale a note to the following effect:--There is a small eminence on the thore of the Marchlyn Mawr, in the parish of Llandegai, called *Bryn Cwrwgl*, or the 'Hill of the Coracle'; and *Ogof y Marchlyn*, or the 'Marchlyn Cave,' is a name familiar enough to everybody in these neighbourhoods. There were some-unless he ought to say that there still are some-who believed that there was abundance of treasure in the cave. Several young men from the quarries, both of the Cae and of Dinorwig, have been in the midst of the Marchlyn rocks, searching for the cave, and they succeeded in making their way into a cave. They came away, however, without the treasures. One old man, Robert Edwards (Iorwerth Sardis), used to teU him that he and several others had -brought ropes from the quarry to go into the cave, but that they found no treasure. So far, I have given the substance of Mr. Jones' words, to which I would add the following statement, which I have from a native of Dinorwig:About seventy years ago, when the gentry were robbing the poor of these districts of their

houses and of the lands whic h the latter had enclosed Out of the commons, an old wornan called Sian William of the Garned was obliged to flee from her house with her baby--the latter was known later in life as the Rev. Robert Ellis, of Ysgoldy-in her arms. It was in one of the Marchlyn caves thatshe found refuge for a day and night. Another kind of tale connected with the Marchlyn Mawr is recorded in the Powys-land *Club's Collections, Hist. and Arch*., vol. xv- p. 137, by the Rev. Elias Owen, to the effect that 'a man who was fishing in the lake found himself enveloped in the clouds that had descended from the hills to the water. A sudden gust of wind cleared a road through the mist that hung over the lake, and revealed to his sight a man busily engaged in thatching a stack. The man, or rather the fairy, stood on a ladder. The stack and ladder rested on the surface of the lake.'

IX

Mr. E. S. Roberts, of Llandysilio School, near Llangolten, has sent me more bits of legends about the fairies. He heard the following from Mr. Thomas Parry, of Tan y Coed Farm, who had heard it from his father, the late Evan Parry, and the latter from Thomas Morris, of Eglwyseg, who related it to him more than once:--Thornas Morris happened to be returning home from Llangollen very late on one Saturday night in the middle of the summer, and by the time he reached near home the day had dawned, when he saw a number of the *Tylwyth Teg* with a dog walking about hither and thither on the declivity of the Eglwyseg Rocks, which hung threateningly overhead. When he had looked at them for some minutes, he directed his steps towards them; but as they saw him approaching they hid themselves, as he thought, behind a large stone. On reaching the spot, he found under the stone a hole by which they had made their way into their subterranean home. So ends the tale as related to Mr. Roberts. It is remarkable as representing the fairies looking rather like poachers; but there are not wanting others which speak of their possessing horses and greyhounds, as all gentlemen were supposed to.

One of Mr. Roberts' tales is in point: he had it from Mr. Hugh Francis[89] of Holyhead House, Ruthin, and the latter heard it from Robert Roberts, of Amlwch, who has now been dead about thirty years:--About 105 years ago there lived in the parish of Llandyfrydog, near Llannerch y Med, in Anglesey, a man named Ifan Gruffyd, whose cow happened to disappear one day. Han Gruffydd was greatly distressed, and he and his daughter

walked up and down the whole neighbourhood in search of her. As they were coming back in the evening from their unsuccessful quest, they crossed the field called after the Dyfrydog thief, Cae Lleidr Dyfrydog, where they saw a great number of little men on ponies quickly galloping in a ring. They both drew nigh to look on; but Han GruffyTs daughter, in her eagerness to behold the little knights more closely, got unawares within the circle in which their ponies galloped, and did not return to her father. The latter now forgot all about the loss of the cow, and spent some hours in searching for his daughter; but at last he had to go home without her, in the deepest sadness. A few days afterwards he went to Mynadwyn to consult John Roberts, who was a magician of no mean reputation. That 'wise man' told Han Gruffyct to be no longer sad, since he could get his daughter back at the very hour of the night of the anniversary of the time when he lost her. He would, in fact, then see her riding round in the company of the *Tylwyth Teg* whom he had seen on that memorable night. The father was to go there accompanied by four stalwart men, who were to aid him in the rescue of his daughter. He was to tie a strong rope round his waist, and by means of this his friends were to pull him out of the circle when he entered to seize his daughter. He went to the spot, and in due time he beheld his daughter riding round in great state. In he rushed and snatched her, and, thanks to his friends, he got her out of the fairy ring before the little men had time to think of it. The first thing Ifan's daughter asked him was, if he had found the cow, for she had not the slightest reckoning of the time she had spent with the fairies.

Whilst I am about it, I may as well go through Mr. Roberts' contributions. The next is also a tale related to him by Mr. Hugh Francis, and, like the last, it comes from Anglesey. Mr. Francis' great-grandfather was called Robert Francis, and he had a mill at Aberffraw about 100 years ago; and the substance of the following tale was often repeated in the hearing of Mr. Roberts' informant by his father and his grandfather:--In winter Robert Francis used to remain very late at work drying corn in his kiln. As it was needful to keep a steady fire going, he used to go backwards and forwards from the house, looking after it not unfrequently until it was two o'clock in the morning. Once on a time he happened to leave a cauldron full of water on the floor of the kiln, and great was his astonishment on returning to find two little people washing themselves in the water. He abstained from entering to disturb them, and went back to the house to tell his wife of it. '

Oh,' said she, I they are fairies! He presently went back to the kiln and found that they were gone. He fancied they were man and wife. However, they had left the place very clean, and to crown all, he found a sum of money left by them to pay him, as he supposed, for the water and the use of the kiln. The ensuing night many more fairies came to the kiln, for the visitors of the previous night had brought their children with them; and the miller found them busy bathing them and looking very comfortable in the warm room where they were. The pay that night was also more considerable than the night before, as the visitors were more numerous. After this the miller never failed to leave a vessel full of water in the kiln every night, and the fairies availed themselves of it for years, until, in fact, they took offence at the miller telling the neighbours of the presents of money which had been left him in the kiln. Thenceforth no fairies were known to frtquent the kiln belonging to the Aberffraw mill.

The last tale communicated to me by Mr. Roberts is the following, which he elicited from Margaret Davies, his housekeeper, by reading to her some of the fairy legends published in the *Cymmrodor* a short while ago-probably the Corwrion series, one of which bears great resemblance to hers. Mrs. Davies, who is sixtyone years of age, says that when her parents, Edward and Ann Williams, lived at Rhoslydan, near Bryneglwys, in Yale, some seventy-five years ago, the servant man happened one day in the spring to be ploughing in a field near the house. As he was turning his team back at one end of the field, he heard some one calling out from the other end, *Y mae eisieu hoelen yn y pil*,or 'The peel wants a nail'; for *pil* is the English peel, a name given to a sort of shovel provided with a long handle for placing loaves in an oven, and for getting them out again. When at length the ploughman had reached the end of the field whence he guessed the call to have proceeded, he there saw a small peel, together with a hammer and a nail, under the hedge. He saw that the peel required a nail to keep it together, and as everything necessary for mending it were there ready to hand, he did as it had been suggested. Then he followed at the plough-tail until he came round again to the same place, and there he this time saw a cake placed for him on the spot where he had previously found the peel and the other things, which had now disappeared. When the servant related this too his master, he told him at once that it was one of the *Tylwyth Teg* of that locality that had called out to him. With this should be compared the story of the man who mended a fairy's plough vice: see above..

X.

Early this year I had occasion to visit the well-known Hengwrt Library at Peniarth, and during my stay there Mr. Wynne very kindly took me to see such of the Llanegryn people as were most likely to have soomewhat to say abouf the fairies. Many of the inhabitants had heard of them, but they had no long tales about them. One man, however, told me of a William Pritchard, of Pentre Bach, near Llwyngwryl, who died at sixty, over eighty years ago, and of a Rhys Williams, the clerk of Llangelynin, how they were going home late at night from a cock-fight at Llanegryn, and how they came across the fairies singing and dancing on a plot of ground known as *Gwastad Meirionyd*, 'the Plain of Merioneth,' on the way from Llwyngwr3rl to Llanegryn. It consists, I am told by Mr. Robert Roberts of Llanegryn, of no more than some twenty square yards, outside which one has a good view of Cardigan Bay and the heights of Merioneth and Carnarvonshire, while from the Gwastad itself neitheir sea nor mountain is visible. On this spot, then, the belated cockfighters were surrounded by the fairies. They swore at the fairies and took to their heels, but they were pursued as far as Clawd Du. Also I was told that Elen Egryn, the authoress, some sixty years ago, of some poetry called *Telyn Egryn,* had also seen fairies in her youth, when she used to go up the hills to look after her father's sheep. This happened near a little brook, from which she could see the sea when the sun was in the act of sinking in it; then many fairies would come out dancing and singing, and also crossing and recrossing the little brook. It was on the side of Rhiwfelen, and she thought the little folks came out of the brook somewhere. She had been scolded for talking about the fairies, but she firmly believed in them to the end of her life. This was told me by Mr. W. Williams, the tailor, who is about sixty years of age; and also by Mr. Rowlands, the ex-bailiff of Peniarth, who is about seventy-five. I was moreover much interested to discover at Llanegryn a scrap of kelpie story, which runs as follows, concerning Llyn Gwernen, situated close to the old road between Dolgetley and Llanegryn:--

As a man from the village of Llanegryn was returning in the dusk of the evening across the mountain from Dolgettey, he heard, when hard by Llyn Gwernen, a voice crying out from the water:--

Daeth yr awr ond ni itheth y dyn!

The hour is come but the man is not!

As the villager went on his way a little distance, what should meet him but a man of insane appearance, and with nothing on but his shirt. As he saw the man making full pelt for the waters of the lake, he rushed at him to prevent him from proceeding any further. But as to the sequel there is some doubt: one version makes the villager conduct the man back about a mile from the lake to a farm house called Dyffrydan, which was on the former's way home. Others seem to think that the man in his shirt rushed irresistibly into the lake, and this I have no doubt comes nearer the end of the story in its original form. Lately I have heard a part of a similar story about Llyn Cynnwch, which has already been mentioned, p. 135 above. My informant is Miss Lucy Griffith, of Glynmalden, near Dolgeltey, a lady deeply interested in Welsh folklore and Welsh antiquities generally. She obtained her information from a Dolgettey ostler, formerly engaged at the Ship Hotel, to the effect that on Gwyl Galan, 'the eve of New Year's Day,' a person is seen walking backwards and forwards on the strand of Cynnwch Lake, crying out:--

Mae'r awr wedi dyfod a'r dyn heb ttyfod!

The hour is come while the man is not!

The ostler stated also that lights are to be seen on Cader Idris on the eve of New Year's Day, whatever that statement may mean. The two lake stories seem to suggest that the Lake Spirit was entitled to a victim once a year, whether the sacrifice was regarded as the result of accident or design. By way of comparison, one may mention the notion, not yet extinct, that certain rivers in various parts of the kingdom regularly claim so many victims: for some instances at random see an article by Mr. J. M. Mackinlay, on Traces of River Worship in Scottish Folklore, a paper published in the*Proceeding-s of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, 31895-6, pp. 69-76. Take for example the following rhyme:--

Blood-thirsty Dee
Each year needs three;

But bonny Don
She needs none.

Or this:--

Tweed said to Till,
'What gars ye rin sae still?'

Till said to Tweed I droon twa.’
‘Though ye tin wi’ speed

An’ I rin slaw
Yet whar ye droon ae man
I droon twa’

XI

In the neighbourhood of Ystrad Meurig, between the Teifi and the Ystwyth basins, almost everybody can relate tales about the fairies, but not much that is out of the ordinary run of such stories elsewhere. Among others, Isaac Davies, the smith living at Ystrad Meurig, had heard a great deal about fairies, and he said that there were rings belonging to them in certain fields at Tan y Graig and at Llanafan. Where the rings were, there the fairies danced until the ground became red and bare of grass. The fairies were, according to him, all women, and they dressed like foreigners, in short cotton dresses reaching only to the knee-joint. This description is somewhat peculiar, as the idea prevalent in the country around is, that the fairy ladies had very long trains, and that they were very elegantly dressed; so that it is a common saying there, that girls who dress in a better or more showy fashion than ordinary look like *Tylwyth Teg*, and the smith confessed he had often heard that said. Similarly Howells, pp. 113, 121-2, finds the dresses of the fairies dancing on the Freni, in the north-east of Pembrokeshire, represented as indescribably elegant and varying in colour; and those who, in the month of May, used to frequent the prehistoric encampment of Moeddin[90]or Modin--from which a whole cantred takes its name in Central Cardiganshire-as fond of appearing in green; while blue petticoats are said, he says, to have prevailed in the fairy dances in North Wales[91].

Another showed me a spot on the other side of the Teifi, where the *Tylwyth Teg* had a favourite spot for dancing; and at the neighbouring village of Swydd Ffynnon, another meadow was pointed out as their resort on the farm of Dol Bydye. According to one account I had there, the fairies dressed themselves in very long clothes, and when they danced they took hold of one another’s enormous trains. Besides the usual tales concerning men enticed into the ring and retained in Faery for a year and a day, and concerning the fairies’ dread of *pren cerdingen* or mountain ash, I had the midwife tale in two or three forms, differing more or less from the versions

current in North Wales. For the most complete of them I am indebted to one of the young men studying at the Grammar School, Mr. D. Lledrodian Davies. It used to be related by an old woman who died some thirty years ago at the advanced age of about 100. She was Pàli, mother of old Rachel Evans, who died seven or eight years ago, when she was about eighty. The latter was a curious character, who sometimes sang *maswedd*, or rhymes of doubtful propriety, and used to take the children of the village to see fairy rings. She also used to see the *Tylwyth*, and had many tales to tell of them. But her mother, Pàli, had actually been called to attend at the confinement of one of them. The beginning of the tale is not very explicit; but, anyhow, Pàli one evening found herself face to face with the fairy lady she was to attend upon. She appeared to be the wife of one of the princes of the country. She was held in great esteem, and lived in a very grand palace. Everything there had been arranged in the most beautiful and charming fashion. The wife was in her bed with nothing about her but white, and she fared sumptuously. In due time, when the baby had been born, the midwife had all the care connected with dressing it and serving its mother. Pàli could see or hear nobody in the whole place but the mother and the baby. She had no idea who attended on them, or who prepared all the things they required, for it was all done noiselessly and secretly. The mother was a charming person, of an excellent temper and easy to manage. Morning and evening, as she finished washing the baby, Pàli had a certain ointment given her to rub the baby with. She was charged not to touch it but with her hand, and especially not to put any near her eyes. This was carried out for some time, but one day, as she was dressing the baby, her eyes happened to itch, and she rubbed them with her hand. Then at once she saw a great many wonders she had not before perceived; and the whole place assumed a new aspect to her. She said nothing, and in the course of the day she saw a great deal more. Among other things, she observed small men and small women going in and out, following a variety of occupations. But their movements were as light as the morning breeze. To move about was no trouble to them, and they brought things into the room with the greatest quickness. They prepared dainty food for the confined lady with the utmost order and skill, and the air of kindness and affection with which they served her was truly remarkable. In the evening, as she was dressing the baby, the midwife said to the lady, ‘You have had a great many visitors to-day.’ To this she replied, ‘How do you know that? Have you been putting the ointment to your eyes?’

Thereupon she jumped out of bed, and blew into her eyes, saying, ‘Now you will see no more.’ She never afterwards could see the fairies, however much she tried, nor was the ointment entrusted to her after that day. According, however, to another version which I heard, she was told, on being found out, not to apply the ointment to her eyes any more. She promised she would not; but the narrator thought she broke that promise, as she continued to see the fairies as long as she lived.

Mr. D. Ll. Davies has also a version like the North Wales ones. He obtained it from a woman of seventyeight at Bronnant, near Aberystwyth, who had heard it from one of her ancestors. According to her, the midwife went to the fair called Ffair Rhos, which was held between Ystrad Meurig and Pont Rhyd Fendigaid[92]There she saw a great many of the *Tylwyth* very busily engaged, and among others the lady she had been attending upon. That being so, she walked up to her and saluted her. The fairy lady angrily asked how she saw her, and spat in her face, which had the result of putting an end for ever to her power of seeing her or anybody of her race.

The same aged woman at Bronnant has communicated to Mr. D. Ll. Davies another tale which differs from all those of the same kind that I happen to know of. On a certain day in spring the farmer living at ------ (Mr. Davies does not remember the name of the farm) lost his calves; and the servant man and the servant girl went out to look for them, but as they were both crossing a marshy flat, the man suddenly missed the girl. He looked for her, and as he could not see her he concluded that she was playing a trick on him. However, after much shouting and searching about the place, he began to think that she must have found her way home, so he turned back and asked if the girl had come in, when he found to his surprise that nobody had seen her come back. The news of her being lost caused great excitement in the country around, since many suspected that he had for some reasou put an end to her life: some accounted for it in this way, and some in another. But as nothing could be found out about her, the servant man was taken into custody on the charge of having murdered her. He protested with all his heart, and no evidence could be produced that he had killed the girl. Now, as some had an idea that she had gone to the fairies, it was resolved to send to ‘the wise man’ (*Y dyn hysbys*). This was done, and he found out that the missing girl was with the fairies: the trial was delayed, and he gave the servant man directions of the usual kind as to how to get her out. She was

watched at the end of the period of twelve months and a day coming round in the dance in the fairy ring at the place where she was lost, and she was successfully drawn out of the ring; but the servant man had to be there in the same clothes as he had on when she left him. As soon as she was released and saw the servant she asked about the calves. On the way home she told her master, the servant man, and the others, that she would stay with them until her master should strike her with iron, but they went their way home in great joy at having found her. One day, however, when her master was about to start from home, and whilst he was getting the horse and cart ready, he asked the girl to assist him, which she did willingly; but as he was bridling the horse, the bit touched the girl and she disappeared instantly, and was never seen from that day forth.

I cannot explain this story, unless we regard it as made up of pieces of two different stories which had originally nothing to do with one another; consistency, however, is not to be expected in such matters. Mr. D. Ll. Davies has kindly given me two more tales like the first part of the one I have last summarized, also one in which the missing person, a little boy sent by his mother to fetch some barm for her, comes home of himself after being awaya year or more playingwith the *Tylwyth Teg*, whom he found to be very nice, pleasant people; they had been exceedingly kind to him, and they even allowed him to take the bottle with the barm. home at the last. This was somewhere between Swydd Ffynnon and Carmarthen.

Mr. D. IL. Davies finds, what I have not found anywhere else, that it was a common idea among the old people in Cardiganshire, that once you came across one of the fairies you could not easily be rid of him; since the fairies were little beings of a very devoted nature. Once a man had become friendly with one of them, the latter would be present with him almost everywhere he went, until it became a burden to him. However, popular belief did not adopt this item of faith without another to neutralize it if necessary: so if one was determined to get rid of the fairy companion, one had in the last resort only to throw a piece of rusty iron at him to be quit of him for ever. Nothing was a greater insult to the fairies. But though they were not difficult to make friends of, they never forgave those who offended them: forgiveness was not an element in their nature. The general account my informant gives of the outward appearance of the fairies as he finds them in the popular belief, is that they were a small handsome race,

and that their women dressed gorgeously in white, while the men were content with garments of a dark grey colour, usually including knee-breeches. As might be expected, the descriptions differ very much in different neighbourhoods, and even in different tales from the same neighbourhood: this will surprise no one. It was in the night they came out, generally near water, to sing and dance, and also to steal whatever took their fancy; for thieving was always natural to them; but no one ever complained of it, as it was supposed to bring good luck.

XII

Mr. Richard L. Davies, teacher of the Board School at Ystalyfera, in the Tawe Valley, has been kind enough to write out for me a budget of ideas about the Cwm Tawe Fairies, as retailed to him by a native who took great delight in the traditions of his neighbourhood, John Davies (*Shôn o'r Bont*), who was a storekeeper at Ystalyfera. He died an old man about three years ago. I give his stories as transmitted to me by Mr. Davies, but the reader will find them a little hazy now and then, as when the fairies are made into ordinary conjurer's devils:--

Rhywbeth rhyfed yw yr hen Gastell yna (gan olygu Craig Ynys Geinon): yr wyf yn cofio yr amser pan y byda'i yn dychryn gan bobl fyned yn agos ato--yn enwedig y nos: yr oed yn dra pheryglus rhag i dyn gael ei gymeryd at Bendith eu Mamau. Fe dywedir fod wmred o'r rheiny yna, er na wn ipa le y meant yn cadw. 'R oed yr hen bobl yn arferol o dweyd fod pwll yn rhywle bron canol y Castell, tua llathen o led, ac yn bump neu chwech llath o dyfnder, a charreg tua thair tynnell o bwysau ar ei wyneb e', a bod ffordd dan y daear gandynt o'r pwll hynny bob cam i ogof Tan yr Ogof, bron blaen y Cwm (yn agos i balas Adelina Patti, sef Castel? Craig y Nos), mai yno y maent yn treulio euhamser yn y dyd, ac yn dyfod lawr yma i chwareu eu tranciau yx y nos.

Mae gandynt, mede nhw, ysgol aur, o un neu dwy ar hugain o ff;; ar hyd honno y maent yn tramwy i fyny ac i lawr. Mae gandynt air bach, a dim ond I'r blaenaf ar yr ysgol dywedyd y gair hynny, mae y garreg yn codi o honi ei hunan; a gair arall, ond i'r olaf wrth fyned i lawr ei dywedyd, mae yn cauad ar eu hol.

Dywedir i was un o'r ffermydd cyfagos wrth chwilio am wningod yn y graig, dygwydd dyweyd y gair pan ar bwys y garreg, idi agor, ac ido yntau

fyned i lawr yr ysgol, ond am na wydai y gair i gauad ar ei ol, fe adnabu y Tylwyth wrth y draught yn diffody canwyllau fod rhywbeth o le, daethant am ei draws, cymerasant ef atynt, a bu gyda hwynt yn byw ac yn bod am saith mlynedd; ymhen y saith mlyned fe diangod a llon'd ei het o guineas gando.

Yr oedd efe erbyn hyn wedi dysgu y dau air, ac yn gwybod llawer am eu cwtches nhw. Fe dywedod hwn y cwbl wrth ffarmwr o'r gymdogaeth, fe aeth hwnnw drachefn i lawr, ac yr oedd rhai yn dyweyd ido dyfod a thri llon'd cawnen halen o guineas, hanner guineas, a darnau saith-a:chwech, odiyno yr un diwrnod. Ond aeth yn rhy drachwantus, ac fel llawer un trachwantus o'i flaen, bu ei bechod yn angeu ido.

Canys fe aeth i lawr y bedwaredd waith ynguyll y nos, ond fe daeth y Tylwyth am ei ben, ac ni welwyd byth o hono. Dywedir fod ei bedwar cwarter e'yn hongian mewn ystafell o dan y Caslell, ond pwy fu yno iw gwel'd nhw, wn i dim.

Mae yn wir ei wala i'r ffarmwr crykoylledig fyned ar goll, ac na chlybwyd byth am dano, ac mor wir a hynny i'w dylwyth dyfody abl iawn, bron ar unwaith yr amser hynny. A chi wydoch gystal a finnau, eu bod nhw yn dywedyd fod ffyrrd tandaearol gandynt i ogofauYstrad Fellie, yn agos i Benderyn. A dyna y Garn Goch ar y Drum (Onllwyn yn awr) maent yn dweyd fod cannoedd o dynelli o aur yn stor ganddynt yno; a chi glywsoch am y stori am un o'r Gethings yn myned yno i glodio yn y Garn, ac ido gael ei drawsffurfio gan y Tylwyth i olvyn o dan, ac ido'fethu caell llonyd gandynt, hyd nes ido eu danfon i wneyd rhaff o sand!

Fe fu gynt hen fenyw yn byw mewn ty bychan gerllaw i Ynys Geinon, ac yr oedd hi yn gallu rheibo, mede nhw, ac yr oedd son ei bod yn treulio saith diwrnod, saith awr, a saith mynyd gyda y Tylwyth Teg bob blwydyn yn Ogof y Castell Yr oed y gred yn lled gyffredinol ei bod hi yn cael hyn a hyn o aur am bob plentyn a allai hi ladrata idynt hwy, a dodi un o'i hen grithod hwy yn ei le: 'doedd hwnnw byth yn cynydu. Y fford y bydai hi yn gwneyd oed mynedi'r ty dan yr esgus o ofyn cardod, a hen glogyn llwyd-du maw ar ei chefn, ac o dan hwn, un o blant Bendith y Mamau; a bob amser os bydai plentyn bach gwraig y ty yn y cawell, hi gvmerai y swyd o siglo y cawell, a dim ond I'r fam droi ei chefin am fynyd neu dwy, hi daflai y lledrith I'r cawell, ai ymaith a'r plentyn yn gyntaf byth y gallai hi. Fe fu plentyn gan dyn o'r gym'dogaeth yn lingran am flynydau heb gynyddu dim, a barn

pawb oed mai wedi cael ei newid gan yr hen wraig yr oedd; fe aeth lad y plentyn i fygwth y gwr hysbys arni: fe da'eth yr hen wraigyno am saith niwrnod i esgus bado y bachgen bach mewn dwfir oer, a'r seithfed bore cyn ei bod yn oleu, hi a gas genad i fyned ag ef dan rhyw bistyll, mede hi, ond medair gm'dogion, myned ag ef i newid a wnaeth. Ond, beth bynag, fe wett loddy plen!~vn fel cyw yr uydd o hynny i maes. Ond gorfu i fam e' wneyd cystal a ffw wrth yr hen wraig, y gwnai ei dwco mewn dwfir oer bob bore dros gwarter blwydyn, ac yn mhen y chwarter hynny 'doed' dim brafach plentyn yn y Cwm.

'That is a wonderful thing, that old castle there, he would say, pointing to the Ynys Geinon Rock. I remember a time when people would be terrified to go near it, especially at night. There was considerable danger that one might be taken to *Bendith eu Mamau*. It is said that there are a great many of them there, though I know not where they abide. The old folks used to say that there was a pit somewhere about the middle of the Castle, about a yard wide and some five or six yards deep, with a stone about three tons in weight over the mouth of it, and that they had a passage underground from that pit all the way to the cave of Tan yr Ogof, near the top of the Cwm, that is, near Adelina Patti's residence at Craig y Nos Castle: there, it was said, they spent their time during the day, while they came down here to play their tricks at night. They have, they say, a gold ladder of one or two and twenty rungs, and it is along that they pass up and down. They have a little word; and it suffices if the foremost on the ladder merely utters that word, for the stone to rise of itself; while there is another word, which it suffices the hindmost in going down to utter so that the stone shuts behind him. It is said that a servant from one of the neighbouring farms, when looking for rabbits in the rock, happened to say the word as he stood near the stone, that it opened for him, and that he went down the ladder; but that because he was ignorant of the word to make it shut behind him, the fairies discovered by the draught putting out their candles that there was something wrong. So they found him out and took him with them. He remained living with them for seven years, but at the end of the seven years he escaped with his hat full of guineas. He had by this time learnt the two words, and got to know a good deal about the hiding places of their treasures. He told everything to a farmer in the neighbourhood, so the latter likewise went down, and some used to say that he brought thence thrice the fill of a salt-chest of guineas, half-guineas, and seven-and-sixpenny pieces in one day. But he got too

greedy, and like many a greedy one before him his crime proved his death; for he went down the fourth time in the dusk of the evening, when the fairies came upon him, and he was never seen any more. It is said that his four quarters hang in a room under the Castle; but who has been there to see them I know not. It is true enough that the above-mentioned farmer got lost, and that nothing was heard respecting him; and it is equally true that his family became very well to do almost at once at that time. You know as well as I do that they say, that the fairies have underground passages to the caves of Ystraffelle, near Penderyn. There is the Garn Goch also on the Drum (now called Ollwyn); they say there are hundreds of tons of gold accumulated by them there, and you have heard the story about one of the Gethings going thither to dig in the Garn, and how he [sic] was transformed by the fairies into a wheel of fire, and that he could get no quiet from them until he sent them to manufacture a rope of sand!--A more intelligible version of this story has been given at pp. 19-20 above.

‘There was formerly an old woman living in a small house near Ynys Geinon; and she had the power of bewitching, people used to say: there was a rumour that she spent seven days, seven hours, and seven minutes with the fairies every year in the cave at the Castle. It was a pretty general belief that she got such and such a quantity of gold for every child she could steal for them, and that she put one of those old urchins of theirs in its place: the latter never grew at all. The way she used to do it was to enter people’s houses with the excuse of asking for alms, having a large darkgrey old cloak on her back, and the cloak concealed one of the children of *Bendith eu Mamau*. Whenever she found the little child of the good woman of the house in its cradle, she would take upon herself to rock the cradle, so that if the mother only turned her back for a minute or two, she would throw the sham child into the cradle and hurry away as fast as she could with the baby. A man in the neighbourhood had a child lingering for years without growing at all, and it was the opinion of all that it had been changed by the old woman. The father at length threatened to call in the aid of “ the wise man,” when the old woman came there for seven days, pretending that it was in order to bathe the little boy in cold water; and on the seventh day she got permission to take him, before it was light, under a certain spout of water: so she said, but the neighbours said it was to change him. However that was, the boy from that time forth got on as fast as a gosling. But the mother had all but to take an oath to the old woman, that she would duck

him in cold water every morning for three months, and by the end of that time there was no finer infant in the Cwm.'

Mr. Davies has given me some account also of the annual pilgrimage to the Fan mountains to see the Lake Lady: these are his words on the subject--they recall pp. 15-16 above:--

'It has been the yearly custom (for generations, as far as I can find) for young as well as many people further advanced in years to make a general excursion in carts, gambos, and all kinds of vehicles, to Llyn y Fan, in order to see the water nymph (who appeared on one day only, viz. the first Sunday in August). This nymph was said to have the lower part of her body resembling that of a dolphin, while the upper part was that of a beautiful lady: this anomalous form appeared on the first Sunday in August (if the lake should be without a ripple) and combed her tresses on the reflecting surface of the lake. The yearly peregrination to the abode of the Fan deity is still kept up in this valley--Cwmtawë; but not to the extent that it used to formerly!

XIII

Mr. Craigfryn Hughes has sent me another tale about the fairies: it has to do with the parish of Llanfabon, near the eastern border of Glamorganshire. Many traditions cluster round the church of Llanfabon, beginning with its supposed building by Saint Mabon, but which of the Mabons of Welsh legend he was, is not very certain. Not very far is a place called Pant y Dawns, or the Dance Hollow, in allusion to the visits paid to the spot by *Bendith y Mamau*, as the fairies are there called. In the same neighbourhood stand also the ruins of Castell y Nos, or the Castle of the Night [93], which tradition represents as uninhabitable because it had been built of stones from Llanfabon Church, and on account of the ghosts that used to haunt it. However, one small portion of it was usually tenanted formerly by a 'wise man' or by a witch. In fact, the whole country round Llanfabon Church teemed with fairies, ghosts, and all kinds of uncanny creatures:--

Mewn amaethdy ag sydd yn aros yn y plwyf a elwir y Berth Gron, trigiannai gweddw ieuanc a'i phlentynbychan. Yr oedd wedi colli ei gwr, a'i hunig gysur yn ei hamddifadrwydd a'i hunigrwydd oedd Gruff, ei mab. Yr oedd ef yr amser hwn oddeutu tair blwydd oed, ac yn blentyn braf ar ei oedran. Yr

oedd y plwyf, ar y pryd, yn orlawn o 'Fendith y Mamau'; ac, ar amser llawn lloer, bydent yn cadw dynion yn effro a'u cerddoriaeth hyd doriad gwawr. Rhai hynod ar gyfrif eu hagrwch oedd 'Bendith' Llanfabon, ac yr un mor hynod ar gyfrif eu castiau. Lladrata plant o'r cawellau yn absenoldeb eu mamau, a denu dynion trwy eu swyno a chereddoriaeth i ryw gors afiach a diffaith, a ymddangosai yn gryn ddifyrrwch idynt. Nid rhyfedd fod y mamau beunydd ar eu gwyliadwriaeth rhag ofn colli eu plant. Yr oedd y wedw o dan sylw yn hynod ofalus am ei mab, gymaint nes tynnu rhai o'r cmydogion i dywedyd wrthi ei bod yn rhy orofalus, ac y byddai i ryw anlwc orddiwes ei mab. Ond ni thalai unrhyw sylw i'w dywediadau. Ymddangosai fod ei holl hyfrydwch a'i chysur ynghyd a'i gobeithion yn cydgyfarfod yn ei mab. Modd bynnag, un diwrnod, clywodd ryw lais cwynfannus yn codi o gymydogaeth y beudy; a rhag bod rhywbeth wedi digvydd i un o'r gwartheg rhedodd yn tuag yno, gan adael y drws heb ei gau, a'i mab bychan yn y ty. Ond pwy a fedr desgnfio ei gofid ar ei gwaith yn dyfod Pr b, wrth weled eisiau ei mab? Chwiliodd bob man am dano, ond yn aflwydiannus. Odeutu machlud haul, wele lencyn bychan yn gwneuthur ei ymddangosiad o'i blaen, ac yn dywedyd, yn groyw, 'Mam!' Edrychodd y fam yn janwl arno, a dywedod o'r diwed, 'Nid fy mhlentyn i wyt ti!''Le, yn sicr,' atebai y bychan.

Nid ymdangosai y fam yn fodlon, na'i bod yn credu mai ei phlentyn hi ydoedd. Yr oedd rhywbeth yn sisial yn barhaus wrthi mai nid ei mab hi ydoedd Ond beth bynnag, bu gyda hi am flwyddyn gyfan, ac nid ymdangosai ei fod yn cnydu dim, tra yr oedd Gruff, ei mab hi, ynblenlyn cynydfawr iawn. Yr oedd y gwr bychan yn myned yn fwy hagr bob dydd hefyd. O'r diwedd penderfynodd fyned at y 'dyn hysbys,' er cael rhyw wybodaeth a goleuni ar y mater. Yr oedd yn dikwydd bod ar y pryd yn trigfannu yn Nghastell y Nos, wr ag oedd yn hynod ar gyfrif ei ymwybydiaeth drwyadl o 'gyfrinion y fall' Ar ol idi osod ei hachos ger ei fron, ac ynlau ei holi, sylwodd, 'Crimbil ydyw, ac y mae dy blentyn di gyd a'r hen Fendith yn rhywle; ond i ti d'ilyn fy nghyfarwyddiadau i yn ffyddlon a manwl, fe adferir dy blentyn i ti yn fuan. Yn awr, oddeutu canol dydd y foru, tor wy yn y canol, a thafl un hanner ymaith oddiwrrthyd, a chadw y llall yn dy law, a dechreu gymysg ei gynwysiad yn ol a blaen. Cofia fod y gwr bychan gerllaw yn gwneuthur sylw o'r hyn ag a fyddi yn ei wneuthur. Ond cofia di a pheidio galw ei sylw--rhaid ennill ei sylw at y weithred heb

ei alw: ac odid fawr na ofynna i ti beth fydi yn ei wneuthur. A dywed wrtho mai cymysg pastai'r fedel yr wyt. A rho wybod i mi beth fydd ei ateb.'

Dychwelodd y wraik, a thrannoeth dilynodd gyfarwyddyd y 'dyn cynnil' I'r llythyren. Yr oedd y gwr bychan yn sefyll yn ei hymyl, ac yn sy/wi arn i yw fanwl. Ym mhen ychydig, gofynnodd, 'Mam, beth "i ch'i 'neuthur?"Cymysg pastai'r fedel, machgen I! ' O felly. Mi glywais gan fy nhad, fe glywodd hwnnw gan ei dad, a hwnnw gan ei dad ynlau, fod mesen cyn derwen, a derwen mewn dar [94]*; ond ni chlywais i na gweled neb yn un man yn cymysg pastai'r fedel mewn masgal wy iar.' Sylwodd y wraig ei fod yn edrych yn hynod o sarug arni pan yn siarad, ac yr oedd hynny yn ychwanegu at ei hagrwch, nes ei wneuthur wrthun i'r pen.*

Y prydnawn hwnnw al y wraig at y 'dyn cynnil' er ei hysbysu o'r hyn a lefarwyd gan y cor. ' O,' ebai hwnnw, 'un o'r hen frid ydyw! ''Yn awr, bydd Mawn fiber nesafym mhen pedwar diwrnod; mae yn rhaid i ti fyned i ben y pedair heol sydd cydgyfarfod wrth ben Rhyd y Gloch; am deudeg o'r glock y nos y bydd y lleuad yn llawn. Cofia guddio dy hun mewn man ag y cei lawn olwg ar bennau y croesffyrdd, ac os gweli rywbeth a bair i ti gynhyrfu, cofia fod yn ffonydd, ac ymatal rhag rhocti ffrwyn?th deimladau, neu fe ddisbywir y cnyllun, ac ni chei dy fab yn ol byth.'

Nis gwydai y fam anffodus beth oedd I'w deall wrth ystori ryfedd y 'dyn cynnil.' Yr oedd mewn cymaint o dywyllwch ag erioed. O'r diwedd daeth yr amser i ben; ac aryr awr a payntiedik yr oeddyn ymgudio yn ofalus lu cefn i luyn mawr yn ymyl, o ba le y caffai olwg ar bob beth o gylch. Bu am hir amser yno yn gwylio heb ddim i'w glywed na'i weled--dim ond distawrwyet dwfn a phruddglwyfus yr hanner nos yn teyrnasu. O'r diwedd dwai sain cerddoriaelh yn dynesu ati o hirbett. Nis, nis yr oetty sain felusber yn dyfod o hyd; a gwrandawai hithai gyda dyclbrdeb arni. Cyn hir yr oedd yn ei hymyl a deallodd mai gorymdaith o 'Fendith y Mamau' oeddynt yn myned i rywle. Yr oeddynt yn gannoedd mewn rhif. Tua chanol yr orymdaith canfyddodd olygfa ag a drywanodd ei chalon, ac a berodd i'w gwaed sefyll yn ei rhedweliau. Yn cerded rhwng pedwar o'r 'Bendith' yr oedd ei phlentyn bychan anwyl ei hun. Bu bron a llwyr anghofio ei hun, a llamu tuag ato er ei gipio ymaith oddiarnynt truy drais os gaffai. Ond pan ar neidio allan di hymguctfan i'r diben hwnnw meddyliodd am gynghor y 'dyn cynnil,' sef y bydai i unrhyw gynhyrfiad o'i heido ddistrywio y cwbl, ac na byclai idi gad ei fihlenbn yn ol byth.

Ar ol i'rorymdaith ddirwyn i'r pen, ac i sain eu cerddoriaeth ddistewi yn y peffder, daeth aflan o'i hym-gudf'an,gan gyfeirio ei chamrau tua 'i chartref. Os oedd yn hiraethol o'r blaen ar ol ei mab, yr oedd yn llawer mwy erbyn hyn; a'I hadgasrzvydd at y cor bychan oedd yn hawlio ei fod yn fab idi wedi cynyddu yn fawr iawn, waith yr oedd yn sicr yn awr yn ei meddwl mai un o'r henfrid ydoed. Nis gwyddai pa fodd i'w oddef am fynud yn hwy yn yr un ty a hi, chwaithach goddef ido alw i 'mam' arni hi. Ond beth bynnag, cafodd digon o ras ataliol i ymddwyn yn wed'aidd at y gwr bychan hagr oect gyda hi yn ty. Drannoeth aeth ar ei hunion at y 'dyn cynnil' i adrodd yr hyn yr oedd wedi bod yn llygad dyst o hono y noson gynt, ac i ofyn am gyfarwyddyd pellach. Yr oedd y 'gwr cynnil' yn ei disguyl, ac ar ei gwaith yn dyfod i'r ty adnabyddodd wrthi ei bod wedi gweled rhywbeth oedd wedi ei chyffrot. Adroddodd wrtho yr hyn ag oedd wedi ei ganfod ar ben y croesffyrdd; ac wedi ido glywed hynny, agorodd lyfr mawr ag oedd gando, ac wedi hir syllu arno hysbysodd hi 'fod yn angenrheidiol idi cyn cael ei phlentyn yn ol gael idr d'u heb un plufyn guyn nac o un lliw arall arni, di lladd; ac ar ol ei lladd, ei gosod o flaen tan coed, pluf a chwbl, er ei phobi. Mor .gynted ag y buasai yn ei gosod o flaen y tan, idi gau pob twll a myneddfa yn yr adeilad ond un, a theidio a dal sylw manwl ar ol y 'crimbil,' hyd -nes byddai y iir yn digon, a'r pluf i syrthio ymaith odiarni bob un, ac yna i edrych ym mha le yr oedd ef.

Er mor rhyfedd oedd cyfarwyddyd y 'gwr,' penderfynodd et gynnyg; a thrannoeth aeth i chwilio ym mhlith y ieir oedd yno am un o'r desgrifiad angenrheidiol; ond er ei siomedigaeth methodd a chad yr un. Aeth o'r naill ffermdy i'r llall i chwilio, ond ymddangosai ffawdfel yn,azvgu arni-waith method'a chad yr un. Pan ym mron digaloni gan ei haflwyddiant daeth ar draws un mewn amaethdy yng nghwr y pliv f, a phrynod hi yn ddioedi. Ar ol dychwelyd adref, gosododd y tan mewn trefn, alladdodd yr idr, gan ei gosod o flaen y tan disglaer a losgai ar yr alch. Pan yn edrych arni yn pobi, anghofiocty 'crimbil' yn hoffol, ac yr oedd wedi syrthio i rywfath o bruaddlewyg, pryd y synnwyd hi gan sain cerd'oriaelh y tu altan t'r ty, yn debyg I'r hyn a glywoctwhydik nosweithiazi cyn hynny ar ben y croesffyrd. Yr oeddy pluf erbyn hyn wedi syrthio ymaith oddiar y iar, ac erbyn edrych yr oeddy 'crtinbil' wedi diflannu. Edrychai y fam yn wyfft o'i deutu, ac er ei ffaweigd'clywai lais ei mab coftedik yn ga1w arni y tu affan. Rhedodd i'w rfod, gan ei gofleidio yn wresog; a phan ofynoddym Mha le yr oedd wedi bod cyhyd, nid oedd ganddo gyfrif yn y byd Pw rodi ond mai yn gwrando ar

ganit hyfryd yr oedd wedi bod. Yr oedd yn deneu a threulieudig iawn ei wedd pan adferwyd ef. Dyna ystori 'Y Plentyn Colledig.'

'At a farm house still remaining in the parish of Llanfabon, which is called the Berth Gron, there lived once upon a time a young widow and her infant child. After losing her husband her only comfort in her bereavement and solitary state was young Griff, her son. He was about three years old and a fine child for his age. The parish was then crammed full of *Bendith y Mamau*, and when the moon was bright and full they were wont to keep people awake with their music till the break of dayThe fairies of Llanfabon were remarkable on account of their ugliness, and they were equally remarkable on account of the tricks they played. Stealing children from their cradles during the absence of their mothers, and luring men by means of their music into some pestilential and desolate bog, were things that seemed to afford them considerable amusement. It was no wonder then that mothers used to be daily on the watch lest they should lose their children. The widow alluded to was remarkably careful about her son, so much so, that it made some of the neighbours say that she was too anxious about him and that some misfortune would overtake her child. But she paid no attention to their words, as all her joy, her comfort, and her hopes appeared to meet together in her child. However, one day she heard a moaning voice ascending from near the cow-house, and lest anything had happened to the cattle, she ran there in a fright, leaving the door of the house open and her little son in the cradle. Who can describe her grief on her coming in and seeing that her son was missing? She searched everywhere for him, but it was in vain. About sunset, behold a little lad made his appearance before her and said to her quite distinctly, "Mother." She looked minutely at him, and said at last, "Thou art not my child." "I am truly," said the little one. But the mother did not seem satisfied about it, nor did she believe it was her child. Something whispered to her constantly, as it were, that it was not her son. However, he remained with her a whole year, but he did not seem to grow at all, whereas Griff, her son, was a very growing child. Besides, the little fellow was getting uglier every day. At last she resolved to go to the "wise man," in order to have information and light on the matter. There happened then to be living at Castell y Nos, "Castle of the Night," a man who was remarkable for his thorough acquaintance with the secrets of the evil one. When she had laid her business before him and he had examined her, he addressed the following remark to her: "It is a *crimbil'* [95]and thy

own child is with those old Bendith somewhere or other: if thou wilt follow my directions faithfully and minutely thy child will be restored to thee soon. Now, about noon to-morrow cut an egg through the middle; throw the one half away from thee, but keep the other in thy hand, and proceed to mix it backwards and forwards. See that the little fellow be present paying attention to what thou art doing, but take care not to call his attention to it--his attention must be drawn to it without calling to him-and very probably he will ask what thou wouldst be doing. Thou art to say that it is mixing a pasty for the reapers that thou art. Let me know what he will then say." The woman returned, and on the next day she followed the cunning man's[96]advice to the letter: the little fellow stood by her and watched her minutely; presently he asked, "Mother, what are you doing?" "Mixing a pasty for the reapers, my boy." Oh, that is it. I heard from my father--he had heard it from his father and that one from his father--that an acorn was before the oak, and that the oak was in the earth; but I have neither heard nor seen anybody mixing the pasty for the reapers in an egg-shell." The woman observed that he looked very cross as he spoke, and that it so added to his ugliness that it made him highly repulsive.

'That afternoon the woman went to the cunning man in order to inform him of what the dwarf had said. "Oh," said he, "he is of that old breed; now the next full moon will be in four days--thou must go where the four roads meet above Rhyd y Gloch[97] , at twelve o'clock the night the moon is full. Take care to hide thyself at a spot where thou canst see the ends of the crossroads; and shouldst thou see anything that would excite thee take care to be still and to restrain thyself from giving way to thy feelings, otherwise the scheme will be frustrated and thou wilt never have thy son back." The unfortunate mother knew not what to make of the strange story of the cunning man; she was in the dark as much as ever. At last the time came, and by the appointed hour she had concealed herself carefully behind a large bush close by, whence she could see everything around. She remained there a long time watching; but nothing was to be seen or heard, while the profound and melancholy silence of midnight dominated over all. At last she began to hear the sound of music approaching from afar; nearer and nearer the sweet sound continued to come, and she listened to it with rapt attention. Ere long it was close at hand, and she perceived that it was a procession of *Bendith yMamau* going somewhere or other. They were

hundreds in point of number, and about the middle of the procession she beheld a sight that pierced her heart and made the blood stop in her veins-walking between four of the *Bendith* she saw her own dear little child. She nearly forgot herself altogether, and was on the point of springing into the midst of them violently to snatch him from them if she could; but when she was on the point of leaping out of her hiding place for that purpose, she thought of the warning of the cunning man, that any disturbance on her part would frustrate all, so that she would never get her child back. When the procession had wound itself past, and the sound of the music had died away in the distance, she issued from her concealment and directed her steps homewards. Full of longing as she was for her son before, she was much more so now; and her disgust at the little dwarf who claimed to be her son had very considerably grown, for she was now certain in her mind that he was one of the old breed. She knew not how to endure him for a moment longer under the same roof with her, much less his addressing her as " mother." However, she had enough restraining grace to behave becomingly towards the ugly little fellow that was with her in the house. On the morrow she went without delay to the "wise man" to relate what she had witnessed the previous night, and to seek further advice. The cunning man expected her, and as she entered he perceived by her looks that she had seen something that had disturbed her. She told him what she had beheld at the cross-roads, and when he had heard it he opened a big book which he had; then, after he had long pored over it, he told her, that before she could get her child back, it was necessary for her to find a black hen without a single white feather, or one of any other colour than black: this she was to place to bake before a wood[98]fire with its feathers and all intact. Moreover, as soon as she placed it before the fire, she was to close every hole and passage in the walls except one, and not to look very intently after the *crimbil* until the hen was done enough and the feathers had fallen off it every one: then she might look where he was.

'Strange as the advice of the wise man sounded, she resolved to try it; so she went the next day to search among the hens for one of the requisite description; but to her disappointment she failed to find one. She then walked from one farm house to another in her search; but fortune appeared to scowl at her, as she seemed to fail in her object. When, however, she was nearly disheartened, she came across the kind of hen she wanted at a farm at the end of the parish. She bought it, and after returning home she arranged

the fire and killed the hen, which she placed in f~ont of the bright fire burning on the hearth. Whilst watchinor the hen baking she altogether forgot the *crimbil*; and she fell into a sort of swoon, when she was astonished by the sound of music outside the house, similar to the music she had heard a few nights before at the crossroads. The feathers had by this time fallen off the hen, and when she came to look for the crimbil he had disappeared. The mother cast wild looks about the house, and to her joy she heard the voice of her lost son calling to her from outside. She ran to meet him, and embraced him fervently. But when she asked him where he had been so long, he had no account in the world to give but that he had been listening to pleasant music. He was very thin and worn in appearance when he was restored. Such is the story of the Lost Child.'

Let me remark as to the urchin's exclamation concerning the cooking done in the egg-shell, that Mr. Hughes, as the result of further inquiry, has given me what he considers a more correct version; but it is no less inconsequent, as will be seen:--

Mi glywais gan fy nhad ac yntau gan ei dad, a hwnnw gan ei dad yntau,
Fod mesen cyn denven a'i phlannu mwn ddr:
Ni chlywais yn unman am gymysg y bastai yn masgal wy itir.

I heard from my father and he from his father, and that one from his father,
That the acorn exists before the oak and the planting of it in the ground:
Never anywhere have I heard of mixing the pasty in the shell of a hen's egg.

In Dewi Glan Ffrydlas' story from the Ogwen Valley, in Carnarvonshire, above, it is not the cooking of a pasty but the brewing of beer in an egg-shell. However what is most remarkable is that the egg-shell is similarly used in stories from other lands. Mr. Hartland cites one from Mecklenburg and another from Scandinavia. He also mentions stories in which the imp measures his own age by the number of forests which he has seen growing successively on the same soil, the formula being of the following kind: 'I have seen the Forest of Ardennes burnt seven times,' 'Seven times have I seen the wood fall in Lesso Forest,' or 'I am so old, I was already in the world before the Kamschtschen Wood (in Lithuania) was planted, wherein great trees grew, and *that* is now laid waste again[99] . From these and the like instances it is clear that the Welsh versions here in question are partially blurred, as the fairy child's words should have been to the effect that he was old enough to remember the oak when it was yet but an acorn; and an

instance of this explicit kind is given by Howells--it comes from Llandrygam in Anglesey--where his words run thus: ‘I can remember yon oak an acorn, but I never saw in my life people brewing in an egg-shell before.’ I may add that I have been recently fortunate enough to obtain from Mr. Llywarch Reynolds another kind of estimate of the fairy urchin’s age. He writes that his mother remembers a very old Merthyr woman who used to tell the story of the egg-shell cookery, but in words differing from all the other versions known to him, thus:--

Wy’n hin y dyd hedy,
Ag yn byw cyn ‘y ngmi:
Eriod ni welas ferwi
Bwyd I’r fedal mwn cwcwll [100] *wy idr*.

I call myself old this day,
And living before my birth:
Never have I seen food boiled
For the reapers in an egg-shell.

As to the urchin’s statement that he was old and had lived before, it is part of a creed of which we may have something to say in a later chapter. At this point let it suffice to call attention to the same idea in the Book of Taliessin, poem ix:--

Hynaf uyd dyn pan anher
A ieu int pop amser.

A man is wont to be oldest when born,
And younger and younger all the time.

XIV

Before closing this chapter, I wish to touch on the question of the language of the fairies, though fairy tales hardly ever raise it, as they usually assume the fairies to speak the same language as the mortals around them. There is, however, one well-known exception, namely, the story of Eliodorus, already mentioned, as recorded by Giraldus Cambrensis, who relates how Eliodorus, preferring at the age of twelve to play the truant to undergoing a frequent beating by his teacher, fasted two days in hiding in the hollow of a river bank, and how he was then accosted by two little men who induced him to follow them to a land of sports and other delights. There he remained long enough to be able, years later, to give his diocesan, the second

Menevian bishop named David[101] , a comprehensive account of the people and realm of Faery. After Eliodorus had for some time visited and revisited that land of twilight, his mother desired him to bring her some of the gold of the fairies. So one day he tried to bring away the gold ball with which the fairy king's son used to play; but he was not only unsuccessful, but subjected to indignities also, and prevented from evermore finding his way back to fairyland. So he had to go again to school and to the studies which he so detested; but in the course of time he learned enough to become a priest; and when, stricken in years, he used to be entreated by Bishop David to relate this part of his early history, he never could be got to unfold his tale without shedding tears. Among other things which he said of the fairies' mode of living, he stated that they ate neither flesh nor fish, but lived for the most part on various kinds of milk food cooked after the fashion of stirabout, flavoured as it were with saffron[102]. But one of the most curious portions of Eliodoru s'yarn was that relating to the language of the fairies; for he pretended to have learnt it and to have found it to resemble his own *Britannica Lingua*, '*Brythoneg*, or Welsh.' In the words instanced Giraldus perceived a similarity to Greek [103], which he accounted for by means of the fabulous origin of the Welsh from the Trojans and the supposed sojourn made in Greece by those erring Trojans on their way to Britain. Giraldus displays quite a pretty interest in comparative philology, and talks glibly of the *Lingua Britannica*; but one never feels certain that he knew very much more about it than the author of the *Germania*, the first to refer to it under that name. Tacitus, however, had the excuse that he lived at a distance and some eleven centuries before the advent of Gerald the Welshman.

Giraldus' words prove, on close examination, to be of no help to us on the question of language; but on the other hand I have but recently begun looking out for stories bearing on it. It is my impression that such are not plentiful; but I proceed to subjoin an abstract of a phantom funeral tale in point from *Ysten Sioned* (Aberystwyth, 1882), pp. 8-16. *Ystên Sioned*, I ought to explain, consists of a number of stories collected and edited in Welsh by the Rev. Chancellor Silvan Evans, though he has not attached his name to it:--The harvest of 1816 was one of the wettest ever known in Wales, and a man and his wife who lived on a small farm in one of the largest parishes in the Hundred of Moedin (see above) in the Demetian part

of Cardiganshire went out in the evening of a day which had been comparatively dry to make some reaped corn into sheaves, as it had long been down. It was a beautiful night, with the harvest moon shining brightly, and the field in which they worked had the parish road passing along one of its sides, without a hedge or a ditch to separate it from the corn. When they had been busily at work binding sheaves for half an hour or more, they happened to hear the hum of voices, as if of a crowd of people coming along the road leading into the field. They stopped a moment, and looking in the direction whence the sounds came, they saw in the light of the moon a number of people coming into sight and advancing in their direction. They bent them again to their work without thinking much about what theyhad seen and heard; for they fancied it was some belated people making for the village, which was about a mile off. But the hum and confused sounds went on increasing, and when the two binders looked up again, they beheld a large crowd of people almost opposite and not far from them. As they continued looking on they beheld quite clearly a coffin on a bier carried on the shoulders of men, who were relieved by others in turns, as usual in funeral processions in the country. 'Here is a funeral,' said the binders to one another, forgetting for the moment that it was not usual for funerals to be seen at night. They continued looking on till the crowd was right opposite them, and some of them did not keep to the road, but walked over the corn alongside of the bulk of the procession. The two binders heard the talk and whispering, the noise and hum as if of so many real men and women passing by, but they did not understand a word that was said: not a syllable could they comprehend, not a face could they recognize. They kept looking at the procession till it went out of sight on the way leading towards the parish church. They saw no more of them, and now they began to feel uneasy and went home leaving the corn alone as it was; but further on the funeral was met by a tailor at a point in the road where it was narrow and bounded by a fence (*clawdd*) on either side. The procession filled the road from hedge to hedge, and the tailor tried to force his way through it, but such was the pressure of the throng, that he was obliged to get out of their way by crossing the hedge. He also failed to understand a word of the talk which he heard. In about three weeks after this sham funeral[104], there came a real one down that way from the upper end of the parish.

Such, in brief, is the story so charmingly told by Silvan Evans, which he got from the mouths of the farmer and his wife, whom he considered highly

honest and truthfill persons, as well as comparatively free from superstition. The last time they talked to him about the incident they were very advanced in years, and both died within a few weeks of one another early in the year 1852. Their remains, he adds, lie in the churchyard towards which they had seen the *toeli* slowly making its way. For *toeli* is the phonetic spelling in *Ystn Sioned* of the word which is *teulu* in North Cardiganshire and in North Wales, for Old Welsh *toulu*. The word now means ‘family,’ though literally it should mean ‘house-army’ or ‘house-troops,’ and it is practically a synonym for *tylwyth*, ‘family or household,’ literally ‘house-tribe.’ Now the *toeli* or *toulu* is such an important institution in Demetian Cardiganshire and some parts of Dyfed proper, that the word has been confined to the phantom, and for the word family in its ordinary significations one has there to have recourse to the non-dialect form *teulu* [105]. In North Cardiganshire and North Wales the *toeli* is called simply a *cladledigaeth*, ‘burial,’ or *anglad* ’funeral’; in the latter also *cynhebrwng* is a funeral. I may add that when I was a child in the neighbourhood of Ponterwyd, on the upper course of the Rheidol, hardly a year used to pass without somebody or other meeting a phantom funeral. Sometimes one got entangled in the procession, and ran the risk of being carried off one’s feet by the throng. There is, however, one serious difference between our phantom funerals and the Demetian *toeli*, namely, that we recognize our neighbours’ ghosts as making up the processions, and we have no trouble in understanding their talk. At this point a question of some difficulty presents itself as to the *toeli*, namely, what family does it mean?--is it the family and friends of the departed on his way to the grave, or does it mean the family in the sense of *Tylwyth Teg*, ‘Fair Family,’ as applied to the fairies? I am inclined to the latter view, but I prefer thinking that the distinction itself does not penetrate very deeply, seeing that a certain species of the *Tylwyth Teg*, or fairies, may, in point of origin, be regarded as deceased friends and ancestors of the *tylwyth*, in the ordinary sense of the word. In fact all this kind of rehearsal of events seems to have been once looked at as friendlv to the men and women whom it concerned. This will be seen, for instance, in the Demetian account of the *canwyll gorf* or corpse candle, as granted through the intercession of St. David to the people of his special care, as a means of warning each to get ready in time for his death; that is to say, to prevent death finding him unprepared. It is hard to guess why it was assumed that the *canwyll gorff* was unknown in other parts of Wales. One or two instances in point

occur in Owen's Welsh *Folklore*, pp. 298-301; and I have myself heard of them being seen in Anglesey, while they were quite well known to members of Mrs. Rhys' mother's family, who lived in the parish of Waen Fawr, in the neighbourhood of Carnarvon. Nor does it appear that phantom funerals were at all confined to South Wales. Proof to the contrary is supplied to some extent in Owen's Folklore, p. 30l:; but there is no doubt that in recent times the belief in them, as well as in the canwyllgorff, has been more general and more vivid in South Wales than in North Wales, especially Gwyned.

I have not been fortunate enough to come across anything systematic or comprehensive on the origin and meaning of ghostly rehearsals like the Welsh phantom funeral or coffin making. But the subject is an interesting one which deserves the attention of our leading folklore philosophers, as does also the cognate one of second sight, by which it is widely overlapped.

Quite recently-at the end of 1899 in fact--I received three brief stories, for which I am indebted to the further kindness of Alaw Lleyn (p. 228), who lives at Bynhadlog near Edern in Lleyn, and two out of the three touch on the question of language. But as the three belong to one and the same district, I give the substance of all in English as follows:--

(1) There were at a small harbour belonging to Nefyn some houses in which several families formerly lived; the houses are there still, but nobody lives in them now. There was one family there to which a little girl belonged: they used to lose her for hours every day; so her mother was very angry with her for being so much away. 'I must know,' said she, 'where you go for your play.' The girl answered that it was to Pin y Wig, 'The Wig Point,'which meant a place to the west of the Nefyn headland: it was there, she said, she played with many children. I Whose children?' asked the mother. 'I don't know,' she replied; 'they are very nice children, much nicer than I am.' ' I must know whose children they are,' was the reply; and one day the mother went with her little girl to see the children: it was a, distance of about a quarter of a mile to Pin y Wig, and after climbing the slope and walking a little along the 'Lop they came in sight of the Pin. It is from this Pin that the people of Pen yr Allt got water, and it is fr-om. there they get it still. Now after coming near the Pin the little girl raised her hands with joy at the sight of the children. 'O mother,' said she, 'their father is with them to-day: he is not with them always, it is only sometimes that he is.' The

mother asked the child where she saw them. ‘There they are, mother, running down to the Pin, with their father sitting down.’ ‘I see nobody, my child,’ was the reply, and great fear came upon the mother: she took hold of the child’s hand in terror, and it came to her mind at once that they were the *Tylwyth Teg*. Never afterwards was the little girl allowed to go to Pin y Wig: the mother had heard that the *Tylwyth Teg* exchanged people’s children.

Such is the first story, and it is only remarkable, perhaps, for its allusion to the father of the fairy children.

(2) There used to be at Edern an old woman who Occupied a small farm called Glan y Gors: the same family lives there still. One day this old woman had gone to a fair at Criccieth, whence she returned through Pwllheli. As she was getting above Gors Geirch, which was then a turbary and a pretty considerable bog, a noise reached her ears: she sto,pped and heard the sound of much talking. By-and-by she beheld a great crowd of men and women coming to meet her. She became afraid and stepped across the fence to let them go by. There she remained a while listening to their chatter, and when she thought that they had gone far enough she returned to the road and began to resume her way home. But before she had gone many steps she heard the same sort of noise again, and saw again the same sort of crowd coming; so she recrossed the fence in great fear, saying to herself, ‘Here I shall be all night!’ She remained there till they also had gone, and she wondered what they could be, and whether they were people who had been to visit Plas Madrun -afterwards, on inquiry, she found that no such people had been there that day. Now the old woman was near enough to the passers-by to hear them talking (*clebran*) and chattering (*bregliach*), but not a word could she understand of what they uttered: it was not Welsh and she did not think that it was English-it is, however, not supposed that she knew English. She related further that the last crowd shouted all together to the other crowd in advance of them *Wi*, and that the latter replied *Wi Wei* or something like that.

This account Alaw Lleyn has got, he says, from a great-granddaughter of the old woman, and she heard it all from her father, Bardd Llechog, who always had faith in the fairies, and believed that they will come again to be seen of men and women. For he thought that they had their periods, a belief which I have come across elsewhere, and more especially in Carnarvonshire

Now what are we to make of such a story? I recollect reading somewhere of a phantom wedding in Scotland, but in Wales we seem to have nothing more closely resembling this than a phantom funeral. Nevertheless what the old woman of Glan y Gors thought she saw looks by no means unlike a Welsh wedding marching on foot, especially when, as I have seen done, one party tried--seemingly in good earnest--to escape the other and to take the bride away from it. Moreover, that the figures making up the two crowds in her story are to be regarded as fairies is rendered probable by the next story, which describes the phantoms therein expressly as little men and little women.

(3) The small farm of Perth y Celyn in Edern used to be held by an old man named Griffith Griffiths. In his best days he stood six foot, and he has left behind him a double reputation for bodily strength and great piety. My informant can well remember him walking to chapel with the aid of his two sticks. The story goes that one day, when he was in his prime, he set out from Perth y Celyn at two in the morning to walk to Carnarvon to pay his rent: there was no talk in those days of a carriage for anybody. After passing through Nefyn and Pistylt, he came in due time to Bwlch Trwyn Swncwll [106]: he writes this name also Bwlch Drws Wncwl, with the suggestion that it ought to be BwIch Drws Encil, and that the place must have been of importance in the wars of the ancient Kymry. The high-road, he goes on to say, runs through the Bwlch, and as Griffith was entering this gap what should he hear but a great deal of talking. He stopped and listened, when to his surprise he saw coming towards him, devoid of all fear, a crowd of little men and little women. They talked aloud, but he could not understand a single word they said: he thought that it was neither Welsh nor English. They passed by him on the road, but he moved aside to the ditch lest they should knock against him; but no feeling of fear came upon him. The old man believed them to have been the *Tylwyth Teg*.

In the story of the Moedin funeral the language of the *toeli* was not intelligible to the farmer and his wife, or to the tailor, and here in two stories from Lleyn we have it clearly stated that it was neither Welsh nor, probably, English. Since the fairies are always represented as old-fashioned in their ways, it is quite possible that they were once regarded as talking a more ancient language of the country. Which was it? An early version of these legends might perhaps have supplied the answer, and told us that it

was *Gwydelig* or Goidelic, if not an earlier idiom, to wit that of the Aborigines before they learnt Goidelic from the Celts of the first wave of Aryan invasion,, whether it was in the region of the Eifl or in the Demetian half of Keredigion. As to the former it is worthy of note that when Griffith had reached BwIch Trwyn Swncwl he was in the outskirts of the Eifl Mountains, on one of whose heights, not very far off, is the extensive prehistoric fortress of Tre'r Ceiri, or the Town of the Keiri, a vocable which may be provisionally rendered by 'giants.' In any case it dissociates that stronghold from the Brythonic people of Wales. We shall fi.nd, however, that a Goidel, or Pict, buried in a cairn on Snowdon, is known as Rhita Gawr, 'Rhita the Giant'; and it is possible that in the Keiri of *Tre'r Ceiri* we have no other race than that of mixed Goidels and Picts whom the encroaching Brythons found in possession of the west of our island. Nay, one may say that this is rendered probable by-the use made of the word *ceiri* in medieval Welsh: thus in some poetry composed by a certain Dafydd Offeiriad, and copied by Thomas Williams of Trefriw, we have a line alluding to Britain in the words:--

Coy-on ynys y Cesiri [107].

The Crown of the Giants' Island.

Here Ynys y Cefiri inevitably recalls the fact that Britain is called *Ynys y Kedyrn*, or Island of the Mighty, in the *Mabinogion*, and also, in effect, in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen. But such stories as these, which enabled Geoffrey to say, i. 16, when he introduced his banal brood of Trojans, that up to that time Britain had only been inhabited by a few giants, are the legends, as will be pointed out later, of the Brythonicized Goidels of Wales. So one may infer that their ancestors had given this country the name of the Island of the Mighty, unless it should prove more accurate to suppose them to have somehow derived the term from the Aborigines.

This last surmise is countenanced by the fact that in the Kulhwch story, the British Isles as a group are called Islands of the Mighty. The words are *Teir ynys y kedyrn ae their rac ynys*; that is, the Three Islands of the Mighty and their Three outpost Islands. That is not all, for in the same story the designation is varied thus: *Teir ynys prydein ae their rac ynys*[108], or Prydain's Three Islands and Prydain's Three outpost Islands; and the substantial antiquity of the designation I the Islands of Prydain,' is proved

by its virtual identity with that used by ancient Greek authors like Ptolemy, who calls both Britain and Ireland a νῆσος Πρετανική, where *Pretanic* and *Prydain* are closely related words. Now our *Prydain* had in medieval Welsh the two forms *Prydein* and Prydyn. But some time or other there set in a tendency to desynonymize them, so as to make Ynys Prj,dein, 'the Picts' Island,' mean Great Britain, and Prydyn mean the Pictland of the North. But just as Cyniry meant the plural Welshmen and the singular Wales, so Prydyn meant Picts [109] and the country of the Picts. Now the plural Prydyn has its etymological Goidelic equivalent in the vocable Critithni, which Is well known to have meant the Picts or the descendants of the *Picti* of Roman historians. Further, this last name cannot be severed from that of the *Pictones* [110] in Gaul, and it is usually supposed to have referred to their habit of tattooing themselves. At all events this agrees with the apparent meaning of the names *Prydyn* and *Cruithni*, from *bryd* and *cruth*, the words in Welsh and Irish respectively for form or shaft, the designation being supposed to refer to the forms or pictures of various animals punctured on the skins of the Picts. So much as to the practical identity of the terms *Prydyn*, *Cruithni*, and the Greeks' *Pretanic*; but how could *Cedyrrn* and *Prydein* correspond in the terms *Ynys y Kedyrn* and *Ynys Prydein*? This one is enabled to understand by means of *ceuri* or *ceiri* as a middle term. Now *cadarn* means strong or valiant, and makes the plural *cedyrn*; but there is another Welsh word cadr[111] which has also the meaning of valiant or powerful, and may have yielded some such a medieval form as *ceidyr* in the plural. Now this *cadr* is proved by its cognates[112]not to have always had the meaning of valiant or strong: its original signification was more nearly fine, beautiful, or beautified.' Thus what seems to have happened is, that *cadarn*,'strong, powerful, mighty,' influenced the meaning of cadr, 'beautiful,' and eventually usurped its place in the name of the island, which from being *Ynys y Ceidyr* became *Ynys y Cedyrn*. But the former meant the 'Island of the fine or beautiful men,'which was closely enough the meaning also of the words Prydain, Cruithni, and Picts, as names of a people who delighted to beautify their persons by tattooing their skins and making themselves *distingué* in that savage fashion. That is not all, for on examination it turns out that the word *ceiri*, which has been treated up to this point as meaning giants, is but a double, so to say, of the word cadr in the plural, both as to etymology and original meaning of beautiful. It is a

word in constant use in Carnarvonshire, where it is ironically applied to pretentious men fond of showing themselves off, especially in the matter of clothes. *'D ydi nhw 'n geiri*! 'Aren't they swells! ' *Dyna i ch'i gawr*! 'There's a fine fellow for you!' and so also with the feminine cawres. Of course the cawr of standard Welsh is familiar enough in the sense of giant to Carnarvonshire people, so the meaning can be best ascertained in the case of the plural ceiri, which they hardly ever meet with in print; and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, by ceiri they mean-in an ironical sense it is true-fine fellows, with reference not to great stature or strength but to their get-up. Thus one arrives at the true interpretation of the name *Tre'r Ceiri* as the Town of the *Prydyn* or *Cruithni*; that is to say, the Town of the Picts or the Aborigines, who showed themselves off decorated with pictures. So far also from *Ynys y Ceiri* being an echo of *Ynys y Cedyrn*, it turns out to be really the more original of the two. Such names, when they are closely examined, are apt to prove old beyond all hastily formed expectation.

4. Manx Folklore

Be it remembrid that one Manaman Mack Clere, a paynim, was the first inhabitour of the ysle of Man, who by his Necromancy kept the same, that when he was assaylid or invaded he wold rayse such mystes by land and sea that no man might well fynde owte the ysland, and he would make one of his men seeme to be in nombre a hundred.-*The Landsdowne MSS*.

THE following paper exhausts no part of the subject: it simply embodies the substance of my notes of conversations which I have had with Manx men and Manx women, whose names, together with such other particulars as I could get, are in my possession . I have mostly avoided reading up the subject in printed books; but those who wish to see it exhaustively treated may be directed to Mr. Arthur W. Moore's book on *The Folklore of the Isle of Man*, to which may now be added Mr. C. Roeder's *Contributions to the Folklore of the Isle of Man* in the *Lioar Manninagh* for 1897, pp. 129-91.

For the student of folklore the Isle of Man is very fairly stocked with inhabitants of the imaginary order. She has her fairies and her giants, her mermen and brownies, her kelpies and water-bulls. The water-bull or tarroo ushtey, as he is called in Manx, is a creature about which I have not been able to learn much, but he is described as a sort of bull disporting himself about the pools and swamps. For instance, I was told at the village of Andreas, in the flat country forming the northern end of the island, and known as the Ayre, that there used to be a *tarroo ushtey* between Andreas and the sea to the west: it was before the ground had been drained as it is now. And an octogenarian captain at Peel related to me how he had once when a boy heard a *tarroo ushley*: the bellowings of the brute made the ground tremble, but otherwise the captain was unable to give me any very intelligible description. This bull is by no means of the same breed as the bull that comes out of the lakes of Wales to mix with the farmers' cattle, for there the result used to be great fertility among the stock, and an overflow of milk and dairy produce, but in the Isle of Man the tarroo ushtey only begets monsters and strangely formed beasts.

The kelpie, or, rather, what I take to be a kelpie, was called by my informants a *glashtyn*; and Kelly, in his Manx Dictionary, describes the

object meant as ‘a goblin, an imaginary animal which rises out of the water.’ One or two of my informants confused the *glashtyn* with the Manx brownie. On the other hand, one of them was very definite in his belief that it had nothing human about it, but was a sort of grey colt, frequenting the banks of lakes at night, and never seen except at night. Mermen and mermaids disport themselves on the coasts of Man, but I have to confess that I have made no careful inquiry into what is related about them; and my information about the giants of the island is equally scanty. To confess the truth, I do not recollect hearing of more than one giant, but that was a giant: I have seen the marks of his huge hands impressed on the top of two massive monoliths. They stand in a field at Balla Keeill Pherick, on the way down from the Sloc to Colby. I was told there were originally five of these stones standing in a circle, all of them marked in the same way by the same giant as he hurled them down there from where he stood, miles away on the top of the mountain called Cronk yn Irree Laa. Here I may mention that the Manx word for a giant is *foawr*, in which a vowel-flanked *m* has been spirited away, as shown by the modern Irish spelling, *fomhor*. This, in the plural in old Irish, appears as the name of the Fomori, so well known in Irish legend, which, however, does not always represent them as giants, but rather as monsters. I have been in the habit of explaining the word as meaning *submarini*; but no more are they invariably connected with the sea. So another etymology recommends itself, namely, one which comes from Dr. Whitley Stokes, and makes the *mor* in *fomori* to be of the same origin as the mare in the English nightmare, French cauche*mar*, German *mahr*, ‘an elf,’ and cognate words. I may mention that with the Fomori of mythic origin have doubtless been confounded and identified certain invaders of Ireland, especially the Dumnonians from the country between Galloway and the mouth of the Clyde, some of whom may be inferred to have coasted the north of Ireland and landed in the West, for example in Erris, the north-west of Mayo, called after them *Irrus* (or Erris) *Domnann*.

The Manx brownie is called the *fenodyree*, and he is described as a hairy and apparently clumsy fellow, who would, for instance, thrash a whole barnful of corn in a single night for the people to whom he felt well disposed; and once on a time he undertook to bring down for the farmer his wethers from Snaefell. When the fenodyree had safely put them in an outhouse, he said that he had some trouble with the little ram, as it had run three times round Snaefell that morning. The farmer did not quite

understand him, but on going to look at the sheep, he found, to his infinite surprise, that the little ram was no other than a hare, which, poor creature, was dying of fright and fatigue. I need scarcely point out the similarity between this and the story of Peredur, who, as a boy, drove home two hinds with his mother's goats from the forest: he owned to having had some trouble with the goats that had so long run wild as to have lost their horns, a circumstance which had greatly impressed him [113]. . To return to the fenodyree, I am not sure that there were more than one in Man--I have never heard him spoken of in the plural; but two localities at least are assigned to him, namely, a; farm called Ballachrink, in Colby, in the south, and a farm called Lanjaghan, in the parish of Conchan, near Douglas. Much the same stories, however, appear to be current about him in the two places, and one of the most curious of them is that which relates how he left. The farmer so valued the services of the fenodyree, that one day he took it into his head to provide clothing for him. The fenodyree examined each article carefully, and expressed his idea of it, and specified the kind of disease it was calculated to produce. Inaword, he found that the clothes would make head and foot sick, and he departed in disgust, saying to the farmer, 'Though this place is thine, the great glen of Rushen is not.' Glen Rushen is one of the most retired glens in the island, and it drains down through Glen Meay to the coast, some miles to the south of Peel. It is to Glen Rushen, then, that the fenodyree is supposed to be gone; but on visiting that valley in 1 892[114]in quest of Manx-speaking peasants, I could find nobody there who knew anything of him. I suspect that the spread of the English language even there has forced him to leave the island altogether. Lastly, with regard to the term *fenodyree* I may mention that it is the word used in the Manx Bible of 1819 for *satyr* in Isaiah xxxiv. 14 [115], where we read in the English Bible as follows: 'The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow.' In the Vulgate the latter clause reads*: et pilosus clamabit alter ad alterum*. The term *fenodyree* has been explained by Cregeen in his *Manx Dictionary* to mean one who has hair for stockings or hose. That answers to the description of the hairy satyr, and seems fairly well to satisfy the phonetics of the case, the words from which he derives the compound being *fynney* [116], 'hair,' and *oashyr*, 'a stocking'; but as *oashyr* seems to come from the old Norse *hosur*, the plural of *hosa*, 'hose or stocking,' the term *fenodyree* cannot date before the coming of the Norsemen; and I am

inclined to think the idea more Teutonic than Celtic. At any rate I need not point out to the English reader the counterparts of this hairy satyr in the hobgoblin ‘Lob lie by the Fire,’ and Milton’s ‘Lubber Fiend,’whom he describes as one that

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Lastly, I rnay mention that Mr. Roeder has a great deal to say about the fenodyree under the name of glashtyn; for it is difficult to draw any hard and fast line between the glashtyn and the fenodyree, or even the water-bull, so much alike do they seem to have been regarded. Mr. Roeder’s items of folklore concerning the glashtyns (see the *Lioar Manninagh*, iii. 139) show that there were male and female glashtyns, and that the former were believed to have been too fond of the women at Ballachrink, until one evening some of the men, dressed as women, arranged to receive some youthful glashtyns. Whether the fenodyree is of Norse origin or not, the glashtyn is decidedly Celtic, as will be further shown in chapter vii. Here it will suffice to mention one or two related words which are recorded in Highland Gaelic, namely, *glaistig*, ‘a shegoblin which assumes the ‘form of a goat,’ and *glaisrig*, a female fairy or a goblin, half human, half beast.’

The fairies claim our attention next, and as the only other fairies tolerably well known to me are those of Wales, I can only compare or contrast the Manx fairies with the Welsh ones. They are called in Manx, *sleih beggey*, or little people, and *ferrishyn*, from the English word fairies, as it would seem. Like the Welsh fairies, they kidnap babies; and I have heard it related how a woman in Dalby had a struggle with the fairies over her baby, which they were trying to drag out of the bed from her. Like Welsh fairies, also, they take possession of the hearth after the farmer and his family are gone to bed. A man in Dalby used to find them making a big fire in his kitchen: he would hear the crackling and burning of the fire when nobody else could have been there except the fairies and their friends. I said ‘friends,’ for they sometimes take a man with them, and allow him to eat with them at the expense of others. Thus, some men from the northernmost parish, Kirk Bride, went once on a time to Port Erin, in the south, to buy a supply of fish for the winter, and with them went a Kirk Michael man who had the reputation of being a *persona grata* to the fairies. Now one of the Port Erin

men asked a man from the north who the Michael man might be: he was curious to know his name, as he had seen him once before, and on that oc:casion the Michael man was with the fairies at his house-the Port Erin man's househelping himself to bread and cheese in company with the rest. As the fairies were regaling themselves in this instance on ordinary bread and cheese at a living Manxman's expense, the story may perhaps be regarded as not inconsistent with one mentioned by Cumming [117] to the following effect:--A man attracted one night as he was crossing the mountains, by fairy music, entered a fairy hall where' a banquet was going on. He noticed among them several faces which he seemed to know, but no act of mutual recognition took place till he had some drink offered him, when one of those whom he seemed to know warned him not to taste of the drink if he had any wish to make his way home again. If he partook of it he would become like one of them. So he found an opportunity for spilling it on the ground and securing the cup; whereupon the hall and all its inmates instantaneously vanished. On this I may remark that it appears to have been a widely spread belief, that no one who had partaken of the food for spirits [08] would be allowed to return to his former life, and some instanc:es will be found mentioned by Professor Tylor in his *Primitive Culture*, ii. 50-2.

Like the Welsh fairies, the Manx ones take men away with them and detain them for years. Thus a Kirk Andreas man was absent from his people for four years, which he spent with the fairies. He could not tell how he returned, but it seemed as if, having been unconscious, he woke up at last in this world. The other world, however, in which he was for the four years was not far away, as he could see what his brothers and the rest of the family were doing every day, although they could not see him. To prove this, he mentioned to them how they were occupied on such and such a day, and, among other things, how they took their corn on a particular day to Ramsey. He reminded them also of their having heard a sudden sharp crack as they were passing by a thorn bush he named, and how they were so startled that one of them would have run back home. He asked them if they remembered that, and they said they did, only too well. He then explained to them the meaning of the noise, namely, that one of the fairies with whom he had been galloping the whole time was about to let fly an arrow at his brothers, but that as he was going to do this, he (the missing brother) raised a plate and intercepted the arrow: that was the sharp noise they had heard. Such was the account he had to give of his sojourn in Faery. This

representation of the world of the fairies, as contained within the ordinary world of mortals, is very remarkable; but it is not a new idea, as we seem to detect it in the Irish story of the abduction of Conla [09] Ruad[118] : the fairy who comes to fetch him tells him that the folk of Tethra, whom she represents, behold him every day as he takes part in the assemblies of his country and sits among his friends. The commoner way of putting it is simply to represent the fairies as invisible to mortals at will; and one kind of Welsh story relates how the mortal midwife accidentally touches her eyes, while dressing a fairy baby, with an ointment which makes the fairy world visible to her: see pp. 63,213, above.

Like Welsh fairies, the Manx ones had, as the reader will have seen, horses to ride; they had also dogs, just as the Welsh ones had. This I learn from another story, to the effect that a fisherman, taking a fresh fish home, was pursued by a pack of fairy dogs, so that it was onl~ with great trouble he reached his own door. Then he picked up a stone and threw it at the dogs, which at once disappeared; but he did not escape, as he was shot by the fairies, and so hurt that he lay ill for fully six months from that day. He would have been left alone by the fairies, I was told, if he had only taken care to put a pinch of salt in the fish's mouth before setting out, for the Manx fairies cannot stand salt or baptism. So children that have been baptized are, as in Wales, less liable to be kidnapped by these elves than those that have not. I scarcely need add that a twig of *cuirn* [119] or rowan is also as effective against fairies in Man as it is in Wales. Manx fairies seem to have been musical, like their kinsmen elsewhere; for I have heard of an Orrisdale man crossing the neighbouring mountains at night and hearing fairy music, which took his fancy so much that he listened, and tried to remember it. He had, however, to return, it is said, three times to the place before he could carry it away complete in his mind, which he succeeded in doing at last just as the day was breaking and the musicians disappearing. This air, I am told, is now known by the name of the *Bollan Bane*, or White Wort. As to certain Welsh airs similarly supposed to have been derived from the fairies, see above.

So far I have pointed out next to nothing but similarities between Manx fairies and Welsh ones, and I find very little indicative of a difference. First, with regard to salt, I am unable to say anything in this direction, as I do not happen to know how Welsh fairies regard salt: it is not improbable that they

eschew salt as well as baptism, especially as the Church of Rome has long associated salt with baptism. There is, however, one point, at least, of difference between the fairies of Man and of Wales: the latter are, so far as I can call to mind, never supposed to discharge arrows at men or women, or to handle a bow[120] at all, whereas Manx fairies are always ready to shoot. May we, therefore, provisionally regard this trait of the Manx fairies as derived from a Teutonic source? At any rate English and Scotch elves were supposed to shoot, and I am indebted to the kindness of my colleague, Professor Napier, for calling my attention to the Leechdoms of Early England[121] for cases in point.

Now that most of the imaginary inhabitants of Man and its coasts have been rapidly passed in review before the reader, I may say something of others whom I regard as semi-imaginary-real human beings to whom impossible attributes are ascribed: I mean chiefly the witches, or, as they are sometimes called in Manx English, *butches*[122][10]. That term I take to be a variant of the English word *witch*, produced under the influence of the verb *bewitch*, which was reduced in Manx English to a form *butch*, especially if one bear in mind the Cumbrian and Scottish pronunciation of these words, as *wutch* and *bewutch*. Now witches shift their form, and I have heard of one old witch changing herself into a pigeon; but that I am bound to regard as exceptional, the regular form into which Manx witches pass at their pleasure being that of the hare, and such a swift and thick skinned hare that no greyhound, except a black one without a single white hair, can catch it, and no shot, except a silver coin, penetrate its body. Both these peculiarities are also well known in Wales. I notice a difference, however, between Wales and Man with regard to the hare witches: in Wales only the women can become hares, and this property runs, so far as I know, in certain families. I have known many such, and my own nurse belonged to one of them, so that my mother was reckoned to be rather reckless in entrusting me to *y Gota*, or 'the Cutty One,' as she might run away at any moment, leaving her charge to take care of itself. But I have never heard of any man or boy of any such family turning himself into a hare, whereas in the Isle of Man the hare witches may belong, if I may say so, to either sex. I am not sure, however, that a man who turns himself into a hare would be called a wizard or witch; and I recollect hearing in the neighbourhood of Ramsey of a man nicknamed the *gaaue mwaagh*, that is to say, 'the hare Smith,' the

reason being that this particular smith now and then assumed the form of a hare. I am not quite sure that *gaaue mwaagh* is the name of a class, though I rather infer that it is. If so, it must be regarded as a survival of the magic skill associated with smiths in ancient Ireland, as evidenced, for instance, in St. Patrick's Hymn in the eleventh or twelfth *century manuscript at Trinity College, Dublin, known as the Liber*Hymnorum, in which we have a prayer-

Fri brichta ban ocus goband ocus druad.
Against the spells of women, of smiths and magicians[123]

The persons who had the power of turning themselves into hares were believed to be abroad and very active, together with the whole demon world, on the eve of May-day of the Old Style. And a middle-aged man from the parish of Andreas related to me how he came three or four times across a woman reputed to be a witch, carrying on her evil practices at the junction of cross-roads, or the meeting of three boundaries. This happened once very early on Old May morning, and afterwards he met her several times as he was returning home from visiting his sweetheart. He warned the witch that if he found her again he would kick her: that is what he tells me. Well, after a while he did surprise her again at work at four crossroads, somewhere near Lezayre. She had a circle, he said, as large as that made by horses in threshing, swept clean around her. He kicked her and took away her besom, which he hid till the middle of the day. Then he made the farm boys fetch some dry gorse, and he put the witch's besom on the top of it. Thereupon fire was set to the gorse, and, wonderful to relate, the besom, as it burned, crackled and made reports like guns going off. In fact, the noise could be heard at Andreas Church--that is to say, miles away. The besom had on it 'seventeen sorts of knots,' he stated, and the woman herself ought to have been burned: in fact, he added that she did not long survive her besom. The man who related this to me is hale and strong, living now in the parish of Michael, and not in that of Andreas,:where he was born.

There is a tradition at St. John's, which is overlooked by the mountain called Slieau Whallian, that witches used at one time to be punished by being set to roll down the steep side of the mountain in spiked barrels; but, short of putting them to death, there were various ways of rendering the machinations of witches innocuous, or of undoing the mischief done by them; for the charmers supply various means of meeting them triumphantly, and in case an animal is the victim, the burning of it always proves an

effective means of bringing the offender to book: I shall have occasion to return to this under another heading. There is a belief that if you can draw blood, however little, from a witch, or one who has the evil eye, he loses his power of harming you; and I have been told that formerly this belief was sometimes acted upon. Thus, on leaving church, for instance, the man who fancied himself in danger from another would sidle up to him or walk by his side, and inflict on him a slight scratch, or some other trivial wound, which elicited blood; but this must have been a course always attended with more or less danger.

The persons able to undo the witches' work, and remove the malignant influence of the evil eye, are known in Manx English as charmers, and something must now be said of them, They have various ways of proceeding to their work. A lady of about thirty-five, living at Peel, related to me how, when she was a child suffering from a swelling in the neck, she had it charmed away by an old woman. This charmer brought with her no less than nine pieces of iron, consisting of bits of old pokers, old nails, and other odds and ends of the same metal, making in all nine pieces. After Invoking the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, she began to rub the girl's neck with the old irons; nor was she satisfied with that, for she rubbed the doors, the walls, and the furniture likewise, with the metal. The result, I was assured, was highly satisfactory, as she has never been troubled with a swelling in the throat since that day. Sometimes a passage from the Bible is made use of in charming, as, for instance, in the case of bleeding. One of the verses then pronounced is Ezekiel xvi. 6, which runs thus:--'And when I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live; yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live! This was told me by a Laxey man, who is over seventy years of age. The methods of charming away warts are various. A woman from the neighbourhood of St. John's explained to me how a charmer told her to get rid of the warts on her hands. She was to take a string and make a knot on it for every wart she had, and then tie the string round her hand, or fingers--forget which; and I think my informant, on her part, forgot to tell me a vital part of the formula, namely, that the string was to be destroyed. But however that may be, she assured me that the warts disappeared, and have never returned since. A lady at Andreas has a still simpler method of getting rid of warts. She rubs a snail on the warts, and then places the snail on one of the points of a blackthorn, and, in fact, leaves the snail to die,

transfixed by the thorn; and as the snail dies the warts disappear. She has done this in the case of her niece with complete success, so far as the wart was concerned; but she had forgotten to notice whether the snail had also succumbed.

The lady who in this case applied the remedy cannot be in any sense called a charmer, however much one may insist on calling what she did a charm. In fact, the term charmer tends to be associated with a particular class of charm involving the use of herbs. Thus there used to be at one time a famous charmer living near Kirk Michael, to whom the fishermen were in the habit of resorting, and my informant told me that he had been deputed more than once by his fellow fishermen to go to him in consequence of their lack of success in the fishing. The charmer gave him a packet of herbs, cut small, with directions that they should be boiled, and the water mixed with some spirits-rum, I think-and partly drunk in the boat by the captain and the crew, and partly sprinkled over the boat and everything in it. The charmer clearly defined his position in the matter to my informant. 'I cannot,' he said, 'put the fish in your nets for you; but if there is any mischief in the way of your luck, I can remove that for you.' The fishermen themselves had, however, more exaggerated notions of the charmer's functions, for once on a time my informant spent on drink for his boon companions the money which he was to give the charmer, and then he collected herbs himselfit did not much matter what herbs-and took them to his captain, who, with the crew, went through the proper ritual, and made a most successful haul that night. In fact, the only source of discontent was the charmer's not having distributed the fish over two nights, instead of endangering their nets by an excessive haul all in one night. They regarded him as able to do almost anything he liked in the matter.

A lady at Andreas gave me an account of a celebrated charmer who lived between there and the coast. He worked on her husband's farm, but used to be frequently called away to be consulted. He usually cut up wormwood for the people who came to him, and if there was none to be had, he did not scruple to rob the garden of any small sprouts it contained of cabbage or the like. He would chop them small, and give directions about boiling them and drinking the water. He usually charged any one leaving him to speak to nobody on the way, lest he break the charm, and this mysteriousness was evidently an important element in his profession. But he was, nevertheless,

a thriftless fellow, and when he went to Peel, and sent the crier round to announce his arrival, and received a good deal of money from the fishermen, he seldom so conducted himself as to bring much of his earnings home. He died miserably some seven or eight years ago at Ramsey, and left a widow in great poverty. As to the present day, the daughter of a charmer now dead is married to a man living in a village on the southern side of the island, and she appears to have inherited her father's reputation for charming, as the fishermen from all parts are said to flock to her for luck. Incidentally, I have heard in the south more than once of her being consulted in cases of sudden and dangerous illness, even after the best medical advice has been obtained: in fact, she seems to have a considerable practice.

In answer to my question, how the charmer who died at Ramsey used to give the sailors luck in the fishing, my informant at Andreas could not say, except that he gave them herbs as already described, and she thought also that he sold them wisps to place under their pillows. I gather that the charms were chiefly directed to the removal of supposed impediments to success in the fishing, rather than to any act of a more positive nature. So far as I have been able to ascertain, charming is hereditary, and they say that it descends from father to daughter, and then from daughter to son, and so on-a remarkable kind of descent, on which I should be glad to learn the opinion of anthropologists. One of the best Manx scholars in the island related to me how some fishermen once insisted on his doing the charmer for them because of his being of such and such a family, and how he made fools of them. It is my impression that the charming families are comparatively few in number, and this looks as if they descended from the family physicians or druids of one or two chieftains in ancient times. It is very likely a question which could be cleared up by a local man familiar with the island and all that tradition has to say on the subject of Manx pedigrees.

In the case of animals ailing, the herbs were also resorted to; and, if the beasts happened to be milch cows, the herbs had to be boiled in some of their milk. This was supposed to produce wonderful results, described as follows by a man living at a place on the way from Castletown up South Barrule:--A farmer in his parish had a cow that milked blood, as he described it, and this in consequence of a witch's ill-will. He went to the charmer, who gave him some herbs, which he was to boil in the ailing

cow's milk, and the charmer charged him, whatever he did, not to quit the concoction while it was on the fire, in spite of any noises he might hear. The farmer went home and proceeded that night to boil the herbs as directed, but he suddenly heard a violent tapping at the door, a terrible lowing of the cattle in the cow-house, and stones coming down the 'chumley': the end of it was that he suddenly fled and sprang into bed to take shelter behind his wife. He went to the charmer again, and related to him what had happened: he was told that he must have more courage the next time, unless he wished his cow to die. He promised to do his best, and this time he stood his ground in spite of the noises and the creaking of the windows-until, in fact, a back window burst into pieces and bodily let a witch in, who craved his pardon, and promised nevermore to molest him or his. This all happened at the farm in question in the time of the present farmer's grandfather. The boiling of the charmer's herbs in milk always produces a great commotion and lowing among the cattle, and it invariably cures the ailing ones: this is firmly believed by respectable farmers whom I could name, in the north of the island in particular, and I am alluding to men whom one might consider fairly educated members of their class.

In the last mentioned instance not only is the requisite cure effected, but the witch who caused the mischief is brought on the spot. I have recently heard of a parallel to this in a belief which appears to be still prevalent in the Channel Islands, more especially Guernsey. The following incidents have been communicated to me by an ardent folklorist, who has friends in the islands:--

An old woman in Torteval became ill, and her two sons were told that if they tried one of the charms of divination, such as boiling certain weeds in a pot, the first person to come to the house would prove to be the one who had cast a spell over their mother. Accordingly they made their bouillederie, and who should come to the door but a poor, unoffending Breton onion seller, and as he was going away he was waylaid by the two sons, who beat him within an inch of his life. They were prosecuted and sentenced to terms of imprisonment; but the charming did not come out in the evidence, though it was generally known to have been the reason for the assault. This account was given my informant in 1898, and the incident appears to have happened not very long before. Another is related thus:--A certain family suffered from a plague of lice, which they regarded as the consequence of a spell.

They accordingly made their boiling of herbs and looked for the first comer. He turned out to be a neighbour of theirs who wished to buy some turnip seeds. The family abused him roundly. He went away, but he was watched and caught by two of the sons of the house, who beat him cruelly. They, on being prosecuted, had to pay him; £5 damages. This took place in the summer of 1898, in the narrator's own parish, in Guernsey. I have also another case of recent date, to the effect that a young woman, whose churning was so unsuccessful that the butter would not come, boiled herbs in the prescribed way. She awaited the first comer, and, being engaged, her intended husband was not unnaturally the first to arrive. She abused him so unsparingly that he broke off the engagement. These instances go far enough to raise the question why the boiling of herbs should be supposed to bring the culprit immediately on the spot, but they hardly go any further, namely, to help us to answer it.

Magic takes us back to a very primitive and loose manner of thinking; so the marvellously easy way in which it identifies any tie of association, however flimsy, with the insoluble bond of relationship which educated men and women regard as connecting cause and effect, renders even simpler means than I have described quite equal to the undoing of the evils resulting from*the activity of the evil eye. Thus, let us suppose that a person endowed with the evil eye has just passed by the farmer's herd of cattle, and a calf has suddenly been seized with a serious illness, the farmer hurries after the man of the evil eye to get the dust from under his feet. If he objects, the farmer may, as has sometimes been actually done, throw him down by force, take off his shoes, and scrape off the dust adhering to their soles, and carry it back to throw over the calf. Even that is not always necessary, as it appears to be quite enough if he takes up dust where he of the evil eye has just trod the ground. There are innumerable cases on folk-record of both means proving entirely efficacious, and they remind one of a story related in the *Itinerarium Kambriae*, i. ii, by Giraldus, as to the archbishop when he was preaching in the neighbourhood of Haverfordwest. A certain woman had lost her sight, but had so much faith in that holy man that she sent her son to try and procure the least bit of the fringe of his clothing. The youth, unable to make his way through the crowd that surrounded the preacher, waited till it dispersed, and then took home to his mother the sod on which he had stood and on which his feet had left their mark. That earth was applied by her to her face and eyes, with the result

that she at once recovered her sight. A similar question of psychology presents itself in a practice intended as a preservative against the evil eye rather than as a cure. I allude to what I have heard about two maiden ladies living in a Manx village which I know very well: they are natives of a neighbouring parish, and I am assured that whenever a stranger enters their house they proceed, as soon as he goes away, to strew a little dust or sand over the spot where he stood. That is understood to prevent any malignant influence resulting from his visit. This tacit identifying of a man with his footprints may be detected in a more precarious and pleasing form in a quaint conceit familiar to me in the lyrics of rustic life in Wales, when, for example, a coy maiden leaves her lovesick swain hotly avowing his perfect readiness to cusanu ol ei thraed, that is, to do on his knees all the stages of her path across the meadow, kissing the ground wherever it has been honoured with the tread of her dainty foot. Let me take another case, in which the cord of association is not so inconceivably slender, namely, when two or more persons standing in a close relation to one another are mistakenly treated a little too much as if mutually independent, the objection is heard that it matters not whether it is A or B, that it is, in fact, all the same, as they belong to the same concern. In Welsh this is sometimes expressed by saying, *Yr un yw Huw G'lyn a'I glocs*, that is, 'Hugh of the Glen and his clogs are all one.' Then, when you speak in English of a man 'standing in another's shoes,' I am by no means certain, that you are not employing an expression which meant something more to those who first used it than it does to us. Our modern idioms, with all'their straining after the abstract, are but primitive man's mental tools adapted to the requirements of civilized life, and they often retain traces of the form and shape which the neolithic worker's chipping and polishing gave them.

It is difficult to arrange these scraps under any clearly classified, headings, and now that I have led the reader into the midst of matters magical, perhaps I may just as well go on to the mention of a few more: I alluded to the boiling of the herbs according to the charmer's orderg, with the result, among other things, of bringing the witch to the spot. This is, however, not the only instance of the importance and strange efficacy of fire. For when a beast dies on a farm, of course it dies, according to the old-fashioned view of things as I understand it, from the influence of the evil eye or the interposition of a witch. So if you want to know to whom you are indebted for the loss of the beast, you have simply to burn its carcase in the open air

and watch who comes first to the spot or who first passes by: that is the criminal to be charged with the death of the animal, and he cannot help coming there--such is the effect of the fire. A Michael woman, who is now about thirty, related to me how she watched while the carcase of a bewitched colt was burning, how sbe saw the witch coming, and how she remembers her shrivelled face, with nose and chin in close proximity. According to another native of Michael, a well informed middle-aged man, the animal in question was oftenest a calf, and it was wont to be burnt whole, skin and all. The object, according to him, is invariably to bring the bewitcher on the spot, and he always comes; but I am not clear what happens to him when he appears. My informant added, however, that it was believed that, unless the bewitcher got possession of the heart of the burning beast, he lost all his power of bewitching. He related, also, how his father and three other men were once out fishing on the west coast of the island, when one of the three suddenly expressed his wish to land. As they were fishing successfully some two or three miles from the shore, they would not hear of it. He, however, insisted that they must put him ashore at once, which made his comrades highly indignant; but they soon had to give way, as they found that he was determined to leap overboard unless they complied. When he got on shore they watched him hurrying away towards where a beast was burning in the corner of a field.

Manx stories merge this burning in a very perplexing fashion with what may be termed a sacrifice for luck. The following scraps of information will make it clear what I mean:--A respectable farmer from Andreas told me that he was driving with his wife to the neighbouring parish of Jurby some years ago, and that on the way they beheld the carcase of a cow or an ox burning in a field, with a woman engaged in stirring the fire. On reaching the village to which they were going, they found that the burning beast belonged to a farmer whom they knew. They were further told it was no wonder that the said farmer had one of his cattle burnt, as several of them had recently died. Whether this was a case of sacrifice or not I cannot say. But let me give another instance: a man whom I have already mentioned, saw at a farm nearer the centre of the island a live calf being burnt. The owner bears an English name, but his family has long been settled in Man. The farmer’s explanation to my informant was that the calf was burnt to secure luck for the rest of the herd, some of which were threatening to die. My informant thought there was absolutely nothing the matter with them, except that they

had too little food. Be that as it may, the one calf was sacrificed as a burnt offering to secure luck for the rest of the cattle. Let me here also quote Mr. Moore's note in his *Manx Surnames*, p. 184, on the place-name *Cabbal Yn Oural Losht*, or the 'Chapel of the Burnt Sacrifice.' ' This name,' he says, 'records a circumstance which took place in the nineteenth century, but which, it is to be hoped, was never customary in the Isle of Man. A farmer, who had lost a number of his sheep and cattle by murrain, burned a calf as a propitiatory offering to the Deity on this spot, where a chapel was afterwards built. Hence the name! Particulars, I may say, of time, place, and person, could be easily added to Mr. Moore's statement, excepting, perhaps, as to the deity In question: on that point I have never been informed, but Mr. Moore was probably right in the use of the capital *d*, as the sacrificer was, according to all accounts, a devout Christian. I have to thank Sir Frederick Pollock for calling my attention to a parallel this side of the sea: he refers me to Worth's *History of Devonshire* (London, 1886), p. 339, where one reads the following singular passage:--' Living animals have been burnt alive in sacrifice within memory to avert the loss of other stock. The burial of three puppies " brandise-wise " in a field is supposed to rid it of weeds.' The second statement is very curious, and the first seems to mean that preventive sacrifices have been performed in Devonshire within the memory of men living in the author's time.

One more Manx instance: an octogenarian woman, born in the parish of Bride, and now living at Kirk Andreas, saw, when she was a 'lump of a girl' of ten or fifteen years of age, a live sheep being burnt in a field in the parish of Andreas, on May-day, whereby she meant the first of May reckoned according to the Old Style. She asserts[124] very decidedly that it was *son oural*, 'for a sacrifice,' as she put it, and 'for an object to the public': those were her words when she expressed herself in English. Further, she made the statement that it was a custom to burn a sheep on Old May-day for a sacrifice. I was fully alive to the interest of this evidence, and cross-examined her so far as her age allows of it, and I find that she adheres to her statement with all firmness, but I distinguish two or three points in her evidence: (1). I have no doubt that she saw, as she was passing by a certain field on the borders of Andreas parish, a live sheep being burnt on

Old May-day. (2). But her statement that it was son oural, or as a sacrifice, was probably only an inference drawn by her, possibly years afterwards, on

hearing things of the kind discussed- 3. Lastly, I am convinced that she did hear the May-day sacrifice discussed, both in Manx and in English: her words, 'for an object to the public,' are her imperfect recollection of a phrase used in her hearing by somebody more ambitious of employing English abstract terms than she is; and the formal nature of her statement in Manx, that it was customary on May-day to burn as a sacrifice one head of sheep *(Laa Boaldyn va cliaghtey dy lostey son oural un baagh keyrragh*), produces the same impression on my mind, that she is only repeating somebody else's words. I mention this more especially as I have failed to find anybody else in Andreas or Bride, or indeed in the whole island, who will now confess to having ever heard of the sheep sacrifice on Old May-day.

The time assigned to the sheep sacrifice, namely May-day, leads me to make some remarks on the importance of that day among the Celts. The day meant is, as I have already said, Old May-day, in Manx *Shenn Laa Boaldyn*, the *belltaine* of Cormac's *Glossary*, Scotch Gaelic *bealtuinn*. This was a day when systematic efforts were made to protect man and beast against elves and witches; for it was then that people carried crosses of rowan[11] in their hats and placed May flowers over the tops of their doors and elsewhere as preservatives against all malignant influences. With the same object in view crosses of rowan were likewise fastened to the tails of the cattle, small crosses which had to be made without the help of a knife: I exhibited a tiny specimen at one of the meetings of the Folk-Lore Society. Early on May morning one went out to gather the dew as a thing of great virtue, as in other countries. At Kirk Michael one woman, who had been out on this errand years ago, told me that she washed her face with the dew in order to secure luck, a good complexion, and safety against witches. The break of this day is also the signal for setting the ling or the gorse on fire, which is done in order to burn out the witches wont to take the form of the hare; and guns, I am told, were freely used to shoot any game met with on that morning. With the proper charge some of the witches were now and then hit and wounded, whereupon they resumed the human form and remained cripples for the rest of their lives. Fire, however, appears to have been the chief agency relied on to clear away the witches and other malignant beings; and I have heard of this use of fire having been carried so far that a practice was sometimes observed-as, for example, in Lezayre-of

burning gorse, however little, in the hedge of each field on a farm in order to drive away the witches and secure luck.

The man who told me this, on being asked whether he had ever heard of cattle being driven through fire or between two fires on May-day, replied that it was not known to him as a Manx custom, but that it was an Irish one. A cattle-dealer whom he named used on May-day to drive his cattle through fire so as to singe them a little, as he believed that would preserve them from harm. He was an Irishman, who came to the island for many years, and whose children are settled in the island now. On my asking him if he knew whence the dealer came, he answered, From the mountains over there,' pointing to the Mourne Mountains looming faintly in the mists on the western horizon. The Irish custom known to my Manx informant is interesting both as throwing light on the Manx custom, and as being the continuation of a very ancient rite mentioned by Cormac. That writer, or somebody in his name, says that *belltaine*, May-day, was so called from the 'lucky fire,' or the 'two fires,' which the druids of Erin used to make on that day with great incantations; and cattle, he adds, used to be brought to those fires, or to be driven between them, as a safeguard against the diseases of the year. Cormac[125]says nothing, it will be noticed, as to one of the cattle or the sheep being sacrificed for the sake of prosperity to the rest. However, Scottish[126]May-day customs point to a sacrifice having been once usual, and that possibly of human beings, and not of sheep as in the Isle of Man. I have elsewhere[127]tried to equate these Celtic May-day practices -with the Thargelia[128]of the Athenians of antiquity. The Thargelia were characterized by peculiar rites, and among other things then done, two adult persons were led about, as it were scapegoats, and at the end they were sacrificed and burnt, so that their ashes might be dispersed. Here we seem to be on the track of a very ancient Aryan practice, although the Celtic season does not quite coincide with the Greek one. Several items of importance for comparison here will be found passed under careful review in a most suggestive paper by Mr. Lawrence Gomme,'On the Method of determining theValue of Folklore as Ethnological Data,'in the Fourth Report of the Ethnographical Survey Committee.[129]

It is probably in some ancient May-day custom that we are to look for the key to a remarkable place-name occurring several times in the island: I allude to that of *Cronk yn Irree Laa*, which probably means the Hill of the

Rise of Day. This is the name of one of the mountains in the south of the island, but it is also borne by one of the knolls near the eastern end of the range of low hiils ending abruptly on the coast between Ramsey and Bride parish, and quite a small knoll bears the name, near the church of Jurby[130] . I have heard of a fourth instance, which, as I learn from Mr. Philip Kermode, editor of the *Lioar Manninagh*, is on Clay Head, near Laxey. It has been attempted to explain it as meaning the Hill of the Watch by Day, in reference to the old institution of Watch and Ward on conspicuous places in the island; but that explanation is inadmissible as doing violence to the phonetics of the words in question[131] . I am rather inclined to think that the name everywhere refers to an eminence to which the surrounding inhabitants resorted for a religious purpose on a particular day in the year. I should suggest that it was to do homage to the rising sun on May morning, but this conjecture is offered only to await a better explanation. The next great day in the pagan calendar of the Celts is called in Manx *Laa Lhunys*, in Irish *Lugnassad*, the assembly or fair, which was associated with the name of the god Lug. This should correspond to Lammas, but, reckoned as it is according to the Old Style, it falls on the twelfth of August, which used to be a great day for business fairs in the Isle of Man as in Wales. But for holiday making the twelfth only suited when it happened to be a Sunday: when that was not the case, the first Sunday after the twelfth was'fixed upon. It is known, accordingly, as the first Sunday of Harvest, and it used to be celebrated by crowds of people visiting the tops of the mountains. The kind of interference to which I have alluded with regard to an ancient holiday, is one of the regular results of the transition from Roman Catholicism to a Protestant system with only one fixed holiday, namely, Sunday. The same shifting has partly happened in Wales, where Lammas is *Gwyl Awst*, or the festival of Augustus, since the birthday of Augustus, auspiciously for him and the celebrity of his day, fell in with the great day of the god Lug in the Celtic world. Now the day for going up the Fan Fach mountain in Carmarthenshire was Lammas, but under a Protestant Church it became the first Sunday in August; and even modified in that way it could not long survive under a vigorous sabbatarian *régime*either in Wales or Man. As to the latter in particular, I have heard it related by persons who were present, how the crowds on the top of South Barrule on the first Sunday of Harvest were denounced as pagans by a preacher called William Gick, some seventy years ago; and how another man called Paric Beg, or

Little Patrick, preaching to the crowds on Snaefell in milder terms, used to wind up the service with a collection, which appears to have proved a speedier method of reducing the dimensions of these meetings on the mountain tops. Be that as it may, they seem to have dwindled since then to comparative insignificance.

If you ask the reason for this custom now, for it is not yet quite extinct, you are told, first, that it is merely to gather ling berries; but now and then a quasi-religious reason is given, namely, that it is the day on which jephthah's daughter went forth to bewail her virginity 'upon the mountains': somehow some Manx people make believe that they are doing likewise. That is not all, for people who have never themselves thought of going up the mountains on the first Sunday of harvest or any other, will be found devoutly reading at home about Jephthah's daughter on that day. I was told this first in the south by a clergyman's wife, who, finding a woman in the parish reading the chapter in question on that day, asked the reason for her fixing on that particular portion of the Bible. She then had the Manx view of the matter fully explained to her, and she has since found more information about it, and so have I. It is needless for me to say that I do not quite understand how jephthah's daughter came to be introduced: perhaps it is vain to look for any deeper reason than that the mention of the mountains may have served as a sort of catch-word, and that as the Manx people began to cease from visiting the tops of the mountains annually, it struck the women as the next best thing for them to read at home of one who did 'go up and down upon the mountains': they are great readers of the Bible generally. In any case we have here a very curious instance of a practice, originally pagan, modifying itself profoundly to secure a new lease of life.

Between May-day and November eve, there was a day of considerable importance in the island; but the fixing on it was probably due to influence other than Celtic: I mean Midsummer Eve, or St. john's. However, some practices connected with it would seem to have been of Celtic origin, such as 'the bearing of rushes to certain places called Warrefield and Maine on Midsummer Even." Warrefield was made in Manx into *Barrule*, but *Mame*, 'the *jugum*, or ridge,' has not been identified. The Barrule here in question was South Barrule, and it is to the top of that mountain the green rushes were carried, according to Manx tradition, as the only rent or tax which the inhabitants paid, namely, to Manann.An mac Lir (called in Welsh

Manawyc-tan ab Llyr), whom the same tradition treats as father and founder, as king and chief wizard of the Isle of Man, the same Manannan who is quaintly referred to in the illiterate passage at the head of this chapter [132] . As already stated, the payment of the annual rent of rushes is associated with Midsummer Eve; but it did not prevent the top of South Barrule from being visited likewise later in the year. Perhaps it may also be worth while mentioning, with regard to most of the mountains climbed on the first Sunday of Harvest, that they seem to have near the summit of each a well of some celebrity, which- appeairs to be the goal of the visitors' peregrinations. This is the case with South Barrule, the spring near the top of -which cannot, it is said, be found when sought a second time; also with Snaefell and with Maughold Head, which boasts one of the most famous springs in the island. When I visited it last summer in company with Mr. Kermode, we found it to contain a considerable number of pins, some of which were bent, and many buttons. Some of the pins were not of a kind usually carried by men, and most of the buttons decidedly belonged to the dress of the other sex.

Several people who had resorted many years ago to St. Maughold's Well, told me that the water is good for sore eyes, and that after using it on the spot, or filling a bottle with it to take home, one was wont to drop a pin or bead or button into the well. But it had its full virtue only when visited the first Sunday of Harvest, and that only during the hour when the books were open at church, which, shifted back to Roman Catholic times, means doubtless the hour when the priest was engaged in saying Mass. Compare the passage in the *Mabinogi* of Math, where it is said that the spear required for the slaying of Llew Llawgyffes had to be a whole year in the making: the work was to be pursued only so long as one was engaged at the sacrifice on Sunday *(ar yr aberth du6 slul*): see the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 76. To return to Man, the restriction, as might be expected, is not peculiar to St. Maughold's Well: I have heard of it in connexion with other wells, such as Chibbyr Lansh in Lezayre parish, and with a well on Sheau Maggyl, in which some Kirk Michael people have a great belief. But even sea water was believed to have considerable virtues if you washed in it while the books were open at church, as I was told by a woman who had many years ago repeatedly taken her own sister to divers wells and to the sea during the service on Sunday, in order to have her eyes cured of a chronic weakness.

The remaining great day in the Celtic year is called *Sauin* or *Laa Houney*., in Irish, *Samhain*, genitive *Samhna*. The Manx call it in English *Hollantide*, a word derived from the English *All hallowen tide*, 'the Season of All Saints[133] .' This day is also reckoned in Man according to the Old Style, so that it is our twelfth of November. That is the day whenthe tenure of land terminates, and when servant men go to their places. In other words, it is the beginning of a new year; and Kelly, in his *Manx-English Dictionary*, has, under the word *blein*, 'year,' the following note:--'Vallancey says the Celts began their year with January; yet in the Isle of Man the first of November is called New Year's day by the Mummers, who, on the eve, begin their petition in these words: *To-night is New Year's night, Hog-unnaa* [134] &c.' It is a pity that Kelly, whilst he was on this subject, did not give the rhyme in Manx, and all the more so, as the Mummers of the present day, if he is right, must have changed their words into Noght oie Houney, that is to say, To-night is Sauin Night or Halloween. So I had despaired of finding anybody who could corroborate Kelly in his statement, when I happened last summer to find a man at Kirk Michael who was quite familiar with this way of treating the year. I asked him if he could explain Kelly's absurd statement-I put my question designedly in that form. He said he could, but that there was nothing absurd in it. He then told me how he had heard some old people talk of it: he is himself now about sixty~seven. He had been a farm servant from the age of sixteen till he was twenty-six to the same man, near Regaby, in the parish of Andreas, and he remembers his master and a near neighbour of his discussing the term New Year's Day as applied to the first of November, and explaining to the younger men that it had always been so in old times. In fact, it seemed to him natural enough, as alltenure of land ends at that time, and as all servant men begin their service then. I cross-examined him, without succeeding in any way in shaking his evidence. I should have been glad a few years ago to have come across this piece of information, or even Kelly's note, when I was discussing the Celtic year and trying to prove[135]that it began at the beginning of winter, with May-day as the beginning of its second half.

One of the characteristics of the beginning of the Celtic year with the commencement of winter was the belief that indications can be obtained on the eve of that day regarding the events of the year; but with the calendar year gaining ground it would be natural to expect that the Calends of

January would have some of the associations of the Calends of Winter transferred to them, and vice versa. In fact, this can, as it were, be watched now going on in the Isle of Man. First, I may mention that the Manx mummers used to go about singing, in Manx, a sort of Hogmanay song[136] , reminding one of that usual in Yorkshire and other parts of Great Britain, and now known to be of Romance origin.[137]

The time for it in this country was New Year's Eve, according to the ordinary calendar, but in the Isle of Man it has always been Hollantide Eve, according to the Old Style, and this is the night when boys now go about continuing the custom of the old mummers. There is no hesitation in this case between Hollantide Eve and New Year's Eve. But with the prognostications for the year it is different, and the following practices have been usual. I may, however, premise that as a rule I have abstained from inquiring too closely whether they still go on, but here and there I have had the information volunteered that they do.

(1). I may mention first a salt prognostication, which was described to me by a farmer in the north, whose wife practises it once a year regularly. She carefully fills a thimble with salt in the evening and upsets it in a neat little heap on a plate: she does that for every member of the family, and every guest, too, if there happen to be any. The plate is then left undisturbed till the morning, when she examines the heaps of salt to see if any of them have fallen; for whoever is found represented by a fallen heap will die during the year. She does not herself, I am assured, believe in it, but she likes to continue a custom which she has learned from her mother.

(2). Next may be mentioned the ashes being carefully swept to the open hearth, and nicely flattened down by the women just before going to bed. In the morning they look for footmarks on the hearth, and if they find such footmarks directed towards the door, it means, in the course of the year, a death in the family, and if the reverse, they expect an addition to it by marriage.[138]

(3). Then there is an elaborate process of eavesdropping recommended to young women curious to know their future husbands' names: a girl would go with her mouth full of water and her hands full of salt to the door of the nearest neighbour's house, or rather to that of the nearest neighbour but one-I have been carefully corrected more than once on that point. There she

would listen, and the first name she caught would prove to be that of her future husband. Once a girl did so, as I was told by a blind fisherman in the south, and heard two brothers quarrelling inside the house at whose door she was listening. Presently the young men's mother exclaimed that the devil would not let Tom leave John alone. At the mention of that triad the girl burst into the house, laughing and spilling the mouthful of water most incontinently. The end of it was that before the year was out she married Tom, the second person mentioned: the first either did not count or proved an unassailable bachelor.

(4) There is also a ritual for enabling a girl to obtain other information respecting her future husband: vessels placed about the room have various things put into them, such as clean water, earth, meal, a piece of a net, or any other article thought appropriate. The candidate for matrimony, with her eyes bandaged, feels her way about the house until she puts her hand in one of the aforesaid vessels. If what she lays her hand on is the clean water, her husband will be a handsome man[139] --if it is the earth, he will be a farmer; if the meal, a miller; if the net, a fisherman; and so on into as many of the walks of life as may be thought worthy of consideration.

(5). Lastly, recourse may be had to a ritual of the same nature as that observed by the druid of ancient Erin, when, burdened with a heavy meal of the flesh of a red pig, he laid him down for the night in order to await a prophetic dream as to the manner of man the nobles of Erin assembled at Tara were to elect to be their king. The incident is given in the story of Cuchulainn's Sick-bed; and the reader, doubtless, knows the passage about Brian and the *taghairin* in the fourth Canto of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. But the Manx girl has only to eat a salt herring, bones and all, without drinking or uttering a word, and to retire backwards to bed. When she sleeps and dreams, she will behold her future husband approaching to give her drink.

Probably none of the practices which I have enumerated, or similar ones mentioned to me, are in any sense peculiar to the Isle of Man; but what interests me in them is the divided opinion as to the proper night for them in the year. I am sorry to say that I have very little information as to the blindman's-buff ritual (No. 4); what information I have, to wit, the evidence of two persons in the south, fixes it on Hollantide Eve. But as to the others (Nos. 1, 2 3, 5), they are observed by some on that night, and by others on New Year's Eve, sometimes according to the Old Style[140]and sometimes

the New. Further, those who are wont to practise the salt heap ritual, for instance, on Hollantide Eve, would be very indignant to hear that anybody should think New Year's Eve the proper night, and vice versa. So by bringing women bred and born in different parishes to compare notes on this point, I have witnessed arguing hardly less earnest than that which characterized the ancient controversy between British and Italian ecclesiastics as to the proper time for keeping Easter. I have not been able to map the island according to the practices prevalent at Hollantide and the beginning of January, but local folklorists could probably do it without much difficulty. My impression, however, is that January is gradually acquiring the upper hand. In Wales this must have been decidedly helped by the inhuence of Roman rule and Roman ideas; but even there the adjuncts of the Winter Calends have never been wholly transferred. to the Calends of January. Witness, for instance, the women who used to congregate in the parish church to discover who of the parishioners would die during the year.[141]That custom, in the neighbourhoods reported to have practised it, continued to attach itself to the last, so far as I know, to the beginning of November. In the Isle of Man the fact of the ancient Celtic year having so firmly held its own, seems to point to the probability that the year of the Pagan Norsemen pretty nearly coincided with that of the Celts[142] . For there are reasons to think, as I have endeavoured elsewhere to show, that the Norse Yule was originally at the end of summer or the commencement of winter, in other words, the days afterwards known as the Feast of the Winter Nights. This was the favourite date in Iceland for listening to soothsayers prophesying with regard to the winter then beginning. The late Dr. Vigfusson had much to say on this subject, and how the local sibyl, resuming her elevated seat at the opening of each successive winter, gave the author of the *Volospa* his plan of that remarkable poem, which has been described by the same authority as the highest spiritual effort of the heathen muse of the North.

5. The Fenodyree and his Friends

THE last chapter is hardly such as to call for a recapitulation of its principal contents, and I venture to submit instead of any such repetition an abstract of some very pertinent notes on it by Miss M. G. W. Peacock, who compares with the folklore of the Isle of Man the old beliefs which survive in Lincolnshire among the descendants of Norse ancestors[143] . She was attracted by the striking affinity which she noticed between them, and she is doubtless right in regarding that affinity as due in no small degree to the Scandinavian element present in the population alike of Man and the East of England. She is, however, not lavish of theory, but gives us interesting items of information from an intimate acquaintance with the folklore of the district of which she undertakes to speak, somewhat in the following order:--

(1) Whether the water-bull still inhabits the streams of Lincolnshire she regards as doubtful, but the deep pools formed, she says, by the action of the downflowing water at the bends of the country becks are still known as bull-holes.

(2). As to the *glashtyn*, or water-horse, she remarks that the tatter-foal, tatter-colt, or shag-foal, as he is variously called, is still to be heard of, although his visits take place less often than before the fens and carrs were drained and the open fields and commons enclosed.- She describes the tatter-foal as a goblin of the shape and appearance of a small horse or yearling foal in his rough, unkempt coat. He beguiles lonely travellers with his numberless tricks, one of which is to lure them to a stream, swamp, or water-hole. When he has succeeded he vanishes with a long outburst of mockery, half neigh, half human laughter.

(3). The fenodyree, one is told, has in Lincolnshire a cousin, but he is diminutive; and, like the Yorkshire Hob or Robin Round-Cap, and the Danish Niss, he is used to befriend the house in which he dwells. The story of his driving the farmer’s sheep home is the same practically as in the Isle of Man, even to the point of bringing in with them the little grey sheep, as he called the fine hare that had given him more trouble than all the rest of the flock: see pp. 286-7 above.

(4). The story of this manikin's clothing differs considerably from that of the fenodyree. The farmer gives him in gratitude for his services a linen shirt every New Year's Eve; and this went on for years, until at last the farmer thought a hemp shirt was good enough to give him. When the clock struck twelve at midnight the manikin raised an angry wail, saying:--

Harden, harden, harden hemp I
I will neither grind nor stamp!
Had you given me linen gear,
I would have served you many a year I

He was no more seen or heard: he vanished for ever. The Cornish counterpart of this brownie [12] reasons in the opposite way; for when, in gratitude for his help in threshing, a new suit of clothes is given him, he hurries away, crying [144]:--

Pisky new coat, and pisky new hood,
Pisky now will do no more good.

Here, also, one should compare William Nicholson's a.ccount of the brownie of Blednoch[145] , in Galloway, who wore next to no clothing:--

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen,
But a philabeg o' the rushes green.

So he was driven away for ever by a newly married wife wishing him to wear an old pair of her husband's breeches:--

But a new-made wife, fu' o' rippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the first five weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide, when they convene,
What spell was him and the breeks between:
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
And sair missed was Aiken-drum!

The only account which I have been able to find of a Welsh counterpart will be found in *Bwca'r Trwyn*, in chapter x: he differs in some important respects from the fenodyree and the brownie.

(5). A twig of the rowan tree, or *wicken*, as it is called, was effective against all evil things, including witches. It is useful in many ways to guard the welfare of the household, and to preserve both the live stock and the crops, while placed on the churn it prevents any malign influence from retarding the coming of the butter. I may remark that Celts and Teutons seem to have been generally pretty well agreed as to the virtues of the rowan tree. Bits of iron also are lucky against witches.

(6). Fairies are rare, but witches and wizards abound, and some of them have been supposed to change themselves into dogs to worry sheep and cattle, or into toads to poison the swine's troughs. But they do not seem to change themselves into hares, as in Man and other Celtic lands.

(7). Witchcraft, says Miss Peacock, is often hereditary, passing most frequently from mother to daughter; but when a witch has no daughter her power may appear in a son, and then revert to the female line. This appears far more natural than the Manx belief in its passing from father to daughter and from daughter to son. But another kind of succession is mentioned in the Welsh Triads, 1. 32, ii. 20, iii. 90, which speak of Math ab Mathonwy teaching his magic to Gwydion, who as his sister's son was to succeed him in his kingdom; and of a certain Rhuddlwm Dwarf teaching his magic to Cott, son of Collfrewi, his nephew. Both instances seem to point to a state of society which did not reckon paternity but only birth.

(8). Only three years previous to Miss Peacock's writing an old man died, she says, who had seen blood drawn from a witch because she had, as was supposed, laid a spell on a team of horses: as soon as she was struck so as to bleed the horses and their load were free to go on their way again. Possibly no equally late instance could be specified in the Isle of Man: see p. 20 above.

(9). Traces of animal sacrifice may still be found in Lincolnshire, for the heart of a small beast, or of a bird, is necessary, Miss Peacock says, for the efficient performance of several counter-charms, especially in torturing a witch by the reversal of her spells, and warding off evil from houses or other buildings. Apparently Miss Peacock has not heard of so considerable a victim as a sheep or a calf being sacrificed, as in the Isle of Man, but the objects of the sacrifices may be said to be the same.

(10) Several pin and rag wells are said to exist in Lincolnshire, their waters being supposed to possess healing virtues, especially as regards eye ailments.

(11) Love-spells and prognostications are mentioned, some of them as belonging to Allhallows, as they do partly in the Isle of Man: she mentions the making of dumb cake, and the eating of the salt herring, followed by dreams of the future husband bringing the thirsting lass drink in a jug, the quality of which indicates the bearer's position in life. But other Lincolnshire practices of the kind seem to oscillate between Allhallows and St. Mark's Eve, while gravitating decidedly towards the latter date. Here it is preferable to give Miss Peacock's own words--' Professor Rhys' mention of the footmark in the ashes reminds me of a love-spell current in the Wapentake of Manley in North Lincolnshire. Properly speaking, it should be put in practice on St. Mark's E'en, that eerie spring-tide festival when those who are skilled may watch the church porch and learn who will die in the ensuing twelvemonth; but there is little doubt that the charm is also used at Hallow Ven, and at other suitable seasons of the year. The spell consists in riddling ashes on the hearthstone, or beans on the floor of the barn, with proper ceremonies and at the proper time, with the result that the girl who works her incantation correctly finds the footprint of the man she is to marry clearly marked on the sifted mass the following morning. It is to be supposed that the spirit of the lover is responsible for the mark, as, according to another folk-belief, any girl who watches her supper on St. Mark's E'en will see the spirit of the man she will wed come into the room at midnight to partake of the food provided. The room must be one with the door and windows in different walls, and both must be open. The spirit comes in by the door (and goes out by the window?). Each girl who undertakes to keep watch must have a separate supper and a separate candle, and all talking is to end before the clock goes twelve, for there must not be any speaking before the spirits. From these superstitions, and from the generally received idea that the spirits of all the parishioners are to be observed entering the church on St. Mark's E'en, it may be inferred that the Manx footprint is made by the wraith of the person doomed to death.'

What Miss Peacock alludes to as watching the church porch was formerly well known in Wales[146] , and may be illustrated from a district so far east as the Golden Valley, in Herefordshire, by the following story told me in 1892

by Mrs. Powell of Dorstone, on the strength of what she had learnt from her mother-in-law, the late Mrs. Powell, who was a native of that parish:--

‘On Allhallows Eve at midnight, those who are bold enough to look through the church windows will see the building lighted with an unearthly light, and the pulpit occupied by his Satanic majesty clothed in a monk’s habit. Dreadful anathemas are the burden of his preaching, and the names of those who in the coming year are to render up their souls may be heard by those who have courage to listen. A notorious evil liver, Jack of France, once by chance passed the church at this awful moment: looking in he saw the lights and heard the voice, and his own name in the horrid list; and, according to some versions of the story, he went home to die of fright. Others say that he repented and died in good repute, and so cheated the evil one of his prey.’

I have no list of places in Wales and its marches which have this sort of superstition associated with them, but it is my impression that they are mostly referred to Allhallows, as at Dorstone, and that where that is not the case they have been shifted to the beginning of the year as at present reckoned; for in Celtic lands, at least, they seem to have belonged to what was reckoned the beginning of the year. The old Celtic year undoubtedly began at Allhallows, and the day next in importance after the Calends of Winter (in Welsh Calangdeaf) was, among the Celts, the beginning of the summer half of the year, or the Calends of May (in Welsh Caldnmai), which St. Mark’s Eve approaches too nearly for us to regard it as accidental. With this modified agreement between the Lincolnshire date and the Celtic one contrast the irreconcilable English date of St.John’s Eve; and see Tylor’s *Primitive Culture*, i. 440, where one reads as follows of ‘the well-known superstition,’ I that fasting watchers on St. John’s Eve may see the apparitions of those doomed to die during the year come with the clergyman to the church door and knock; these apparitions are spirits who come forth from their bodies, for the minister has been noticed to be much troubled in his sleep while his phantom was thus engaged, and when ane of a party of watchers fell into a sound sleep and could not be roused, the others saw his apparition knock at the church door.’ With an unerring instinct for the intelligent colligation of facts, Miss Peacock finds the nearest approach to the yearly review of the moritures, if I may briefly so call them, in the wraith’s footprint in the ashes. Perhaps a more systematic examination of Manx folklore may result in the discovery of a more exact parallel. For

want of knowing where else to put it, I may mention here in reference to the dead, a passage which has been copied for me by my friend Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans, from Manuscript T63 in the Peniarth Collection. I understand it to be of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, and p. io has the following passage:--

Yn yr ynys honn [Manaw] y kair gweledl iw dydd bobyl a vvessynt veirwl
Rrai gwedi tori penav
eraill gwedi torri i haelode
Ac os dieithred a dissyfynt i gweled hwynt
Sengi ar draed gzvyr or tir ac velly hwynt a gaent weled yr hyn a welssynt hwyntav.

'In this island [Man] one beholds in the light of day people who have died, some with their heads cut off and others with their limbs cut off. And if strangers desire to see them, they have to stand on the feet of the natives of the land, and in that way they would see what the latter had seen.'

A similar instance of the virtue of standing on the feet of another person has been mentioned in reference to the farmer of Deunant, at p. 230 above; the foot, however, on which he had to stand in order to get a glimpse of the fairy world, was a fairy's own foot.

Lastly, the passage in the Peniarth Manuscript has something more to say of the Isle of Man, as follows:--

Mawr oed arfer o swynion a chyvaredion gynt yn yr ynys honn
Kanys gwraged vyddynt yno yn gwnevthvr gwynt i longwyr gwedir gav mewn tri chwlm o edav aphan vai eissie gwynt arnynt dattod kwlm or edav anaynt.

'Great was the practice formerly of spells and sorceries in this island; for there used to be there women making wind for sailors, which wind they confined within three knots made on a thread. And when they had need of wind they would undo a knot of the thread.'

This was written in the sixteenth century, and based probably on Higden's *Potychronicon*, book I, chap. Xliv (= ii.. 42-3), but the same practice of wind making goes on to this day, one of the principal practitioners being the woman to whom reference was made at p. 299. She is said to tie the breezes in so many knots which she makes on the purchasing sailor's pocket-handkerchief. This reminds one of the sibyl of

Warinsey, or the Island of Guernsey, who is represented by an ancient Norse poet as ‘fashioning false prophecies.’ See Vigfusson and Powell’s *Cortus Poeticum Boreale,* i. 136; also Mela’s first-century account of the virgins of the island of Sena, which runs to the following effect:--’Sena, in the Britannic Sea, opposite the coast of the Osismi, is famous for its oracle of a Gaulish god, whose priestesses, living in the holiness of perpetual virginity, are said to be nine in number. They call them Gallizenw, and they believe them to be endowed with extraordinary gifts to rouse the sea and the wind by their incantations, to turn themselves into whatsoever animal form they may choose, to cure diseases which among others are incurable, to know what is to come and to foretell it. They are, however, devoted to the service of voyagers only who have set out on no other errand than to consult them.[147] It is probable that the sacrosanct[148]inhabitants of the small islands on the coasts of Gaul and Britain had wellnigh a monopoly of the traffic in wind[149] .

In the last chapter I made allusion to several wells of greater or less celebrity in the Isle of Man; but I find that I have a few remarks to add. Mr. Arthur Moore, in his book on *Manx Surnames and Place-Names*, p. 200, mentions a Chibber Unjin, which means the Well of the Ash-tree, and he states that there grew near it ‘formerly a sacred ash-tree, where votive offerings were hung.’ The ash-tree calls to his mind Scandinavian legends respecting the ash, but in any case one may suppose the ash was not the usual tree to expect by a well in the Isle of Man, otherwise this one would scarcely have been distinguished as the Ashtree Well. The tree to expect by a sacred well is doubtless some kind of thorn, as in the case of Chibber Undin in the parish of Malew. The name means Foundation Well, so called in reference probably to the foundations of an ancient cell, or *keeill* as it is called in Manx, which lie close by, and are found to measure twenty-one feet long by twelve feet broad. The following is Mr. Moore’s account of the well in his book already cited, p. 181:--’The water of this well is supposed to have curative properties. The patients who came to it, took a mouthful of water, retaining it in their mouths till they had twice walked round the well. They then took a piece of cloth from a garment which they had worn, wetted it with the water from the well, and hung it on the hawthorn tree which grew there. When the cloth had rotted away, the cure was supposed to be effected.’

I visited the spot a few years ago in the company of the Rev. E. B. Savage of St. Thomas' Parsonage, Douglas, and we found the well nearly dried up in consequence of the drainage of the field around it; but the remains of the old cell were there, and the thorn bush had strips of cloth or calico tied to its branches.

We cut off one, which is now in the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford. The account Mr. Savage had of the ritual observed at the well differed a little from that given by Mr. Moore, especially in the fact that it made the patient who had been walking round the well with water from the well in his mouth, empty that water finally into a rag from his clothing: the rag was then tied to a branch of the thorn. It does not appear that the kind of tree mattered much; nay, a tree is not, it seems to me, essential. At any rate, St. Maughold's Well has no tree growing near it now; but it is right to say, that when Mr. Kermode and I visited it, we could find no rags left near the spot, nor indeed could we expect to find any, as there was nothing to which they might be tied on that windy headland. The absence of the tree does not, however, prove that the same sort of ritual was not formerly observed at St. Maughold's Well as at Chibber Undin; and here I must mention another well which I have visited in the island more than once. It is on the side of Bradda Hill, a little above the village of Bradda, and in the direction of Fleshwick: I was attracted to it by the fact that it had, as I had been told by Mr. Savage, formerly an old cell or keeill near it, and the name of the saint to which it belonged may probably be gathered from the name of the well, which, in the Manx of the south of the island, is Chibbyrt Valtane, pronounced approximately Chavurt Voltdne or 01ddane. The personal name would be written in modem Manx in its radical form as Boltane, and if it occurred in the genitive in Ogam inscriptions I should expect to find it written *Bollagni* or *Baltagni* [150]. It is, however, unknown to me, though to be placed possibly by the side of the name of the saint after whom the parish of Santon is called in the south-east of the island. This is pronounced in Manx approximately[151]Santane or Sanddane, and would have yielded an early inscriptional nominative SANCTANVS, which, in fact, occurs on an old stone near Llandudno on the Welsh coast: see some notes of mine in point in the *Archaevologia Cambrensis*, 1897, pp. 140-2. To return to the well, it would seem to have been associated with an old cell, but it has no tree growing by. Mr. Savage and I were told, nevertheless, that a boy who

had searched the well a short time previously had got some coins out of it, quite recent ones, consisting of halfpennies or pennies, so far as I remember. On my observing to one of the neighbours that I saw no rags there, I was assured that there had been some; and, on my further saying that I saw no tree there to which they could be tied, I was told that they used to be attached to the brambles, which grew there in great abundance. Thus it appears that, in the Isle of Man at any rate, a tree to bear the rags was not an essential adjunct of a holy well.

Before leaving these well superstitions the reader may wish to know how they were understood in Ireland not long ago: so I venture to quote a passage from a letter by the late Mr. W. C. Borlase on Rag Offerings and Primitive Pilgimages in Ireland, as follows -

'Among the MSS. of the late Mr. Windele, of Cork, ... I find a passage which cannot fail to interest students of folk-lore. It relates to the custom of affixing shreds of rag to the hawthorn tree, which almost invariably stands by the brink of the typical Irish " holy well," and it gives us the meaning of the custom as understood, some half-century since, by the inhabitants of certain localities in the province of Munster. The idea is, says the writer, that the putting up these rags is a putting away of the evils impending or incurred by sin, an act accompanied by the following ritual words: *Air impide an Tiarna mo chuid teinis do fhagaint air an ait so*; i.e. By the intercession of the Lord I leave my portion of illness on this place. These words, he adds, should be uttered by whoever performs the round, and they are, no doubt, of extreme antiquity. Mr. Windele doubtless took down the words as he heard them locally pronounced, though, to be correct, for *Tiarna* should be read *Tigerna*; for *teinis, tinneas*; and for *fhagaint, fhagaim*[152] !

From the less known saints Boltane and Santane I wish to pass to the mention of a more famous one, namely, St. Catherine, and this because of a fair called after her, and held on the sixth day of December at the village of Colby in the south of the island. When I heard of this fair in 1888, it was in temporary abeyance on account of a lawsuit respecting the plot of ground on which the fair is wont to be held; but I was told that it usually begins with a procession, in which a live hen is carried about: this is called St. Catherine's hen. The next day the hen is carried about dead and plucked, and a rhyme pronounced at a certain point in the proceedings contemplates

the burial of the hen, but whether that ever takes. place I know not. It runs thus:--

Kiark Catrna marroo:
Catherine's hen is dead

Gowsyn kione as goyms ny cassyn,
The head take thou and I the feet,

As ver mayd ee fo'n thalloo. W
e shall put her under the ground.

A man who is found to be not wholly sober after the fair is locally said to havie plucked a feather from the hen (*T'eh er goaill fedjag ass y chiark*); so it would seem that there must be such a scramble to get at the hen, and to take part in the plucking, that it requires a certain amount of drink to allay the thirst of the over zealous devotees of St. Catherine. But why should this ceremony be associated with St. Catherine? and what were the origin and meaning of it? These are questions on which I should be glad to have light shed.

Manx has a word *quaail* (Irish *comhdhail*, meaning a 'meeting,' and from it we have a derivative *quaaltagh* or *qualtagh*, meaning, according to Kelly's *Dictionary*, 'the first person or creature one meets going from home,' whereby the author can have only meant the first met by one who is g-oing from home. Kelly goes on to add that 'this person is of great consequence to the superstitious, particularly to women the first time they go out after lying-in.' Cregeen, in his Dictionary, defines the *qualtagh* as 'the first person met on New Year's Day, or on going on some new work, &c.' Beforq proceeding to give the substance of my notes on the qualtagh of the present day I may as well finish with Cregeen, for he adds the following information:--'A company of young lads or men generally went in old times on what they termed the *qualtagh*, at Christmas or New Year's Day, to the houses of their more wealthy neighbours; some one of the company repeating in an audible voice the following rhyme:--

Ollick ghennal erriu as blein feer vie,
Seihll as slaynt da'n slane lught thie;
Bea as gennallys eu bio ry-chelley,
Skee as graih eddyr mrane as deiney;
Cooid as cowtyn, stock as stoyr,

Palchey phuddase, as skaddan dy-liooar;
Arran as caashey eeym as roayrt;
Baase, myr lugh, ayns uhllin ny soalt;
Cadley sauchey tra vees shiu ny lhie,
As feeackle y jargan, nagla bre dy mie.'

It may be loosely translated as follows .-

A merry Christmas, a happy new year,
Long life and health to all the household here.
Food and mirth to you dwelling together,
Peace and love to all, men and women;
Wealth and distinction, stock and store,
Potatoes enough, and herrings galore;
Bread and cheese, butter and gravy;
Die like a mouse in a barn or haggard
In safety sleep while you lie to rest,
And by the Rea's tooth be not distressed.

At present New Year's Day is the time when the qualtagh is of general interest, and in this case he is, outside the members of one's own household, practically the first person one sees on the morning of that day, whether that person meets one out of doors or comes to one's house. The following is what I have learnt by inquiry as to the *qualtagh*: all are agreed that he must not be a woman or girl, and that he must not be *spaagagh* or splay footed, while a woman from the parish of Marown told me that he must not have red hair. The prevalent belief, however, is that he should be a dark haired man or boy, and it is of no consequence how rough his appearance may be, provided he be black haired. However, I was told by one man in Rushen that the qualtagh or 'first-foot' need not be a black haired person: he must be a man or boy. But this less restricted view. is not the one held in the central and northern parts of the island, so far as I could ascertain. An English lady living in the neighbourhood of Castletown told me that her son, whom I know to be, like his mother, a blond, not being aware what consequences might be associated with his visit, called at a house in Castletown on the morning of New Year's Day, and he chanced to be the qualtagh. The mistress of the house was horrified, and expressed to the English lady her anticipation of misfortunes; and as it happened that one of the children of the house died in the course of the year, the English lady has

been reminded of it since. Naturally the association of these events are not pleasant to her; but, so far as I can remember, they date only some eight or nine years ago[153].

By way of bringing Wales into comparison with Man, I may mention that, when I was a very small boy, I used to be sent very early on New Year's morning to call on an old uncle of mine, because, as I was told, I should be certain to receive a calennig or a calends' gift from him, but on no account would my sister be allowed to go, as he would only see a boy on such an occasion as that. I do not recollect anything being said as to the colour of one's hair or the shape of one's foot; but that sort of negative evidence is of very little value, as the *qualtagh* was fast passing out of consideration.

The preference here given to a boy over a girl looks like one of the widely spread superstitions which rule against the fair sex; but, as to the colour of the hair, I should be predisposed to think that it possibly rests on racial antipathy, long ago forgotten; for it might perhaps be regarded as going back to a time when the dark haired race reckoned the Aryan of fair complexion as his natural enemy, the very sight of whom brought with it thoughts calculated to make hinn unhappy and despondent. If this idea proved to be approximately correct, one might suggest that the racial distinction in question referred to the struggles between the inhabitants of Man and their Scandinavian conquerors; but to my thinking it is just as likely that it goes much further back.

Lastly, what is one to say with regard tio the spaagagh or splay footed person, now more usually defined as flat footed or having no instep? I have heard it said in the south of the island that it is urilucky to meet a *spaagagh* in the morning at any time of the year, and not on New Year's Day alone; but this does not help us in the attempt to find the genesis of this belief If it were said that it was unlucky to meet a deformed person, it would look somewhat more natural; but why fix on the flat footed especially? For my part I have not been trained to distinguish flat footed people, so I do not recollect noticing any in the Isle of Man; but, granting there maybe a small proportion of such people in the island, does it not seem strange that they should have their importance so magnified as this superstition would seem to imply? I must confess that I cannot understand it, unless we have here also some supposed racial characteristic, let us say greatly exaggerated. To explain myself I should put it that the non-Aryan

aborigines were a small people of great agility and nimbleness, and that their Aryan conquerors moved more slowly and deliberately, whence the former, of springier movements, might come to nickmame the latter the flat footed. It is even conceivable that there was some amount of foundation for it in fact. If I might speak from my own experience, I might mention a difficulty I have often had with shoes of English make, namely, that I have always found them, unless made to measure, apt to have their instep too low for me. It has never occurred to me to buy ready-made shoes in France or Germany, but I know a lady as Welsh as I am, who has often bought shoes in France, and her experience is, that it is much easier for her to get shoes there to fit her than in England, and for the very reason which I have already suggested, namely, that the instep in English shoes is lower than in French ones.

Again, I may mention that one day last term [154], having to address a meeting of Welsh undergraduates on folklore, I ventured to introduce this question. They agreed with me that English shoes did not, as a rule, fit Welsh feet, and this because they are made too low in the instep: I ought to have said that they all agreed except one undergraduate, who held his peace. He is a tall man, powerful in the football field, but of no dark complexion, and I have never dared to look in the direction of his feet since, lest he should catch me carrying my comparisons to cruel extremes. Perhaps the flatness of the feet of the one race is not emphasized so much as the height of the instep in those of the other. At any rate I find this way of looking at the question somewhat countenanced by a journalist who refers his readers to Wm. Henderson's notes on the *Folklore of the Northern Counties*, p. 74. The passage relates more particularly to Northumberland, and runs as follows:--'In some districts, however, special weight is attached to the " firstfoot" being that of a person with a high-arched instep, a foot that " water runs under." A flat-footed person would bring great ill-luck for the coming year.'

These instances do not warrant the induction that Celts are higher in the instep than Teutons, and that they have inher' ted that characteristic from the nonAryan element in their ancestry. Perhaps the explanation is, at least in part, that the dwellers in hilly regions tend to be more springy and to have higher insteps than the inhabitants of flatter lands. The statement of Dr. Karl Blind on this point does not help one to a decision when he speaks

as follows in *Folk-Lore* for 1892, p. 89:--'As to the instep, I can speak from personal experience. Almost every German finds that an English shoemaker makes his boots not high enough in the instep. The northern Germans (I am from the south) have perhaps slightly flatter feet than the southern Germans.' The first part of the comparison is somewhat of a surprise to me, but not so the other part, that the southern Germans inhabiting a hillier country, and belonging to a different race, may well be higher in the instep than the More northern speakers of the German language. But on the whole the more one examines the *qualtagh*, the less clearly one sees how he can be the representative of a particular race. More data possibly would enable one to arrive at greater probability.

There is one other question which I should like to ask before leaving the *qualtagh*, namely, as to the relation of the custom of New Year's gifts to the belief in the *qualtagh*. I have heard it related in the Isle of Man that women have been known to keep indoors on New Year's Day until the*qualtagh* comes, which sometimes means their being prisoners for the greater part of the day, in order to avoid the risk of first meeting one who is not of the right sex and complexion. On the other hand, when the *qualtagh* is of the right description, considerable fuss is made of him; to say the least, he has to accept food and drink, possibly more permanent gifts. Thus a tall, black haired native of Kirk Michael described to me how he chanced on New Year's Day, years ago, to turn into a lonely cottage in order to light his pipe, and how he found he was the *qualtagh*: he had to sit down to have food, and when he went away it was with a present and the blessings of the family. Now New Year's Day is the time for gifts in Wales, as shown by the name for them, *calennig*, which is derived from *calan*, the Welsh form of the Latin *calendae*, New Year's Day being in Welsh *Y Calan*, 'the Calends! The same is the day for gifts in Scotland and in Ireland, except in so far as Christmas boxes have been making inroads from England: I need not add that the Jour de I'An is the day for gifts also in France. My question then is this: Is there any essential connexion of origin between the institution of New Year's Day gifts and the belief in the first-foot?

Now that it has been indicated what sort of a *qualtagh* it is unlucky to have, I may as well proceed to mention the other things which I have heard treated as unlucky in the island. Some of them scarcely require to be

noticed, as there is nothing specially Manx about them, such as the belief that it is unlucky to have the first glimpse of the new moon through glass. That is a superstition which is, I believe, widely spread, and, among other countries, it is quite familiar in Wales, where it is also unlucky to see the moon for the first time through a hedge or over a house. What this means I cannot guess, unless it be that it was once considered one's duty to watch the first appearance of the new moon from the highest point in the landscape of the district in which one dwelt. Such a point would in that case become the chief centre of a moon worship now lost in oblivion.

It is believed in Man, as it used to be in Wales and Ireland, that it is unlucky to disturb antiquities, especially old burial places and old churches. This superstition is unfortunately passing away in all three countries, but you still hear of it, especially in the Isle of Man, mostly after mischief has been done. Thus a good Manx scholar told me how a relative of his in the Ronnag, a small valley near South Barrule, had carted away the earth from an old burial ground on his farm and used it as manure for his fields, and how his beasts died afterwards. The narrator said he did not know whether there was any truth in it, but everybody believed that it was the reason why the cattle died; and so did the farmer himself at last: so he desisted from completing his disturbance of the old site. It is possibly for a similar reason that a house in ruins is seldom pulled down, or the materials used for other buildings. Where that has been done misfortunes have ensued; at any rate, I have heard it said so more than once. I ought to have stated that the non-disturbance of antiquities in the island is quite consistent with their being now and then shamefully neglected as elsewhere. This is now met by an excellent statute recently enacted by the House of Keys for the preservation of the public monuments of the island.

Of the other and more purely Manx superstitions I may mention one which obtains among the Peel fishermen of the present day: no boat is willing to be third in the order of sailing out from Peel harbour to the fisheries. So it sometimes happens that after two boats have departed, the others remain watching each other for days, each hoping that somebody else may be reckless enough to break through the invisible barrier of' bad luck.' I have often asked for an explanation of this superstition, but the only intelligible answer I have had was that it has been observed that the third boat has done badly several years in succession.; but I am unable to ascertain how far that

represents the fact. Another of the unlucky things is to have a white stone in the boat, even in the ballast, and for that I never could get any explanation at all; but there is no doubt as to the fact of this superstition, and I may illustrate it from the case- of a clergyman's son on the west side, who took it into his head to go out with some fishermen several days in succession. They chanced to be unsuccessful each time, and they gave their Jonah the nickname of *Clagh Vane*, or 'White Stone.' Now what can be the origin of this tabu? It seems to me that if the Manx had once a habit of adorning the graves of the departed with white stones, that circumstance! would be a reasonable explanation of the superstition in question. Further, it is quite possible they did, and here Manx archaeologists could probably help as to the matter of fact. In the absence, however, of information to the point from Man, I take the liberty of citing some relating to Scotland. It comes from Mr. Gomme's presidential address to the Folk-Lore Society -. see *Folk Lore* for 1893, pp. 13-4:--'

' Near Inverary, it is the custom among the fisher-folk, and has been so within the memory of the oldest, to place little white stones or pebbles on the graves of their friends. No reason is now given for the practice, beyond that most potent and delightful of all reasons in the minds of folk-lore students, namely, that it has always been done. Now there is nothing between this modem practice sanctioned by traditional observance and the practice of the stone-age people in the same neighbourhood and in others, as made known to us by their grave-relics. Thus, in a cairn at Achnacrie opened by Dr. Angus Smith, on entering the innermost chamber " the first thing that struck the eye was a row of quartz pebbles larger than a walnut; these were arranged on the ledge of the lower granite block of the east side." Near Crinan, at Duncraigaig and at Rudie, the same characteristic was observed, and Canon Greenwell, who examined the cairns, says the pebbles " must have been placed there with some intention, and probably possessed a symbolic meaning." ' See also *Burghead*, by Mr. H. W. Young (Inverness, 1899), p. 10, where we read that at Burghead the I smooth white pebbles, sometimes five or seven of them, but never more,' have been usually arranged as crosses on the graves which he has found under the fallen ramparts. Can this be a Christian superstition with the white stones of the Apocalypse as its foundation?

Here I may mention a fact which I do not know where else to put, namely, that a fisherman on his way in the morning to the fishing, and chancing to pass by the cottage of another fisherman who is not on friendly terms with him, will pluck a straw from the thatch of the latter's dwelling. Thereby he is supposed to rob him of his luck in the fishing for that day. One would expect to learn that the straw from the thatch served as the subject of an incantation directed against the owner of the thatch. I have never heard anything suggested to that effect; but I conclude that the plucking of the straw is only a partial survival of what was once a complete ritual for bewitching one's neighbour, unless getting possession of the straw was supposed to carry with it possession of everything belonging to the other man, including his luck in fishing for that day.

Owing to my ignorance as to the superstitions of other fishermen than those of the Isle of Man, I will not attempt to classify the remaining instances to be mentioned, such as the unluckiness of mentioning a horse or a mouse on board a fishing-boat: I seem, however, to have heard a similar tabus among Scottish fishermen: and, according to Dr. Blind, Shetland fishermen will not mention a church or a clergyman when out at sea, but use quite other names for both when on board a ship (*Folk-Lore* for 1892, p.89). Novices in the Manx fisheries have to learn not to point to anything with one finger: they have to point with the whole hand or not at all. This looks as if it belonged to a code of rules as to the use of the hand, such as prevail among the Neapolitans and other peoples whose chief article of faith is the belief in malign influences: see Mr. Elworthy's volume on *The Evil Eye.*

Whether the Manx are alone in thinking it unlucky to lend salt from one boat to another when they are engaged in fishing, I know not: such lending would probably be inconvenient, but why should it be unlucky, as they believe it to be, does not appear. The first of May is a day on which it is unlucky to lend anything, and especially to give any one fire(1). This looks as if it pointed back to some druidic custom of lighting all fires at that time from a sacred hearth, but, so far as is known, this only took place at the beginning of the other half-year, namely, *Sauin* or Allhallows, which is sometimes rendered into Manx as*Laa 'll mooar ny Saintsh,* "the Day of the great Feast of the Saints."

Lastly, may I mention that it is unlucky to say that you are very well: at any rate, I infer that it is regarded so, as you will never get a Manxman to say

that he is *feer vie,* "very well." He usually admits that he is "middling"; and if by any chance he risks a stronger adjective, he hastens to qualify it by adding "now", or "just now," with an emphasis indicative of his anxiety not to say too much.

(1)With this compare what Mr. Gomme has to say of a New Year's Day custom observed in Lanarkshire: see p. 633 of the *Ethnographic Report*referred to above, and compare Henderson, p. 74.

His habits of speech point back to a time whenthe Manx mind was dominated by the fear of awaking malignant influences in the spirit world around him. This has had the effect of giving the Manx peasant's character a tinge of reserve and suspicion, which makes it difficult to gain his confidence: his acquaintance has, therefore, to be cultivated for some time before you can say that you know the working of his heart. The pagan belief in a Nemesis has doubtless passed away, but not without materially affecting the Manx idea of a personal devil. Ever since the first allusion made in my hearing by Manxmen to the devil, I have been more and more deeply impressed that for them the devil is a much more formidable being than Englishmen or Welshmen picture him. He is a graver and, if I may say so, a more respectable being, allowing no liberties to be taken with his name, so you had better not call him a devil, the evil one, or like names, for his proper designation is *Noid ny Hanmey,* "the Enemy of the Soul", and in ordinary Anglo-Manx conversation he is commonly called "the Enemy of Souls." I well remember getting one day into a conversation with an old soldier in the south of the island. He was, as I soon discovered, labouring under a sort of theological monomania, and his chief question was concerning the Welsh word for "the Enemy of Souls." I felt at once that I had to be careful, and that the reputation of my countrymen depended on how I answered. As I had no name anything like the one he used for the devil, I explained to him that the Welsh, though not a great nation, were great students of theology, and that they had by no means neglected the great branch of it known as satanology. In fact that study, as I went on to say, had left its impress on the Welsh language: on Sunday the ministers of all denominations, the deacons and elders, and all self-respecting congregations spoke of the devil tri-syllabically as *diafol*, while on the other days of the week everybody called him more briefly and forcibly *diawl*, except bards concocting an *awdl* for an Eisteddfod, where the devil must

always be called *diafl*, and excepting also sailors, farm servants, postboys and colliers, together with country gentlemen learning Welsh to address their wouldn't-be constituents-for all these the regulation form was *jawl*, with an English *j*. Thus one could, I pointed out to him, fix the social standing of a Welshman by the way he named 'the Enemy of Souls,' as well as appreciate the superiority of Welsh over Greek, seeing that Welsh, when it borrowed …… from Greek, quadrupled it, while Greek remained sterile. He was so profoundly impressed that I never was able to bring his attention back to the small fry, spiritually speaking, of the Isle of Man, to wit, the fairies and the fenodyree, or even the witches and the charmers, except that he had some reserve of faith in witches, since the witch of Endor was in the Bible and had ascribed to her a 'terr'ble' great power of raising spirits: that, he thought, must be true. I pointed out to him that a fenodyree (see p. 288) was also mentioned in his Bible: this display of ready knowledge on my part made a deep impression on his mind.

The Manx are, as a rule, a sober people, and highly religious; as regards their tenets, they are mostly members of the Church of England or Wesleyan Methodists, or else both, which is by no means unusual. Religious phrases are not rare in their ordinary conversation; in fact, they struck me as being of more frequent occurrence than in Wales, even the Wales of my boyhood; and here and there this fondness for religious phraseology has left its traces on the native vocabulary. Take, for example, the word for 'anybody, a person, or human being,'which Cregeen writes *py'agh* or *p'agh*: he rightly regards it as the colloquial pronunciation of *peccagh*, 'a sinner.' So, when one knocks at a Manx door and calls out, *Vel p'agh sthie*? he literally asks, I Is there any sinner indoors?' The question has, however, been explained to me, with unconscious irony, as properly meaning, 'Is there any Christian indoors?' and care is now taken in reading to pronounce the middle conso, nants of the word *peccagh*, 'sinner,' so as to distinguish it from the word for a Christian 'anybody': but the identity of origin is unmistakable.

Lastly, the fact that a curse is a species of prayer, to Wit, a prayer for evil to follow, is well exemplified in Manx by the same words, *gwee* [155], plural *gweeaghyn*, meaning both kinds of prayer. Thus I found myself stumbling several times, in reading through the Psalms in Manx, from not bearing in mind the sinister meaning of these words; for example in Psalm

xiv. 6, where we have Ta *'n beeal oc lane dy ghweeaghyn as dy herriuid* which I mechanically construed to mean 'Their mouth is full of praying and bitterness,' instead of 'cursing and bitterness'; and so in other cases, such as Ps. x. 7, and cix. 27.

It occurred to me on various occasions to make inquiries as to the attitude of religious Manxmen towards witchcraft and the charmer's vocation. Nobody, so far as I know, accuses them of favouring witchcraft in any way whatsoever; but as to the reality of witches and witchcraft they are not likely to have any doubti s so long as they dwell on the Biblical account of the witch of Endor, as I have already mentioned in the case of the old Crimean soldier. Then as to charmers I have heard it distinctly stated that the most religious men are they who have most confidence in charmers and their charms; and a lay preacher whom I know has been mentioned to me as now and then doing a little charming in cases of danger or pressing need. On the whole, I think the charge against religious people of consulting charmers is somewhat exaggerated; but I believe that recourse to the charmer is more usual and more openly had than, for example, in Wales, where those who consult a *dyn hyspys* or 'wise man' have to do it secretly, and at the risk of being expelled by their co-religionists from the Seiet or 'Society.' There is somewhat in the atmosphere of Man to remind one rather of the Wales of a past generation-Wales as it was at the time when the Rev. Edmund Jones could write a *Relation of Apparitions of Spirits in the County of Monmouth and the Principalies of Wales*, as a book 'designed to confute and to prevent the infidelity of denying the being and apparition of spirits, which tends to irreligion and atheism': see above.

The Manx peasantry are perhaps the most independent and prosperous in the British Isles; but their position geographically and politically has been favourable to the continuance of ideas not quite up to the level of the latest papers on Darwinism and Evolution read at our Church Congresses in this country. This may be thought to be here wide of the mark; but, after giving, in the previous chapter, specimens of rather ancient superstitions as recently known in the island, it is but right that one should form an idea of the surroundings in which they have lingered into modern times. Perhaps nothing will better serve to bring this home to the reader's mind than the fact, for which there is proof, that old people still living remember men and women clad in white sheets doing penance publicly in the churches of Man.

The following is the evidence which I was able to find, and I may state that I first heard in1888 of the public penance from Mr. Joughin, who was an aged man and a native of Kirk Bride. He related how a girl named Mary Dick gave an impertinent answer to the clergyman when he was catechizing her class, and how she had to do penance for it at church. She took her revenge on the parson by singing, while attending in a white sheet, louder than everybody else in the congregation. This, unless I am mistaken, Mr. Joughin gave me to understand he had heard from his father. I mentioned the story to a clergyman, who was decidedly of opinion that no one alive now could remember anything about public penance. Not long after, however, I got into conversation with a shoemaker at Kirk Michael, named Dan Kelly, who was nearly completing his eighty-first year. He was a native of Ballaugh, and stated that he remembered many successive occupants of the episcopal see. A long time ago the official called the sumner had, out of spite, he said, appointed him to serve as one of the four of the chapter jury. It was, he thought, when he was about twenty-five. During his term of office he saw four persons, of whom two were married men and two unmarried women, doing penance in the parish church of Ballaugh for having illegitimate children. They stood in the alley of the church, and the sumner had to throw white sheets over them; on the fourth Sunday of their penance they stood inside the chancel rails, but not to take the communion. The parson, whose name was Stowell or Stowall, made them thoroughly ashamed of themselves on the fourth Sunday, as one of the men afterwards admitted. Kelly mentioned the names of the women and of one of the men, and he indicated to me some of their descendants as well known in the neighbourhood. I cross-examined him all the more severely, as I had heard the other view of the remoteness of the date. But nothing could shake Kelly, who added that soon after the date of the above mentioned cases the civil functionary, known as the vicar-general, put an end to the chapter jury and to public penance: according to his reckoning the penance he spoke of must have taken place about 1832. Another old man, named Kewley, living now near Kirk Michael, but formerly in the parish of Lezayre, had a similar story. He thinks that he was born in the sixth year of the century, and when he was between eighteen and twenty he saw a man doing public penance, in Lezayre Church, I presume, but I have no decided note on that point. However that may be, he remembered that the penitent, when he had done his penance, had the audacity to throw the white sheet over the sumner,

who, the penitent remarked, might now wear it himself, as he had had enough of it. Kewley would bring the date only down to about 1825.

Lastly, I was in the island again in 1891, and spent the first part of the month of April at Peel, where I had conversations with a retired captain who was then about seventy-eight. He is a native of the parish of Dalby, but he was only ‘a lump of a boy’ when the last couple of immorals were forced to do penance in white sheets at church. He gave me the guilty man’s name, and the name of his home in the parish, and both the captain and his daughter assured me that the man had only been dead six or seven years; that is, the penitent seems to have lived till about the year 1884. may here mention that the parish of Dalby is the subject of many tales, which go to show that its people were more old-fashioned in their ways than those of the rest of the island. It appears to have been the last, also, to be reached by a cart road; and I was amused by a native’s description of the men at Methodist meetings in Dalby pulling the *tappag*, or forelock, at the name of Jesus, while the women ducked a curtsy in a dangerously abrupt fashion. He and his wife appeared to be quite used to it: the husband was an octogenarian named Quirc, who was born on the coast near the low-lying peninsula called the Narbyl, that is to say ‘the Tail!

To return to the public penance, it seems to us in this-country to belong, so to say, to ancient history, and it transports us to a state of things which we find it hard to realize. The lapse of years has brought about profounder changes in ouT greater Isle of Britain’than in the smaller Isle of Man, while we ourselves, helpless to escape the pervading influence of those profounder changes, become living instances of the comprehensive truth of the German poet’s words,

Omnia mulantur, nos et mutarnur in illis.

6. The Folklore of the Wells

. .. luvat integros accedere fontes.-LUCRETIUS.

IT is only recently[156]that I heard for the first time of Welsh instances of the habit of tying rags and bits of clothing to the branches of a tree growing near a holy well. Since then I have obtained several items of information in point: the first is a communication received in June, 1892, from Mr. J. H. Davies, of Lincoln College, Oxford-since then of Lincoln's Inn-relating to a Glamorganshire holy well, situated near the pathway leading from Coychurch to Bridgend. It is the custom there, he states, for people suffering from any malady to dip a rag in the water, and to bathe the affected part of the body, the rag being then placed on a tree close to the well. When Mr. Davies passed that way, some three years previously, there were, he adds, hundreds of such shreds on the tree, some of which distinctly presented the appearance of having been very recently placed there. The well is called *Ffynnon Cae Moch*, 'Swine-field Well, 'which can hardly have been its old name; and a later communication from Mr. Davies summarizes a conversation which he had about the well, on December 16, 1892, with Mr. J. T. Howell, of Pencoed, near Bridgend. His notes run thus:--'Ffynnon Cae Moch, between Coychurch and Bridgend, is one mile from Coychurch, one and a quarter from Bridgend, near Tremains. It is within twelve or fifteen yards of the high-road, just where the pathway begins. People suffering from rheumatism go there. They bathe the part affected with water, and afterwards tie a piece of rag to the tree which overhangs the well. The rag is not put in the water at all, but is only put on the tree for luck. It is a stunted, but very old tree, and is simply *covered* with rags.' A little less than a year later, I had an opportunity of visiting this well in the company of Mr. Brymnor-Jones; and I find in my notes that it is not situated so near the road as Mr. Howell would seem to have stated to Mr. Davies. We found the well, which is a powerful spring, surrounded by a circular wall. It is overshadowed by a dying thorn tree, and a little further back stands another thorn which is not so decayed: it was on this latter thorn we found the rags. I took off a twig with two rags, while Mr. Brynmor-jones counted over a dozen other rags on the tree; and we noticed that some of them had only recently been suspended there: among

them were portions undoubtedly of a woman's clothing. At one of the hotels at Bridgend, I found an illiterate servant who was acquainted with the well, and I cross-examined him on the subject of it. He stated that a man with a wound, which he explained to mean a cut, would go and stand in the well within the wall, and there he would untie the rag that had been used to tie up the wound and would wash the wound with it: then he would tie up the wound with a fresh rag and hang the old one on the tree. The more respectable people whom I questioned talked more vaguely, and only of tying a rag to the tree, except one who mentioned a pin being thrown into the well or a rag being tied to the tree. native of the ...

My next informant is Mr. D. J. Jones, a Rhonda Valley, in the same county of Glamorgan. He was an undergraduate of Jesus College, Oxford, when I consulted him in r892. His information was to the effect that he knows of three interesting wells in the county. The first is situated within two miles of his home, and is known as *Ffynnon Pen Rhys*, or the Well of Pen Rhys. The custom there is that the person who wishes his health to be benefited should wash in the water of the well, and throw a pin into it afterwards. He next mentions a well at Llancarvan, some five or six miles from Cowbridge, where the custom prevails of tying rags to the branches of a tree growing close at hand. Lastly, he calls my attention to a passage in *Hanes Morganwg*, 'The History of Glamorgan,' written by Mr. D. W. Jones, known in Welsh literature as Dafydd Morganwg. In that work, p. 29, the author speaks of *Ffynnon Marcros*,'the Well of Marcros,'to the following effect:--'It is the custom for those who are healed in it to tie a shred of linen or cotton to the branches of a tree that stands close by; and there the shreds are, almost as numerous as the leaves.' Marcros is, I may say, near Nash Point, and looks on the map as if it were about eight miles distant from Bridgend. Let me here make it clear that so far we have had to do with four different wells[157]three of which are severally distinguished by the presence of a tree adorned with rags by those who seek health in those waters; but they are all three, as the reader will have doubtless noticed, in the same district, namely, the part of Glamorganshire near the main line of the Great Western Railway.

There is no reason, however, to think that the custom of tying rags to a well tree was peculiar to that part of I cannot say for certain whether it was customary in any of the cases to which I have called attention to tie rags to

the well tree as well as to throw pins or other small objects into the well; but I cannot help adhering to the view, that the distinction was probably an ancient one between two orders of things. In other words, I am inclined to believe that the rag was regarded as the vehicle of the disease of which the ailing visitor to the well wished to be rid, and that the bead, button, or coin deposited by him in the well, or in a receptacle near the well, formed alone the offering. In opposition to this view Mr. Gomme has expressed himself as follows in *Folk-Lore*, 1892, p. 89:1 There is some evidence against that, from the fact that in the case of some wells, especially in Scotland at one time, the whole garment was put down as an offering. Gradually these offerings of clothes became less and less till they came down to rags. Also in other parts, the geographical distribution of rag-offerings coincides with the existence of monoliths and dolmens.' As to the monoliths and dolmens, I am too little conversant with the facts to risk any opinion as to the value of the coincidence; but as to the suggestion that the rag originally meant the whole garment, that will suit my hypothesis admirably. In other words, the whole garment was, as I take it, the vehicle of the disease: the whole was accursed, and not merely a part. But Mr. Gomme had previously touched on the question in his presidential address (*Folk-Lore* f6r 1892, p. 13); and I must at once admit that he succeeded then in proving that a certain amount of confusion occurs between things whi*ch I should regard as belonging originally to distinct categories: witness the inimitable Irish instance which he quotes:--'To St. Columbkill--I offer up this button, a bit o' the waistband o' my own breeches, an' a taste o' my wife's petticoat, in remembrance of us having made this holy station; an' may they rise up in glory to prove it for us in the last day.' Here not only the button is treated as an offering, but also the bits of clothing; but the confusion of ideas I should explain as being, at least in part, one of the natural results of substituting a portion of a garment for the entire garment; for thereby a button or a pin becomes a part of the dress, and capable of being interpreted in two senses. After all, however, the ordinary practices have not, as I look at them, resulted in effacing the distinction altogether--the rag is not left in the well; nor is the bead, button, or pin attached to a branch of the tree. So, in the main, it seemed to me easier to explain the facts, taken altogether, on the supposition that originally the rag was regarded. as the vehicle of the disease, and the bead, button, or coin as the offering. My object in calling attention to this point was to have it discussed, and I am happy to say that I

have not been disappointed; for, since my remarks were published[158] , a paper entitled *Pin-wells and Ragbushes* was read before the British Association by Mr. Haitland, in 1893, and published in *Folk-Lore* for the same year, pp. 451-70. In that paper the whole question is gone into with searching logic, and Mr. Hartland fin-ds the required explanation in one of the dogmas of magic. For 'if an article of my clothing,' he says, 'in a witch's hands may cause me to suffer, the same article in contact with a beneficent power may relieve my pain, restore me to health, or promote my general prosperity. A pin that has pricked my wart …. has by its contact, by the wound it has inflicted, acquired a peculiar bond with the wart; the rag that has rubbed the wart has by that friction acquired a similar bond; so that whatever is done to the pin or the rag, whatever influences the pin or the rag may undergo, the same influences are by that very act brought to bear upon the wart. If, instead of using a rag, or making a pilgrimage to a sacred well, I rub my warts with raw meat and then bury the meat, the wart will decay and disappear with the decay and dissolution of the meat.... In like manner my shirt or stocking, or a rag to represent it, placed upon a sacred bush, or thrust into a sacred well-my name written upon the walls of a temple-a stone or a pellet from my hand cast upon a sacred image or a sacred cairn-is thenceforth in continual contact with divinity; and the effluence of divinity, reaching and involving it, will reach and involve me.' Mr. Hartland concludes from a large number of instances, that as a rule 'where the pin or button is dropped into the well, the patient does not trouble about the rag, and vice versa.' This wider argument as to the effluence of the divinity of a particular spot of special holiness seems to me conclusive. It applies also, needless to say, to a large category of cases besides those in question between Mr. Gomme and the present writer.

So now I would revise my position thus:--I continue to regard the rag much as before, but treat the article thrown into the well as the more special means of establishing a beneficial relation with the well divinity: whether it could also be viewed as an offering would depend on the value attached to it. Some of the following notes may serve as illustrations, especially those relating to the wool and the pin:--*Ffynnon Gwyngy*, or the Well of Gwynwy, near Llangelynin, on the river Conwy, appears to be partly in point; for it formerly used to be well stocked with crooked pins, which nobody would touch lest he might get from them the warts supposed to attach to them, whence it would appear that a pin might be regarded as the vehicle of the

disease. There was a well Of some repute at Cae Garw, in the parish of Pistyll, near the foot of Carnguwch, in Lleyn, or West Carnarvonshire. The water possessed virtues to cure one of rheumatism and warts; but, in order to be rid of the latter, it was requisite to throw a pin into the well for each individual wart. For these two items of information, and several more to be mentioned presently, I have to thank Mr. John Jones, better known in Wales by his bardic name of Myrddin Fardd, and as an enthusiastic collector of Welsh antiquities, whether in the form of manuscript or of unwritten folklore. On the second day of the year 1893 I paid him a visit at Chwilog, on the Carnarvon and Avon Wen Railway, and asked him many questions: these he not only answered with the utmost willingness, but he also showed me the unpublished materials which he had collected. I come next to a competition on the folklore of North Wales at the London Eisteddfod in 1887, in which, as one of the adjudicators, I observed that several of the competitors mentioned the prevalent belief, that every well with healing properties must have its outlet towards the south (*i'r de*). According to one of them, if you wished to get rid of warts, you should, on your way to the well, look for wool which the sheep had lost. When you had found enough wool you should prick each wart with a pinp and then rub the wart well with the wool. The next thing was to bend the pin and throw it into the well. Then you should place the wool on the first whitethorn you could find, and as the wind scattered the wool, the warts would disappear. Fhere was a well of the kind, the writer went on to say, near his home; and he, with three or four other boys, went from school one day to the well to charm their warts away. For he had twenty-three on one of his hands; so that he always tried to hide it, as it was the belief that if one counted the warts they would double their number. He forgets what became of the other boys'warts, but his own disappeared soon afterwards; and his grandfather used to maintain that it was owing to the virtue of the well. Such were the words of this writer, whose name is unknown to me; but I guess him to have been a native of Carnarvonshire, or else of one of the neighbouring districts of Denbighshire or Merionethshire. To return to Myrctin Farct, he mentioned *Ffynnon Cefn Lleithfan*, or the Well of the *Lleithfan* Ridge, on the eastern slope of Myndd y Rhiw, in the parish of Bryncroes, in the west of Lleyn. In the case of this well it is necessary, when going to it and coming from it, to be careful not to utter a word to anybody, or to turn to look back. What one has to do at the well is to bathe the warts with a rag or

clout which has grease on it. When that is done, the clout with the grease has to be carefully concealed beneath the stone at the mouth of the well. This brings to my mind the fact that I noticed more than once, years ago, rags underneath stones in the water flowing from wells in Wales, and sometimes thrust into holes in the walls of wells, but I had no notion how they came there.

On the subject of pin-wells I had in 1893, from Mr. T. E. Morris, of Portmadoc, banister-at-law, some account of *Ffynnon Faglan*, or Baglan's Well, in the parish of Llanfaglan, near Carnarvon. The well is situated in an open field to the right of the road leading towards the church, and close to it. The church and churchyard form an enclosure in the middle of the same field, and the former has in its wall the old stone reading FILI LOVERNII ANATEMORI. My friend derived information from Mrs. Roberts, of Cefn y Coed, near Carnarvon, as follows:--' The old people who would be likely to know anything about *Ffynnon Faglan* have all died. The two oldest inhabitants, who have always lived in this parish of Llanfaglan, remember the well being used for healing purposes. One told me his mother used to take him to it, when he was a child, for sore eyes, bathe them with the water, and then drop in a pin. The other man, when he was young, bathed in it for rheumatism; and until quite lately people used to fetch away the water for medicinal purposes. The latter, who lives near the well, at Tan y Graig, said that he remembered it being cleaned out about fifty years ago, when two basinfuls of pins were taken out, but no coin of any kind. The pins were all bent, and I conclude the intention was to exorcise the evil spirit supposed to afflict the person who dropped them in, or, as the Welsh say, *dadwitsio*. No doubt some ominous words were also used. The well is at present nearly dry, the field where it lies having been drained some years ago, and the water in consequence withdrawn from it. It was much used for the cure of warts. The wart was washed, then pricked with a pin, which, after being bent, was thrown into the well. There is a very large and well-known well of the kind at Clynnog, *Ffynnon Beuno*, "St. Beuno's Well," which was considered to have miraculous healing powers; and even yet, I believe, some people have faith in it. *Ffynnon Faglan* is, in its construction, an imitation, on a smaller scale, of St. Beuno's Well at Clynnog.'

In the cliffs at the west end of Lleyn is a wishing-well called *Ffynnon* Fair, or St. Mary's Well, to the left of the site of Eglwys Fair, and facing Ynys

Entli, or Bardsey. Here, to obtain your wish, you have to descend the steps to the well and walk up again to the top with your mouth full of the water; and then you have to go round the ruins of the church once or more times with the water still in your mouth. Viewing the position of the well from the sea, I should be disposed to think that the realization of one's wish at that price could not be regarded as altogether cheap. Myrdin Farct also told me that there used to be a well near Criccieth Church. It was known as *Ffynnon y Saint*, or the Saints' Well, and it was the custom to throw keys or pins into it on the morning of Easter Sunday, in order to propitiate St. Catherine, who was the patron of the well. I should be glad to know what this exactly meant.

Lastly, a few of the wells in that part of Gwyned may be grouped together and described as oracular. One of these, the big well in the parish of Llanbedrog in Lleyn, as I learn from Myrdin Fard, required the devotee to kneel by it and avow his faith in it. When this had been duly done, he might proceed in this wise: to ascertain, for instance, the name of the thief who had stolen from him, he had to throw a bit of bread into the well and name the person whom he suspected. At the name of the thief the bread would sink; so the inquirer went on naming all the persons he could think of until the bit -of bread sank, when the thief was identified. How far is one to suppose that we have here traces of the influences of the water ordeal common in the Middle Ages? Another well of the same kind was *Ffynnon Saethon*, in Llanfihangel Bachettaeth parish, also in Lleyn. Here it was customary, as he had it in writing, for lovers to throw pins (*pinnau*) into the well; but these pins appear to have been the points of the blackthorn. At any rate, they cannot well have been of any kind of metal, as we are told that, if they sank in the water, one concluded that one's loverwas not sincere in his or her love.

Next may be mentioned a well, bearing the remarkable name of *Ffynnon Gwynedd*, or the Well of Gwyned, which is situated near Mynydd Mawr, in the parish of Abererch: it used to be consulted in the following manner:-- When it was desired to discover whether an ailing person would recover, a garment of his would be thrown into the well, and according to the side on which it sank it was known whether he would live or die.

Ffynnon Gybi, or St. Cybi's Well, in the parish of Llangybi, was the scene of a somewhat similar practice; for there, girls who wished to know their

lovers' intentions would spread their pocket-handkerchiefs on the water of the well, and, if the water pushed the handkerchiefs to the south-in Welsh Pr di-they knew that everything was right-in Welsh o dd-and that their lovers were honest and honourable in their intentions; but, if the water shifted the handkerchiefs northwards, they concluded the contrary. A reference to this is made bv a modern Welsh poet, as follows:--

Ambelt dyn, gmaeldyn, a gyrch
I bant goris Moel Benoffh,
*Mewn gobaith mai hen G**
Gdodfawr syd tttwydaw'r lli..

Some folks, worthless[159]folks, visit
A hollow below Moel Bentyrch,
In hopes that ancient Kybi Of noble fame blesses the flood.

The spot is not far from where Myrddin Fardd lives; and he mentioned, that adjoining the well is a building which was probably intended for the person in charge of the well: it has been tenanted within his memory. Not only for this but also for several of the foregoing items of information am I indebted to Myrdin; and now I come to Mrs. Williams-Ellis, of Glasfryn Uchaf, who tells me that one day not long ago, she met at Llangybi a native Ao had not visited the place since his boyhood: he had been away as an engineer in South Wales nearly all his life, but had returned to see an aged relative. So the reminiscences of the place filled his mind, and, among other things, he said that he remembered very well what concern there was one day in the village at a mischievous person having taken a very large eel out of the well. Many of the old people, he said, felt that much of the virtue of the well was probably taken away with the eel. To see it coiling about their limbs when they went into the water was a good sign: so he gave one to understand. As a sort of parallel I may mention that I have seen the fish living in *Ffynnon Beris*, not far from the parish church of Llanberis. It is jealously guarded by the inhabitants, and when it was once or twice taken out by a mischievous stranger he was forced to put it back again. However, I never could get the history of this sacred fish, but I found that it was regarded as very old[160] . I may add that it appears the wellcalled *Ffynnon Fair*, 'Mary's Well,' at Llandwyn, in Anglesey, used formerly to have inhabiting it a sacred fish, whose movements indicated the fortunes of the love-sick men and maidens who visited there the shrine of St. Dwynwen[161]

. Possibly inquiry would result in showing that such sacred fish have been far more common once in the Principality than they are now.

The next class of wells to claim our attention consists of what I may call fairy wells, of which few are mentioned in connexion with Wales; but the legends about them are of absorbing interest. One of them is in Myrdin Fardds neighbourhood, and I questioned him a good deal on the subject: it is called *Ffynnon Grassi*, or Grace's Well, and it occupies, according to him, a few square feet-he has measured it himself-of the South-east comer of the lake of Glasfryn Uchaf, in the parish of Llangybi. It appears that it was walled in, and that the stone forming its eastern side has several holes in it, which were intended to let water enter the well and not issue from it. It had a door or cover on its surface; and it was necessary to keep the door always shut, except when water was being drawn. Through somebody's negligence, however, it was once on a time left open: the consequence was that the water of the well flowed out and formed the Glasfryn Lake, which is so considerable as to be navigable for small boats. Grassi is supposed in the locality to have been the name of the owner of the well, or at any rate of a lady who had something to do with it. *Grassi* or Grace, however, can only be a name which a modern version of the legend has introduced. It probably stands for an older name given to the person in charge of the well; to the one, in fact, who neglected to shut the door; but though the name must be comparatively modern, the story, as a whole, does not appear to be at all modern, but very decidedly the contrary.

So I wrote in 1893; but years after my conversation with Myrddin Fard, my attention was called to the fact that the Glasfryn family, of which the Rev. J. C. Williams-Ellis is the head, have in their coat of arms a mermaid, who is represented in the usual way, holding a comb in her right hand and a mirror in her left. I had from the first expected to find some kind of Undine or Liban story associated with the well and the lake, though I had abstained from trying the risky effects of leading questions; but when I heard of the heraldic mermaid I wrote to Mr. Williams-Ellis to ask whether he knew her history. His words, though not encouraging as regards the mermaid, soon convinced me that I had not been wholly wrong in supposing that more folklore attached to the well and lake than I had been able to discover. Since then Mrs. WilliamsEllis has taken the trouble of collecting on the spot all the items of tradition which she could find: she communicated them to me

in the month of March, 1899, and the following is an abstract of them, preceded by a brief description of the ground:--

The well itself is at the foot of a very green field-bank at the head of the lake, but not on the same level with it, as the lake has had its waters lowered half a century or more ago by the outlet having been cut deeper. Adjoining the field containing the well is a larger field, which also slopes down to the lake and extends in another direction to the grounds belonging to the house. This larger field is called Cae'r Ladi, I the Lady's Fiela,' and it is remarkable for having in its centre an ancient standing stone, which, as seen from the-windows of the house, presents the appear.ance of a female figure hurrying along, with the wind slightly swelling out her veil and the skirt of her dress. Mr. Williams-Ellis remembers how when he was a boy the! stone was paFtially white-washed, and how an old bonnet adorned the top of this would-be statue, and he thinks that an old shawl used to be thrown over the shoulders.

Now as to Grassi, she is mostly regarded as a ghostly person somehow connected with the lake and the house of Glasfryn. One story is to the effect, that on a certain evening she forgot to close the well, and that when the gushing waters had formed the lake, poor Grassi, overcome with remorse, wandered up and down the high ground of Cae'r Ladi, moaning and weeping. There, in fact, sh-e is still at times to be heard lamenting her fate, especially at two o'clock in the early morning. Some people say that she is also to be seen about the lake, which is now the haunt of some half a dozen swans. But on the whole her visits appear to have been most frequent and troublesome at the house itself Several persons still living are mentioned, who believe that they have seen her there, and two of them, Mrs. Jones of Talafon, and old Sydney Griffith of Tyddyn Bach, agree in the main in their description of what they saw, namely, a tall lady with well marked features and large bright eyes: she was dressed in white silk and a white velvet bonnet.

The woman, Sydney Griffith, thought that she had seen the lady walking several times about the house and in Cae'r Ladi. This comes, in both instances, from a young lady born and bred in the immediate neighbourhood, an ' d studying now at the University College of North Wales; but Mrs. Williams-Ellis has had similar accounts from other sources, and she mentions tenants of Glasfryn who found it difficult to keep servants

there, because they felt that the place was haunted. In fact one of the tenants himself felt so unsafe that he used to take his gun and his dog with him to his bedroom at night; not to mention that when the Williams-Ellises lived themselves, as they do still, in the house, their visitors have been known to declare that they heard the strange plaintive cry out of doors at two o'clock in the morning.

Traces also of a very different story are reported by Mrs. Williams-Ellis, to the effect that when the water broke forth to form the lake, the fairies seized Grassi and changed her into a swan, and that she continued in that form to live on the lake sixscore years, and that when at length she died, she loudly lamented her lot: that cry is still to be heard at night. This story is in process apparently of being rationalized; at any rate the young lady student, to whom I have referred, remerfibers perfectly that her grandfather used to explain to her and the other children at home that Grassi was changed into a swan as a punishment for haunting Glasfryn, but that nevertheless the old lady still visited the place, especially when there happened to be strangers in the house. At the end of September last Mrs. Rhys and I had the pleasure of spending a few days at Gla'sfryn, in the hope of hearing the plaintive wail, and of seeing the lady in white silk revisiting her familiar haunts. But alas l our sleep was never once disturbed, nor was our peace once troubled by suspicions of anything uncanny. This, however, is negative, and characterized by the usual weakness of all such evidence.

It is now time to turn to another order of facts: in the first place may be mentioned that the young lady student's grandmother used to call the well *Ffynnon Gras Siôn Gruffudd*, as she had always heard that Gras was the daughter of a certain Siôn Gruffyd, 'John Griffith,'who lived near the well; and Mrs. WilliamsEllis finds that Gras was buried, at a very advanced age, on December 14, 1743, at the parish church of Llangybi, where the register describes her as *Grace Jones, alias; Grace Jones Griffith*. She had lived till the end at Glasfryn, but from documents in the possession of the Gla:sfryn family it is known that in 11728 Hugh Lloyd of Trattwyn purchased the house and estate of Glasfryn from a son of Grace's, named *John ab Cadwaladr*, and that Hugh Lloyd of Traltwyn's son, the Rev. William Lloyd, sold them to Archdeacon Ellis, from whom they have descended to the Rev. J. C. Williams-F-Ilis. In the light of these facts there is no reason to connect the old lady's name very closely with the well or the

lake. She was once the dominant figure at Glasfryn, that is all; and when she died she was as usual supposed to haunt the house and its immediate surroundings; and if we might venture to suppose that Glasfryn was sold by her son against her will, though subject to conditions which enabled her to remain in possession of the place to the day of her death, we should have a further explanation, perhaps, of her supposed moaning and lamentation.

In the background, however, of the story, one detects the possibility of another female figure, for it may be that the standing stone in Cae'r Ladi represents woman buried there centuries before Grace ruled at Glasfryn, and that traditions about the earlier lady have survived to be inextricably mixed with those concerning the later one. Lastly, those traditions may have alsp associated the subject of them with the well and the lake; but I wish to attach no importance to this conjecture, as we have in reserve a third figure of larger possibilities than either Grace or the stone woman. It needs no better introduction than Mrs. Williams Ellis' own words: 'Our younger boys have a crew of three little Welsh boys who live near the lake, to join them in their boat sailing about the pool and in camping on the island, &c. They asked me once who *Morgan* was, whom the little boys were always saying they were to be careful against. An old man living at Tal Llyn, " Lake's End," a farm close by, says that as a boy he was always told that " naughty boys would be carried off by Morgan into the lake." Others tell me that Morgan is always held to be ready to take off troublesome children, and somehow Morgan is thought of as a bad one! Now as Morgan carries children off into the pool, he would seem to issue from the pool, and to have his home in it. Further, he plays the same part as the fairies against whom a Snowdonian mother used to warn her children: they were on no account to wander away from the house when there was a mist, lest the fairies should carry them to their home beneath Llyn Dwythwch. In other words, Morgan may be said to act in the same way as the mermaid, who takes a sailor down to her submarine home; and it explains to my mind a discussion which I once heard of the name Morgan by a party of men and women making hay one fine summer's day in the neighbourhood of Ponterwyd, in North Cardiganshire. I was a child, but I remember vividly how they teased one of their number whose 'style' was Morgan. They hinted at dreadful things associated with the name; but it was all so vague that I could not gather that his great unknown namesake was a thief, a murderer, or any kind of ordinary criminal. The impression left on my mind

was rather the notion of something weird, uncanny, or non-human; and the fact that the Welsh version of the Book of Common Prayer calls the Pelagians *Morganiaid*, 'Morgans,'does not offer an adequate explanation. But I now see clearly that it is to be sought in the indistinct echo of such folklore as that which makes Morgan a terror to children in the neighbourhood of the Glasfryn Lake.

The name, however, presents points of difficulty which require some notice: the Welsh translators of Article IX in the Prayer Book were probably wrong in making *Pelagians* into *Morganiaid*, as the Welsh for *Pelagius* seems to have been rather *Morien* [162], which in its oldest recorded form was *Morgen*, and meant sea-born, or offspring of the sea. In a still earlier form it must have been *Morigenos*, with a feminine *Morigena*, but when the endings came to be dropped both vocables would become *Morgen*, later *Morien*. I do not remember coming across a feminine *Morgen* in Welsh, but the presumption is that it did exist. For, among other things, I may mention that we have it in Irish as *Muirgen*, one of the names of the lake lady Liban, who, when the waters of the neglected well rushed forth to form Lough Neagh, lived beneath that lake until she desired to be changed into a salmon. The same conclusion may be drawn from the name *Morgain* or *Morgan*, given in the French romances to one or more water ladies; for those names are easiest to explain as the Brythonic Morgen borrowed from a Welsh or Breton source, unless one found it possible to trace it direct to the Goidels of Wales. No sooner, however, had the confusion taken place between Morgen and the name which is so common in Wales as exclusively a man's name, than the aquatic figure must also become male. That is why the Glasfryn Morgan is now a male, and not a female like the other characters whose role he plays. But while the name was in Welsh successively *Morgen* and *Morien*, the man's name was *Morcant*, *Morgant*, or Morgan [163], so that, phonologically speaking, no confusion could be regarded as possible between the two series. Here, therefore, one detects the influence, doubtless, of the French romances which spoke of a lake lady Morgain, Morgan, or Morgue. The character varied: Morgain le Fay was a designing and wicked person; but Morgan was also the name of a well disposed lady of the same fairy kind, who took Arthur away to be healed at her home in the Isle of Avallon. We seem to be on the track of the same confusing influence of the name, when it occurs in

the story of Geraint and Enid; for there the chief physician of Arthur's court is called Morgan Tut or Morgant Tut, and the word *tut* has been shown by M. Loth to have meant the same sort of non-human being whom an eleventh century Life of St. Maudez mentions as *quidam damon quem Britones* Tuthe *appellant*. Thus the name Morgan Tut is meant as the Welsh equivalent of the French *Morgain le Fay* or *Morgan la Fie* [164]; but so long as the compiler of the story of Geraint and Enid employed in his Welsh the form Morgan, he had practically no choice but to treat the person called Morgan as a man, whether that was or was not the sex in the original texts on which he was drawing. Of course he could have avoided the difficulty in case he was aware of it, if he had found some available formula in use like *Mary Morgant*, said to be a common name for a fairy on the island of Ouessant, off the coast of Brittany.

Summarizing the foregoing notes, we seem to be right in drawing the following conclusions:--(1) The well was left in the charge of a woman who forgot to shut it, and when she saw the water bursting forth, she bewailed her negligence, as in the case of her counterpart in the legend of Cantre'r Gwaelod. (2) The original name of the Glasfryn 'Morgan' was Morgen, later Morien. (3) The person changed into a swan on the occasion of the Glasfryn well erupting was not Grassi, but most probably Morgen. And (4) the character was originally feminine, like that of the mermaid or the fairies, whose role the Glasfryn Morgan plays; and more especially may one compare the Irish Muirgen, the Morgen more usually called Liban. For it is to be noticed that when the neglected well burst forth she, Muirgen or Liban, was not drowned like the others involved in the calamity, but lived in her chamber at the bottom of the lake formed by the overflowing well, until she was changed into a salmon. In that form she lived on some three centuries, until in fact she was caught in the net of a fisherman, and obtained the boon of a Chrlstian burial. However, the change into a swan is also known on Irish ground: take for instance the story of the Children of Lir, who were converted into swans by their stepmother, and lived in that form on Loch Dairbhreach, in Westmeath, for three hundred years, and twice as long on the open sea, until their destiny closed with the advent of St. Patrick and the first ringing of a Christian bell in Erin.[165]

The next legend was kindly communicated to me by Mr. Win. Davies already mentioned at p. 147 above: he found it in *Cyfaill yr Aelwyd* [166],

“The Friend of the Hearth, “ where it is stated that it belonged to David Jones’ *Storehouse of Curiosili*es, a collection which does not seem to have ever assumed the form of a printed book. David Jones, of Trefriw, in the Conway Valley, was a publisher and poet who wrote between 1750 and 1780. This is his story: ‘In 1735 1 had a conversation with a man concerning Tegid Lake. He had heard from old people that near the middle of it there was a well opposite Llangower, and the well was called Tfynnon Gywer, “ Cower’s Well,” and at that time the town was round about the well. It was obligatory to place a lid on the well every night. (It seems that in those days somebody was aware that unless this was done it would prove the destruction of the town.) But one night it was forgotten, and by the morning, behold the town had subsided and the lake became three miles long and one mile wide. They say, moreover, that on clear days some people see the chimneys of the houses. It is since then that the town was built at the*lower end of the lake*. It is called *Y Bala* [167], and the man told me that he had talked with an old Bala man who had, when he was a youth, had two days’ mowing of hay[168]between the road and the lake; but by this time the lake had spread over that land and the road also, which necessitated the purchase of land further away for the road; and some say that the town will yet sink as far as the place called 11-anfor -others call it Llanfawct, “ Drown-church,” or Llanfawr, “ Great-church,” in Penttyn.... Further, when the weather is stormy water appears oozing through every floor within Bala, and at other times anybody can get water enough for the use of his house, provided he dig a little into the floor of it.’ [13]

In reference to the idea that the town is to sink, together with the neighbouring village of Llanfor, the writer quotes in a note the couplet known still to everybody in the neighbourhood as follows:--

Y Bala adh, a’r Bala aiff,
Bala old the lake has had, and Bala new

.A Llanfor aiff yn Lyn.
The lake will have, and Llanfor too.

This probably implies that old Bala is beneath the lake, and that the present Bala is to meet the like fate at some time to come. This kind of prophecy is not very uncommon: thus there has been one current as to the Montgomeryshire town of Pool, called, in Welsh, Traftwng or Trattwm, and

in English, Welshpool, to distinguish it from the English town of Pool. As to Welshpool, a very deep water called Llyn Du, lying between the town and the *Castell Coch* or Powys Castle, and right in the domain of the castle, is suddenly to spread itself, and one fine market day to engulf the whole place [169]. Further, when I was a boy in North Cardiganshire, the following couplet was quite familiar to me, and supposed to have been one of Merlin's prophecies:--

Caer Fyrdin, cei oer fore
Carmarthen, a cold morn awaits thee;

Daear a'th hwnc, dw'r I'th le.
Earth gapes, and water in thy place will be.

In regard to the earlier half of the line, concerning Bala gone, the story of Ffynnon Gywer might be said to explain it, but there is another which is later and far better known. It is of the same kind as the stories

For the next legend belonging here I have to thank the Rev. J. Fisher, a native of the parish of Landyb'ie, who, in spite of his name, is a genuine Welshman, and--what is more--a Welsh scholar. The following are his words: -' Llyn Llech Owen (the last word is locally sounded *w-en*, like *oo-en* in English, as is also the personal name Owen) is on Mynydd Mawr, in the ecclesiastical parish of Gors Dis, and the civil parish of Llanarthney, Carmarthenshire. It is a small lake, forming the source of the Gwendraeth Fawr. I have heard the tradition about its origin told by several persons, and by all, until quite recently, pretty much in the same form. In 1884. I took it down from my grandfather, Rees Thomas (b. 1809, d. 1892), of Cil Coll Llandebie--a very intelligent man, with a good fund of old-world Welsh lore-who had lived all his life in the neighbouring parishes of Llandeilo Fawr and Llandybie.

'The following is the version of the story (translated) as I had it from him:-- There was once a man of the name of Owen living on Mynyd Mawr, and he had a well, "*ffynnon*." Over this well he kept a large flag ("*fflagen neu tech fawr* ": "*fflagen* " is the word in common use now in these parts for a large flat stone), which he was always careful to replace over its mouth after he had satisfied himself or his beast with water. It happened, however, that one day he went on horseback to the well to water his horse, and forgot to put the flag back in its place. He rode off leisurely in the direction of his home;

but, after he had gone some distance, he casualty looked back, and, to his great astonishment, he saw that the burst out and was overflowing the whole place. He suddenly bethought him that he should ride back and encompass the overflow of the water as fast as he could; and it was the horse's track in galloping round the water that put a stop to its further overflow. It is fully believed that, had he not galloped round the flood in the way he did, the well would have been sure to inundate the whole district and drown all. Hence the lake was called the Lake of Owen's Flag, "*Llyn Llech Owen*."

'I have always felt interested in this story, as it resembled that about the formation of Lough Neagh, &c.; and, happening to meet the Rev. D. Harwood Hughes, B.A., the vicar of Gors Las (St. Lleian's), last August (1892), I asked him to tell me the legend as he had heard it in his parish. He said that he had been told it, but in a form different from mine, where the " Owen " was said to have been Owen Glyndwr. This is the substance of the legend as he had heard it:Owen Glyndwr, when once passing through these parts, arrived here of an evening. He came across a well, and, having watered his horse, placed a stone over it in order to find it again next morning. He then went to lodge for the night at Dyttgoed Farm, close by. In the morning, before proceeding on his journey, he took his horse to the well to give him water, but found to his surprise that the well had become a lake.'[14]

Mr. Fisher goes on to mention the later history of the lake: how, some eighty years ago, its banks were the resort on Sunday afternoons of the young people of the neighbourhood, and how a Baptist preacher put an end to their amusements and various kinds of games by preaching at them. However, the lake-side appears to be still a favourite spot for picnics and Sunday-school gatherings. Mr. Fisher was quite right in appending to his own version that of his friend; but, from the point of view of folklore, I must confess that I can make nothing of the latter: it differs from the older one as much as chalk does from cheese. It would be naturally gratifying to the pride of local topography to be able to connect with the pool the name of Owen Glyndwr; but it is worthy of note that this highly respectable attempt to rationalize the legend wholly fails, as it does not explain why there is now a lake where there was once but a well. In other words, the euhemerized story is itself evidence corroborative of Mr. Fisher's older

version, which is furthermore kept in countenance by Howells' account, p. io4, where we are told who the Owen in question was, namely, Owen Lawgoch, a personage dear, as we shall see later, to the Welsh legend of the district. He and his men had their abode in a cave on the northern side of Mynyd Mawr, and while there Owen used, we are informed, to water his steed at a fine spring covered with a large stone, which it required the strength of a giant to lift. But one day he forgot to replace it, and when he next sought the well he found the lake. He returned to his cave and told his men what had happened. Thereupon both he and they fell into a sleep, which is to last till it is broken by the sound of a trumpet and the clang of arms on Rhiw Goch then they are to sally forth to conquer.

Now the storyastold byHowellsand Fisherprovokes comparison, as the latter suggests, with the Irish legend of the formation of Lough Ree and of Lough Neagh in the story of the Death of Eochaid McMaireda[170]. In both of these legends also there is a horse, a kind of waterhorse, who forms the well which eventually overflows and becomes Lough Ree, and so with the still larger body of water known as Lough Neagh. In the latter case the fairy well was placed in the charge of a woman; but she one day left the cover of the well open, and the catastrophe took place-the water issued forth and overflowed the country. One of Eochaid's daughters, named *Liban*, however, was not drowned, but only changed into a salmon as already mentioned at p. 376 above. In my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 361, I have attempted to show that the name *Liban* may have its Welsh equivalent in that of*Llion*, occurring in the name of *Llyn Llion*, or Llon's Lake, the bursting of which is described in the latest series of Triads, iii. 13, 97, as causing a sort of deluge. I am not certain as to the nature of the relationship between those names, but it seems evident that the stories have a common substratum, though it is to be noticed that no well, fairy or otherwise, figures in the Llyn Uon legend, which makes the presence of the monster called the afahc the cause of the waters bursting forth. So Hu the Mighty, with his team of famous oxen, is made to drag the afanc out of the lake.

There is, however, another Welsh legend concerning a great overflow in which a well does figure: I allude to that of *Cantre'r Gwaelod*, or the Bottom Hundred, a fine spacious country supposed to be submerged in Cardigan Bay. Modern euhemerism treats it as defended by embankments and sluices, which, we are told, were in the charge of the prince of the

country, named Seithennin, who, being one day in his cups, forgot to shut the sluices, and thus brought about the inundation, which was the end of his fertile realm. This, however, is not the old legend: that speaks of a well, and lays the blame on a woman--a pretty sure sign of antiquity, as the reader may judge from other old stories which will readily occur to him. The Welsh legend to which I allude is embodied in a short poem in the *Black Book of Carmarthen* [171]: it consists of eight triplets, to which is added a triplet from the Englynion of the Graves. The following is the original with a tentative translation:--

Seitenhin sawde allan.
ac edochuirde varanres mor.
maes guitnev rytoes.

Boed emendfaid y morvinn
aehellygaut guydi cvin.
finaun wenestir[172]*twor terruin.*

Bood emendinrid.y vachteith.
ae golligaut guydi gueilh.
finaun wenestir mor diffeith.

Diaspad vererid.y ar vann caer.
hid ar duu.y dodir.
gnaud guydu traha attngr hir.

Diaspad merrid.y ar van kaer hetiv.
hid ar duu.y dadoluch.
gnaud guydu traha attreguch

Diaspad merevid am gorchuit heno.
ac nimhaut gorlluit.
gnaud guydu traha trantguit.

Diaspad mereid y ar gwinev kadir
hedaul duv ae gorev.
gnaud guydi gormot eissev..

Seithennin, stand thou forth
And see the vanguard of the main:
Gwyddno’s plain has it covered.

Accursed be the maiden
Who let it loose after supping,
Well cup-bearer of the mighty main.

Accursed be the damsel
Who let it loose after battle,
Well minister of the high sea.

Mererid's cry from a city's height,
Even to God is it directed:
After pride comes a long pause.

Mererid's cry frorn a city's height today
Even to God her expiation,
After pride comes reflection.

Mererid's cry o'ercomes me to-night,
Nor can I readily prosper:
After pride comes a fall.

Mererid's cry over strong wines,
Bounteous God has wrought it:
After excess comes privation.

Diaspad mtrerid .am kymhell heno
y urth uyistauell.
gnaud guydi traha trange pell.

Bet seithenhin synhuir vann
rug kaer kenedir a glan.
mor maurhidic a kinran

Mererid's cry drives me to-night
From my chamber away;
After insolence comes long death.

Weak-witted Seithennin's grave is it
Between Kenedyr's Fort and the shore,
With majestic Mor's and Kynran's.

The names in these lines present great difficulties: first comes that of *Mererid*, which is no other word than *Margarita*, 'a pearl,' borrowed; but what does it here mean? *Margarita*, besides meaning a pearl, was used in

Welsh, e.g. under the form Marereda[173] , as the proper name written in English *Margaret*. That is probably how it is to be taken here, namely, as the name given to the negligent guardian of the fairy well. It cannot very well be, however, the name belonging to the original form of the legend; and we have the somewhat parallel case of *Ffynnon Grassi*, or Grace's Well; but what old Celtic name that of Mererid has replaced in the story, I cannot say. In the next place, nobody has been able to identify *Caer Kenedyr*, and I have nothing to say as to *Mor Maurhidic*, except that a person of that name is mentioned in another of the Englynion of the Graves. It runs thus in the Black Book, fol. 33&:--

Bet mor maurhidic diessic unben.,
post kinhen hinteic.
mab peredur penwetic.

The grave of Mor the Grand.... prince,
Pillar of the ... conflict,
Son of Peredur of Penwedig.

The last name in the final triplet of the poem which I have attempted to translate is Kinran, which is otherwise unknown as a Welsh name; but I am inclined to identify it with that of one of the three who escaped the catastrophe in the Irish legend. The name there is Curnán, which was borne by the idiot of the family, who, like many later idiots, was at the same time a prophet. For he is represented as always prophesying that the waters were going to burst forth, and as advising his friends to prepare boats. So he may be set, after a fashion, over against our *Seithenhin synhuir vann*, 'S. of the feeble mind.' But one might perhaps ask why I do not point out an equivalent in Irish for the Welsh Seithennin, as his name is now pronounced. The fact is that no such equivalent occurs in the Irish story in question, nor exactly, so far as I know, in any other.

That is what I wrote when penning these notes; but it has occurred to me since then, that there is an Irish name, an important Irigh name, which looks as if related to Seithenhin, and that is *Setanta Beg*, 'the little Setantian,' the first name of the Irish hero Cuchulainn. The *nt*, I may point out, makes one suspect that *Setanta* is a name of Brythonic origin in Irish; and I have been in the habit of associating it with that of the people of the Setantii[174] , placed by Ptolemy on the coast of what is now Lancashire. Whether any

legend has ever been current about a country submerged on the coast of Lancashire I cannot say, but the soundings would make such a legend quite comprehensible. I remember, however, reading somewhere as to the Plain of Muirthemhne, of which Cf1chulainn, our Setanta Beg, had special charge, that it was so called because it had once been submarine and become since-the converse, so to say, of Seithennin's country. The latter is beneath Cardigan Bay, while the other fringed the opposite side of the sea, consisting as it did of the level portion of County Louth. On the whole, I am not altogether indisposed to believe thatwe have here traces of an ancient legend of a wider scope than is represented by the *Black Book* triplets, which I have essayed to translate. I think that I am right in recognizing that legend in the *Mabinogi* of Branwen, daughter of Llyr. There we read that, when Bran and his men crossed from Wales to Ireland, the intervening sea consisted merely of two navigable rivers, called Lli and Archan. The storyteller adds words to the effect, that it is only since then the sea has multiplied its realms[175]between Ireland and *Ynys y Kedyrn*, or the Isle of the Keiri, a name which has already been discussed: see pp. 279-83.

These are not all the questions which such stories suggest; for Seithennin is represented in later Welsh literature as the son of one *Seithyn*, associated with Dyfed; and the name *Seithyn* leads off to the coast of Brittany. For I learn from a paper by the late M. le Men, in the *Revue Archéologique*for 1872 (xxiii. 52), that the Ile de Sein is called in Breton *Enez-Sun*, in which *Sun* is a dialectic shortening of *Sizun*, which is also met with as *Seidhun*. That being so, one would seem to be right in regarding *Sizun* as nearly related to our *Seithyn*. That is not all-the tradition reminds one of the Welsh legend: M. le Men refers to the *Vie du P.. Maunoir* by Boschet (Paris, 1697) p. 126, and adds that, in his own time, the road ending on the Pointe du Raz opposite the Ile de Sein passed 'pour etre I'ancien chemin qui conduisait a la ville d'Is (*Kaer-a-Is*, la ville de la partie basse).' It is my own experience, that. nobody can go about much in Brittany without hearing over and over again about the submerged city of Is. There is no doubt that we have in these names distant echoes of an inundation story, once widely current in both Britains and perhaps also in Ireland. With regard to Wales we have an indication to that effect in the fact, that Gwydno, to whom the inundated region is treated as having belonged, is associated not only with Cardigan Bay, but also with the coast of North

Wales, especially the part of it situated between Bangor and Llandudno[176] . Adjoining it is supposed to lie submerged a once fertile district called Tyno Helig, a legend about which will come under notice later. This brings the inundation story nearer to the coast where Ptolemy in the second century located the Harbour of the Setantil, about the mouth of the river Ribble, and in their name we seem to have some sort of a historical basis for that of the drunken Selthennin[177] . I cannot close these remarks better than by appending what Professor Boyd Dawkins has recently said with regard to the sea between Britain and Ireland:--

'It may be interesting to remark further that during the time of the Iberian dominion in Wales, the geography of the seaboard was different to what it is now. A forest, containing the remains of their domestic oxen that had run wild, and of the indigenous wild animals such as the bear and the red deer, united Anglesey with the mainland, and occupied the shallows of Cardigan Bay, known in legend as " the lost lands of Wales." It extended southwards from the present sea margin across the estuary of the Severn, to Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. It passed northwards across the Irish Sea off the coast of Cheshire and Lancashire, and occupied Morecambe Bay with a dense growth of oak, Scotch fir, alder, birch, and hazel. It ranged seawards beyond the ten-fathom line, and is to be found on most shores beneath the sand-banks and mud-banks, as for example at Rhyl and Cardiff. In Cardigan Bay it excited the wonder of Giraldus de Barri.[178]

To return to fairy wells, I have to confess that I cannot decide what may be precisely the meaning of the notion of a well with a woman set carefully to see that the door or cover of the well is kept shut. It will occur, however, to everybody to compare the well which Undine wished to have kept shut, on account of its affording a ready access from her subterranean country to the residence of her refractory knight in his castle above ground. And in the case of the Glasfryn Lake, the walling and cover that were to keep the spring from overflowing were, according to the story, not watertight, seeing that there were holes made in one of the stones. This suggests the idea that the cover was to prevent the passage of some such full-grown fairies as those with which legend seems to have once peopled all the pools and tarns of Wales. But, in the next place, is the maiden in char ogre of the well to be regarded as priestess of the well? The idea of a priesthood in connexion with wells in Wales is not wholly unknown. I wish, however, before

discussing these instances, to call attention to one or two Irish ones which point in another direction. Foremost may be mentioned the source of the river Boyne, which is now called Trinity Well, situated in the Barony of Carbury, in County Kildare. The following is the Rennes Din&enchas concerning it, as translated by Dr. Stokes, in the Revue Cdtique, xv. 315-6:--'Boand, wife of Nechtitn son of Labraid, went to the secret well which was in the green of Sid Nechtdin. Whoever went to it would not come from it without his two eyes bursting, unless it were NechtAn himself and his three cup-bearers, whose names were Flesc and Ldm and Luam. Once upon a time 136and went through pride to test the well's power, and declared that it had no secret force which could shatter her form, and thrice she walked withershins round the well. (Whereupon) three waves from the well break over her and deprive her of a thigh [? *wounded her thigh*) and one of her hands and one of her eyes. Then she, fleeing her shame, turns seaward, with the water behind her as far as Boyne-mouth, (where she was drowned).' This is to explain why the river is called Bóand, 'Boyne.' A version to the same effect in the *Book of Leinster*, fol.191a, makes the general statement that no one who gazed right into the well could avoid the instant ruin of his two eyes or otherwise escape with impunity. A similar story is related to show how the Shannon, in Irish *Sinann*, *Sinand*, or *Sinend*, is called after a woman of that name. It occurs in the same Rennes manuscript, and the following is Stokes' translation in the*Revue Celtique*, xv. 457:--'Sinend, daughter of Lodan Lucharglan son of Ler out of Tir Tairngire (Land of Promise, Fairyland), went to Connla's Well, which is under sea, to behold it. That is a well at which are the hazels and inspirations (?) of wisdom, that is, the hazels of the science of poetry, and in the same hour their fruit and their blossom and their foliage break forth, and these fall on the well in the same shower, which raises on the water a royal surge of purple. Then the salmon chew the fruit, and the juice of the nuts is apparent on their purple beffies. And seven streams of wisdom spring forth and turn there again. Now Sinend went to seek the inspiration, for she wanted nothing save only wisdom. She went with the stream till she reached *Linn Mna Feile*, "the Pool of the Modest Woman," that is Bri Ele--and she went ahead on herjourney; but the well left its place, and she followed it[179]to the banks of the river *Tarr-cáin*, " Fairback." After this it overwhelmed her, so that her back (tarr) went upwards, and when she had come to the land on this side

(of the Shannon) she tasted death. Whence *Sinann* and *Linn Mna Feile* and *Tarr-cain'*

In these stories the reader will have noticed that the foremost punishment on any intruder who looked into the forbidden well was the instant ruin of his two eyes. One naturally asks why the eyes are made the special objects of the punishment, and I am inclined to think the meaning to have originally been that the well or spring was regarded as the eye of the divinity of the water. Should this prove well founded it looks natural that the eyes, which transgressed by gazing into the eye of the divinity, should be the first objects of that divinity's vengeance. This is suggested to me by the fact that the regular Welsh word for the source of a river is *llygad*, Old Welsh *licat*, 'eye,' as for instance in the case of *Licat Amir* mentioned by Nennius, sect; 73; of *Llygad Llychwr*, 'the source of the Loughor river' in the hills behind Carreg Cennen Castle; and of theweird lake in which the Rheido[180]rises near the top of Plinlimmon--it is called *Lyn Llygady Rheidol*, I the Lake of the Rheidol's Eye.' By the way, the Rheidol is not wholly without its folklore, for I used to be told in my childhood, that she and the Wye and the Severn sallied forth simultaneously from Plinlimmon one fine morning to run a race to the sea. The result was, one was told, that the Rheidol won great honour by reaching the sea three weeks before her bigger sisters. Somebody has alluded to the legend in the following lines:--

Tair afon gynt a rifwyd
A r dwyfron Pumiumon lwyd,
Hafren a Gwy'n hyfryd ei gwed,
A'r Rheidolfawr ei hanrhyded.

Three rivers of yore were seen
On grey Plinlimmon's breast,
Severn, and Wye of pleasant mien,
And Rheidol rich in great renown.

To return to the Irish legends, I may mention that Eugene O'Curry has a good deal to say of the mysterious nuts and' the salmon of knowledge,' the partaking of which was synonymous with the acquisition of knowledge and wisdom: see his *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, ii. 142-4- He gives it as his opinion that Connla's Well was situated somewhere in Lower Ormond; but the locality of this Helicon, -with the seven streams of wisdom circulating out of it and back again into it, is more intelligible when

regarded as a matter of fairy geography. A portion of the note appended to the foregoing legend by Stokes is in point here: he traces the earliest mention of the nine hazels of wisdom, growing at the heads of the chief rivers of Ireland, to the Dialogue of the Two Sages in the *Book of Leinster,* fol. 186b, whence he cites the poet Nede mac Adnai saying whence he had come, as follows:*a caillib i. a noi collaib na Segsa ... a caillib didiu assa mbenaiter clessa na suad tanacsa*, 'from hazels, to wit, from the nine hazels of the Segais ... from hazels out of which are obtained the feats of the sages, I have come.' The relevancy of this passage will be seen when I add, that Segais was one of the names of the mound in which the Boyne rises; so it may be safely inferred that B6and's transgression was of the same nature as that of Sinand, to wit, that of intruding on sacred ground in quest of wisdom and inspiration which was not permitted their sex: certain sources of knowledge, certain *quellen*, were reserved for men alone.

Before I have done with the Irish instances I must append one in the form it was told me in the summer of 1894: 1 was in Meath and went to see the remarkable chambered cairns on the hill known as *Sliabh na Caillighe*, 'the Hag's Mountain,' near Oldcastle and Lough Crew. I had as my guide a young shepherd whom I picked up on the way. He knew all about the hag after whom the hill was called except her name: she was, he said, a giantess, and so she brought there, in three apronfuls, the stones forming the three principal cairns. As to the cairn on the hill point known as Belrath, that is called the Chair Cairn from a big stone placed there by the hag to serve as her seat when she wished to have a quiet look on the country round. But usually she was to be seen riding on a wonderful pony she had: that creature was so nimble and strong that it used to take the hag at a leap from one hill-top to another. However, the end of it all was that the hag rode so hard that the pony fell down, and that both horse and rider were killed. The hag appears to have been *Cailleach Bhéara*, or *Caillech Bérre*, 'the Old Woman of Beare,' that is, Bearhaven, in County Cork [181]. Now the view from the Hag's Mountain is very extensive, and I asked the shepherd to point out some places in the distance. Among other things we could see Lough Ramor, which he called the Virginia Water, and more to the west he identified Lough Sheelin, about which he had the following legend to tell:--A long, long time ago there was no lake there, but only a well with a flagstone kept over it, and everybody would put the flag back after taking

water out of the well. But one day a woman who fetched water from it forgot to replace the stone, and the water burst forth in pursuit of the luckless woman, [15] who fled as hard as she could before the angry flood. She continued until she had run about seven miles-the estimated length of the lake at the present day. Now at this point a man, who was busily mowing hay in the field through which she was running, saw what was happening and mowed the woman down with his scythe, whereupon the water advanced no further. Such was the shepherd's yarn, which partly agrees with the Boyne and Shannon stories in that the woman was pursued by the water, which only stopped where she died. On the other hand, it resembles the Llyn Llech Owen legend and that of Lough Neagh in placing to the woman's charge only the neglect to cover the well. It looks as if we had in these stories a confusion of two different institutions, one being a well of wisdom which no woman durst visit without fatal vengeance overtaking her, and the other a fairy well which was attended to by a.woman who was to keep it covered, and who may, perhaps, be regarded as priestess of the spring. If we try to interpret the Cantre'r Gwaelod story from these two points of view we have to note the following matters:-- Though it is not said that the *moruin*, or damsel, had a lid or cover on the well, the word *golligaut* or *helligaut*, I did let run,' implies some such an idea as that of a lid or door; for opening the sluices, in the sense of the later version, seems to me out of the question. In two of the Englynion she is cursed for the action implied, and if she was the well minister or well servant, as I take *finaun wenestir* to mean, we might perhaps regard her as the priestess of that spring. On the other hand, the prevailing note in the other Englynion is the *traha*, 'presumption, arrogance, insolence, pride,' which forms the burden of four out of five of them. This would seem to point to an attitude on the part of the damsel resembling that of B6and or Sinand when prying into the secrets of wells which were tabu to them. The seventh Englyn alludes to wines, and its burden is *gormodd*, 'too much, excess, extravagance,' whereby the poet seems to lend countenance to some such a later story as that of Seithennin's intemperance.

Lastly, the question of priest or priestess of a sacred well has been alluded to once or twice, and it may be perhaps illustrated on Welsh ground by the history of Ffynnon Eilian, or St. Elian's Well, which has been mentioned in another context, p. 357 above. Of that well we read as follows, s. v.*Llandrillo*, in the third edition of Lewis' *Topographical Dictionary of*

Wales:' Fynnon Elian. . . . even in the present age, is frequently visited by the superstitious, for the purpose of invoking curses upon the heads of those who have grievously offended them, and also of supplicating prosperity to themselves; but the numbers are evidently decreasing. The ceremony is performed by the applicant standing upon a certain spot near the well, whilst the owner of it reads a few passages of the sacred Scriptures, and then, taking a small quantity of water, gives it to the former to drink, and throws the residue over his head, which is repeated three times, the party continuing to mutter imprecations in whatever terms his vengeance may dictate.' Rice Rees, in his *Essay on the Welsh Saints* (London, 1836), p.:267, speaks of St. Elian as follows: I Miraculous cures were lately supposed to be performed at his shrine at Llanelian, Anglesey; and near to the church of Llanelian, Denbighshire, is a well called Ffynnon Elian, which is thought by the peasantry of the neighbourhood to be endued with miraculous powers even at present.'

Foulkes, s. v. *Elian*, in his *Enwogion Cymru*, published in Liverpool in 1870, expresses the opinion that the visits of the superstitious to the well had ceased for some time. The last person supposed to have had charge of the well was a certain John Evans, but some of the most amusing stories of the shrewdness of the caretaker refer to a woman who had charge of the well before Evans' time. A series of articles on *Ffynnon Eilian* appeared in 1861 in a Welsh periodical called Y Nofelyd, printed by Mr. Aubrey at Manerch y Med, in Anglesey. The articles in question were afterwards published, I am told, as a shilling book, which I have not seen, and they dealt with the superstition, with the history of John Evans, and with his confessions and conversion. I have searched in vain for any account in Welsh of the ritual followed at the well. When Mrs. Silvan Evans visited the place, the person in charge of the well was a woman, and Peter Roberts, in his *Cambrian Popular Antiquities*, published in London in 18i5, alludes to her or a predecessor of hers in the following terms, p. 246:--'Near the Well resided some worthless and infamous wretch, who officiated as priestess.' He furthermore gives one to understand that she kept a book in which she registered the name of each evil wisher for a trifling sum of money. When this had been done, a pin was dropped into the well in the name of the victim. This proceeding looks adequate from the magical point of view, though less complicate than the ritual indicated by Lewis. This latter writer calls the person who took charge of the well the owner; and I have always

understood that, whether owner or not, he or she used to receive gifts, not only for placing in the well the names of men who were to be cursed, but also from those men for taking their names out again, so as to relieve them from the malediction. In fact, the trade in curses seems to have been a very thriving one its influence was powerful and widespread.

Here there is, I think, very little doubt that the owner or guardian of the well was, so to say, the representative of an ancient priesthood of the well. That priesthood dated its origin probably many centuries before a Christian church was built near the well, and coming down to later times we have unfortunately no sufficient data to show how the night to such priesthood was acquired, whether by inheritance or otherwise; but we know that a woman might have charge of St. Elian's Well.

Let me cite another instance, which I unexpectedly discovered some years ago in the course of a ramble in quest of early inscriptions. Among other places which I visited was Llandeilo Llwydarth, near Maen Clochog, in the northern part of Pembrokeshire. This is one of the many churches bearing the name of St. Teilo in South Wales: the building is in ruins, but the churchyard is still used, and contains two of the most ancient post-Roman inscriptions in the Principality. If you ask now for' Llandeilo' in this district, you will be understood to be inquiring after the farm house of that name, close to the old church; and I learnt from the landlady that her family had been there for many generations, though they have not very long been the proprietors of the land. She also told me of St. Teilo's Well, a little above the house: she added that it was considered to have the property of curing the whooping-cough. I asked if there was any rite or ceremony necessary to be performed in order to derive benefit from the water. Certainly, I was told: the water must be lifted out of the well and given to the patient to drink by some member of the family. To be more accurate, I ought to say that this must be done by somebody born in the house. Her eldest son, however, had told me previously, when I was busy with the inscriptions, that the water must be given to the patient by the heir, not by anybody else. Then came my question how the waterwas lifted, or out of what the patient had to drink, to which I was answered that it was out of the skull. 'What skull?" said I. 'St. Teilo's skull,' was the answer. 'Where do you get the saint's skull?' I asked. 'Here it is,' was the answer, and I was given it to handle and examine. I know next to nothing about skulls; but it

struck me that it was the upper portion of a thick, strong skull, and it called to my mind the story of the three churches which contended for the saint's corpse. That story will be found in the *Book of Llan Dav*, pp. 116-7, and according to it the contest became so keen that it had to be settled by prayer and fasting. So, in the morning, lo and behold! there were three corpses of St. Teilo--not simply one-and so like were they in features and stature that nobody could tell which were the corpses made to order and which the old one. I should have guessed that the skull which I saw belonged to the former description, as not having been much thinned by the owner's use of it; but this I am forbidden to do by the fact that, according to the legend, this particular Llandeilo was not one of the three contending churches which bore away in triumph a dead Teilo each. The reader, perhaps, would like to take another view, namely, that the story has been edited in such a way as to reduce a larger number of Teilos to three, in order to gratify the Welsh weakness for triads.

Since my visit to the neighbourhood I have been favoured with an account of the well as it is now current there. My informant is Mr. Benjamin Gibby of 11-angolman Mill, who writes mentioning, among other things, that the people around call the well *Ffynnon yr Ychen*, or the Oxen's Well, and that the family owning and occupying the farm house of Landeilo, have been there for centuries. Their name, which is Melchior (pronounced Melshor), is by no means a common one in the Principality, so far as I know; but, whatever may be its history in Wales, the bearers of it are excellent Kymry. Mr. Gibby informs me that the current story solves the difficulty as to the saint's skull as follows:--The saint had a favourite maid servant from the Pembrokeshire Llandeilo: she was a beautiful woman, and had the privilege of attending on the saint when he was on his death-bed. As his end was approaching he gave his maid a strict and solemn command that in a year's time from the day of his burial at Llandeilo Fawr, in Carmarthenshire, she was to take his skull to the other Llandeilo, and to leave it there to be a blessing to coming generations of men, who, when ailing, would have their health restored by drinking water out of it. So the belief prevailed that to drink out of the skull some of the water of Teilo's Well ensured health, especially against the whooping-cough.

The faith of some of those who used to visit the well was so great in its efficacy, that they were wont to leave it, he says, with their constitutions

wonderfully improved; and he mentions a story related to him by an old neighbour, Stifyn Ifan, who has been dead for some years, to the effect that a carriage, drawn by four horses, came once, more than half a century ago, to Llandello. It was full of invalids coming from Pen Claw(l, in Gower, Glamorganshire, to try the water of the well. They returned, however, no better than they came; for though they had drunk of the well, they had neglected to do so out of the skull. This was afterwards pointed out to them by somebody, and they resolved to make the long journey to the well again. This time they did the right thing, we are told, and departed in excellent health.

Such are the contents of Mr. Gibby's Welsh letter; and I would now only point out that we have here an instance of a well which was probably sacred before the time of St. Teilo: in fact, one would possibly be right in supposing that the sanctity of the well and its immediate surroundings was one of the causes why the site was chosen by a Christian missionary.

But consider for a moment what has happened: the well paganism has annexed the saint, and established a belief ascribing to him the skull used in the well ritual.

The landlady and her family, it is true, neither believe in the efficacy of the well, nor take gifts from those who visit the well; but they continue, out of kindness, as they put it, to hand the skull full of water to any one who perseveres in believing in it. In other words, the faith in the well continues in a measure intact, while the walls of the church have long fallen into utter decay. Such is the great persistence of some primitive beliefs; and in this particular instance we have a succession which seems to point unmistakably to an ancient priesthood of a sacred spring.

End of volume one.

Volume 2

7. Triumphs of the Water-World

Une des légendes les plus répandues en Bretagne est celle d'une prétendue ville d'ls, qui, à une époque inconnue, auraitété' engloutie par la. mer. On montre, à divers endroits de]a côte, l'emplacement de cette cité fabuleuse, et les pĕcheurs vous en font d'étranges récits. Les jours de tempéte, assurent-ils, on voit, dans les creux des vagues, le sommet des fléches de ses églses; les jours de calme, on entend mointer de I'ablme Ie son de ses cloches, modulant l'hymne du jour.-RENAN.

MORE than once in the last chapter was the subject of submersions and cataclysms brought before the reader, and it may be convenient to enumerate here the most remarkable cases, and to add one or two to their number, as well as to dwell at somewhat greater length on some instances which may be said to have found their way into Welsh literature. He has already been told of the outburst of the Glasfryn Lake and Ffynnon Gywer, of Llyn Llech Owen and the Crymlyn, also of the drowning of Cantre'r Gwaelod; not to mention that one of my informants had something to say of the submergence of Caer Arianrhod, a rock now visible only at low water between Celynmog Fawr and Dinas Dintle, on the coast of Arfon. Rut, to put it briefly, it is an ancient belief in the Principality that its lakes generally have swallowed up habitations of men, as in the case of Llyn Syfacton (p. 73) and the Pool of Corwrion (p. 57). To these I now proceed to add other instances, to wit those of Bala Lake, Kenfig Pool Llynclys, and Helig ab Glannog's territory including Traeth Lafan.

Perhaps it is best to begin with historical events, namely those implied in the encroachment of the sea and the sand on the coast of Glamorganshire, from the Mumbles, in Gower, to the mouth of the Ogmore, below Bridgend. It is believed that formerly the shores of Swansea Bay were from three to five miles further out than the present strand, and the oyster dredgers point to that part of the bay which they call the Green Grounds, while trawlers, hovering over these sunken meadows of the Grove Island, declare that they can sometimes see the foundations of the ancient homesteads overwhelmed by a terrific storm which raged some three centuries ago. The old people sometimes talk of an extensive forest called *Coed Arian*, 'Silver Wood,' stretching from the foreshore of the Mumbles to Kenfig Burrows, and there

is a tradition of a longlost bridle path used by many generations of Mansels, Mowbrays, and Talbots, from Penrice Castle to Margam Abbey. All this is said to be corroborated by the fishing up every now and then in Swansea Bay of stags' antlers, elks' horns, those of the wild ox, and wild boars' tusks, together with the remains of other ancient tenants of the submerged forest. Various references in the registers of Swansea and Aberavon mark successive stages in the advance of the desolation from the latter part of the fifteenth century down. Among others a great sandstorm is mentioned, which overwhelmed the borough of Cynffig or Kenfig, and encroached on the coast generally: the series of catastrophes seems to have culminated in an inundation caused by a terrible tidal wave in the early part of the year 1607 .[182]

To return to Kenfig, what remains of that old town is near the sea, and it is on all sides surrounded by hillocks of finely powdered sand and flanked by ridges of the same fringing the coast. The ruins of several old buildings half buried in the sand peep out of the ground, and in the immediate neighbourhood is Kenfig Pool, which is said to have a circumference of nearly two miles. When the pool formed itself I have not been able to discover: from such accounts as have come in my way I should gather that it is older than the growing spread of the sand, but the island now to be seen in it is artificial and of modem make[183]. The story relating to the lake is given as follows in the volume of the *Iolo Manuscripts*, p. 194, and the original, from which I translate, is crisp, compressed, and, as I fancy, in Iolo's own words:--

'A plebeian was in love with Earl Clare's daughter: she would not have him as he was not wealthy. He took to the highway, and watched the agent of the lord of the dominion coming towards the castle from collecting his lord's money. He killed him, took the money, and produced the coin, and the lady married him. A splendid banquet was held: the best men of the country were invited, and they made as merry as possible. On the second night the marriage was consummated, and when happiest one heard a voice: all ear one listened and caught the words, "Vengeance comes, vengeance comes, vengeance comes," three times. One asked, " When? " " In the ninth generation (jch)," said the voice. " No reason for us to fear," said the married pair; "we shall be under the mould long before." They lived on, however, and a goresgynnydd that is to say, a descendant of the sixth direct

generation, was born to them, also to the murdered man a *goresgynnydd*, who, seeing that the time fixed was come, visited Kenfig. This was a discreet youth of gentle manners, and he looked at the city and its splendour, and noted that nobody owned a furrow or a chamber there except the offspring of the murderer: he and his wife were still living. At cockcrow he heard a cry, " Vengeance is; come, is come, is come." It is asked, " On whom?" and answered, "On him who murdered my father of the ninth *âch*." He rises in terror: he goes towards the city; but there is nothing to see save a large lake with three chimney tops above the surface emitting smoke that formed a stinking . . . [184] On the face of the waters the gloves of the murdered man float to the young man's feet: he picks them up, and sees on them the murdered man's name and arms; and he hears at dawn of day the sound of praise to God rendered by myriads joining in heavenly music. And so the story ends'

On this coast is another piece of water in point, namely Crymlyn, or 'Crumlin Pool,' now locally called the Bog. It appears also to have been sometimes called Pwll Cynan, after the name of a son of Rhys ab T-ewdwr, who, in his flight after his father's defeat on Hirwaen Wrgan, was drowned in its waters[185] . It lies on Lord Jersey's estate, at a distance of about one mile east of the mouth of the Tawe, and about a quarter of a mile from high-water mark, from which it is separated by a strip of ground known in the neighbourhood as Crymlyn Burrows. The name Crymlyn means Crooked Lake, which, I am told, describes the shape of this piece of water. When the bog becomes a pool it encloses an island consisting of a little rocky hillock showing no trace of piles, or walling, or any other handiwork of man[186] . The storv about this pool also is that it covers a town buried beneath its waters. Mr. Wirt Sikes' reference to it has already been mentioned, and I have it on the evidence of a native of the immediate neighbourhood, that he has often heard his father and grandfather talk about the submerged town. Add to this that Cadrawd, to whom I have had already (pp. 23, 376) to acknowledge my indebtedness, speaks in the columns of the South Wales Daibi News for February 15, 1899, of Crymlyn as follows:--

'It was said by the old people that on the site of this bog once stood the old town of Swansea, and that in clear and calm weather the chimneys and even the church steeple could be seen at the bottom of the lake, and in the loneliness of the night the bells were often heard ringing in the lake. It was

also said that should any person happen to stand with his face towards the lake when the wind is blowing across the lake, and if any of the spray of that water should touch his clothes, it would be only with the greatest difficulty he could save himself from being attracted or sucked into the water. The lake was at one time much larger than at present. The efforts made to drain it have drawn a good deal of the water from it, but only to convert itinto a bog, which no one can venture to cross except in exceptionally dry seasons or hard frost.'

On this I wish to remark in passing, that, while common sense would lead one to suppose that the wind blowing across the water would help the man facing it to get away whenever he chose, the reasoning here is of another order, one characteristic in fact of the ways and means of sympathetic magic. For specimens in point the reader may be conveniently referred above, where he may compare the words quoted from Mr. Hartland, especially as to the use there mentioned of stones or pellets thrown from one's hands. In the case of Crymlyn, the wind blowing off the face of the water into the onlooker's face and carrying with it some of the water in the form of spray which wets his clothes, howsoever little, was evidently regarded as establishing a link of connexion between him and the body of the water-or shall I say rather, between him and the divinity of the water?-and that this link was believed to be so strong that it required the man's utmost effort to break it and escape being drawn in and drowned like Cynan. The statement, supremely silly as it reads, is no modern invention; for one finds that Nennius-or somebody else-reasoned in precisely the same way, except that for a single onlooker he substitutes a whole army of men and horses, and that he points the antithesis by distinctly stating, that if they kept their backs turned to the fascinating flood they would be out of danger. The conditions which he had in view were, doubtless, that the men should face the water and have their clothing more or less wetted by the spray from it. The passage (§ 69) to which I refer is in the *Mirabilia*, and Geoffrey of Monmouth is found to repeat it in a somewhat better style of Latin (ix. 7): the following is the Nennian version:--

Aliud miraculum est, idest Oper Linn Liguan. Ostium fluminis illius in Sabrina et quando Sabrina inundatur ad sissam, et mare inundatur similiter in ostio supra dicti fluminis et in stagno ostii recipitr in modum voraginis et mare non vadit sursum et est litus juxta flumen et quamdiu Sabrina

inundatur ad sissam, istud litus non tegitur et quando recedit mare et Sabrina, tunc Stagnum Liuan eructat omne quod devoravit de mari et litus istud tegifur et instar montis in una unda eruclat et rumpit. Et si fuerit exercitus totius regionis, in qua est, et direxerit faciem contra undam, et exercitum trahit unda per vim humore repletis vestibus et equi similitertrahuntur. Si autem exercitus terga versusfuerit contra eam-, non nocet ei unda.

'There is another wonder, to wit Aber Llyn Lliwan. The water from the mouth of that river flows into the Severn, and when the Severn is in flood up to its banks, and when the sea is also in flood at the mouth of the above-named river and is sucked in like a whirlpool into the pool of the Aber, the sea does not go on rising: it leaves a margin of beach by the side of the river, and all the time the Severn is in flood up to its bank, that beach is not covered. And when the sea and the Severn ebb, then ILyn ILiwan brings up all it had swallowed from the sea, and that beach is covered while ILyn ILiwan discharges its contents in one mountain-like wave and vomits forth. Now if the army of the whole district in which this wonder is, were to be present with the men facing the wave, the force of it would, once their clothes are drenched by the spray, draw them in, and their horses would likewise be drawn. But if the men should have their backs turned towards the water, the wave would not harm them'.[187]

One story about the formation of Bala Lake, or Llyn Tegid[188]as it is called in Welsh, has already been given, here is another which I translate from a version in Hugh Humphreys' *Llyfr Gwybodaeth Gyffredinol* (Carnarvon), second series, vol. i, no. 2, P. I. I may premise that the contributor, whose name is not given, betrays a sort of literary ambition which has led him to relate the story in a confused fashion; and among other things he uses the word *edifeirwch*, 'repentance,' throughout, instead of *dial*, 'vengeance.' With that correction it runs somewhat as follows:--Tradition relates that Bala Lake is but the watery tomb of the palaces of iniquity; and that some old boatmen can on quiet moonlight nights in harvest see towers in ruins at the bottom of its waters, and also hear at times a feeble voice saying, *Dial a daw, dial a itaw*, 'Vengeance will come'; and another voice inquiring, *Pa bryd y daw*, 'When will it come?' Then the first voice answers, *Yn y drydedd genhedlaeth*, 'In the third generation.' Those voices were but a recollection over oblivion, for in one of those palaces lived in days of yore

an oppressive aud cruel prince, corresponding to the well-known description of one of whom it is said, ‘Whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive.’ The oppression and cruelty practised by him on the poor farmers were notorious far and near. This prince, while enjoying the morning breezes of summer in his garden, used frequently to hear a voice saying, ‘Vengeance will come.’ But he always laughed the threat away with reckless contempt. One night a poor harperfrom the neighbouring hills was ordered to come to the prince’s palace. On his way the harper was told that there was great rejoicing at the palace at the birth of the first child of the prince’s son. When he had reached the palace the harper was astonished at the number of the guests, including among them noble lords, princes, and princesses: never before had he seen such splendour at any feast. When he had begun playing the gentlemen and ladies dancing presented a superb appearance. So the mirth and wine abounded, nor did he love playing for them any more than they loved dancing to the music of his harp. But about midnight, when there was an interval in the dancing, and the old harper had been left alone in a comer, he suddenly heard a voice singing in a sort of a whisper in his ear, ‘Vengeance, vengeance!’ He turned at once, and saw a little bird hovering above him and beckoning him, as it were, to follow him. He followed the bird as fast as he could, but after getting outside the palace he began to hesitate. But the bird continued to invite him on, and to sing in a plaintive and mournful voice the word I Vengeance, vengeance!’ The old harper was afraid of refusing to follow, and so they went on over bogs and through thickets, whilst the bird was all the time hovering in front of him and leading him along the easiest and safest paths. But if he stopped for a moment the same mournful note of ‘Vengeance, vengeance!’ would be sung to him in a more and more plaintive and heartbreaking fashion. They had by this time reached the top of the hill, a considerable distance from the palace. As the old harper felt rather fatigued and weary, he ventured once more to stop and rest, but he heard the bird’s warning voice no more. Helistened, but he heard nothing save the murmuring of the little burn hard by. He now began to think how foolish he had been to allow himself to be led away from the feast at the palace: he turned back in order to be there in time for the next dance. As he wandered on the hill he lost his way, and found himself forced to await the break of day. In the morning, as he turned his eyes in the direction of the palace, he could see no trace of it: the whole

tract below was one calm, large lake, with his harp floating on the face of the waters.

Next comes the story of Llynclys Pool in the neighbourhood of 0swestry. That piece of water is said to be of extraordinary depth, and its name means the ‘ swallowed court.’ The village of Llynclys is called after it, and the legend concerning the pool is preserved in verses printed among the compositions of the local poet, John F. M. Dovaston, who published his works in 1825. The first stanza runs thus:--

Clerk Willin he sat at king Alaric’s board,
And a cunning clerk was he;

For he’d lived in the land of Oxenford
With the sons of Grammarie.

How much exactly of the poem comes from Dovaston’s own muse, and how much comes from the legend, I cannot tell. Take for instance the king’s name, this I should say is not derived from the story; but as to the name of the clerk, that possibly is, for the poet bases it on Croes-Willin, the Welsh form of which has been given me as Croes-Wylan, that is Wylan’s Cross, the name of the base of what is supposed to have been an old cross, a little way out of Oswestry on the north side; and I have been told that there is a farm in the same neighbourhood called Tre’ Wylan, ‘Wylan’s Stead.’ To return to the legend, Alaric’s queen was endowed with youth and beauty, but the king was not happy; and when he had lived with her nine years he told Clerk Willin how he first met her when he was hunting ‘fair Blodwell’s rocks among! He married her on the condition that she should be allowed to leave him one night in every seven, and this she did without his once knowing whither she went on the night of her absence. Clerk Willin promised to restore peace to the king if he would resign the queen to him, and a tithe annually of his cattle and of the wine in his cellar to him and the monks of the White Minster. The king consented, and the wily clerk hurried away with his book late at night to the rocks by the Giant’s Grave, where there was an ogo’ or cave which was supposed to lead down to Faery. While the queen was inside the cave, he began his spells and made it irrevocable that she should be his, and that his fare should be what fed on the king’s meadow and what flowed in his cellar. When the clerk’s potent spells forced the queen to meet him to consummate his bargain with the king, what should he behold but a grim ogress, who told him that their spells had

clashed. She explained to him how she had been the king's wife for thirty years, and how the king began to be tired of her wrinkles and old age. Then, on condition of returning to the Ogo to be an ogress one night in seven, she was given youth and beauty again, with which she attracted the king anew. In fact, she had promised him happiness

Till within his hall the flag-reeds tall
And the long green rushes grow.

The ogress continued in words which made the clerk see how completely he had been caught in his own net:

Then take thy bride to thy cloistered bed,
As by oath and spell decreed,
And nought be thy fare but the pike and the dare,
And the water in which they feed.

The clerk had succeeded in restoring peace at the king's banqueting board, but it was the peace of the dead;

For down went the king, and his palace and all,
And the waters now o'er it flow,
And already in his hall do the flag-reeds tall
And the long green rushes grow

But the visitor will, Dovaston says, find Willin's peace relieved by the stories which the villagers have to tell of that wily clerk, of Croes-Willin, and of 'the cave called the Grim Ogo'; not to mention that when the lake is clear, they will show you the towers of the palace below, the Llynclys, which the Brython of ages gone by believed to be there..

We now come to a different story about this pool, namely, one which has been preserved in Latin by the historian Humfrey Lhuyd, or Humphrey Llwyd, to the following effect:--

'After the description of *Gwynedh*, let us now come to *Powys*, the seconde kyngedome of *Wales*, which in the time of German Altisiodorensis [St. Germanus of Auxerre], which preached sometime there, agaynst Pelagius Heresie: was of power, as is gathered out of his life. The kynge wherof, as is there read, bycause he refused to heare that good man: by the secret and terrible iudgement of God, with his Palace, and all his householde: was swallowed vp into the bowels of the Earth, in that place, whereas, not farre

from 0swastry, is now a standyng water, of an vnknowne depth, called *Lhunclys*, that is to say: the deuouryng of the Palace. And there are many Churches founde in the same Province, dedicated to the name of German.[189]

I have not succeeded in finding the story in any of the lives of St. Germanus, but Nennius, § 32, mentions a certain Benli, whom he describes as *rex iniquus atque tyrannus valde*, who, after refusing to admit St. Germanus and his following into his city, was destroyed with all his courtiers, not by water, however, but by fire from heaven. But the name Benli, in modem Welsh spelling Benlli[190] , points to the Moel Famau range of mountains, one of which is known as Moel FenIti, between Ruthin and Mold, rather than to any place near Oswestry. In any case there is no reason to suppose that this story with its Christian and ethical motive is anything like so old as the substratum of Dovaston's verses.

The only version known to me in the Welsh language of the Llynclys legend is to be found printed in the *Brython* for 1863, p. 338, and it may be summarized as follows:--The ILynclys family were notorious for their riotous living, and at their feasts a voice used to be heard proclaiming, 'Vengeance is coming, coming,'but nobody took it much to heart. However, one day a reckless maid asked the voice, I When?' The prompt reply was to the effect that it was in the sixth generation: the voice was heard no more. So one night, when the sixth heir in descent from the time of the warning last heard was giving a great drinking feast, and music had been vigorously contributing to the entertainment of host and guest, the harper went outside for a breath of air; but when he turned to come back, lo and behold! the whole court had disappeared. Its place was occupied by a quiet piece of water, on whose waves he saw his harp floating, nothing more.

Here must, lastly, be added one more legend of submergence, namely, that supposed to have taken place some time or other on the north coast of Carnarvonshire. In the *Brython* for 1863, pp. 393--4, we have what purports to be a quotation from Owen jones' *Aberconwy a'i Chyffiniau*, 'Conway and its Environs,' a work which Y have not been able to find. Here one reads of a tract of country supposed to have once extended from the Gogarth [191], 'the Great Orrne,' to Bangor, and from Llanfair Fechan to Ynys Seiriol, 'Priestholme or Puffin Island,' and of its belonging to a wicked prince named Helig ab Glannawc or Glannog.[192], from whom it was

called *Tyno Helig*, ‘Helig’s Hollow.’ Tradition, the writer says, fixes the spot where the court stood about halfway between Penmaen Mawr and Pen y Gogarth, ‘the Great Orme’s Head,’ over against Trwyn yr Wylfa; and the story relates that here a calamity had been foretold four generations before it came, namely as the vengeance of Heaven on Helig ab Glannog for his nefarious impiety. As that ancient prince rode through his fertile heritage one day at the approach of night, he heard the voice of an invisible follower warning him that ‘Vengeance is coming, coming.’ The wicked old prince once asked excitedly,, When?’ The answer was, ‘In the time of thy grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and their children.’ Per-adventure Helig calmed himself with the thought, that, if such a thing came, it would not happen in his lifetime. But on the occasion of a great feast held at the court, and when the family down to the fifth generation were present taking part in the festivities, one of the servants noticed, when visiting the mead cellar to draw more drink, that water was forcing its way in. He had only time to warn the harper of the danger he was in when all the others, in the midst of their intoxication, were overwhelmed by the flood.’

These inundation legends have many points of similarity among themselves: thus in those of ILynclys, Syfaddon, Llyn Tegid, and Tyno Helig, though they have a ring of austerity about them, the harper is a favoured man, who always escapes when the banqueters are all involved in the catastrophe. The story, moreover, usually treats the submerged habitations as having sunk intact, so that the ancient spires and church towers may still at times be seen: nay the chimes of their bells may be heard by those who have ears for such music. In some cases there may have been, underlying the legend, a trace of fact such as has been indicated to me by Mr. Owen M. Edwards, of Lincoln College, in regard to Bala Lake. When the surface of that water, he says, is covered with broken ice, and a south-westerly wind is blowing, the mass of fragments is driven towards the north-eastern end near the town of Bala; and he has observed that the friction produces a somewhat metallic noise which a quick imagination may convert into something like a distant ringing of bells. Perhaps the most remarkable instance remains to be mentioned: I refer to Cantre’r Gwaelod, as the submerged country of Gwyc1no Garanhir is termed, see above. To one portion of his fabled realm the nearest actual centres of population are Aberdovey and Borth on either side of the estuary of the Dovey. As bursar of Jesus College I had business in 1892 in the Golden Valley of

Herefordshire, and I stayed a day or two at Dorstone enjoying the hospitality of the rectory, and learning interesting facts from the rector, Mr. Prosser Powell, and from Mrs. Powell in particular, as to the folklore of the parish, which is still in several respects very Welsh. Mrs. Powell, however, did not confine herself to Dorstone or the Dore Valley, for she told me as follows:--'I was at Aberdovey in 1852, and I distinctly remember that my childish imagination was much excited by the legend of the city beneath the sea, and the bells which I was told might be heard at night. I used to lie awake trying, but in vain, to catch the echoes of the chime. I was only seven years old, and cannot remember who told me the story, though I have never forgotten it.' Mrs. Powell added that she has since heard it said, that at a certain stage of the tide at the mouth of the Dovey, the way in which the waves move the pebbles makes them produce a sort of jingling noise which has been fancied to be the echo of distant bells ringing.

These clues appeared too good to be dropped at once, and the result of further inquiries led Mrs. Powell afterwards to refer me to The *Monthly Packet* for the year 1859, where I found an article headed 'Aberdovey Legends,' and signed M. B., the initials, Mrs. Powell thought, of Miss Bramston of Winchester. The writer gives a sketch of the story of the country overflowed by the neighbouring portion of Cardigan Bay, mentioning, p. 645, that once on a time there were great cities on the banks of the Dovey and the Disynni. 'Cities with marble wharfs,' she says, 'busy factories, and churches whose towers resounded with beautiful peals and chimes of bells.' She goes on to say that 'Mausnais the name of the city on the Dovey; its eastern suburb was at the sand-bank now called Borth, its western stretched far out into the sea.' What the name Mausna may be I have no idea, unless it is the result of some confusion with that of the great turbary behind Borth, namely Mochno, or *Cors Fochno*, 'Bog of Mochno.' The name Borth stands for *Y Borth*,,the Harbour,' which, more adequately described, was once *Porth Wyddno*, 'Gwydno's Harbour.' The writer, however, goes on with the story of the wicked prince, who left open the sluices of the sea-wall protecting his country and its capital: we read on as follows:--' But though the sea will not give back that fair city to light and air, it is keeping it as a trust but for a time, and even now sometimes, though very rarely, eyes gazing down through the green waters can see not only the fluted glistering sand dotted here and there with shells and tufts of waving sea-weed, but the wide streets and costly buildings of that now

silent city. Yet not always silent, for now and then will come chimes and peals of bells, sometimes near, sometimes distant, sounding low and sweet like a call to prayer, or as rejoicing for a victory. Even by day these tones arise, but more often they are heard in the long twilight evenings, or by night. English ears have sometimes heard these sounds even before they knew the tale, and fancied that they must come from some church among the hills, or on the other side of the water, but no such church is there to give the call; the sound and its connexion is so pleasant, that one does not care to break the spell by seeking for the origin of the legend, as in the idler tales with which that neighbourhood abounds.'

The dream about the wide streets and costly buildings of that now silent city' seems to have its counterpart on the western coast of Erin-somewhere, let us say, off the cliffs of Moher [193], in County Clare-witness Gerald Griffin's lines, to which a passing allusion has already been made,

A story I heard on the cliffs of the West,
That oft, through the breakers dividing,
A city is seen on the ocean's wild breast,
In turreted majesty riding.
But brief is the glimpse of that phantom so bright:
Soon close the white waters to screen it.

The allusion to the submarine chimes would make it unpardonable to pass by unnoticed the well-known Welsh air called *Clychau Aberdyfi*, [16] 'The Bells of Aberdovey,' which I have always suspected of taking its name from fairy bells[194].. This popular tune is of unknown origin, and the words to which it is usually sung make the bells say *un, dau, tri, bedwar, fump, chwech*, 'one, two, three, four, five, six'; and I have heard a charming Welsh vocalist putting on saith, i seven,'in her rendering of the song. This is not to be wondered at, as her instincts must have rebelled against such a commonplace number as six in a song redolent of old-world sentiment. But our fairy bells ought to have stopped at five: this would seem to have been forgotten when the melody and the present words were wedded together. At any rate our stories seem to suggest that fairy counting did not go beyond the fingering of one hand. The only Welsh fairy represented counting is made to do it all by fives: she counts *un, dau, tri, joedwar, pumb; un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump*, as hard as her tongue can go. For on the number of times she can repeat the five numerals at a single breath depends the number of

the live stock of each kind, which are to form her dowry: see p. 8 above, and as to music in fairy tales.

Now that a number of our inundation stories have been passed in review in this and the previous chapter, some room may be given to the question of their original form. They separate themselves, as it will have been seen, into at least two groups: (1) those in which the cause of the catastrophe is ethical, the punishment of the wicked and dissolute; and (2) those in which no very distinct suggestion of the kind is made. It is needless to say that everything points to the comparative lateness of the fully developed ethical motive; and we are not forced to rest content with this theoretical distinction, for in more than one of the instances we have the two kinds of story. In the case of ILyn Tegid, the less known and presumably the older story connects the formation of the lake with the neglect to keep the stone door of the well shut, while the more popular story makes the catastrophe a punishment for wicked and riotous living. So with the older story of Cantre'r Gwaelod, on which we found the later one of the tipsy Seithennin as it were grafted, p. 395. The keeping of the well shut in the former case, as also in that of Ffynnon Gywer, was a precaution, but the neglect of it was not the cause of the ensuing misfortune. Even if we had stories like the Irish ones, which make the sacred well burst forth in pursuit of the intruder who has gazed into its depths, it would by no means be of a piece with the punishment of riotous and lawless living. Our comparison should rather be with the story of the Curse of Pantannas, where a man incurred the wrath of the fairies by ploughing up ground which they wished to retain as a green sward; but the threatened vengeance for that act of culture did not come to pass for a century, till the time of one, in fact, who is not charged with having done anything to deserve it. The ethics of that legend are, it is clear, not easy to discover, and in our inundation stories one may trace stages of development from a similarly low level. The case may be represented thus: a divinity is offended by a man, and for some reason or other the former wreaks his vengeance, not on the offender, but on his descendants. This minimum granted, it is easy to see, that in time the popular conscience would fail to rest satisfied with the cruel idea of a jealous divinity visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children. One may accordingly distinguish the following stages:--

1. The legend lays it down as a fact that the father was very wicked.
2. It makes his descendants also wicked like him.
3- It represents the same punishment overtaking father and sons, ancestor and descendants.
4. The simplest way to secure this kind of equal justice was, no doubt, to let the offending ancestors live on to see their descendants of the generation for whose time the vengeance had been fixed, and to let them be swept away with them in one and the same cataclysm, as in the Welsh versions of the Syfadon and Kenfig legends, possibly also in those of Llyn Tegid and Tyno Helig, which are not explicit on this point.

Let us for a moment examine the indications of the time to which the vengeance is put off. In the case of the landed families of ancient Wales, every member of them had his position and liabilities settled by his pedigree, which had to be exactly recorded down to the eighth generation or eighth lifetime in Gwyned, and to the seventh in Gwent and Dyfed. Those generations were reckoned the limits of recognized family relationship according to the Welsh Laws, and to keep any practical reckoning of the kind, extending always back some two centuries, must have employed a class of professional men[195]In any case the ninth generation, called in Welsh *y nawfed dc*h, which is a term in use all over the Principality at the present day, is treated as lying outside all recognized kinship. Thus if AB wishes to say that he is no relation to CD, he will say that he is not related *o fewn y nawfed dch,* 'within the ninth degree,' or *hyd y nawfed ach*, 'up to the ninth degree,' it being understood that in the ninth degree and beyond it no relationship is reckoned. Folklore stories, however, seem to suggest another interpretation of the word dch, and fewer generations in the direct line as indicated in the following table. For the sake of simplicity the founder of the family is here assumed to have at least two sons, A and B, and each succeeding generation to consist of one son only; and lastly the women are omitted altogether:--

Tad I(Father)

I

Brother A

II

B Mab (Son)

2

i Cousin Aa

III

Ba Wyr (Grandson)

3

ii Cousin Ab

IV

Bb Gorwyr (Great Grandson)

4

Cousin Ac

V

Be Esgynnydd (G. G. Grandson)

5

Cousin Ad

VI

Bf Goresgynnydd (G. G. G. Grandson)

In reckoning the relationships between the collateral members of the family, one counts not generations or begettings, not removes or degrees, but ancestry or the number of ancestors, so that the father or founder of the family only counts once. Thus his descendants Ad and Bd in the sixth generation or lifetime, are fourth cousins separated from one another by nine ancestors: that is, they are related in the ninth *dch*. In other words, Ad has five ancestors and Bd has also five, but as they have one ancestor in common, the father of the family, they are not separated by 5 + 5 ancestors, but by 5 + 5--1, that is by 9. Similarly, one being always subtracted, the third cousins Ac and Bc are related in the seventh *dch*, and the second cousin in the fifth *ach*: so with the others in odd numbers downwards, and also with the relatives reckoned upwards to the seventh or eighth generation, which would mean collaterals separated by eleven or thirteen ancestors respectively. This reckoning, which is purely conjectural, is based

chiefly on the Kenfig story, which foretold the vengeance to come in the ninth dch and otherwise in the time of the *goresgytrnydd*, that is to say in the sixth lifetime. This works out all right if only by the ninth ach we understand the generation or lifetime when the collaterals are separated by nine ancestors, for that is no other than the sixth from the founder of the family. The Welsh version of the Llynclys legend fixes on the same generation, as it says *yn oes wyrion, gorwyrion, esgynnydd a goresgynnydd*, 'in the lifetime of grandsons, great-grandsons, ascensors, and their children,' for these last's time is the sixth generation. In the case of the Syfaddon legend the time of the vengeance is the ninth cenhedlaeth or gener-ation, which must be regarded as probably a careless way of indicating the generation when the collaterals are separated by nine ancestors, that is to say the sixth -from the father of the family. It can hardly have the other meaning, as the sinning ancestors are represented as then still living.

The case of the Tyno Helig legend is different, as we have thetime announced to the offending ancestor described *as amser dy wyrion, dy orwyrion, a dy esgynyddion*, 'the time of thy grandsons, thy great-grandsons, and thy ascensors,' which would be only the fifth generation with collaterals separated only by seven ancestors, and not nine. But the probability is that goresgynyddion has been here accidentally omitted, and that the generation indicated originally was the same as in the others. This, however, will not explain the Bala legend, which fixes the time for the third generation, namely, immediately after the birth of the offending prince's first grandson. If, however, as I am inclined to suppose, the sixth generation with collaterals severed by nine ancestors was the normal term in these stories, it is easy to understand that the story-teller might wish to substitute a generation nearer to the original offender, especially if he was himself to be regarded as surviving to share in the threatened punishment: his living to see the birth of his first grandson postulated no extraordinary longevity.

The question why fairy vengeance is so often represented deferred for a long time can no longer be put off. Here three or four answers suggest themselves:--

1:. The story of the Curse of Pantarmas relates how the offender was not the person punished, but one of his descendants a hundred or more years after his time, while the offender is represented escaping the fairies' vengeance

because he entreated them very hard to let him go unpunished. All this seems to me but a sort of protest against the inexorable character of the little people, a protest, moreover, which was probably invented comparatively late.

2. The next answer is the very antithesis of the Pantannas one; for it is, that the fairies delay in order to involve all the more men and women in the vengeance wreaked by them: I confess that I see no reason to entertain so sinister an idea.

3. A better answer, perhaps, is that the fairies were not always in a position to harm him who offended them. This may well have been the belief as regards any one who had at his command the dreaded potency of magic. Take for instance the Irish story of a king of Erin called Eochaid Airem, who, with the aid of his magician or druid Dalan, defied the fairies, and dug into the heart of their underground station, until, in fact, he got possession of his queen, who had been carried thither by a fairy chief named Mider. Eochaid, assisted by his druid and the powerful Ogams which the latter wrote on rods of yew, was too formidable for the fairies, and their wrath was not executed till the time of Eochaid's unoffending grandson, Conaire Mór, who fell a victim to it, as related in the epic story of Bruden Diderga, so called from the palace where Conaire was slain.[196]

4. Lastly, it may be said that the fairies being supposed deathless, there would be no reason why they should hurry; and even in case the delay meant a century or two, that makes no perceptible approach to the extravagant scale of time common enough in our fairy tales, when, for instance, they make a man who has whiled ages away in fairyland, deem it only so many minutes.[197]

Whatever the causes may have been which gave our stories their form in regard of the delay in the fairy revenge, it is clear that Welsh folklore could not allow this delay to extend beyond the sixth generation with its cousinship of nine ancestries, if, as I gather, it counted kinship no further. Had one projected it on the seventh or the eighth generation, both of which are contemplated in the Laws, it would not be folklore. It would more likely be the lore of the landed gentry and of the powerful families whose pedigrees and ramifications of kinship were minutely known to the professional men on whom it was incumbent to keep themselves, and those on whom they depended, well informed in such matters.

It remains for me to consider the non-ethical motive of the other stories, such as those which ascribe negligence and the consequent inundation to the woman who has the charge of the door or lid of the threatening well. Her negligence is not the cause of the catastrophe, but it leaves the way open for it. What then can have been regarded the cause? One may gather something to the point from the Irish story where the divinity of the well is offended because a woman has gazed into its depths, and here probably, as already suggested we come across an ancient tabu directed against women, which may have applied only to certain wells of peculiarly sacred character. It serves, however, to suggest that the divinities of the water-world were not disinclined to seize every opportunity of extending their domain on the earth's surface; and I am persuaded that this was once a universal creed of some race or other in possession of these islands.Besides the Irish Legends already mentioned of the formation of Lough Neagh, Lough Ree, and others, witness the legendary annals of early Ireland, which, by the side of battles, the clearing of forests, and the construction of causeways, mention the bursting fort of lakes and rivers; that is to say, the formation or the coming into existence, or else the serious expansion, of certain of the actual waters of the country. For the present purpose the details given by *The Four Masters* are sufficient and I have hurriedly counted their instances as follows:

Anno Mundi 2532

2 lakes formed

Anno Mundi 2533

1 lake fomed

Anno Mundi 2535

2 lakes formed

Anno Mundi 2545

1 lake fomed

Anno Mundi 2546

1 lake fomed

Anno Mundi 2859

2 lakes formed

Anno Mundi 2860

2 lakes formed

Anno Mundi 3503

21 rivers fomed

Anno Mundi 3506

9 lakes formed

Anno Mundi 3510

5 rivers fomed

Anno Mundi 3520

9 rivers fomed

Anno Mundi 3581

9 lakes formed

Anno Mundi 3656

3 rivers fomed

Anno Mundi 3751

1 lake formed

Anno Mundi 3751

4 rivers fomed

Anno Mundi 3790

9 lakes formed

Anno Mundi 4169

5 rivers fomed

Anno Mundi 4694

1 lake forme

This makes an aggregate of thirty-five lakes and forty-six rivers, that is to say a total of eighty-one eruptions. But I ought, perhaps, to explain that under the heads of lakes I have included not only separate pieces of water, but also six inlets of the sea, such as Strangford Lough and the like. Still more to the point is it to mention that of the lakes two are said to have burst

forth at th digging of graves. Thus A.M. 2535, *The Four Masters* have the following: 'Laighlinne, son of Parthalon, died in this year. When his grave as dug, Loch Laighlinne sprang forth in Ui Mac Uais nd from him it is named1. O'Donovan, the editor and translator of *The Four Masters,* supposes it to be somewere to the south-west of Tara, in Meath. Similarly A.M. 4694, they say of a certain Melghe Molbthach, 'When his grave was digging, Loch Melghe burst forth over the land in Cairbre, so that they named from him.' This is sad to be now called Lough Mevin, on the confines of the counties of Donegal, Leitrim, and Fermanagh. These two instances are mentioned by *The Four Masters*; and here is one given by Stokes in the Rennes *Dindsenchas*: see the *Revue Celtique*, xv. 428-9. It has to do with *Loch Garman*, as Wexford Harbour was called in Irish, and it runs thus: '*Loch Garman*, whence is it? Easy to say. Garman Glas, son of Dega, was buried there, and when his grave was dug then the lake burst throughout the land. Whence *Loch Garman'*. It matters not here that there are alternative accounts of the name.

The meaning of all this seems to be that cutting the green sward or disturbing the earth beneath was believed in certain cases to give offence to some underground divinity or other connected with the world of waters. That divinity avenged the annoyance or offence given him by causing water to burst forth and form a lake forthwith. The nearness of such divinities to the surface seems not a little remarkable,

1 It is right to say that another account is given by the Rennes *Dindsenchas* published by Stokes in the *Revue Celtique* xvi. 164, namely that Laiglinne with fifty warriors 'came to the well of Dera son of Scera. A wave burst over them and drowned Laiglinne with his fifty warriors, and thereof a lake was made. Hence we say *Loch Laiglinni,* Laiglinne's Lake,' and it is shown not only in the folklore which has been preserved for us by *The Four Masters*, but also by the usual kind of story about a neglected well door. These remarks suggest the question whether it was not one of the notions which determined surface burials, that is, burials in which no cutting of the ground took place, the cists or chambers and the bodies placed in them being covered over by the heaping on of earth or stones brought from a more or less convenient distance. It might perhaps be said that all this only implied individuals of a character to desecrate the ground and call forth the displeasure of the divinities

concerned; and for that suggestion folklore parallels, it is true, could be adduced. But it is hardly adequate: the facts seem to indicate a more general objection on the part of the powers in point; and they remind one rather of the clause said to be inserted in mining leases in China with the object, if one may trust the newspapers, of preventing shafts from being sunk below a certain depth, for fear of offending the susceptibilities of the demons or dragons ruling underground.

It is interesting to note the fact, that Celtic folklore connects the underground divinities intimately with water; for one may briefly say that they have access wherever water can take them. With this qualification the belief may be said to have lingered lately in Wales, for instance, in connexion with Llyn Barfog, near Aberdovey. 'It is believed to be very perilous,' Mr. Pughe says,, 'to let the waters out of the lake'; and not long before he wrote, in 1853, an aged inhabitant of the district informed him 'that she recollected this being done during a period of long drought, in order to procure motive power for Llyn Pair Mill, and that long-continued heavy rains followed.' Then we have the story related to Mr. Reynolds as to Llyn y Fan Fach, how there emerged from the water a huge hairy fellow of hideous aspect, who stormed at the disturbers of his peace, and uttered the threat that unless they left him alone in his own place he would drown a whole town. Thus the power of the water spirit is represented as equal to producing excessive wet weather and destructive floods. He is in all probability not to be dissociated from the afaric in the Conwy story which has already been given. Now the local belief is that the reason why the afanc had to be dragged oilt of the river was that he caused floods in the river and made it impossible for people to cross on their way to market at Llanrwst. Some such a local legend has been generalized into a sort of universal flood story in the late Triad, iii. 97, as follows:--'Three masterpieces of the Isle of Prydain: the Ship of Nefydd Naf Neifion, that carried in her male and female of every kind when the Lake of Don burst; and Hu the Mighty's *Ychen Bannog* dragging the afanc of the lake to land, so that the lake burst no more; and the Stones of Gwydon Ganhebon, on which one read all the arts and sciences of the world.' A story similar to the Conwy one, but no longer to be got so complete, as far as I know, seems to have been current in various parts of the Principality, especially around Llyn Syfaddon and on the banks of the Anglesey pool called *Llyn yr Wyth Eidion*, 'the Pool of the Eight Oxen,'for so many is Hu represented here as

requiring in dealing with the Anglesey afanc. According to Mr. Pughe of Aberdovey, the same feat was performed at lLyn Barfog, not, however, by Hu and his oxen, but by Arthur and his horse. To be more exact the task may be here considered as done by Arthur superseding Hu: see p. 142 above. That, however, is of no consequence here, and I return to the afanc: the Fan Fach legend told to Mr. Reynolds makes the lake ruler huge and hairy, hideous and rough-spoken, but he expresses himself in human speech, in fact in two lines of doggerel: see p. ig above. On the other hand, the Llyn Cwm Llwch story, which puts the same doggerel into the mouth of the threatening figure in red who sits in a chair on the face of that lake, suggests nothing abnormal about his personal appearance. Then as to the Conwy afanc, he is very heavy, it is true, but he also speaks the language of the country. He is lured, be it noticed, out of his home in the lake by the attractions of a young woman, who lets him rest his head in her lap and fall asleep. When he wakes to find himself in chains he takes a cruel revenge on her. But with infinite toil and labour he is dragged beyond the Conwy watershed into one of the highest tarns on Snowdon; for there is here no question of killing him, but only of removing him where he cannot harm the people of the Conwy Valley. It is true that the story of Peredur represents that knight cutting an afanc's head off, but so much the worse for the compiler of that romance, as we have doubtless in the afanc some kind of a deathless being. However, the description which the Peredur story gives[198] of him is interesting: he lives in a cave at the door of which is a stone pillar: he sees everybody that comes without anybody seeing him; and from behind the pillar he kills all comers with a poisoned spear.

Hitherto we have the afanc described mostly from a hostile point of view: let us change our position, which some of the stories already given enable us to do. Take for instance the first of the whole series, where it describes, P- 7, the Fan Fach youth's despair when the lake damsel, whose love he had gained, suddenly dived to fetch her father and her sister.

There emerged, it says, out of the lake two most beautiful ladies, accompanied by a hoaryheaded man of noble mien and extraordinary stature, but having otherwise all the force and strength of youth. This hoary-headed man of noble mien owned herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, a number of which were allowed to come out of the lake to form his daughter's dowry, as the narrative goes on to show. In the story of Llyn

Du'r Arclu, p. 32, he has a consort who appears with him to join in giving the parental sanction to the marriage which their daughter was about to make with the Snowdon shepherd. In neither of these stories has this extraordinary figure any name given him, and it appears prima facie probable that the term afanc is rather one of abuse in harmony with the unlovely description of him supplied by the other stories. But neither in them does the term *yr afanc*suit the monster meant, for there can be no doubt that in the word afanc we have the etymological equivalent of the Irish word abacc, 'a dwarf'; and till further light is shed on these words one may assume that at one time afanc also meant a dwarf or pigmy in Welsh. In modern Welsh it has been regarded as meaning a beaver, but as that was too small an animal to suit the popular stories, the word has been also gravely treated as meaning a crocodile[199] : this is in the teeth of the unanimous treatment of him as anthropomorphic in the legends in point. If one is to abide by the meaning dwarf or pigmy, one is bound to regard afanc as one of the terms originally applied to the fairies in their more unlovely aspects: compare the use of *crimbil*, p. 263. Here may also be mentioned *pegor*, 'a dwarf or pigmy,'which occurs in the *Book of Taliessin*, poem
vii (p. 135):--

Gog6n Py pegor
I know what (sort of) pigmy

yssyd.ydan vor.
There is beneath the sea.

Gogwn eu heissor I
know their kind,

pa6b yny .oscord.
Each in his troop.

Also the following lines in the twelfth-century manuscript of the *Black Book of Carmarthen*: see Evans' autotype facsimile, fo. 9b:--

Ar gnyuer pegor
And every dwarf

y ssit y dan mor.
There is beneath the sea,

Ar gnyuer edeinauc
And every winged thing

aoruc kyuoethauc.
The Mighty One hath made,

Ac vei. vei. paup.
And were there to each

tri trychant lauamd
Thrice three hundred tongues-

Nyellynt ve traethaud.
They could not relate

kyuoetheu trindaud
The powers of the Trinity.

I should rather suppose, then, that the pigmies in the water-world were believed to consist of many grades or classes, and to be innumerable like the Luchorpdin of Irish legend, which were likewise regarded as diminutive. With the Luchorpdin were also associated[200] *Fomori* or *Fomoraig*(modern Irish spelling *Fomhoraigh*), and *Goborchinn*, 'Horse-heads.' The etymology of the word *Fomori* has been indicated aabove, but Irish legendary history has long associated it with *muir*, ' sea,' genitive *mara*, Welsh *mor*, and it has gone so far as to see in them, as there suggested, not submarine but transmarine enemies and invaders of Ireland. So the singular *fomor*, now written *fomhor*, is treated in O'Reilly's *Irish Dictionary* as meaning 'a pirate, a sea robber, a giant,' while in Highland Gaelic, where it is written *fomhair* or *famhair*, it is regularly used as the word for giant. The Manx Gaelic corresponding to Irish fomor and its derivative *fomorach*, is *foawr*, 'a giant,' and *foawragh*, 'gigantic,' but also 'a pirate.'

I remember hearing, however, years ago, a mention made of the *Fomhoraigh*, which, without conveying any definite allusion to their stature, associated them with subterranean places:--An undergraduate from the neighbourhood of Killorglin, in Kerry, happened to relate in my hearing, how, when he was exploring some underground rdths near his home, he was warned by his father's workmen to beware of the Fomhoraikh. But on the borders of the counties of Mayo and Sligo I have found the word used as in the Scottish Highlands, namely, in the sense of giants, while Dr. Douglas

Hyde and others inform me that the Giant's Causeway is called in Irish *Clochán na bh-Fomhorach*.

The Goborchinns or Horse-heads have also an interest, not only in connexion with the Fornori, as when we read of a king of the latter called Eocha Eachcheann[201] , or Eochy Horse-head, but also as a link between the Welsh afanc and the Highland water-horse, of whom Campbell has a good deal to say in his *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*. See more especially iv- 337, where he remarks among other things, that 'the water-horse assumes many shapes; he often appears as a man,' he adds, ' and sometimes as a large bird.' A page or two earlier he gives a story which illustrates the statement, at the same time that it vividly reminds one of that part of the Conwy legend which (p. 13o) represents the afanc resting his head on the lap of the damsel forming one of the dramatis persona,. Here follows Campbell's own story, omitting all about a marvellous bull, however, that was in the end to checkmate the water-horse:--

'A long time after these things a servant girl went with the farmer's herd of cattle to graze them at the side of a loch, and she sat herself down near the bank. There, in a little while, what should she see walking towards her but a man, who asked her to *fasg* his hair [Welsh *lleua*]. She said she was willing enough to do him that service, and so he laid his head on her knee, and she began to array his locks, as Neapolitan damsels also do by their swains. But soon she got a great fright, for growing amongst the man's hair, she found a great quantity of *liobhagach an locha*, a certain slimy green weed[202]that abounds in such lochs, fresh, salt, and brackish. The girl knew that if she screamed there was an end of her, so she kept her terror to herself, and worked away till the man fell asleep as he was with his head on her knee. Then she untied her apron strings, and slid the apron quietly on to the ground with its burden upon it, and then she took her feet home as fast as it was in her heart[203] . Now when she was getting near the houses, she gave a glance behind her, and there she saw her *caraid* (friend) coming after her in the likeness of a horse'.

The equine form belongs also more or less constantly to the kelpie of the Lowlands of Scotland and of the Isle of Man, where we have him in the glashtyn, whose amorous propensities are represented as more repulsive than what appears in Welsh or Irish legend: see above, and the *Lioar Manninagh* for 1897, P. 139. Perhaps in Man and the Highlands the horsy

nature of this being has been reinforced by the influence of the Norse Nykr, a Northern Proteus or old *Nick*, who takes many forms, but with a decided preference for that of 'a gray water-horse': see Vigfusson's *Icelandic-English* Dictionary. But the idea of associating the equine form with the water divinity is by no means confined to the Irish and the Northern nations: witness the Greeklegend of the horse being of Poseidon's own creation, and the beast whose form he sometimes assumed.

It is in this sort of a notion of a water-horse one is probably to look for the key to the riddle of such conceptions as that of March ab Meirchion, the king with horse's ears, and the corresponding Irish figure of Labraid Lorc[204] . In both of these the brute peculiarities are reduced almost to a minimum: both are human in form save their ears alone. The name *Labraid Lorc* is distinct enough from the Welsh *March*, but under this latter name one detects traces of him with the horse's ears in Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany[205]. We have also probably the same name in the Morc of Irish legend: at any rate *Morc*, *Marc*, or *Margg*, seems to be the same name as the Welsh *March*, which is no other word than march, 'a steed or charger.' Now the Irish Morc is not stated to have had horse's ears, but he and another called Conaing are represented in the legendary history of early Erin as the naval leaders of the Fornori, a sort of position which would seem to fit the Brythonic March also were he to be treated in earnest as an historical character. But short of that another treatment may be suspected of having been actually dealt out to him, namely, that of resolving the water-horse into a horse and his master. Of this we seem to have two instances in the course of the story of the formation of Lough Neagh in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo- 39-41:--

There was once a good king named Maired reigning over Munster, and he had two sons, Eochaid and Rib. He married a wife named Ebliu (genitive *Eblinde*), who fell in love with her stepson, Eochaid. The two brothers make up their minds to leave their father and to take Ebliu with them, together with all that was theirs, including in all a thousand men. They proceed northwards, but their druids persuade them that they cannot settle down in the same district, so Rib goes westwards to a plain known as *Tir Cluchi Midir acus Maic Oic*, 'the Play-ground of Mider and the Mac Oc,' so called after the two great fairy chiefs of Ireland. Mider visits Rib's camp and kills their horses, then he gives them a big horse of his own ready

harnessed with a packsaddle. They had to put all their baggage on the big horse's back and go away, but after a while the nag lay down and a well of water formed there, which eventually burst forth, drowning them all: this is Loch Ri, 'Rib's Loch, or Lough Ree,'on the Shannon. Eochaid, the other brother, went with his party to the banks of the Boyne near the Brug, where the fairy chief Mac Oc or Mac ind Oc had his residence: he destroyed Eochaid's horses the first night, and the next day he threatened to destroy the men themselves unless they went away. Thereupon Eochaid said that they could not travel without horses, so the Mac Oc, gave them a big horse, on whose back they placed all they had. The Mac Oc warned them not to unload the nag on the way, and not to let him halt lest he should be their death. However, when they had reached the middle of Ulster, they thoughtlessly took all their property off the horse's back, and nobody bethought him of turning the animal's head back in the direction from which they had come: so he also made a well [206]. Over that wellEochaid had a house built, and a lid put on the well, which he set a woman to guard. In the sequel she neglected it, and the well burst forth and formed Lough Neagh, as already mentioned above. What became of the big horses in these stories one is not told, but most likely they were originally represented as vanishing in a spring of water where each of them stood. Compare the account of Undine at her unfaithful husband's funeral. In the procession she mysteriously appeared as a snow-white figure deeply veiled, but when one rose from kneeling at the grave, where she had knelt nought was to be seen save a little silver spring of limpid water bubbling out of the turf and trickling on to surround the new grave:--*Da man sich aber wieder erhob, war die weisse Fremde verschwunden; an der Stelle, wo sie geknieet hatte, quoll ein silberhelles BrfinnIet*n aus dem Rasen; das rieselte und rieselle fort, bis es den Grabhfigel des Rittersfastganz umzogen hatte; dann rann esftirder und ergoss sich in einen Weiher, der zur Seite des Gottesackers lag.*

The late and grotesque story of the Gilla Decair may be mentioned next: he was one of the Fornorach, and had a wonderful kind of horse on whose back most of Finn's chief warriors were induced to mount. Then the Gilla Decair and his horse hurried towards Corkaguiny, in Kerry, and took to the sea, for he and his horse travelled equally well on sea and land. Thus Finn's men, unable to dismount, were carried prisoners to an island not named, on which Dermot in quest of them afterwards landed, and from which, after

great perils, he made his way to Tir fo Thuinn, 'Terra sub Unda,'and brought his friends back to Erin[207]. Now the number of Finn's men taken away by force by the Gilla Decair was fifteen, fourteen on the back of his horse and one clutching to the animal's tail, and the Welsh Triads, i. 93 = ii. II, seem to re-echo some similar story, but they give the number of persons not as fifteen but just one half, and describe the horse as Du (y) Moroedd, 'the Black of (the) Seas,' steed of Elidyr Mwynfawr, that carried seven human beings and a half from Pen Llech Elidyr in the North to Pen Llech Elidyr in Mon, 'Anglesey.' It is explained that Du carried seven on his back, and that one who swam with his hands on that horse's crupper was reckoned the half man in this case. Du Moroedd is in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen called Du March Moro, 'Black the Steed of Moro,' the horse ridden in the hunt of Twrch Trwyth by Gwyn ab Nud, king of the other world; and he appears as a knight with his name unmistakably rendered into Brun de Morois in the romance of Durmart le Galois, who carries away Arthur's queen on his horse to his castle in Morois [208]. Lastly, here also might be mentioned the incident in the story of Peredur or Perceval, which relates how to that knight, when he was in the middle of a forest much distressed for the want of a horse, a lady brought a fine steed as black as a blackberry. He mounted and he found his beast marvellously swift, but on his making straight for a vast river the knight made the sign of the cross, whereupon he was left on the ground, and his horse plunged into the water, which his touch seemed to set ablaze. The horse is interpreted to have been the devil[209] , and this is a fair specimen of the way in which Celtic paganism is treated by th Grail writers when they feel in the humour to assume an edifying attitude.

If one is right in setting Món, 'Anglesey,' over against the anonymous isle to which the Gilla Decair hurries Finn's men away, Anglesey would have to be treated as having once been considered one of the Islands of the Dead and the home of Other-world inhabitants. We have a trace of this in a couplet in a poem by the medieval poet, Dafyd ab Gwilym, who makes Blodeuwed the Owl give a bit of her history as follows:--

Merrh i arglwyd, ail Meirrhion,
Daughter to a lord, son of Meirchion,

Wyf i, myn Dewi! o Foxc[210].
Am I,by St. David! from Mona.

This, it will be seen, connects March ab Meirchion, as it were ‘Steed son of Steeding,’with the Isle of Anglesey. Add to this that the Irish for Anglesey or was *Móin Conaing*, ‘ Conaing’s Swamp,’ so called apparently after Conaing associated with Morc, a name which is practically *March* in Welsh. Both were leaders of the Fornori in Irish tales: see my *Arthurian Legend*, p.356.

On the great place given to islands in Celtic legend and myth it is needless here to expatiate: witness Brittia, to which Procopius describes the souls of the departed being shipped from the shores of the Continent, the Isle of Avallon in the Romances, that of Gwales in the *Mabinogion*, Ynys Enllii or Bardsey, in which Merlin and his retinue enter the Glass House[211] , and the island of which we read in the pages of Plutarch, that it contains Cronus held in the bonds of perennial sleep.[212]

Let us return to the more anthropomorphic figure of the afanc, and take as his more favoured representative the virile personage described emerging from the Fan Fach Lake to give his sanction to the marriage of his daughter with the Mydfai shepherd. It is probable that a divinity of the same order belonged to every other lake of any considerable dimensions in the country. But it will be remembered that in the case of the story of Llyn Du’r Arddu two parents appeared with the lake maiden-her father and her mother-and we may suppose that they were divinities of the waterworld. The same thing also may be inferred from the late Triad, iii. 13, which speaks of the bursting of the lake of Llion, causing all the lands to be inundated so that all the human race was drowned except Dwyfan and Dwyfach, who escaped in a mastless ship: it was from them that the island of Prydain was repeopled. A similar Triad, iii 97, but evidently of a different origin, has already been mentioned as speaking of the Ship of Nefycl Naf Neifion, that carried in it a male and female of every kind when the lake of Uon burst. This later Triad evidently supplies what had been forgotten in the previous one, namely, a pair of each kind of animal life, and not of mankind alone. But from the names Dwyfan and Dwyfach I infer that the writer of Triad iii. 13 has developed his universal deluge on the basis of the scriptural account of it, for those names belonged in all probability to wells and rivers: in other terms, they were the names of water divinities. At any rate there seems to be some evidence that two springs, whose waters flow into Bala Lake, were at one time called Dwyfan and Dwyfach, these names being borne both by the

springs themselves and the rivers flowing from them. The Dwyfan and the Dwyfach were regarded as uniting in the lake, while the water on its issuing from the lake is called *Dyfrdwy*. Now *Dyfrdwy* stands for an older *Dyfr-dwyf*, which in Old Welsh was *Dubr duiu*, 'the water of the divinity.' One of the names of that divinity was *Donwy*, standing for an early form *Danuvios* or *Danuvia*, according as it was masculine or feminine. In either case it was practically the same name as that of the *Danube* or *Danuvios*, derived from a word which is represented in Irish by the adjective *dána*, 'audax, fortis, intrepidus.' The Dee has in Welsh poetry still another name, Aerfen, which seems to mean a martial goddess or the spirit of the battlefield, which is corroborated and explained by Giraldus[213] , who represents the river as the accredited arbiter of the fort unes of the wars in its country between the Welsh and the English. The name Dyfrdonwy occurs in a poem by ILywarch Brydyd y Moch, a poet who flourished towards the end of the twelfth century, as follows[214]:--

Nid kywiw[215]*a llwfyr dwfyr dyfyr-*
With a coward Dyfrdonwy water ill
donwyagrees:

Krereist oth ubyd gwryd garwy.
From thy boyhood hast thou loved
Garwy's valour.

The prince praised was Llywelyn ab lorwerth, whom the poet seems to identify here with the Dee, and it looks as if the water of the Dee formed some sort of a test which no coward could face: compare the case of the discreet cauldron that would not boil meat for a coward.[216]

The *dwy, dwyf, duiu*, of the river's Welsh name represent an early form *deva* or *deiva*, whence the Romans called their station on its banks Deva, possibly as a shortening of *ad Devam*; but that Deva should have simply and directly meant the river is rendered probable by the fact that Ptolemy elsewhere gives it as the name of the northern Dee, which enters the sea near Aberdeen. From the same stem were formed the names Dwyf-an and Dwyf-ach, which are treated in the Triads as masculine and feminine respectively. In its course the Welsh Dee receives a river Ceirw not far above Corwen, and that river flows through farms called Ar-ddwyfan and H

endre' Ar-ddwyfan, and adjoining Arddwyfan is another farm called Foty Arddwyfan, 'Shielings of Arddwyfan,' while Hendre' Arddwyfan means the old stead or winter abode of Arddwyfan. Arddwyfan itself would seem to mean 'On Dwyfan,' and Hendre' Arddwyfan, which may be supposed the original homestead, stands near a burn which flows into the Ceirw. That burn I should suppose to have been the Dwyfan, and perhaps the name extended to the Ceirw itself; but Dwyfan is not now known as the name of any stream in the neighbourhood. Elsewhere we have two rivers called Dwyfor or Dwyfawr and Dwyfach, which unite a little below the village of Llan Ystumdwy; and from there to the sea, the stream is called Dwyfor, the mouth of which is between Criccieth and Afon Wen in Carnarvonshire. Ystumdwy, commonly corrupted into Stindwy, seems to mean *Ystum-dwy*,'the bend of the Dwy'; so that here also we have Dwyfach and Dwy, as in the case of the Dee. Possibly Dwyfor was previously called simply Dwy or even Dwyfan; but it is now explained as *Dwy-fawr*, 'great Dwy,' which was most likely suggested by Dwyfach, as this latter explains itself to the country people as *Dwy-fach*, 'little Dwy! However, it is but right to say that in Llywelyn ab Gruffydds [17] grant of lands to the monks of Aber Conwy they seem to be called Dwyuech and Dwyuaur.[217]

All these waters have in common the reputation of being liable to sudden and dangerous floods, especially the Dwyfor, which drains Cwm Straltyn and its lake lying behind the great rocky barrier on the left as one goes from Tremadoc towards Aber Glaslyn Bridge. Still more so is this the case with the Dee and Bala Lake, which is wont to rise at times from seven to nine feet above its ordinary level. The inundation which then invades the valley from Bala down presents a sight more magnificent than comfortable to contemplate. In fact nothing could have been more natural than for the story elaborated by the writer of certain of the late Triads to have connected the most remarkable inundations with the largest piece of water in the Principality, and one liable to such sudden changes of level: in other words, that one should treat Llyn Llion as merely one of the names--of Bala Lake, now called in Welsh ILyn Tegid, and formerly sometimes ILyn Aerfen.

While touching at p. 286 on Gwaen Llifon with its Llyn Pencraig as one of those claiming to be the Llyn lifon of the Triads, it was hinted that *Llion* was but a thinner form of *Lllifon*. Here one might mention perhaps another Llifon, for which, however, no case could be made. I allude

to the name of the residence of the Wynns descended from GLlmin Troedddu, namely, Glyn Llifon, which means the river Llifon's Glen; but one could not feel surprised if the neighbouring LLyfni, draining the lakes of Nant1te, should prove to have once been also known as a Llifon, with the Nanttte waters conforming by being called Llyn Llifon. But however that may be, one may say as to the flood caused by the bursting of any such lake, that the notion of the universality of the catastrophe was probably contributed by the author of Triad iii. 13, from a non-Welsh source. He may have, however, not invented the vessel in which he places Dwyfan and Dwyfach: at all events, one version of the story of the Fan Fach represents the Lake Lady arriving in a boat. As to the writer of the other Triad, iii-97, he says nothing about Dwyfan and his wife, but borrows NefyddT Naf Neifion's ship to save all that were to be saved; and here one may probably venture to identify *Nefydd* with *Nemed*[218] genitive *Nemid*, a name borne in Irish legend by a rover who is represented as one of the early colonizers of Erin. As to the rest, the name Neifion by itself is used in Welsh for Neptune and the sea, as in the following couplet of D. ab Gwilym's poem Iv:--

Nofiad a wmaeth hen Neifon
It is old Neptune that has swam
O Droia: fawr draw i Fon.
From great Troy afar to Mona.

In the same way *Mor Neifion*, 'Sea of Neifion,' seems to have signified the ocean, the high seas.

To return to the Triad about Dwyfan and Dwyfach, not only does it make them from being water divinities into a man and woman, but there is no certainty even that both were not feminine. In modern Welsh all rivers are treated as feminine, and even Dyfrdwyf has usually to submit, though the modern bard Tegid, analysing the word into *Dwfr Dwyf*, 'Water of the Divinity or Divine Water,' where *dwfr*, 'water,,' could only be masculine, addressed LLyn Tegid thus, p.78:

Drwyot, er dydiau'r Drywon,
Through thee, from the days of the Druids,

Y rhwyf y Dyfrdwyf ei don.
The Dwfr Dwyf impels his wave.

This question, however, of the gender of river names, or rather the sex which personification ascribed them, is a most difficult one. If we glance at Ptolemy's Geography written in the second century, we find in his account of the British Isles that he names moire than fifty of our river mouths and estuaries, and that he divides their names almost equally into masculine and feminine. The modern Welsh usage has, it is seen, departed far from this, but not so far the folklore: the afanc is a male, and we have a figure of the same sex appearing as the father of the lake maiden in the Fan Fach story, and in that of Llyn Du'r Arddu; the same, too, was the sex of the chief dweller of Llyn Cwm Llwch; the same remark is applicable also to the greatest divinity of these islands--the greatest, at any rate, so far as the scanty traces of his cult enable one to become acquainted with him. As his name comes dovvn into legend it belongs here, as well as to the deities of antiquity, just as much, in a sense, as the Dee. I refer to Nudons or Nodons, the remains[219] of whose sanctuary were many years ago brought to light on a pleasant hill in Lydney Park, on the western banks of the Severn. In the mosaic floor of the god's temple there is a coloured inscription showing the expense of that part of the work to have been defrayed by the contributions (ex stipibus) of the faithful, and that it was carried out by two men, of whom one appears to have been an officer in command of a naval force guarding the coasts of the Severn Sea. In the midst of the mosaic inscription is a round opening in the floor of nine inches in diameter and surrounded by a broad band of red enclosed in two of blue. This has given rise to various speculations, and among others that it was intended for libations. The mosaics and the lettering of the inscriptions seem to point to the third century as the time when the sanctuary of Nudons was buLlt under Roman auspices, though the place was doubtless sacred to the god long before. In any case it fell in exactly with the policy of the more astute of Roman statesmen to encourage such a native cult as we find traces of in Lydney Park.

One of the inscriptions began with D. M. Nodonti, 'to the great god Nudons,' and a little bronze crescent intended for the diadem of the god or of one of his priests gives a representation of him as a crowned, beardless personage driving a chariot with four horses; and on either side of him is a naked figure supposed to represent the winds, and beyond them on each of the two sides is a triton with the fore feet of a horse. The god holds the reins in his left hand, and his right uplifted grasps what may be a sceptre or

possibly a whip, while the whole equipment of the god recalls in some measure the Chariot of the Sun. Another piece of the bronze ornament shows another triton with an anchor in one of his hands, and opposite him a fisherman in the act of hooking a fine salmon. Other things, such as oars and shell trumpets, together with mosaic representations of marine animals in the floor of the temple, compel us to assimilate Nudons more closely with Neptune than any other god of classical mythology.

The name of the god, as given in the inscriptions, varies between Nudons and Nodens, the cases actually occurring being the dative Nodonti, Nodenti, and Nudente, and the genitive Nodentis, so I should regard *o* or *u* as optional in the first syllable, and *o* as preferable, perhaps, to *e* in the second, for there is no room for reasonably doubting that we have here to do with the same name as Irish *Nuadu*, genitive *Nuadat*, conspicuous in the legendary history of Ireland. Now the Nuadu who naturally occurs to one first, was Nuadu Argetlám or Nuadu of the Silver Hand, from *argat*, 'silver, *argentum*,' and *lám*, 'hand.' Irish literature explains how he came to have a hand made of silver, and we can identify with him on Welsh ground a Lludd Llawereint; for put back as it were into earlier Brythonic, this would be Ludo(ns)Llam'-argenitios: that is to say, a reversal takes place in the order of the elements forming the epithet out of *ereint* (for older *ergeint*, 'silvern, *argenteus*,' and llaw, for earlier lama, 'hand.' Then comes the alliterative instinct into play, forcing Nudo(ns) Lamargentio(s) to become Ludo(ms) Lamargentio(s), whence the later form, *Lludd Llawereint*, derives regularly.[220]Thus we have in Welsh the name *Llud*, fashioned into that form under the influence of the epithet, whereas elsewhere it is *Nud*, which occurs as a man's name in the pedigrees, whLle an intermediate form was probably *Nudos* or *Nudo*, of which a genitive NVDI occurs in a post-Roman inscription found near Yarrow Kirk in Selkirkshire. It is worthy of note that the modification of *Nudo* into *Ludo* must have taken place comparatively early--not improbably while the language was still Goidelic--as we seem to have a survival of the name in that of Lydney itself.

It is very possible that we have *Ludo*, Llud, also in *Porthludd*, which Geoffrey of Monmouth gives, iii. 20, as the Welsh for Ludesgata or Ludgate, in London, which gate, according to him, was called after an ancient king of Britain named Lud. He seems to have been using an ancient tradition, and there would be nothing improbable in the conjecture that

Geoffrey's Lud was our Lludd, and that the great water divinity of that name had another sanctuary on the hill by the Thames, somewhere near the present site of St. Paul's Cathedral, and occupying a post as it were prophetic of Britain's rule of the water-ways in later times.

Perhaps as one seems to find traces of Nudons from the estuary of the Thames to that of the Severn and thence to Ireland, one may conclude that the god was one of the divinities worshipped by the Goidels. With regard to the Brythonic Celts, there is nothing to suggest that he belonged also to them except in the sense of his having been probably adopted by them from the Goidels. It might be further suggested that the Goidels themselves had in the first instance adopted him from the pre-Celtic natives, but in that case a goddess would have been rather more probable[221] . In fact in the case of the Severn we seem to have a trace of such a goddess in the Sabrina, Old Welsh Habren, now Hafren, so called after a princess whom Geoffrey, ii. 5, represents drowned in the river: she may have been the pre-Celtic goddess of the Severn, and the name corresponding to Welsh Hafren occurs in Ireland in the form of Sabrann, an old name of the river Lee that flows through Cork. Similarly one now reads sometimes of *Father* Thames after the fashion of classic phraseology, and in the Celtic period Nudons may have been closely identified with that river, but the ancient name Tamesa or Tamesis[222]was decidedly feminine, and it was, most likely, that of the river divinity from times when the pre-Celtic natives held exclusive possession of these islands. On the whole it appears safer to regard Nudons as belonging to a race that had developed on a larger scale the idea of a patriarchal or kingly ruler holding sway over a comparatively wide area. So Nudons may here be treated as ruled out of the discussion as to the origin of the fairies, to which a few paragraphs are now to be devoted.

Speaking of the rank and file of the fairies in rather a promiscuous fashion, one may say that we have found manifold proof of their close connexion with the waterworld. Not only have we found them supposed to haunt places bordering on rivers, to live beneath the lakes, or to inhabit certain green isles capable of playing hide-and-seek with the ancient mariner, and perhaps not so very ancient either; but other considerations have been suggested as also pointing unmistakably to the same conclusion. Take for instance the indirect evidence afforded by the method of proceeding to recover an infant stolen by the fairies. One account runs thus: The mother

who had lost her baby was to go with a wizard and carry with her to a river the child left her in exchange. The wizard would say, *Crap ar y wrach*, 'Grip the hag,' and the woman would reply, *Rhy hwyr, gyfraglach*, 'Too late, you urchin[223][18] Before she uttered those words she had dropped the urchin into the river, and she would then return to her house. By that time the kidnapped child would be found to have come back home[224] . The words here used have not been quite forgotten in Carnarvonshire, but no distinct meaning seems to be attached to them now; at any rate I have failed to find anybody who could explain them. I should however guess that the wizard addressed his words to the fairy urchin with the intention, presumably, that the fairies in the river should at the same time hear and note what was about to be done. Another, and a somewhat more intelligible version, is given in the Gwyliedyd for 1837, p. 185, by a contributor who publishes it from a manuscript which Lewis Morris began to write in 1724 and finished apparently in 1729. Hewasanative of Anglesey, and it is probably to that county the story belongs, which he gives to Lllustrate one of the phonological aspects of certain kinds of Welsh. That account differs from the one just cited in that it introduces no wizard, but postulates two fairy urchins between whom the dialogue occurs, which is not unusual in our changeling stories.. After this explanation I translate Morriswords thus:--

'But to return to the question of the words approaching to the nature of the thing intended, there is an old story current among us concerning a woman whose children had been exchanged by the *Tylwyth Teg*. Whether it is truth or falsehood does not much matter, rt it shows what the men of that age thought concerning the sound of words, and how they fancied that the language of those sprites was of a ghastly and lumpy kind. The story is as follows:--The woman whose two
children had been exchanged, chanced to overhear the two fair heirs, whom she got instead of them, reasoning with one another beyond what became their age and persons. So she picked up the two sham children, one under each arm, in order to go and throw them from a bridge into a river, that they might be drowned as she fancied. But hardly had the one in his fall reached the bottom when he cried out to his comrade in the following words:--

Grippiach greppsach
Grippiach Greppiach,

Dal d'afel yn y wrach,
Keep thy hold on the hag.

Hi aeth yn rhowyr 'faglach
It got too late, thou urchin

Mi eis i ir mwthlach [225]
I fell into the . . .

In spite of the obscurity of these words, it is quite clear that it was thought the most natural thing in the world to return the fairies to the river, and no sooner were they dropped there than the right infants were found to have been sent home.

The same thing may be learned also from the story of the Curse of Pantannas, above; for when the time of the fairies' revenge is approaching, the merry party gathered together at Pantannas are frightened by a piercing voice rising from a black and cauldron-like pool in the river; and after a while they hear it a second time rising above the noise of the river as it cascades over the shoulder of a neighbouring rock. Shortly afterwards an ugly, diminutive woman appears on the table near the window, and had it not been for the rudeness of one of those present she would have disclosed the future to them, but, as it was, she said very little in a vague way and went away offended; but as long as she was there the voice from the river was silent. Here we have the Welsh counterpart of the *ben side*, pronounced *banshee* in Anglo-Irish, and meaning a fairy woman who is supposed to appear to certain Irish famLlies before deaths or other misfortunes about to befall them. It is doubtless to some such fairy persons the voices belong, which threaten vengeance on the heir of Pantannas and on the wicked prince and his descendants previous to the cataclysm which brings a lake into the place of a doomed city: witness such cases as those of Llynclys, Syfaclon, and Kenfig.

The last mentioned deserves some further scrutiny; and I direct his attention to the fact that the voice so closely identifies itself with the wronged famLly that it speaks in the first person, as it cries, 'Vengeance is come on him who murdered my father of the ninth generation!' Now it is worthy of remark that the same personifying is also characteristic of the Cyhiraeth.[226]

This spectral female used to be oftener heard than seen; but her blood-freezing shriek was as a rule to be heard when she came to a cross-road or

to water, in which she splashed with her hands. At the same time she would make the most doleful noise and exclaim, in case the frightened hearer happened to be a wife, *Fy ngwr, fy ngwr*! 'my husband, my husband!' If it was the man the exclamation would be, *Fy ngwraig, fy ngwraig*! 'my wife, my wife!' Or in either case it might be, *Fy mhlentyn, fy mhlentyn, fymhlentyn bach*! 'my child, my child, my little child!' These cries meant the approaching death of the hearer's husband, wife, or chLld, as the case might be; but if the scream was inarticulate it was reckoned probable that the hearer himself was the person foremourned. Sometimes she was supposed to come, like the Irish banshee, in a dark mist to the window of a person who has been long aLling, and to flap her wings against the glass, while repeating aloud his or her name, which was believed to mean that the patient must die[227]. The picture usually given of the Cyhiraeth is of the most repellent kind: tangled hair, long black teeth, wretched, skinny, shrivelled arms of unwonted length out of all proportion to the body. Nevertheless it is, in my opinion, but another aspect of the banshee-like female who intervenes in the story of the Curse of Pantannas. One might perhaps treat both as survivals of a belief in a sort of personification of, or divinity identified with, a family or tribe, but for the fact that such language is emptied of most of its meaning by the abstractions which it would connect with a primitive state of society. So it is preferable, as coming probably near the truth, to say that what we have here is a trace of an ancestress. Such an idea of an ancestress as against that of an ancestor is abundantly countenanced by dim figures like that of the Don of the *Mabinogion*, and of her counterpart, after whom the Tribes of the goddess Donu or Danu[228]are known as *Tuatha Dé Danann* in Irish literature. But the one who most provokes comparison is the Old Woman of Beare, already mentioned,she figures largely in Irish folklore as a hag surviving to see her descendants reckoned by tribes and peoples. It may be only an accident that a poetically wrought legend pictures her not so much interested in the fortunes of her progeny as engaged in bewailing the unattractive appearance of her thin arms and shrivelled hands, together with the general wreck of the beauty which had been hers some time or other centuries before.

However, the evidence of folklore is not of a kind to warrant our buLlding any heavy superstructure of theory on the supposition, that the foundations

are firmly held together by a powerful sense of consistency or homogeneity. So I should hesitate to do anything so rash as to pronounce the fairies to be all of one and the same origin: they may well be of several. For instance, there may be those that have grown out of traditions about an aboriginal pre-Celtic race, and some may be the representatives of the ghosts of departed men and women, regarded as one's ancestors; but there can hardly be any doubt that others, and those possibly not the least interesting, have originated in the demons and divinities-not all of ancestral origin-with which the weird fancy of our remote forefathers peopled lakes and streams, bays and creeks and estuaries. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that the reader is convinced that in the course of this chapter some interesting specimens have, so to say, been caught in their native element, or else in the enjoyment of an amphibious life of mirth and frolic, largely spent hard by sequestered lakes, near placid rivers or babbling brooks.

8. Welsh Cave Legends

IN previous chapters sundry allusions have been made to treasure caves besides that of Marchlyn Mawr, which has been given above. Here follow some more, illustrative of this kind of folklore prevalent in Wales: they are difficult to classify, but most of them mention treasure with or without sleeping warriors guarding it. The others are so miscellaneous as to baffle any attempt to characterize them generally and briefly. Take for instance a cave in the part of Rhiwarth rock nearest to Cwm LLanhafan, in the neighbourhood of Langynog in Montgomeryshire. Into that, according to Cyndelw in the *Brython* for 180, p. 57, some men penetrated as far as the pound of candles lasted, with which they had provided themselves; but it appears to be tenanted by a hag who is always busLly washing clothes in a brass pan.

Or take the following, from J. H. Roberts' essay, as given in Welsh in Edwards' *Cymru* for 1897, p. 190: it reminds one of an ordinary fairy tale, but it is not quite like any other which I happen to know:--In the western end of the Arennig Fawr there is a cave: in fact there are several caves there, and some of them are very large too; but there is one to which the finger of tradition points as an ancient abode of the *Tylwyth Teg*. About two generations ago, the shepherds of that country used to be enchanted by one of them called Mary, who was remarkable for her beauty. Many an effort was made to catch her or to meet her face to face, but without success, as she was too quick on her feet. She used to show herself day after day, and she might be seen, with her little harp, climbing the bare slopes of the mountain. In misty weather when the days were longest in summer, the music she made used to be wafted by the breeze to the ears of the love-sick shepherds. Many a time had the boys of the Filltir Gerrig heard sweet singing when passing the cave in the full light of day, but they were subject to some spell, so that they never ventured to enter. But the shepherd of Boch y Rhaiadr had a better view of the fairies one Allhallows night (*ryw noson Galangaeaf*) when returning home from a merry-making at Amnodd. On the sward in front of the cave what should he see but scores of the Tylwyth Teg singing and dancing! He never saw another assembly in his

life so fair, and great was the trouble he had to resist being drawn into their circles.

Let us now come to the treasure caves, and begin with Ogof Arthur, 'Arthur's Cave,' in the southern side of Mynydd y Cnwc[229]in the parish of Llangwyfan, on the south-westem coast of Anglesey. The foot of Mynydd y Cnwc is washed by the sea, and the mouth of the cave is closed by its waters at high tide, but the cave, which is spacious, has a vent-hole in the side of the mountain[230]. So it is at any rate reported in the *Brython* for 1859, p. 138, by a writer who explored the place, though not to the end of the mLle which it is said to measure in length. He mentions a local tradition, that it contains various treasures, and that it temporarLly afforded Arthur shelter in the course of his wars with the *Gwyddelod* or Goidels. But he describes also a cromlech on the top of Mynydd y Cnwc, around which there was a circle of stones, whLle within the latter there lies buried, it is believed, an iron chest full of ancient gold. Various attempts are said to have been made by the more greedy of the neighbouring inhabitants to dig it up, but they have always been frightened away by portents. Here then the guardians of the treasure are creatures of a supernatural kind, as in many other instances, and especially that of Dinas Emrys to be mentioned presently.

Next comes the first of a group of cave legends involving treasure entrusted to the keeping of armed warriors. It is taken from Elijah Waring's *Recollections and Anecdotes of Edward Williams*, lolo Morgannwg (London, 1850), pp. 95-8 where it is headed 'A popular Tale in Glamorgan, by Iolo Morgannwg'; a version of it in Welsh wLll be found in the *Brython* for 1858, p. 162, but Waring's version is in several respects better, and I give it in his words:--'A Welshman walking over London Bridge, with a neat hazel staff in his hand, was accosted by an Englishman, who asked him whence he came. "I am from my own country," answered the Welshman, in a churlish tone. " Do not take it amiss, my friend," said the Englishman; "if you will only answer my questions, and take my advice, it will be of greater benefit to you than you imagine. That stick in your hand grew on a spot under which are hid vast treasures of gold and silver; and if you remember the place, and can conduct me to it, I will put you in possession of those treasures."

‘The Welshman soon understood that the stranger was what he called a cunning man, or conjurer, and for some time hesitated, not willing to go with him among devils, from whom this magician must have derived his knowledge; but he was at length persuaded to accompany him into Wales; and going to Craig-y-Dinas [Rock of the Fortress], the Welshman pointed out the spot whence he had cut the stick. It was from the stock or root of a large old hazel: this they dug up, and under it found a broad flat stone. This was found to close up the entrance into a very large cavern, down into which they both went. In the middle of the passage hung a bell, and the conjurer earnestly cautioned the Welshman not to touch it. They reached the lower part of the cave, which was very wide, and there saw
many thousands of warriors lying down fast asleep in a large circle, their heads outwards, every one clad in bright armour, with their swords, shields, and other weapons lying by them, ready to be laid hold on in an instant, whenever the bell should ring and awake them. All the arms were so highly polished and bright, that they Lllumined the cavern, as with the light of ten thousand flames of fire. They saw amongst the warriors one greatly distinguished from the rest by his arms, shield, battle-axe, and a crown of gold set with the most precious stones, lying by his side.

‘In the midst of this circle of warriors they saw two very large heaps, one of gold, the other of silver. The magician told the Welshman that he might take as much as he could carry away of either the one or the other, but that he was not to take from both the heaps. The Welshman loaded himself with gold: the conjurer took none, saying that he did not want it, that gold was of no use but to those who wanted knowledge, and that his contempt of gold had enabled him to acquire that superior knowledge and wisdom which he possessed. In their way out he cautioned the Welshman again not to touch the bell, but if unfortunately he should do so, it might be of the most fatal consequence to him, as one or more of the warriors would awake, lift up his head, and ask *if it was day*. “Should this happen,” said the cunning man, “you must, without hesitation, answer *No, sleep thou on*; on hearing which he will again lay down his head and sleep.” In their way up, however, the Welshman, overloaded with gold, was not able to pass the bell without touching it-it rang-one of the warriors raised up his head, and asked, “Is it day?” “No,” answered the Welshman promptly, “it is not, sleep thou on;” so they got out of the cave, laid down the stone over its entrance, and replaced the hazel tree. The cunning man, before he parted from his companion,

advised him to be economical in the use of his treasure; observing that he had, with prudence, enough for life: but that if by unforeseen accidents he should be again reduced to poverty, he might repair to the cave for more; repeating the caution, not to touch the bell if possible, but if he should, to give the proper answer, that it was not day, as promptly as possible. He also told him that the distinguished person they had seen was ARTHUR, and the others his warriors; and they lay there asleep with their arms ready at hand, for the dawn of that day when the *Black Eagle* and the *Golden Eagle* should go to war, the loud clamour of which would make the earth tremble so much, that the bell would ring loudly, and the warriors awake, take up their arms, and destroy all the enemies of the Cymry, who afterwards should repossess the Island of Britain, re-establish their own king and government at Caerlleon, and be governed with justice, and blessed with peace so long as the world endures.

'The time came when the Welshman's treasure was all spent: he went to the cave, and as before over-loaded himself. In his way out he touched the bell: it rang: a warrior lifted up his head, asking if it was day, but the Welshman, who had covetously overloaded himself, being quite out of breath with labouring under his burden, and withal struck with terror, was not able to give the necessary answer; whereupon some of the warriors got up, took the gold away from him, and beat him dreadfully. They afterwards threw him out, and drew the stone after them over the mouth of the cave. The Welshman never recovered the effects of that beating, but remained almost a cripple as long as he lived, and very poor. He often returned with some of his friends to Craig-y-Dinas; but they could neverafterwards find the spot, though they dug over, seemingly, every inch of the hill.'

This story of Iolo's closes with a moral, which I omit in order to make room for what he says in a note to the effect, that there are two hLlls in Glamorganshire called Craig-y-Dinas-nowadays the more usual pronunciation in South Wales is Craig y Dinas-one in the parish of Llantrissant and the other in Ystrad Dyfodwg. There was also a hLll so called, Iolo says, in the Vale of Towy, not far from Carmarthen. He adds that in Glamorgan the tale is related of the Carmarthenshire hill, while in Carmarthenshire the hill is said to be in Glamorgan.

According to Iolo's son, Taliesin WLlliams[231]or Taliesin ab Iolo, the Craig-y -Dinas with which the Cave of Arthur (or Owen Lawgoch) is associated is

the one on the borders of Glamorgan and Brecknockshire. That is also the opinion of my friend Mr. Reynolds, who describes this *craiq* and*dinas* as a very bold rocky eminence at the top of the Neath Valley, near Pont Nedd Fechan. He adds that in this tale as related to his mother 'in her very young days' by a very old woman, known as Mari Shencin y Clochydd, 'Jenkin the Sexton's Mary,' the place of Arthur was taken by Owen Lawgoch, 'Owen of the Red Hand,'of whom more anon.

The next Arthurian story is not strictly in point, for it makes no allusion to treasure; but as it is otherwise so similar to lolo's tale I cannot well avoid introducing it here. It is included in the composite story of *Bwca 'r Trzwyn*, 'the Bogie of the Nose,' written out for me in Gwentian Welsh by Mr. Craigfryn Hughes. The cave portion relates how a Monmouthshire farmer, whose house was grievously troubled by the bogie, set out one morning to call on a wizard who lived near Caerleon, and how he on his way came up with a very strange and odd man who wore a three-cornered hat. They fell into conversation, and the strange man asked the farmer if he should like to see something of a wonder. He answered he would. 'Come with me then,' said the wearer of the cocked hat, 'and you shall see what nobody else alive to-day has seen.' When they had reached the middle of a wood this spiritual guide sprang from horseback and kicked a big stone near the road. It instantly moved aside to disclose the mouth of a large cave; and now said he to the farmer, 'Dismount and bring your horse in here: tie him up alongside of mine, and follow me so that you may see something which the eyes of man have not beheld for centuries! The farmer, having done as he was ordered, followed his guide for a long distance: they came at length to the top of a flight of stairs, where two huge bells were hanging. I Now mind,' said the warning voice of the strange guide, 'not to touch either of those bells! At the bottom of the stairs there was a vast chamber with hundreds of men lying at full length on the floor, each with his head reposing on the stock of his gun. 'Have you any notion who these men are?''No,' replied the farmer, 'I have not, nor have I any idea what they want in such a place as this! ' Well,' said the guide, 'these are Arthur's thousand soldiers reposing and sleeping till the Kymry have need of them. Now let us get out as fast as our feet can carry us! When they reached the top of the stairs, the farmer somehow struck his elbow against one of the bells so that it rang, and in the twinkling of an eye all the sleeping host rose to their feet shouting together, 'Are the Kymry in straits?' ' Not yet: sleep

you on,' replied the wearer of the cocked hat, whereupon they all dropped down on their guns to resume their slumbers at once. 'These are the valiant men,' he went on to say, 'who are to turn the scale in favour of the Kymry when the time comes for them to cast the Saxon yoke off their necks and to recover possession of their country! When the two had returned to their horses at the mouth of the cave, his guide said to the farmer, 'Now go in peace, and let me warn you on the pain of death not to utter a syllable about what you have seen for the space of a year and a day: if you do, woe awaits you.' After he had moved the stone back to its place the farmer lost sight of him. When the year had lapsed the farmer happened to pass again that way, but, though he made a long and careful search, he failed completely to find the stone at the mouth of the cave.

To return to Iolo's yarn, one may say that there are traces of his story as at one time current in Merionethshire, but with the variation that the Welshman met the wizard not on London Bridge but at a fair at Bala, and that the cave was somewhere in Merioneth: the hero was Arthur, and the cave was known as Ogof Arthur. Whether any such cave is still known I cannot tell; but a third and interestingly told version is given in the *Brython* for 1858, p. 179, by the late Gwynionydd, who gives the story as the popular belief in his native parish of Troed yr Aur, halfway between Newcastle Emlyn and Aber Porth, in South Cardiganshire. In this last version the hero is not Arthur, but the later man as follows:--Not the least of the wonders of imagination wont to exercise the minds of the old people was the story of Owen Lawgoch. One sometimes hears sung in our fairs the words:--

Yr Otuain hwn yw Harri'r Nawfed
This Owen is Henry the Ninth,

Sydd .yn trigo 'ngwlad estronied, &c.
Who tarries in a foreign land, &c.

But this Owen Lawgoch, the national deliverer of our ancient race of Brythons, did not, according to the Troed yr Aur people, tarry in a foreign land, but somewhere in Wales, not far from Offa's Dyke. They used to say that one Dafydd Meirig of Bettws Bledrws, having quarrelled with his father, left for Lloegr [232], 'England.' When he had got a considerable distance from home, he struck a bargain with a cattle dealer to drive a herd of his beasts to London. Somewhere at the corner of a vast moor Dafyd cut

a very remarkable hazel stick; for a good staff is as essential to the vocation of a good drover asteeth are to a dog. So while his comrades had had their sticks broken before reaching London, Dafydds remained as it was, and whilst they were conversing together on London Bridge a stranger accosted Dafyd, wishing to know where he had obtained that wonderful stick. He replied that it was in Wales he had had it, and on the stranger's assuring him that there were wondrous things beneath the tree on which it had grown, they both set out for Wales. When they reached the spot and dug a little they found that there was a great hollow place beneath. As night was spreading out her sable mantle, and as they were getting deeper, what should they find but stairs easy to step and great lamps illumining the vast chamber! They descended slowly, with mixed emotions of dread and invincible desire to see the place. When they reached the bottom of the stairs, they found themselves near a large table, at one end of which they beheld sitting a tall man of about seven foot. He occupied an old-fashioned chair and rested his head on his left hand, while the other hand, all red, lay on the table and grasped a great sword. He was withal enjoying a wondrously serene sleep; and at his feet on the floor lay a big dog. After casting a glance at them, the wizard said to Dafyd: 'This is Owen Lawgoch, who is to sleep on till a special time, when he will wake and reign over the Brythons. That weapon in his hand is one of the swords of the ancient kings of Prydain. No battle was ever lost in which that sword was used.' Then they moved slowly on, gazing at the wonders of that subterranean chamber; and they beheld everywhere the arms of ages long past, and on the table thousands of gold pieces bearing the images of the different kings of
Prydain. They got to understand that it was permittedthem to take a handful of each, but not to put any in their purses. They both visited the cave several times, but at last Dafydd put in his purse a little of the gold bearing the image of one of the bravest of Owen's ancestors. But after coming out again they were never able any more to find Owen's subterranean palace.

Those are, says Gwynionydd, the ideas cherished by the old people of Troed yr Aur in Keredigion, and the editor adds a note that the same sort of story is current among the peasantry of Cumberland, and perhaps of other parts of Britain. This remark wLll at once recall to the reader's mind the well-known verses[233]of the Scottish poet, Leyden, as to Arthur asleep in a cave in the Eildon Hills in the neighbourhood of Melrose Abbey. But he will naturally ask why London Bridge is introduced into this and Iolo's

story, and in answer I have to say, firstly, that London Bridge formerly loomed very large in the popular imagination as one of the chief wonders of London, itself the most wonderful city in the world. Such at any rate was the notion cherished as to London and London Bridge by the country people of Wales, even within my own memory. Secondly, the fashion of selecting London Bridge as the opening scene of a treasure legend had been set, perhaps, by a widely spread English story to the following effect:A certain peddler of Swaftham in Norfolk had a dream, that if he went and stood on London Bridge he would have very joyful news; as the dream was doubled and trebled he decided to go. So he stood on the bridge two or three days, when at last a shopkeeper, observing that he loitered there so long, neither offering anything for sale nor asking for alms, inquired of him as to his business. The pedlar told him his errand, and was heartily laughed at by the shopkeeper, who said that he had dreamt that night that he was at a place called Swaffham in Norfolk, and that if he only dug under a great oak tree in an orchard bepedlar's house there, he would find a vast treasure; but the place was utterly unknown to him, and he was not such a fool as to follow a sLlly dream. No, he was wiser than that; so he advised the pedlar to go home to mind his business. The pedlar very quietlytook in the words as to the dream, and hastened home to Swaffham, where he found the treasure in his own orchard. The rest of the story need not be related here, as it is quite different from the Welsh ones, which the reader has just had brought under his notice[234].

To return to Owen Lawgoch, for we have by no means done with him: on the farm of Cil yr Ychen there stands a remarkable limestone hill called *y Dinas*, 'the Fortress,' hardly a mile to the north of the village of Llandybie, in Carmarthenshire. This *dinas* and the lime-kilns that are gradually consuming it are to be seen on the right from the railway as you go from LLandeilo to lLandybie. It is a steep high rock which forms a very good natural fortification, and in the level area on the top is the mouth of a very long cavern, known as *Ogo'r Dinas*, 'the Dinas Cave.' The entrance into it is small and low, but it gradually widens out, becoming in one place lofty and roomy with several smaller branch caves leading out of it; and it is believed that some of them connect Ogo'r Dinas with smaller caves at Pant y Llyn, 'the Lake Hollow,' where, as the name indicates, there is a small lake a little higher up: both Ogo'r Dinas and Pant y Llyn are within a mile

of the vLllage of Llandybie[235]. Now I am informed, in a letter written in 1893 by one native, that the local legend about Ogo'r Dinas is that Owen Lawgoch and his men are lying asleep in it, while another native, Mr. Fisher, writing in the same year, but on the authority of somewhat later hearsay, expresses himself as follows:--' I remember hearing two traditions respecting Ogo'r Dinas: (1) that King Arthur and his warriors lie sleeping in it with their right hands clasping the hilts of their drawn swords ready to encounter anyone who may venture to disturb their repose-is there not a dinas somewhere in Caernarvonshire with a similar legend? (2) That Owen Lawgoch lived in it some time or other: that is all that I remember having heard about him in connection with this *ogof*.' Mr. Fisher proceeds, moreover, to state that it is said of an *ogof* at Pant y Llyn, that Owen Lawgoch and his men on a certain occasion took refuge in it, where they were shut up and starved to death. He adds that, however this may be, it is a fact that in the year 1813 ten or more human skeletons of unusual stature were discovered in an ogof there.[236]

To this I may append a reference to the *Geninen* for 1896, p. 84, here Mr. LLeufer Thomas, who is also a native of the district, alludes to the local belief that Owen Lawgoch and his men are asleep, as already mentioned, in the cave of Pant y R.,yn, and that they are to go on sleeping there tLll a trumpet blast and the clash of arms on Rhiw Goch rouse them to sally forth to combat the Saxons and to conquer, as set forth by Howells: see above. It is needless to say that there is no reason, as wLll be seen presently, to suppose Owen Lawgoch to have ever been near any of the caves to which allusion has here been made; but that does not appreciably detract from the fascination of the legend which has gathered round his personality; and in passing I may be allowed to express my surprise that in such stories as these the earlier Owen has not been eclipsed by Owen Glyndwr: there must be some historical reason why that has not taken place. Can it be that a habit of caution made Welshmen speak of Owen Lawgoch when the other Owen was really meant?

The passage I have cited from Mr. Fisher's letter raises the question of a *dinas* in Caernarvonshire, which that of his native parish recalled to his mind; and this is to be considered next. Doubtless he meant *Dinas Emrys* formerly called *Din Emreis* [237],'the Fortress of Ambrosius,' situated near Beddgelert, and known in the neighbourhood simply as *y Dinas*, 'the

Fort.' It is celebrated in the Vortigern legend as the place where the dragons had been hidden, that frustrated the building of that king's castle; and the spot is described in Lewis' Topographical *Dictionary of Wales*, in the article on Bethgelart (Bedd-Gelert), as an isolated rocky eminence with an extensive top area, which is defended by walls of loose stones, and accessible only on one side. He adds that the entrance appears to have been guarded by two towers, and that within the enclosed area are the foundations of circular buildings of loose stones forming walls of about five feet in thickness. Concerning that Dinas we read in the *Brython* for 1861, p. 329, a legend to the following effect:--Now after the departure of Vortigern, Myrdin, or Merlin--as he is called in English, remained himself in the Dinas for a long time, until, in fact, he went away with Emrys Ben-aur, 'Ambrosius the Gold-headed'-evidently Aurelius Ambrosius is meant. When he was about to set out with the latter, he put all his treasure and wealth into a *crochan aur*, 'a gold cauldron,' and hid it in a cave in the Dinas, and on the mouth of the cave he rolled a huge stone, which he covered up with earth and sods, so that it was impossible for any one to find it. He intended this wealth to be the property of some special person in a future generation, and it is said that the heir to it is to be a youth with yellow hair and blue eyes. When that one comes near to the Dinas a bell will ring to invite him to the cave, which will open of itself as soon as his foot touches it. Now the fact that some such legend was once currently believed about Bedgelert and Nanhwynain is proved by the curious stories as to various attempts made to find the treasure, and the thunderstorms and portents which used to vanquish the local greed for gold. For several instances in point see the *Brython*, pp. 329-30; and for others, showing how hidden treasure is carefully reserved for the right sort of heir, see above. To prove how widely this idea prevailed in Caernarvonshire,

I may add a short story which Mrs. Williams-Ellis of Glasfryn got from the engineer who told her of the sacred eel of Llangybi:--There was on Pentyrch, the hill above Ilangybi, he said, a large stone so heavy and fixed so fast in the ground that no horses, no men could move it: it had often been tried. One day, however, a little girl happened to be playing by the stone, and at the touch of her little hand the stone moved. A hoard of coins was found under it, and that at a time when the little girl's parents happened to be in dire need of it. Search had long been made by undeserving men for treasure supposed to be hidden at that spot; but it was always unsuccessful

untLl the right person touched the stone to move. The failure of the wrong person to secure the treasure, even when discovered, is Illustrated by a story given by Mr. Derfel Hughes in his *Antiquities of Llandegai and Llanllechid*, pp. 35-6, to the effect that a servant man, somewhere up among the mountains near Ogwen Lake, chanced to come across the mouth of a cave with abundance of vessels of brass (*pres*) of every shape and description within it. He went at once and seized one of them, but, alas! it was too heavy for him to stir it. So he resolved to go away and return early on the morrow with a friend to help him; but before going he closed the mouth of the cave with stones and sods so as to leave it safe. WhLle thus engaged he remembered having heard how others had like him found caves and faLled to refind them. He could procure nothing readLly that would satisfy him as a mark, so it occurred to him to dot his path with the chippings of his stick, which he whittled all the way as he went back untLl he came to a famLliar track: the chips were to guide him back to the cave. So when the morning came he and his friend set out, but when they reached the point where the chips should begin, not one was to be seen: the *Tylwyth Teg* had picked up every one of them. So that discovery of articles of brass-more probably bronze--was in vain. But, says the writer, it is not fated to be always in vain, for there is a tradition in the valley that it is a Gwyddel, 'Goidel, Irishman,' who is to have these treasures, and that it wLll happen in this wise:--A Gwyddel will come to the neighbourhood to be a shepherd, and one day when he goes up the mountain to see to the sheep, just when it pleases the fates a black sheep with a speckled head wLll run before him and make straight for the cave: the sheep will go in, with the Gwyddel in pursuit trying to catch him. When the Gwyddel enters he sees the treasures, looks at them with surprise, and takes possession of them; and thus, in some generation to come, the Gwyddel will have their own restored to them. That is the tradition which Derfel Hughes found in the vale of the Ogwen, and he draws from it the inference which it seems to warrant, in words to the following effect:--Perhaps this shows us that the Gwyddel had some time or other something to do with these parts, and that we are not to regard as stories without foundations all that is said of that nation; and the sayings of old people to this day show that there is always some spite between our nation and the Gwyddel. Thus, for instance, he goes on to say, if a man proves changeable, he is said to have become a Gwyddel (*Y mae wedi troi'n Wyddel)*, or if one is very shameless and cheeky he is called a Gwyddel and

told to hold his tongue (*Taw yr hen Wyddel*; and a number of such locutions used by our people proves, he thinks, the former prevalence of much contention between the two sister-nations. Expressions of the kind mentioned by Mr. Hughes are well known in all parts of the Principality, and it is difficult to account for them except on the supposition that Goidels and Brythons lived for a long time face to face, so to say, with one another over large areas in the west of our island.

The next story to be mentioned belongs to the same Snowdonian neighbourhood, and brings us back to Arthur and his Men. For a writer who has already been quoted from the *Brython* for 1861, p.331, makes Arthur and his following set out from Dinas Emrys and cross Hafod y Borth mountain for a place above the upper reach of Cwmllan, called Tregalan, where they found their antagonists. From Tregalan the latter were pushed up the *bwlch* or pass, towards Cwm Dyli; but when the vanguard of the army with Arthur leading had reached the top of the pass, the enemy discharged a shower of arrows at them. There Arthur fell, and his body was buried in the pass so that no enemy might march that way so long as Arthur's dust rested there. That, he says, is the story, and there to this day remains in the pass, he asserts, the heap of stones called Carnedd Arthur, 'Arthur's Cairn': the pass is called *Bwlch y Saethau*, 'the Pass of the Arrows.' Then *Ogof Llanciau Eryri* is the subject of the following story given at p. 371 of the same volume:--After Arthur's death on Bwlch y Saethau, his men ascended to the ridge of the Lliwed and descended thence into a vast cave called *Ogof Llanciau Eryri*, 'the young Men of Snowdonia's Cave,' which is in the precipitous cliff on the left-hand side near the top of *Llyn Llydaw*. This is in Cwm Dyli, and there in that cave those warriors are said to be stLll, sleeping in their armour and awaiting the second coming of Arthur to restore the crown of Britain to the Kymry. For the saying is:--

Llancia 'Rri a'u gwyn gyll a'i hennll hi
Snowdonia's youths with their white hazels will win it.

As the local shepherds were one day long ago collecting their sheep on the Lliwedd, one sheep fell down to a shelf in this precipice, and when the Cwm Dyli shepherd made his way to the spot he perceived that the ledge of rock on which he stood led to the hidden cave of Llanciau Eryri. There was light within: he looked in and beheld a host of warriors without number all

asleep, resting on their arms and ready equipped for battle. Seeing that they were all asleep, he felt a strong desire to explore the whole place; but as he was squeezing in he struck his head against the bell hanging in the entrance. It rang so that every corner of the immense cave rang again, and all the warriors woke uttering a terrible shout, which so frightened the shepherd that he never more enjoyed a day's health; nor has anybody since dared as much as to approach the mouth of the cave.

Thus far the *Brython*, and I have only to remark that this legend is somewhat remarkable for the fact of its representing the Youths of Eryri sleeping away in their cave without Arthur among them. In fact, that hero is described as buried not very far off beneath a *carnedd* or cairn on Bwlch y Saethau. As to the exact situation of that cairn, I may say that my attention was drawn some time ago to the following lines by Mr. WLlliam Owen, better known as Glaslyn, a living bard bred and born in the district:--

Gerflaw Carnect Arthur ar ysgwydd y Wydfa
Y gorwvedd gwedillion y ea wr enwog Ricca
Near Arthur's Cairn on the shoulder of Snowdon
Lie the remains of the famous giant Ricca.

These words recall an older couplet in a poem by Rhys Goch Eryri, who is said to have died in the year 1420. He was a native of the parish of Beddgelert, and his words in point run thus:--

Ar y drum oer dramawr,
On the ridge cold and vast,

Yno gorwedd Ricca Gawr.
There the Giant Ricca lies.

From this it is clear that Rhys Goch meant that the cairn on the top of Snowdon covered the remains of the giant whose name has been variously written Ricca, Ritta, and Rhita. So I was impelled to ascertain from Glaslyn whether I had correctly understood his lines, and he has been good enough to help me out of some of my difficulties, as I do not know Snowdon by heart, especially the Nanhwynain and Beddgelert side of the mountain:-- The cairn on the summit of Snowdon was the Giant's before it was demolished and made into a sort of tower which existed before the hotel was made. Glaslyn has not heard it called after Ricca's name, but he states that old people used to call it Carnedd y Cawr, 'the Giant's Cairn.' In

1850 *Carnedd Arthur*, 'Arthur's Cairn,' was to be seen on the top of Bwlch y Saethau, but he does not know whether it is still so, as he has not been up there since the building of the hotel. Bwlch y Saethau is a lofty shoulder of Snowdon extending in the direction of Nanhwynain, and the distance from the top of Snowdon to it is not great; it would take you half an hour or perhaps a little more to walk from the one *carnedd* to the other. It is possible to trace Arthur's march from Dinas Emrys up the slopes of Hafod y Borth, over the shoulder of the Aran and Braich yr Oen to Tregalan -or Cwm Tregalan, as it is now called-but from Tregalan he would have to climb in a north-easterly direction in order to reach BwIch y Saethau, where he is related to have fallen and to have been interred beneath a cairn. This may be regarded as an ordinary or commonplace account of his death. But the scene suggests a far more romantic picture; for down below was Llyn Llydaw with its sequestered isle, connected then by means only of a primitive canoe with a shore occupied by men engaged in working the ore of Eryri. Nay with the eyes of Malory we seem to watch Bedivere making, with Excalibur in his hands, his three reluctant journeys to the lake ere he yielded it to the arm emerging from the deep. We fancy we behold how, 'euyn fast by the banke houed a lytyl barge wyth many fayr ladyes in hit,' which was to carry the wounded Arthur away to the accompaniment of mourning and loud lamentation; but the legend of the Marchlyn bids us modify Malory's language as to the barge containing many ladies all wearing black hoods, and take our last look at the warrior departing rather in a coracle with three wondrously fair women attending to his wounds.[238]

Some further notes on Snowdon, together with a curious account of the Cave of Llanciau Eryri, have been kindly placed at my disposal by Mr. Ellis Pierce (Elis[239]o'r Nant) of Dolwyddelan:--In the uppermost part of the hollow called Cwmltan is Tregalan, and in the middle of Cwm. Tregalan is a green hill, or rather an eminence which hardly forms a hill, but what is commonly called a *boncyn*[240]in Caernarvonshire, and between that green *boncyn* and the *Clogwyn Du*, 'Black Precipice,' is a bog, the depth of which no one has ever succeeded in ascertaining, and a town-inferred perhaps from *trein Tregalan*--is fabled to have been swallowed up there. Another of my informants speaks of several hillocks or *boncyns* as forming one side of this little *cwm*; but he has heard from geologists, that these green mounds represent moraines deposited there in the glacial period.

From the bottom of the Clogwyn Du it is about a mile to Bwlch y Saethau. Then as to the cave of Llanciau Eryri, which nobody can now find, the slope down to it begins from the top of the Lliwedd, but ordinarily speaking one could not descend to where it is supposed to have been without the help of ropes, which seems incompatible with the story of the Cwm Dyli shepherd following a sheep until he was at the mouth of the cave; not to mention the difficulty which the descent would have offered to Arthur's men when they entered it. Then Elis o'r Nant's story represents it shutting after them, and only opening to the shepherd in consequence of his having trodden on a particular sod or spot. He then slid down unintentionally and touched the bell that was hanging there, so that it rang and instantly woke the sleeping warriors. No sooner had that happened than those men of Arthur's took up their guns-never mind the anachronism--and the shepherd made his way out more dead than alive; and the frightened fellow never recovered from the shock to the day of his death. When these warriors take up their guns they fire away, we are told, without mercy from where each man stands: they are not to advance a single step till Arthur comes to call them back to the world.

To swell the irrelevancies under which this chapter labours already, and to avoid severing cognate questions too rudely, I wish to add that Elis o'r Nant makes the name of the giant buried on the top of Snowdon into Rhitta or Rhita instead of Ricca. That is also the form of the name with which Mrs. Rhys was familiar throughout her childhood on the Llanberis side of the mountain. She often heard of Rhita[241]Gawr having been buried on the top of Snowdon, and of other warriors on other parts of Snowdon such as Moel Gynghorion and the Gist on that *moel* But Elis o'r Nant goes further, and adds that from *Rhita* the mountain was called *Wyddfa*Rhita, more correctly *Gwyddfa Rita*, 'Rhita's Gwyddfa.' Fearing this might be merely an inference, I have tried to cross-examine him so far as that is possible by letter. He replies that his father was bred and bom in the little glen called Ewybrnant[242] , between Bettws y Coed and Pen Machno, and that his grandfather also lived there, where he appears to have owned land not far from the home of the celebrated Bishop Morgan. Now Elis' father often talked, he says, in his hearing of' Gwyddfa Rhita.' Wishing to have some more definite evidence, I wrote again, and he informs me that his father was very fond of talking about his father, Elis o'r Nant's grandfather, who

appears to have been a character and a great supporter of Sir Robert WLlliams, especially in a keenly contested political election in 1796, when the latter was opposed by the then head of the Penrhyn famLly. Sometimes the old man from Ewybrnant would set out in his clocs, 'clogs or wooden shoes,' to visit Sir Robert Williams, who lived at Plas y Nant, near Beclgelert. On starting he would say to his [text missing]

Against the evidence just given, that tradition places Rhita's grave on the top of Snowdon, a passing mention by Derfel Hughes (p. 52) is of no avail, though to the effect that it is on the top of the neighbouring mountain called *Carnedd Lywelyn*, 'Llewelyn's Cairn,' that Rhita's Cairn was raised. He deserves more attention, however, when he places *Carnedd Drystan*, 'Tristan or Tristram's Cairn,' on a spur of that mountain, to wit, towards the east above Ffynnon y Llyffaint.[243]For it is worthy of note that the name of Drystan, associated with Arthur in the later romances, should figure with that of Arthur in the topography of the same Snowdon district.

Before leaving Snowdon I may mention a cave near a small stream not far from Llyn Gwynain, about a mile and a half above Dinas Emrys. In the Llwyd letter (printed in the Cambrian Journal for 1859, pp. 142, 209), on which I have already drawn, it is called *Ogo'r Gwr Blew*, 'the Hairy Man's Cave'; and the story relates how the Gwr Blew who lived in it was fatally wounded by a woman who happened to be at home, alone, in one of the nearest farm houses when the Gwr Blew came to plunder it. Its sole interest here is that a later version[244]identifies the Hairy Man with Owen Lawgoch, after modifying the former's designation *y Gwr Blew*, which literally meant 'the Hair Man,' into *y Gwr Blewog,* 'the Hairy Man.' This doubtful instance of the presence of Owen Lawgoch in the folklore of North Wales seems to stand alone.

Some of these cave stories, it will have been seen, reveal to us a hero who is expected to return to interfere again in the affairs of this world, and it is needless to say that Wales is by no means alone in the enjoyment of imaginary prospects of this kind. The same sort of poetic expectation has not been unknown, for instance, in Ireland. In the summer of 1894, I spent some sunny days in the neighbourhood of the Boyne, and one morning I resolved to see the chief burial mounds dotting the banks of that interesting river; but before leaving the hotel at Drogheda, my attention was attracted by a book of railway advertisement of the kind which forcibly impels one to

ask two questions: why will not the railway companies leave those people alone who do not want to travel, and why will they make it so tedious for those who do? But on turning the leaves of that booklet over I was inclined to a suaver mood, as I came on a paragraph devoted to an ancient stronghold called the Grianan of ALleach, or Greenan-Ely, in the highlands of Donegal. Here I read that a thousand armed men sit resting there on their swords, and bound by magic sleep till they are to be called forth to take their part in the struggle for the restoration of Erin's freedom. At intervals they awake, it is said, and looking up from their trance they ask in tones which solemnly resound through the many chambers of the Grianan: 'Is the time come?' A loud voice, that of the spiritual caretaker, is heard to reply: 'The time is not yet.' They resume their former posture and sink into their sleep again. That is the substance of the words I read, and they called to my mind the legend of such heroes of the past as Barbarossa, with his sleep interrupted only by his change of posture once in seven years; of Dom Sebastian, for centuries expected from Moslem lands to restore the glories of Portugal; of the Cid Rodrigo, expected back to do likewise with the kingdom of Castle; and last, but not least, of the O'Donoghue who sleeps beneath the Lakes of KLllarney, ready to emerge to right the wrongs of Erin. With my head full of these and the like dreams of folklore, I was taken over the scene of the Battle of the Boyne; and the car-driver, having vainly tried to interest me in it, gave me up in despair as an uncultured savage who felt no interest in the history of Ireland. However he somewhat changed his mind when, on reaching the first ancient burial mound, he saw me disappear underground, fearless of the Fomhoraigh; and he began to wonder whether I should ever return to pay him his fare. This in fact was the sheet anchor of all my hopes; for I thought that in case I remained fast in a narrow passage, or lost my way in the chambers of the prehistoric dead, the jarvey must fetch me out again. So by the time I had visited three of these ancient places, Dowth, Knowth, and New Grange, I had risen considerably in his opinion; and he bethought him of stories older than the Battle ofthe Boyne. So he told me on the way back several bits of something less drearily historical. Among other things, he pointed in the direction of a place called Ardee in the county of Louth, where, he said, there is Garry Geerlaug's enchanted fort full of warriors in magic sleep, with Garry Geerlaug himself in their midst. Once on a time a herdsman is said to have strayed into their hall, he said, and to have found the sleepers each with his

sword and his spear ready to hand. But as the intruder could not keep his hands off the metal wealth of the place, the owners of the spears began to rouse themselves, and the intruder had to flee for his life. But there that armed host is awaiting the eventful call to arms, when they are to sally forth to restore prosperity and glory to Ireland. That was his story, and I became all attention as soon as I heard of Ardee, which is in Irish *Ath Fhir-dheadh*, or the Ford of Ferdeadh, so called from Fer-deadh, who fought a protracted duel with Cfichulainn in that ford, where at the end, according to a well-known Irish story, he fell by Cfichulainn's hand. I was stLll more exercised by the name of Garry Geerlaug, as I recognized in Garry an Anglo-Irish pronunciation of the Norse name Godhfreydhr, later Godhroedh, sometimes rendered Godfrey and sometimes Godred, whLle in Man and in Scotland it has become Gorry, which may be heard also in Ireland. I thought, further, that I recognized the latter part of Garry Geerlaug's designation as the Norse female name Geirlaug. There was no complete lack of Garries in that part of Ireland in the tenth and eleventh centuries; but I have not yet found any historian to identify for me the warrior named or nicknamed Garry Geerlaug, who is to return blinking to this world of ours when his nap is over. Leaving Ireland, I was told the other day of a place called Tom na Hurich, near Inverness, where Finn and his following are resting, each on his left elbow, enjoying a broken sleep whLle waiting for the note to be sounded, which is to call them forth. What they are then to do I have not been told: it may be that they will proceed at once to solve the Crofter Question, for there will doubtless be one.

It appears, to come back to Wales, that King Cadwaladr, who waged an unsuccessful war with the Angles of Northumbria in the seventh century, was long after his death expected to return to restore the Brythons to power. At any rate so one is led in some sort of a hazy fashion to believe in reading several of the poems in the manuscript known as the *Book of Taliessin*. One finds, however, no trace of Cadwaladr in our cave legends: the heroes of them are Arthur and Owen Lawgoch. Now concerning Arthur one need at this point hardly speak, except to say that the Welsh belief in the eventual return of Arthur was at one time a powerful motive affecting the behaviour of the people of Wales, as was felt, for instance, by English statesmen in the reign of Henry II. But by our time the expected return of Arthu r -*rexque futurus*--has dissipated itself into a commonplace of folklore fitted only to

point an allegory, as when Elvet Lewis, one of the sweetest of living Welsh poets, sings in a poem entitled *Arthur gyda ni*, 'Arthur with us':--

Mae Arthur Fawr yn cysgu,
Great Arthur still is sleeping,

A'I dewrion sydd oi dealu,
His warriors all around him,

A'u gafael ar y cledd:
With grip upon the steel:

Pan daw yn ddydd Nghymru,
When dawns the day on Cambry,

Daw Arihur Fawr i fynu
Great Arthur forth will sally

Yn fyw -- Fawr I fynu!
Alive to work her weal!

Not so with regard to the hopes associated with the name of Owen Lawgoch; for we have it on Gwynionydds testimony, p. 464, that our old *baledwyr* or ballad men used to sing about him at Welsh fairs: it is not in the least improbable that they still do so here and there, unless the horrors of the ghastly murder last reported in the newspapers have been found to pay better. At any rate Mr. Fisher (p. 379) has known old people in his native district in the Llychwr Valley who could repeat stanzas or couplets from the ballads in question. He traces these scraps to a booklet entitled *Merlin's Prophecy* [245]*, together with a brief history of his life, taken from the Book of Prognostication*. This little book bears no date, but appears to have been published in the early part of the nineteenth century. It is partly in prose, dealing briefly with the history of Merlin the Wild or Silvaticus, and the rest consists of two poems. The first of these poems is entitled *Dechreu Darogan Myrddin*, 'the Beginning of Merlin's Prognostication,' and is made up of forty-nine verses, several of which speak of Owen as king conquering all his foes and driving out the Saxons: then in the forty-seventh stanza comes the couplet which says, that this Owen is Henry the Ninth, who is tarrying in a foreign land. The other poem is of a more general character, and is entitled the Second Song of Merlin's Prognostication, and consists of twenty-six stanzas of four lines each like the previous one; but the third stanza describes Arthur's bell at Caerlleon,

‘Caerleon,’ ringing with great vigour to herald the coming of Owen; and the seventh stanza begins with the following couplet:--

Ceir gweled Owen Law-goch yn dod i Frydain Fawr,
Ceir gweled newyn ceiniog yn nhref Gaerfieon-gawr.

Owen Lawgoch one shall to Britain coming see,
And dearth of pennies find at Chester on the Dee.

It closes with the date in verse at the end, to wit, 1668, which takes us back to very troublous times: 1668 was the year of the Triple Alliance of England, Sweden, and Holland against Louis XIV; and it was not long after the Plague had raged, and London had had its Great Fire. So it is a matter of no great surprise if some people in Wales had a notion that the power of England was fast nearing its end, and that the *baledwyr* thought it opportune to refurbish and adapt some of Merlin’s prophecies as likely to be acceptable to the peasantry of South Wales. At all events we have no reason to suppose that the two poems which have here been described from Mr. Fisher’s data represented either the gentry of Wales, whose ordinary speech was probably for the most part English, or the bardic fraternity, who would have looked with contempt at the language and style of the Prognostication. For, apart from careless printing, this kind of literature can lay no claim to merit in point of diction or of metre. Such productions represent probably the *baledwyr* and the simple country people, such as stLll listen in rapt attention to them doing at Welsh fairs and markets what they are pleased to regard as singing. All this fits in well enough with the folklore of the caves, such as the foregoing stories represent it. Here I may add that I am informed by Mr. Craigfryn Hughes of a tradition that Arthur and his men are biding their time near Caerleon on the Usk, to wit, in a cave resembling generally those described in the foregoing legends. He also mentions a tradition as to Owen Glyndwr--so he calls him, though it is unmistakably the Owen of the *baledwyr* who have been referred to by Mr. Fisher that he and his men are similarly slumbering in a cave in Craig Gwrtheyrn, in Carmarthenshire. That is a spot in the neighbourhood of Llandyssil, consisting of an elevated field terminating on one side in a sharp declivity, with the foot of the rock laved by the stream of the Teifi. *Craig Gwrtheyrn* means Vortigern’s Rock, and it is one of the sites with which legend associates the name of that disreputable old king. I am not aware that it shows any traces of ancient works, but it looks at a distance an ideal site for an old fortification. An

earlier prophecy about Owen Lawgoch than any of these occurs, as kindly pointed out to me by Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans, in the Peniarth MS. 94 (= Hengwrt MS- 412, p. 23), and points back possibly to the last quarter of the fourteenth century. See also one quoted by him, from the Mostyn MS. 133, in his *Report on MSS. in the Welsh Language*, i. 106. Probably many more such prophecies might be discovered if anybody undertook to make a systematic search for them.

But who was Owen Lawgoch, if there ever was such a man? Such a man there was undoubtedly; for we read in one of the documents printed in the miscellaneous volume commonly known as the *Record of Carnarvon*, that at a court held at Conway in the forty fourth year of Edward III a certain Gruffydd Says was adjudged to forfeit all the lands which he held in Anglesey to the Prince of Wales--who was at that time no other than Edward the Black Prince--for the reason that the said Gruffydd had been an adherent Of Owen: *adherens fuisset Owino Lawegogh (or Lawgogh) inimico et proditori predicti domini Principis et de consLlio predicti Owyni ad mouendam guerram in Wallia contra tredictum dominum Principem* [246]. How long previously it had been attempted to begin a war on behalf of this Owen Lawgoch one cannot say, but it so happens that at this time there was a captain called *Yeuwains, Yewains, or Yvain de Gales or Galles*, 'Owen of Wales,' fighting on the French side against the English in Edward's Continental wars. Froissart in his *Chronicles* has a great deal to say of him, for he distinguished himself greatly on various critical occasions. From the historian's narrative one finds that Owen had escaped when a boy to the court of Phllip VI of France, who received him with great favour and had him educated with his own nephews. Froissart's account of him is, that the king of England, Edward III, had slain his father and given his lordship and principality to his own son as Prince of Wales; and Froissart gives Owen's father's name as Aymon, which should mean *Edmond*, unless the name intended may have been rather *Einion*. However that may have been, Owen was engaged in the Battle of Poitiers in 1356, and when peace was made he went to serve in Lombardy; but when war between England and France broke out again in 1369, he returned to France. He sometimes fought on sea and sometimes on land, but he was always entrusted by the French king, who was now Charles V, with important commands[247]. Thus in 1372 he was placed at the head of a flotilla with 3,000 men, and ordered to operate

against the English: he made a descent on the Isle of Guernsey[248] , and while there besieging the castle of Cornet, he was charged by the king of France to saLl to Spain to invite the king of Castle to send his fleet again to help in the attack on La Rochelle. Whilst staying at Santander the earl of Pembroke was brought thither, having been taken prisoner in the course of the destruction of the English fleet before La Rochelle. Owen, on seeing the earl of Pembroke, asks him with bitterness if he is come there to do him homage for his land, of which he had taken possession in Wales. He threatens to avenge himself on him as soon as he can, and also on the earl of Hereford and Edward Spencer, for it was by the fathers of these three men, he said, his own father had been betrayed to death. Edward III died in 1377, and the Black Prince had died shortly before. Owen survived them both, and was actively engaged in the siege of Mortagne Sur Mer in Poitou, when he was assassinated by one Lamb, who had insinuated himself into his service and confidence, partly by pretending to bring him news about his native land and telling him that all Wales was longing to have him back to be the lord of his country--*et lui fist acroire que toute li terre de Gales le desiroient mout à ravoir à seigneur*. So Owen fell in the year 1378, and was buried at the church of Saint-Léger[249] ,while Lamb returned to the English to receive his stipulated pay. When this happened Owen's namesake, Owen Glyndwr, was nearly thirty years of age. The latter was eventually to assert with varying fortune on several fields of battle in this country the claims of his elder kinsman, who, by virtue of his memory in France, would seem to have rendered it easy for the later Owen to enter into friendly relations with the French court of his day[250].

Now as to Yvain de Galles, the Rev. Thomas Price (Carnhuanawc) in his *Hanes Cymru*, 'History of Wales,' devotes a couple of pages, 735-7, to Froissart's account of him, and he points out that Angharad Llwyd, in her edition of Sir John Wynne's History of the Gwydir Family[251], had found Owen Lawgoch to have been Owen ab Thomas ab Rhodri, brother to Llewelyn, the last native prince of Wales. One of the names, however, among other things, forms a difficulty: why did Froissart call Yvain's father Aymon? So it is clear that a more searching study of Welsh pedigrees and other documents, including those at the Record Office[252], has to be made before Owen can be satisfactorily placed in point of succession. For that he was in the right line to succeed the native princes of Wales is suggested

both by the eagerness with which all Wales was represented as looking to his return to be the lord of the country, and by the opening words of Froissart in describing what he had been robbed of by Edward III, as being both lordship and principality--*la signourie et princeté*. Be that as it may, there is, it seems to me, little doubt that Yvain de Galles was no other than the Owen Lawgoch, whose adherent Gruffyd Says was deprived of his land and property in the latter part of Edward's reign. In the next place, there is hardly room for doubt that the Owen Lawgoch here referred to was the same man whom the baledwyr in their jumble of prophecies intended to be Henry the Ninth, that is to say the Welsh successor to the last Tudor king, Henry VIII, and that he was at the same time the hero of the cave legends of divers parts of the Principality, especially South Wales, as already indicated.

Now without being able to say why Owen and his analogues should become the heroes of cave legends contemplating a second advent, it is easy to point to circumstances which facilitated their doing so. It is useless to try to discuss the question of Arthur's disappearance; but take Garry Geerlaug, for instance, a roving Norseman, as we may suppose from his name, who may have suddenly disappeared with his followers, never more to be heard of in the east of Ireland. In the absence of certain news of his death, it was all the easier to imagine that he was dozing quietly away in an enchanted fortress. Then as to King Cadwaladr, who was also, perhaps, to have returned to this world, so little is known concerning his end that historians have no certainty to this day when or where he died. So much the readier therefore would the story gain currency that he was somewhere biding his time to come back to retrieve his lost fortunes. Lastly, there is Owen Lawgoch, the magic of whose name has only been dissipated in our own day: he died in France in the course of a protracted war with the kings of England. It is not likely, then, that the peasantry of Wales could have heard anything definite about his fate. So here also the circumstances were favourable to the cave legend and the dream that he was, whether at home or abroad, only biding his time. Moreover, in all these cases the hope-inspiring delusion gained currency among a discontented people, probably, who felt the sore need of a deliverer to save them from oppression or other grievous hardships of their destiny.

The question can no longer be prevented from presenting itself as to the origin of this idea of a second advent of a hero of the past; but in that form it is too large for discussion here, and it would involve a review, for

instance, of one of the cardinal beliefs of the Latter-day Saints as to the coming of Christ to reign on earth, and other doctrines supposed to be derived from the New Testament. On the other hand, there is no logical necessity why the expected deliverer should have been in the world before: witness the Jews, who are looking forward not to the return but to the birth and first coming of their Messiah. So the question here may be confined more or less strictly to its cave-legend form; and though I cannot answer it, some advance in the direction whence the answer should come may perhaps be made. In the first place, one wLll have noticed that Arthur and Owen Lawgoch come more or less in one another's way; and the presumption is that Owen Lawgoch has been to a certain extent ousting Arthur, who may be regarded as having the prior claim, not to mention that in the case of the Gwr Blew cave, p. 481, Owen is made by an apparently recent version of the story to evict from his lair a commonplace robber of no special interest. In other words, the Owen Lawgoch legend is, so to say, detected spreading itself[253] . That is very possibly just what had happened at a remoter period in the case of the Arthur legend itself. In other words, Arthur has taken the place of some ancient divinity, such as that dimly brought within our ken by Plutarch in the words placed at the head of this chapter. He reproduces the report of a certain Demetrius, sent by the emperor of Rome to reconnoitre and inspect the coasts of Britain. It was to the effect that around Britain lay many uninhabited islands, some of which are named after deities and some after heroes; and of the islands inhabited, he visited the one nearest to the uninhabited ones. Of this the dwellers were few, but the people of Britain treated them as sacrosanct and inviolable in their persons. Among other things, they related to him how terrible storms, diseases, and portents happened on the occasion of any one of the mighty leaving this life. He adds:--' Moreover there is, they said, an island in which Cronus is imprisoned, with Briareus keeping guard over him as he sleeps; for, as they put it, sleep is the bond forged for Cronus. They add that around him are many divinities, his henchmen and attendants[254].'

What divinity, Celtic or pre-Celtic, this may have been who recalled Cronus or Saturn to the mind of the Roman officer, it is impossible to say. It is to be noticed that he sleeps and that his henchmen are with him, but no allusion is made to treasure. No more is there, however, in Mr. Fisher's version of the story of Ogo'r.-Dinas, which, according to him, says that Arthur and his

warriors there lie sleeping with their right hands clasping the hLlts of their drawn swords, ready to encounter any one who may venture to disturb their repose. On the other hand, legends about cave treasure are probably very ancient, and in some at least of our stories the safe keeping of such treasure must be regarded as the original object of the presence of the armed host.

The permission supposed to be allowed an intruder to take away a reasonable quantity of the cave gold, I should look at in the light of a sort of protest on the part of the story-teller against the niggardliness of the cave powers. I cannot help suspecting in the same way that the presence of a host of armed warriors to guard some pLles of gold and sLlver for unnumbered ages must have struck the fancy of the story-tellers as disproportionate, and that this began long ago to cause a modification in the form of the legends. That is to say, the treasure sank into a mere accessory of the presence of the armed men, who are not guarding any such thing so much as waiting for the destined hour when they are to sally forth to make lost causes win. Originally the armed warriors were in some instances presumably the henchmen of a sleeping divinity, as in the story told to Demetrius; but perhaps oftener they were the guardians of treasure, just as much as the invisible agencies are, which bring on thunder and lightning and portents when any one begins to dig at Dinas Emrys or other spots where ancient treasure lies hidden. There is, it must be admitted, no objection to regarding the attendants of a divinity as at the same time the guardians of his treasure. In none, however, of these cave stories probably may we suppose the principal figure to have originally been that of the hero expected to return among men: he, when found in them, is presumably to be regarded as a comparatively late interloper. But it is, as already hinted, not to be understood that the notion of a returning hero is itself a late one. Quite the contrary; and the question then to be answered is, Where was that kind of hero supposed to pass his time till his return? There is only one answer to which Welsh folklore points, and that is, In fairyland. This is also the teaching of the ancient legend about Arthur, who goes away to the Isle of Avallon to be healed of his wounds by the fairy maiden Morgen; and, according to an anonymous poet[255], it is in her charms that one should look for the reason why Arthur tarries so long --

Immodice lasus Arihurus tendit ad aulam
Regis Avallonis, ubi virgo regia, vulnus

Illius traelans, sanali membra reservat
Ipsa sibi: vivuntque simul, si credcrefas est.

Avallon's court see suffering Arthur reach:
His wounds are healed, a royal maid the leech;
His pains assuaged, he now with her must dwell,
If we hold true what ancient legends tell.

Here may be cited by way of comparison Walter Mapes' statement as to the Trinio, concerning whom he was quoted in the first chapter, p.72 above. He says, that as Trinio was never seen after the losing. battle, in which he and his friends had engaged with a neighbouring chieftain, it was believed in the district around lyn Syfadon, that Trinio's fairy mother had rescued him from the enemy and taken him away with her to her home in the lake. In the case of Arthur it is, as we have seen, a fairy also or a lake lady that intervenes; and there cannot be much room for doubt, that the story representing him going to fairyland to be healed is far older than any which pictures him sleeping in a cave with his warriors and his gold all around him. As for the gold, however, it is abundantly represented as nowhere more common than in the home of the fairies: so this metal treated as a test cannot greatly help us in essaying the distinction here suggested. With regard to Owen Lawgoch, however, one is not forced to suppose that he was ever believed to have sojourned in Faery: the legendary precedent of Arthur as a cave sleeper would probably suffice to open the door for him to enter the recesses of Craig y Dinas, as soon asthe country folk began to grow weary of waiting for his return. In other words, most of our cave legends have combined together two sets of popular belief originally distinct, the one referring to a hero gone to the world of the fairies and expected some day to return, and the other to a hero or god enjoying an enchanted sleep with his retinue all around him. In some of our legends, however, such as that of LLanciau Eryri, the process of combining the two sets of story has been left to this day incomplete.

9. Place-Name Stories

The *Dindisechas* is a collection of stories (*senchasa*), in Middle-Irish prose and verse, about the names of noteworthy places (*dind*) in Ireland-plains, mountains, ridges, cairns, lakes, rivers, fords, estuaries, islands, and so forth. . . . But its value to students of Irish folklore, romance (sometimes called history), and topography has long been recognized by competent authorities, such as Petrie, O'Donovan, and Mr. Alfred Nutt.
WHITLEY STOKES.

IN the previous chapters some folklore has been produced in which we have swine figuring: see more especially that concerned with the Hwch Du Gwta, above. Now I wish to bring before the reader certain other groups of swine legends not vouched for by oral tradition so much as found in manuscripts more or less ancient. The first three to be mentioned occur in one of the Triads[256]. I give the substance of it in the three best known versions, premising that the Triad is entitled that of the Three Stout Swineherds of the Isle of Prydain:--

i. 30a:--Drystan[257] son of Taffwch who guarded the swine of March son of Meirchion while the swineherd went to bid Essyllt come to meet him: at the same time Arthur sought to have one sow by fraud or force, and failed.

ii. 56 b:--Drystan son of Tallwch with the swine of March ab Meirchion whLle the swineherd went on a message to Essyttt. Arthur and March and Cai and Bedwyr came all four to him, but obtained from Drystan not even as much as a single porker, whether by force, by fraud, or by theft.

iii .:101c:--The third was Trystan son of Tallwch, who guarded the swine of March son of Meirchion while the swineherd had gone on a message to Essyllt to bid her appoint a meeting with Trystan. Now Arthur and Marchell and Cai and Bedwyr undertook to go and make an attempt on him, but they proved unable to get possession of as much as one porker either as a gift or as a purchase, whether by fraud, by force, or by theft.
In this story the well-known love of Drystan and Essyllt is taken for granted; but the whole setting is so peculiar and so unlike that of the story of Tristan and Iselt or Iseut in the romances, that there is no reason to

suppose it in any way derived from the latter.
The next portion of the Triad runs thus:--

i. 30b:--And Pryderi son of Pwyll of Annwvyn who guarded the swine of Pendaran of Dyfed in the Glen of the Cuch in Emlyn.

ii. 56a:--Pryderi son of Pwyll Head of Annwn with the swine of Pendaran of Dyfed his foster father. The swine were the seven brought away by Pwyll Head of Annwn and given by him to Pendaran of Dyfed his foster father; and the Glen of the Cuch was the place where they were kept. The reason why Pryderi is called a mighty swineherd is that no one could prevail over him either by fraud or by force[258].

iii. 101a:--The first was Pryderi son of Pwyll of Pendaran in Dyfed[259], who guarded his father's swine while he was in Annwn, and it was in the Glen of the Cuch that he guarded them.

The history of the pigs is given, so to say, in the *Mabinogion*. Pwyll had been able to strike up a friendship and even an alliance with Arawn king of Annwvyn[260]or Annwn, which now means Hades or the other world; and they kept up their friendship partly by exchanging presents of horses, greyhounds, falcons, and any other things calculated to give gratification to the receiver of them. Among other gifts which Pryderi appears to have received from the king of Annwn were *hobeu* or moch, 'pigs, swine,'which had never before been heard of in the island of Prydain. The news about this new race of animals, and that they formed sweeter food than oxen, was not long before it reached Gwynedd; and we shall presently see that there was another story which flatly contradicts this part of the Triad, namely to the effect that Gwydion, nephew of Math king of Gwynedd and a great magician, came to Pryderi's court at Rhuddlan, near Dolau Bach or Highmead on the Teifi in what is now the county of Cardigan, and obtained some of the swine by deceiving the king. But, to pass by that for the present, I may say that Dyfed seems to have been famous for rearing swine; and at the present day one affects to believe in the neighbouring districts that the chief industry in Dyfed, more especially in South Cardiganshire, consists in the rearing of parsons, carpenters, and pigs. Perhaps it is also worth mentioning that the people of the southern portion of Dyfed are nicknamed by the men of Glamorgan to this day *Moch Sir Benfro*, 'the Pigs of Pembrokeshire.'

But why so much importance attached to pigs? I cannot well give a better answer than the reader can himself supply if he will only consider what role the pig plays in the domestic economy of modem Ireland. But, to judge from old Irish literature, it was even more so in ancient times, as pigs' meat was so highly appreciated, that under some one or other of its various names it usually takes its place at the head of all flesh meats in Irish stories. This seems the case, for instance, in the medieval story called the Vision of MacConglinne[261]; and, to go further back, to the Feast of Bricriu. for instance, one finds it decidedly the case with the Champion's Portion[262]at that stormy banquet. Then one may mention the story of the fatal feast on MacD,Ath6's great swine[263], where that beast would have apparently sufficed for the braves both of Connaught and Ulster had Conall Cernach carved fair, and not given more than their share to his own Ultonian friends in order to insult the Connaught men by leaving them nothing but the fore-legs. It is right, however, to point out that most of the stories go to show, that the gourmands of ancient Erin laid great stress on the pig being properly fed, chiefly on milk and the best kind of meal. It cannot have been very different in ancient Wales; for we read in the story of Peredur that, when he sets out from his mother's home full of his mother's counsel, he comes by-and-by to a pavilion, in front of which he sees food, some of which he proceeds to take according to his mother's advice, though the gorgeously dressed lady sitting near it has not the politeness to anticipate his wish. It consisted, we are told, of two bottles of wine, two loaves of white bread, and collops of a milk-fed pig's flesh[264]. The home of the fairies was imagined to be a land of luxury and happiness with which nothing could compare in this world. In this certain Welsh and Irish stories agree; and in one of the latter, where the king of the fairies is trying to persuade the queen of Ireland to elope with him, we find that among the many inducements offered her are fresh pig, sweet milk, and ale.[265] Conversely, as the fairies were considered to be always living and to be a very old-fashioned and ancient people, story in the matter of the derivation of the pig from Annwn: see the last chapter.

The next story in the Triad is, if possible, wilder still: it runs as follows:--

i. 30c:--Coll son of Collrewi[266]who guarded Henwen[267], Dallweir Dallben's sow, which went burrowing as far as the Headland of Awstin in Kernyw and then took to the sea. It was at Aber Torogi in Gwent Is-coed that she came

to land, with Cott keeping his grip on her bristles whatever way she went by sea or by land. Now in Maes Gwenith, ‘Wheat Field,’ in Gwent she dropped a grain of wheat and a bee, and thenceforth that has been the best place for wheat. Then she went as far as Llonwen in Penfro and there dropped a grain of barley and a bee, and thenceforth Llonwen has been the best place for barley. Then she proceeded to Rhiw Gyferthwch in Eryri and dropped a wolf-cub and an eagle-chick. These Coll gave away, the eagle to the Goidel Brynach from the North, and the wolf to Menwaed of Arllechwedd, and they came to be known as Menwaed’s Wolf and Brynach’s Eagle. Then the sow went as far as the Maen Du atLlanfair in Arfon, and there she dropped a kitten, and that kitten Colt cast into the Menai: that came later to be known as Cath Paluc, ‘Palug’s Cat.’

ii. 56c:--The third was Coll son of Kallureuy with the swine of Daffwyr Daltben in Dallwyr’s Glen in Kernyw. Now one of the swine was with young and Henwen was her name; and it was foretold that the Isle of Prydain would be the worse for her litter; and Arthur collected the host of Prydain and went about to destroy it. Then one sow went burrowing, and at the Headland of Hawstin in Kernyw she took to the sea with the swineherd following her. And in Maes Gwenith in Gwent she dropped a grain of wheat and a bee, and ever since Maes Gwenith is the best place for wheat and bees. And at Llonyon in Penfro she dropped a grain of barley and another of wheat: therefore the barley of Llonyon has passed into a proverb. And on Rhiw Gyferthwch in Arfon she dropped a wolf-cub and an eagle-chick. The wolf was given to Mergaed and the eagle to Breat a prince from the North, and they were the worse for having them. And at Manfair in Arfon, to wit below the Maen Du, she dropped a kitten, and from the Maen Du the swineherd cast it into the sea, but the sons of Paluc reared it to their detriment. It grew to be Cath Paluc, ‘Palug’s Cat,’ and proved one of the three chief molestations of Mona reared in the island: the second was Daronwy and the third was Edwin king of England.

iii. 101b:--The second was Coff son of Colffrewi who guarded Dalwaran Dallben’s sow, that came burrowing as far as the Headland of Penwedic in Kernyw and then took to the sea; and she came to land at Aber Tarogi in Gwent Is-coed with Colt keeping his hold of her bristles whithersoever she went on sea or land. At Maes Gwenith in Gwent she dropped three grains of wheat and three bees, and ever since Gwent has the best wheat and bees.

From Gwent she proceeded to Dyfed and dropped a grain of barley and a porker, and ever since Dyfed has the best barley and pigs: it was in Llonnio Llonnwen these were dropped. Afterwards she proceeded to Arfon (*sic*) and in Lleyn she dropped the grain of rye, and ever since Lleyn and Eifionyd have the best rye. And on the side of Rhiw Gyferthwch she dropped a wolf-cub and an eagle-chick. Colt gave the eagle to Brynach the Goidel of Dinas Affaraon, and the wolf to Menwaed lord of Arltechwedd, and one often hears of Brynach's Wolf and Menwaed's Eagle, [the writer was careless: he has made the owners exchange pests]. Then she went as far as the Maen Du in Arfon, where she dropped a kitten and Coll cast it into the Menai. That was the Cath Balwg (*sic*), 'Palug's Cat': it proved a molestation to the Isle of Mona subsequently.

Such are the versions we have of this story, and a few notes on the names seem necessary before proceeding further. Coll is called Coll son of Collurewy in i. 3o, and Coll son of Kallureuy in ii. 56: all that is known of him comes from other Triads, i. 32-3, ii. 20, and iii. 90. The first two tell us that he was one of the Three chief Enchanters of the Isle of Prydain, and that he was taught his magic by RhuddIwin the Giant learnt his magic from Eidd[il]ig the Dwarf and from Coll son of Collfrewi. Nothing is known of Dallwyr's Glen in Kernyw, or of the person after whom it was named. Kernyw is the Welsh for Cornwall, but if Penryn Awstin or Hawstin is to be identified with Aust Cliff on the Severn Sea in Gloucestershire, the story would seem to indicate a time when Cornwall extended north-eastwards as far as that point. The later Triad, iii. ioi, avoids Penryn Awstin and substitutes Penweddic, which recalls some such a name as Pengwaed[268]or Penwith in Cornwall: elsewhere Penweddic[269] is only given as the name of the most northern hundred of Keredigion. Gwent Is-coed means Gwent below the Wood or Forest, and Aber Torogi or Tarogi-omitted, probably by accident, in ii. 56--is now Caldicot Pill, where the small river Tarogi, now called Troggy, discharges itself not very far from Portskewet. Maes Gwenith in the same neighbourhood is still known by that name. The correct spelling of the name of the place in Penfro was probably Llonyon, but it is variously given as ILonwen, Llonyon, and Llonion, not to mention the Llonnio, Llonnwen of the later form of the Triad: should this last prove to be based on any authority one might suggest Llonyon Henwen, so called after the sow, as the original. The modern Welsh spelling of Llonyon would

be Llonion, and it is identified by Mr. Egerton Phillimore with Lanion near Pembroke[270]. Rhiw Gyferthwch [19] is guessed to have been one of the slopes of Snowdon on the Bedgelert side; but I have failed to discover anybody who has ever heard the name used in that neighbourhood.

Arllechwedd was, roughly speaking, that part of Carnarvonshire which drains into the sea between Conway and Bangor. Brynach and Menwaed or Mengwaed[271]seem to be the names underlying the misreadings in ii. 56; but it is quite possible that Brynach, probably for an Irish Bronach, has here superseded an earlier Urnach or Eurnach also a Goidel, to whom I shall have to return in another chapter. Dinas Affaraon[272]is the place called *Dinas Ffaraon Dande* in the story of Llud and Llevelys, where we are told that after Llud had had the two dragons buried there, which had been dug up at the centre of his realm, to wit at Oxford, Ffaraon, after whom the place was called, died of grief. Later it came to be called Dinas Emrys from Myrddin Emrys, 'Merlinus Ambrosius,' who induced Vortigern to go away from there in quest of another place to build his castle[273]. So the reader will see that the mention of this Dinas brings us back to a weird spot with which he has been familiarized in the previous chapter: see above. Llanfair in Arfon is Llanfair Is-gaer near Port Dinorwic on the Menai Straits, and the Maen Du should be a black rock or black stone on the southern side of those straits. Daronwy and Cath Paluc are both personages on whom light is still wanted. Lastly, by Edwin king of England is to be understood Edwin king of the Angles of Deira and Bernicia, whom Welsh tradition represents as having found refuge for a time in Anglesey.

Now this story as a whole looks like a sort of device for stringing together explanations of the origin of certain place-names and of certain local characteristics. Leaving entirely out of the reckoning the whole of Mid-Wales, that is to say, the more Brythonic portion of the country, it is remarkable as giving to South Wales credit for certain resources, but to North Wales for pests alone and scourges, except that the writer of the late version bethought himself of Lleyn and EifionddI as having good land for growing rye; but he was very hazy as to the geography of North Wales--both he and the redactors of the other Triads equally belonged doubtless to South Wales. Among the place-names, Maes Gwenith, 'the Wheat Field,' is clear; but hardly less so is the case of Aber Torogi, ' Mouth of the Troggy,' where *torogi* is 'the pregnancy of animals, 'from *torrog*, 'being with

young.' So with Rhiw Gyferthwch, 'the Hillside or Ascent of *Cyferthwch*,' where *cyferthwch* means ' pantings, pangs, labour.' The name Maen Du, 'Black Rock,' is left to explain itself; and I am not sure that the original story was not so put as also to explain ff-onion, to wit, as a sort of plural of llawn, 'full,' in reference, let us say, to the full ears of the barley grown there. But the reference to the place-names seems to have partly escaped the later tellers of the story or to have failed to impress them as worth emphasizing. They appear to have thought more of explaining the origin of Menwaed's Wolf and Brynach's Eagle. Whether this means in the former case that the district of ArItechwe(I was more infested by wolves than any other part of Wales, or that Menwaed, lord of Artlechwed, had a wolf as his symbol, it is impossible to say.

In another Triad, however, i. 23 = ii- 57, he is reckoned one of the Three Battle-knights who were favourites at Arthur's court, the others being Caradog Freichfras and Llyr Llfuddog or Lludd Llurugog, while in iii. 29 Menwaed's place is taken by a son of his called Mael Hir. Similarly with regard to Brynach's Eagle one has nothing to say, except that common parlance some time or other would seem to have associated the eagle in some way with Brynach the Goidel. The former prevalence of the eagle in the Snowdon district seems to be the explanation of its Welsh name of Eryri-as already suggested above--and the association of the bird with the Goidelic chieftain who had his stronghold under the shadow of Snowdon seems to follow naturally enough. But the details are conspicuous by their scarcity in Welsh literature, though Brynach's Eagle is probably to be identified with the *Aquila Fabulosa* of Eryri, of which Giraldus makes a curious mention[274]. Perhaps the final disuse of Goidelic speech in the district is to be, to some extent, regarded as accounting for our dearth of data. A change of language involved in all probability the shipwreck of many a familiar mode of thought; and many a homely expression must have been lost in the transition before an equivalent acceptable to the Goidel was discovered by him in his adopted idiom.

This question of linguistic change will be found further illustrated by the story to which I wish now to pass, namely that of the hunting of Twrch Trwyth. It is one of those incorporated in the larger tale known as that of Kulhwch and Olwen, the hero and heroine concerned: see the Oxford*Mabinogion*, pp. 135-41, and Guest's translation, iii- 306-16. Twrch

Trwyth is pictured as a formidable boar at the head of his offspring,consisting of seven swine, and the Twrch himself is represented as carrying between his ears a comb, a razor, and a pair of shears. The plot of the Kulhwch renders it necessary that these precious articles should be procured; so Kulhwch prevails on his cousin Arthur to undertake the hunt. Arthur began by sending one of his men, to wit, Menw[275] son of Teirgwaedd, to see whether the three precious things mentioned were really where they were said to be, namely, between Twrch Trwyth's ears. Menw was a great magician who usually formed one of any party of Arthur's men about to visit a pagan country; for it was his business to subject the inhabitants to magic and enchantment, so that they should n9t see Arthur's men, while the latter sawthem. Menw found Twrch Trwyth [20] and his offspring at a place in Ireland called Esgeir Oervel[276], and in order to approach them he alighted in the form of a bird near where they were. He tried to snatch one of the three precious articles from Twrch Trwyth, but he only succeeded in securing one of his bristles, whereupon the Twrch stood up and shook himself so vigorously that a drop of venom from his bristles fell on Menw, who never enjoyed a day's health afterwards as long as he lived. Menw now returned and assured Arthur that the treasures were really about the Twrch's head as it was reported. Arthur then crossed to Ireland with a host and did not stop until he found Twrch Trwyth and his swine at Esgeir Oervel. The hunt began and was continued for several days, but it did not prevent the Twrch from laying waste a *fifth part* of Ireland, that is in Medieval Irish *coiced*, a province of the island. Arthur's men, however, succeeded in killing one of the Twrch's offspring, and they asked Arthur the history[277] of that swine. Arthur replied that it had been a king before being transformed by God into a swine on account of his sins. Here I should remark by the way, that the narrator of the story forgets the death of this young boar, and continues to reckon the Twrch's herd as seven. Arthur's next move was to send one of his men, Gwrhyr, interpreter of tongues[278], to parley with the boars. Gwrhyr, in the form of a bird, alighted above where Twrch Trwyth and his swine lay, and addressed them as follows: 'For the sake of Him who fashioned you in this shape, if you can speak, I ask one of you to come to converse with Arthur! Answer was made by one of the boars, called Grugyn Gwrych Ereint, that is, Grugyn Silver-bristle; for like feathers of silver, we are told, were his bristles wherever he went, and whether in woods or on plains, one saw the gleam of his bristles. The

following, then, was Grugyn's answer: 'By Him who fashioned us in this shape, we shall not do so, and we shall not converse with Arthur. Enough evil has God done to us when He fashioned us in this shape, without your coming to fight with us.' Gwrhyr replied: 'I tell you that Arthur will fight for the comb, the razor, and the shears that are between the ears of Twrch Trwyth.' 'Until his life has first been taken,' said Grugyn, 'those trinkets shall not be taken, and to-morrow morning we set out hence for Arthur's own country, and all the harm we can, shall we do there'.

The boars accordingly set out for Wales, while Arthur with his host, his horses, and his hounds, on board his ship *Prydwen*, kept within sight of them. Twrch Trwyth came to land at Porth Clais, a small creek south of St. David's, but Arthur went that night to Mynyw, which seems to have been Menevia or St. David's. The next day Arthur was told that the boars had gone past, and he overtook them killing the herds of Kynnwas Cwrvagyl, after they had destroyed all they could find in Deugleclyf, whether man or beast. Then the Twrch went as far as Presseleu, a name which survives in that of Preselly or Precelly, as in Preselly Top and Preselly Mountains in North Pembrokeshire. Arthur and his men began the hunt again, while his warriors were ranged on both sides of the *Nyfer* or the river Nevem. The Twrch then left the Glen of the Nevern and made his way to Cwni Kerwyn, the name of which survives in that of Moel Cwm Kerwyn, one of the Preselly heights. In the course of the hunt in that district the Twrch killed Arthur's four champions and many of the people of the country. He was next overtaken in a district called Peuliniauc[279] or Peuliniog, which appears to have occupied a central area between the mountains, Llanddewi Velfrey, Henllan Amgoed, and Laugharne: it probably covered portions of the parish of Whitland and of that of Llandysilio, the church of which is a little to the north of the railway station of Clyn Derwen on the Great Western line. Leaving Peuliniog for the Laugharne Burrows, he crossed, as it seems, from Ginst Point to *Aber Towy* or Towy Mouth[280], which at low water are separated mostly by tracts of sand interrupted only by one or two channels of no very considerable width; for Aber Towy would seem to have been a little south-east of St. Ishmael's, on the eastern bank of the Towy. Thence the Twrch makes his way to Glynn Ystu, more correctly perhaps *Clyn Ystun*, now written *Clun Ystyn* [281], the name of a farm between Carmarthen and the junction of the Amman with the Llychwr, more exactly about six

miles from that junction and about eight and a half from Carmarthen as the crow flies. The hunt is resumed in the Valley of the Llychwr or Loughor [282], where Grugyn and another young boar, called Llwydawc Gouynnyat [283], committed terrible ravages among the huntsmen. This brought Arthur and his host to the rescue, and Twrch Trwyth, on his part, came to help his boars; but as a tremendous attack was now made on him he moved away, leaving the Llychwr, and making eastwards for Mynydd Amanw, or 'the Mountain of Amman,[284] for Amanw is plentifully preserved in that neighbourhood in the shortened form of Aman or Amman:'. On Mynydd Amanw one of his boars was killed, but he is not distinguished by any proper name: he is simply called a *banw*, 'a young boar.' The Twrch was again hard pressed, and lost another called Twrch ILawin. Then a third of the swine is killed, called Gwys, whereupon Twrch Trwyth went to Dyffryn Amanw, or the Vale of Amman, where he lost a banw and a benwic, a' boar' and a 'sow.' All this evidently takes place in the same district, and MYnyd Amanw was, if not Bryn Amman, probably one of the mountains to the south or south-east of the river Amman, so that Dyffryn Amanw may have been what is still called Dyffryn Amman, or the Valley of the Amman from Bryn Amman to where the river Amman falls into the Llychwr. From the Amman the Twrch and the two remaining boars of his herd made their way to Llwch Ewin, 'the lake or pool of Ewin, 'which is now represented by a bog mere above a farm house called Llwch in the parish of Bettws, which covers the southern slope of the Amman Valley. I have found this bog called in a map *Llwch is Awel*, 'Pool below Breeze,' whatever that may mean.

We find them next at Llwch Tawi, the position of which is indicated by that of *Ynys Pen Llwch*, 'Pool's End Isle,' some distance lower down the Tawe than Pont ar Dawe. At this point the boars separate, and Grugyn goes away to Din Tywi, 'Towy Fort,' an unidentified position somewhere on the Towy, possibly Grongar Hill near Llandeilo, and thence to a place in Keredigion where he was killed, namely, Garth Grugyn. I have not yet been able to identify the spot, though it must have once had a castle, as we read of a castle called Garthgrugyn being strengthened by Maelgwn Vychan in the year 1242: the *Bruts* locate it in Keredigion[285], but this part of the story is obscured by careless copying on the part of the scribe[286] of the *Red Book*. After Grugyn's death we read of Llwydawc having made his way to Ystrad Yw, and, after inflicting slaughter on several of his assailants, he is himself

killed there. Now Ystrad Yw, which our mapsters, would have us call *Ystrad Wy*, as if it had been on the Wye [287], is supposed to have covered till Henry VIII's time the same area approximately as the hundred of Crickhowel has since, namely, the parishes of (I) Crickhowel, (2) Llanbedr Ystrad Yw with Patrishow, (3) ILanfihangel Cwm Du with Tretower and Penmyarth, (4) Langattock with Llangenny, (5) Llanelly with Brynmawr, and (6) Llangynidr. Of these ILanbedr perpetuates the name of Ystrad Yw, although it is situated near the junction of the Greater and Lesser Grwynd and not in the Strath of the Yw, which Ystrad Yw means. So one can only treat *Llanbedr Ystrad Yw* as meaning that particular Llanbedr or St. Peter's Church which belongs to the district comprehensively called Ystrad Yw. Now if one glances at the *Red Book* list of cantreds and cymwds, dating in the latter part of the fourteenth century, one will find Ystrad Yw and *Cruc Howel* existing as separate cymwds. So we have to look for the former in the direction of the parish of Cwm Du; and on going back to the *Taxatio* of Pope Nicholas IV dating about 1291, we find that practically we have to identify with Cwm. Du a name *Stratden'*, p. 273", which one is probably to treat as *Strat d'Eue* [288]or some similar Norman spelling; for most of the other parishes of the district are mentioned by the names which they still bear. That is not all; for from Cwm Du a tributary of the Usk called the Rhiangoll comes down and receives at Tretower the waters of a smaller stream called the Yw. The land on both sides of that Yw burn forms the *ystrad* or strath of which we are in quest. The chief source of this water is called Llygad Yw, and gives its name to a house of some pretensions bearing an inscription showing that it was built in its present form about the middle of the seventeenth century by a member of the Gunter family well known in the history of the county. Near the house stands a yew tree on the boundary line of the garden, and close to its trunk, but at a lower level, is a spring of bubbling water: this is Llygad Yw,'the Eye of the Yw.' For Llygad Yw is a succinct expression for the source of the Yw burn [289], and the stream retains the name Yw to its fall into the Rhiangoll; but besides the spring of Llygad Yw it has several other similar sources in the fields near the house. There is nothing, however, in this brook to account for the name of Ystrad Yw having been extended to an important district; but if one traces its short course one will at once guess the explanation. For a few fields below Llygad Yw is the hamlet of the Gaer or fortress, consisting of four farm houses called the Upper, Middle, and Lower Gaer, and Pen y

Gaer: through this hamlet of the Gaer flows the Yw. These, and more especially Pen y Gaer, are supposed to have been the site of a Roman camp of considerable importance, and close by it the Yw is supposed to have been crossed by the Roman road proceeding towards Brecon[290]. The camp in the Strath of the Yw was the head quarters of the ruling power in the district, and hence the application of the name of Ystrad Yw to a wider area. But for our story one has to regard the name as confined to the land about the Yw burn, or at most to a somewhat larger portion of the parish of Cwm Du, to which the Yw and Tretower belong. The position of the Gaer in Ystrad Yw at the foot of the Bwlch or the gap in the difficult mountain spur stretching down towards the Usk is more likely to have been selected by the Romans than by any of the Celtic inhabitants, whose works are to be found on several of the neighbouring hills, such as Myarth[291] between the Yw and the Usk.

We next find Twrch Trwyth, now the sole survivor, making his way towards the Severn: so Arthur summons Cornwall and Devon to meet him at Aber Hafren or Severn mouth. Then a furious conflict with the Twrch takes place in the very waters of that river, between Llyn Lliwan and Aber Gwy or the mouth of the Wye. After much trouble, Arthur's men succeed in getting possession of two out of the three treasures of the boar, but he escapes with the third, namely, the comb, across the Severn[292]. Then as soon as he gets ashore he makes his way to Cornwall, where the comb is at length snatched from him. Chased thence, he goes straight into the sea, with the hounds Anet and Aethlem after him, and nothing has ever been heard of any of the three from that day to this.

That is the story of Twrch Trwyth, and Dr. Stokes calls my attention to a somewhat similar hunt briefly described in the Rennes *Dindsenchas* in the *Revue Celtique*, xv-474-5. Then as to the precious articles carried by the Twrch about his head and ears, the comb, the razor, and the shears, two out of the three-the comb and the razor-belong to the regular stock of a certain group of tales which recount how the hero elopes with the daughter of a giant who loses his life in the pursuit[293]. In order to make sure of escaping from the infuriated giant, the daughter abstracts from her father's keeping a comb, a razor, and another article. When she and her lover fleeing on their horse are hard pressed, the latter throws behind him the comb, which at once becomes a rough impenetrable forest to detain the giant for a while.

When he is again on the point of overtaking them, the lover throws behind him the razor, which becomes a steep and sharp mountain ridge through which the pursuing giant has to waste time tunnelling his way. The third article is usually such as, when thrown in the giant's way, becomes a lake in which he is drowned while attempting to swim across. In the Kulhwch. story, however, as we have it, the allusion to these objects is torn away from what might be expected as its context. The giant is Yspaddaden Penkawr, whose death is effected in another way; but before the giant is finally disposed of he requires to be shaved and to have his hair dressed. His hair, moreover, is so rough that the dressing cannot be done without the comb and shears in the possession of Twrch Trwyth, whence the hunt; and for the shaving one would have expected the Twrch's razor to have been requisite; but not so, as the shaving had to be done by means of another article, namely, the tusk of *Yskithyrwynn Pennbeidd*, 'White-tusk chief of Boars,' for the obtaining of which one is treated briefly to another boar hunt. The Kulhwch story is in this respect very mixed and disjointed, owing, it would seem, to the determination of the narrator to multiply the number of things difficult to procure, each involving a separate feat to be described.

Let us now consider the hunt somewhat more in detail, with special reference to the names mentioned; and let us begin with that of Twrch Trwyth: the word *twrch* means the male of a beast of the swine kind, and *twrch coed*, 'a wood pig,' is a wild boar, while *twrch daear*, 'an earth pig,' is the word in North Wales for a mole. In the next place we can practically equate *Twrch Trwyth* with a -name at the head of one of the articles in Cormac's *Irish Glossary*. There the exact form is Orc Tréith, and the following is the first part of the article itself as given in O'Donovan's translation edited by Stokes:-- *'Orc Tréith i. e.* nomen for a king's son, *triath enim rex vocatur, unde dixit poela Oinach n-uirc tréith* " fair of a king's son," i. e. food and precious raiment, down and quilts, ale and flesh-meat, chessmen and chessboards, horses and chariots, greyhounds and playthings besides.' In this extract the word *orc* occurs in the genitive as *uirc*, and it means a 'pig' or 'boar'; in fact it is, with the usual Celtic loss of the consonant *p*, the exact Goidelic equivalent of the Latin *porcus*, genitive *porci*. From another article in Cormac's *Glossary*, we learn that *Tréith* is the genitive of *Triath*, which has been explained to mean a king. Thus, *Orc Tréith* means Triath's Orc, Triath's Boar, or the King's Boar; so we take Twrch Trwyth in the same way to mean 'Trwyth's Boar.'

But we have here a discrepancy, which the reader will have noticed, for twrch is not the same word as Irish *orc*, the nearest form to be expected in Welsh being *Wrch*, not *Twrch*; but such a word as Wrch does not, so far as I know, exist. Now did the Welsh render *orc* by a different word unrelated to the Goidelic one which they heard? Ithink not; for it is remarkable that Irish has besides orc a word torc, meaning a 'boar,' and *torc* is exactly the Welsh *twrch*. So there seems to be no objection to our supposing that what Cormac calls *Orc Tréith* was known in the Goidelic of Wales as *Torc Tréith*, which had the alliteration to recommend it to popular favour. In that case one could say that the Goidelic name *Torc Tréith* appears in Welsh with a minimum of change as *Twrch Trwyth*, and also with the stamp of popular favour more especially in the retention of the Goidelic *th*, just as in the name of an ancient camp or fortification on the Withy Bush Estate in Pembrokeshire: it is called the *Rath*, or the *Rath Ring*. Here *rath* is identical with the Irish word *ráth*, 'a fortification or earthworks,' and we seem to have it also in *Cil Rath Fawr*, the name of a farm in the neighbourhood of Narberth. Now the Goidelic word tréith appears to have come into Welsh as treth-i, the long vowel of which must in Welsh have become *oi* or *ui* by about the end of the sixth century; and if the *th* had been treated on etymological principles its proper equivalent in the Welsh of that time would have been *d* or *t*. The retention of the th is a proof, therefore, of oral transmission; that is to say, the Goidelic word passed bodily into Brythonic, to submit afterwards to the phonological rules of that language.

A little scrutiny of the tale will, I think, convince the reader that one of the objects of the original story-teller was to account for certain place-names. Thus Grugyn was meant to account for the name of Garth Grugyn,--where Grugyn was killed; Gwys, to account similarly for that of Gwys, a tributary of the Twrch, which gives its name to a station on the line of railway between Ystalyfera and Bryn Amman; and Twrch Llawin to account for the name of the river Twrch, which receives the Gwys, and falls into the Tawe some distance below Ystrad Gynlais, between the counties of Brecknock and Glamorgan.

Besides Grugyn and Twrch Llawin, there was a third brother to whom the story gives a special name, to wit, Llwydawc Gouynnyat, and this was, I take it, meant also to account for a place-name, which, however, is not given: it should have been somewhere in Ystrad Yw, in the county of

Brecknock. Still greater interest attaches to the swine that have not been favoured with names of their own, those referred to simply as *banw*, 'a young boar,' and *benwic*, 'a young sow.' Now *banw* has its equivalent in Irish in the word *banbh*, which O'Reilly explains as meaning a 'sucking pig,' and that is the meaning also of the Manx *bannoo*; but formerly the word may have had a somewhat wider meaning. The Welsh appellative is introduced twice into the story of Twrch Trwyth; once to account, as I take it, for the name Mynydd Amanw, 'Amman Mountain,'and once for Dyffryn Amanw, 'Amman Valley.' In both instances Amanw was meant, as I think, to be accounted for by the banw killed at each of the places in question. But how, you will ask, does the word banw account for Amanw, or throw any light on it at all? Very simply, if you will just suppose the name to have been Goidelic; for then you have only to provide it with the definite article and it makes *in banbh*, 'the pig or the boar,' and that could not in Welsh yield anything but *ymmanw* or ammanw[294], which with the accent shifted backwards, became *Ammanw* and *Amman* or *Aman*.

Having premised these explanations let us, before we proceed further, see to what our evidence exactly amounts. Here, then, we have a mention of seven swine, but as two of them, a *banw* and a *benwic*, are killed at one and the same place, our figure is practically reduced to six[295]. The question then is, in how many of these six cases the story of the hunt accounts for the names of the places of the deaths respectively, that is to say, accounts for them in the ordinary way with which one is familiar in other Welsh stories. They may be enumerated as follows:--

1. A *banw* is killed at Mynyd Amanw.
2. A *twrch* is killed in the same neighbourhood, where there is a river *Twrch*.
3. A swine called *Gwys* is killed in the same neighbourhood still, where there is a river called *Gwys*, falling into the Twrch.
4. A *banw* and a *benwic* are killed in Dyffryn *Amanw*.
5. Grugyn is killed at a place called Garth *Grugyn*.
6. A swine called Llwydawc is killed at a spot, not named, in Ystrad Yw or not far off.[296]

Thus in five cases out of the six, the story accounts for the place-name, and the question now is, can that be a mere accident? just think what the probabilities of the case would be if you put them into numbers: South

Wales, from St. David's to the Vale of the Usk, would supply hundreds of place-names as deserving of mention, to say the least, as those in this story; is it likely then that out of a given six among them no less than five should be accounted for or alluded to by any mere accident in the course of a story of the brevity of that of Twrch Trwyth. To my thinking such an accident is inconceivable, and I am forced, therefore, to suppose that the narrative was originally so designed as to account for them. I said 'originally so designed,' for the scribe of the *Red Book*, or let us say the last redactor of the story as it stands in the *Red Book*, shows no signs of having noticed any such design. Had he detected the play on the names of the places introduced, he would probably have been more inclined to develop that feature of the story than to efface it.

What I mean may best be illustrated by another swine story, namely, that which has already been referred to as occurring in the *Mabinogi* of Mat There we find Pryderi, king of Dyfed, holding his court at Rhuctlan on the Teifi, but though he had become the proud possessor of a new race of animals, given him as a present by his friend Arawn, king of Annwn, he had made a solemn promise to his people, that he should give none of them away until they had doubled their number in Dyfed: these animals were the hobeu or pigs to which reference was made at p. 69 above. Now Gwydion, having heard of them, visited Pryderi's court, and by magic and enchantment deceived the king. Successful in his quest, he sets out for Gwynect with his hobeu, and this is how his journey is described in the Mabinogi: 'And that evening they journeyed as far as the upper end of Keredigion, to a place which is still called, for that reason, Mochdref, "Swine-town or Pigs' stead." On the morrow they went theirway, and came across the Elenyd mountains, and that night they spent between Kerry and Arwystli, in the stead which is also called for that reason Mochdref, Thence they proceeded, and came the same evening as far as a commot in Powys, which is for that reason called Mochnant Swine-burn.[297] Thence they journeyed to the cantred of Rhos, and spent that night within the town which is still called Mochdref[298].''Ah, my men,' said Gwydion, 'let us make for the fastness of Gwyned with these beasts: the country is being raised in pursuit of us.' So this is what they did: they made for the highest town of Artfechwect, and there built a creu or sty for the pigs, and for that reason the town was called Creu-Wyrion, that is, perhaps, 'Wyrion's Sty.' In

this, it is needless to state, we have the Corwrion above--the name is variously pronounced also *Cyrwrion* and *Crwrion*.

That is how a portion of the Math story is made to account for a series of place-names, and had the editor of the Kulhwch understood the play on the names of places in question in the story of Twrch Trwyth, it might be expected that he would have given it prominence, as already suggested. Then comes the question, how it came to pass that he did not understand it? The first thing to suggest itself as an answer is, that he may have been a stranger to the geography of the country concerned. That, however, is a very inadequate explanation; for his being a stranger, though it might account for his making blunders as to the localities, would not be likely to deter him from venturing into geography which he had not mastered.

What was it, then, that hid from him a portion of the original in this instance? In part, at least, it must have been a difficulty of language. Let us take an illustration: Gwys has already been mentioned more than once as a name applied to one of Twrch Trwyth's offspring, and the words used are very brief, to the following effect:--'And then another of his swine was killed: Gwys was its name.' As a matter of fact, the scribe was labouring under a mistake, for he ought to have said rather, ' And then another of his swine was killed: it was a sow'; since gwys was a word meaning a sow, and not the name of any individual hog. The word has, doubtless, long been obsolete in Welsh; but it was known to the poet of the 'Little Pig's Lullaby' in the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, where one of the stanzas begins, fo. 29a, with the line:

Oian aparchellan. aparchell. guin guis.

The late Dr. Pughe translated it thus:

Listen, little porkling! thou forward little white pig.

I fear I should be obliged to render it less elegantly:

Lullaby, little porker, white sow porker.

For the last four words Stokes suggests 'O pigling of a white sow'; but perhaps the most natural rendering of the words would be 'O white porker of a sow! '--which does not recommend itself greatly on the score of sense, I must admit. The word occurs, also, in Breton as *gwys* or *guis*,'truie, femelle du porc,' and as *gwys* or *guis* in Old Cornish, while in Irish it

was *feis*. Nevertheless, the editor of the Twrch Trwyth story did not know it; but it would be in no way surprising that a Welshman, who knew his language fairly well, should be baffled by such a word in case it was not in use in his own district in his own time. This, however, barely touches the fringe of the question. The range of the hunt, as already given, was mostly within the boundaries, so to say, of the portion of South Wales where we find Goidelic inscriptions in the Ogam character of the fifth or sixth century; and I am persuaded that the Goideliclanguage must have lived down to the sixth or seventh century in the south and in the north of Wales[299], a tract of Mid-Wales being then, probably, the only district which can be assumed to have been completely Brythonic in point of speech. In this very story, probably, such a name as Garth Grugyn is but slightly modified from a Goidelic *Gort Grucaind*, 'the enclosure of Grucand[300] or Grugan': compare Cfichulaind or Cfichulainn made in Welsh into Cocholyn. But the capital instance in the story of Twrch Trwyth as has already been indicated is that of Amanw, which I detect also as Ammann (probably to be read *Ammanu*), in the *Book of Llan Dav* (or *Liber Landavensis*), p. 199: it is there borne by a lay witness to a grant of land called Tir Dimuner, which would appear to have been in what is now Monmouthshire. Interpreted as standing for in Banbh, I the Boar,' it would make a man's name of the same class as *Ibleid*, found elsewhere in the same manuscript (pp. 178, l84), meaning evidently *i Bleid*, now *y Blaidd*, 'the Wolf' But observe that the latter was Welsh and the former Goidelic, which makes all the difference for our story. The Goidel relating the story would say that a-boar, *banbh*, was killed on the mountain or hill of in *Banbh* or of 'the Boar'; and his Goidelic hearer could noit fail to associate the place-name with the appellative. But a Brython could hardly understand what the words in *Banbh* meant, and certainly not after he had transformed them into *Ammanw*, with the nb assimilated into mm, and the accent shifted to the first syllable. It is needless to say that my remarks have no meaning unless Goidelic was the original language of the tale In the summary I have given of the hunt, I omitted a number of proper names of the men who fell at the different spots where the Twrch is represented brought to bay. I wish now to return to them with the question, why were their names inserted in the story at all? It may be suspected that they also, or at any rate some of them, were intended to explain place-names; but I must confess to having had little success in identifying traces of them in the ordnance maps.

Others, however, may fare better, who have a better acquaintance with the districts in point, and in that hope I append them in their order in the story:-
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1. Arthur sends to the hunt on the banks of the Nevern, in Pembrokeshire, his men, Eli and Trachmyr, Gwarthegydd son of Caw, and Bedwyr; also *Tri meib CledyvDivwlch*, 'three Sons of the Gapless Sword' The dogs are also mentioned: Drudwyn, Greid son of Eri's whelp, led by Arthur himself; Glythmyr Ledewig's two dogs, led by Gwarthegydd son of Caw; and Arthur's dog Cavall, led by Bedwyr.
2. Twrch Trwyth makes for Cwm Kerwyn in the Preselly Mountains, and turns to bay, killing the following men, who are called Arthur's four rhyswyr[301]or champion s-Gwarthegyd son of Caw, Tarawg of Altt Clwyd, Rheidwn son of Eli Atver, and Iscovan Hael.
3. He turns to bay a second time in Cwm Kerwyn, and kills Gwydre son of Arthur, Garselid Wydel, Glew son of Yscawt, and Iscawyn son of Bannon or Panon.
4. Next day he is overtaken in the same neighbourhood, and he kills Glewlwyd Gavaelvawes three men, Huandaw, Gogigwr, and Penn Pingon, many of the men of the country also, and Gwlydyn Saer, one of Arthur's chief architects.
5. Arthur overtakes the Twrch next in Peuliniauc (above); and the Twrch there kills Madawc son of Teithion, Gwyn son of Tringad son of Neued, and Eiriawn Pen1toran.
6. Twrch Trwyth next turns to bay at Aber Towy, 'Towy Mouth,' and kills Cynlas son of Cynan, and G wilenhin, king of Franc
7. The next occasion of his killing any men whose names are given, is when he reaches Llwch Ewin, near which he killed Echel Vorddwyd-twll, Arwyli eil Gwyclawg Gwyr, and many men and dogs besides.
8. Grugyn, one of the Twrch's offspring, goes to Garth Grugyn in Keredigion with Eli and Trachmyr pursuing him; but what happened to them we are not told in consequence of the omission mentioned above (p. 515) as occurring in the manuscript.
9. Llwydawc at bay in an uncertain locality kills Rudvyw Rys[302]and many others.
10. Llwydawc goes to Ystrad Yw, where he is met by the Men of Llydaw,

and he kills Hirpeissawc, king of Llydaw, also Llygatrudd Emys and Gwrbothu Hen, maternal uncles to Arthur.

By way of notes on these items, I would begin with the last by asking, what is one to make of these Men of Llydaw? First of all, one notices that their names are singular: thus *Hirpeissawc*, 'Long-coated or Longrobed,' is a curious name for their king, as it sounds more like an epithet than a name itself. Then *Llygatrwdd* (also *Llysgatrudd*, which I cannot understand, except as as a scribal error) *Emys* is also unusual: one would have rather expected *Emys Lygatrudd*, ' Emys the Red-eyed.' As it stands it looks as if it meant the 'Red-eyed One of Emys.' Moreover *Emys* reminds one of the name of Emyr Llydaw, the ancestor in Welsh hagiology of a number of Welsh saints. It looks as if the redactor of the Red Book had mistaken an r for an s in copying from a pre-Norman original. That he had to work on such a manuscript is proved by the remaining instance, Gwbothu Hen, 'G. the Ancient,' in which we have undoubtedly a pre-Norman spelling of Gwrfoddzv: the same redactor having failed to recognize the name, left it without being convertedinto the spelling of his own school. In the *Book of Llan Dav* it will be found variously written *Gurbodu*, *Guoruodu*, and*Guruodu*. Then the epithet hén, 'old or ancient,' reminds one of such instances as Math Hén and Gofynion Hén, to be noticed a little later in this chapter. Let us now direct the reader's attention for a moment to the word Llydaw, in order to see whether that may not suggest something. The etymology of it is contested, so one has to infer its meaning, as well as one can, from the way in which it is found used. Now it is the ordinary Welsh word for Brittany or Little Britain, and in Irish it becomes *Letha*, which is found applied not only to Armorica but also to *Latium*. Conversely one could not be surprised if a Goidel, writing Latin, rendered his own *Letha* or the Welsh *Llydaw* by Latium, even when no part of Italy was meant. Now it so happens that *Llydaw* occurs in Wales itself, to wit in the name of 1Lyn 1Lydaw, a Snowdonian lake already mentioned,. It is thus described by Pennant, ii. 339:--'We found, on arriving at the top, an hollow a mile in length, filled with Lyn Ll-ydaw, a fine lake, winding beneath the rocks, and vastly indented by rocky projections, here and there jutting into it. In it was one little island, the haunt of black-backed gulls, which breed here, and, alarmed by such unexpected visitants, broke the silence of this sequestered place by their deep screams.' But since Pennant's time mining operations[303]have been carried on close to themargin of this lake; and in the

course of them the level of the water is said to have been lowered to the extent of sixteen feet, when, in the year 1856, an ancient canoe was discovered there. According to the late Mr. E. L. Barnwell, who has described it in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1874, pp. 150-1, it was in the possession of Dr. Griffith Griffith of Tal y Treuddyn, near Harlech, who exhibited it at the Cambrian Archaeological Association's meeting at Machyntfeth in 1866 [304]. 'It measures,' Mr. Barnwell says, 'nine feet nine inches-a not uncommon length in the Scotch early canoes,-and has been hollowed out of one piece of wood, as is universally the case with these early boats.' He goes on to surmise that 'this canoe may have been used to reach the island, for the sake of birds or eggs; or what is not impossible, the island may have been the residence of some one who had reasons for preferring so isolated an abode. It may, in fact, have been · kind of small natural crannog, and, in one sense, veritable lake-dwelling, access to and from which was easy by means of such a canoe.' Stokes conjectures .Lydaw to have meant coast-land, and Thurneysen connects it with the Sanskrit *prihivi* and Old Saxon *folda*[305], 'earth': and, so far as I can see, one is at liberty to assume a meaning that would satisfy *Llydaw*, 'Armorica,' and the *Llydaw of Llyn Lydaw*, 'the Lake of Llydaw,' namely that it signified land which one had to reach by boat, so that it was in fact applicable to a lake settlement of any kind, in other words, that *Llydaw* on Snowdon was the name of the lake-dwelling. So I cannot help suggesting, with great deference, that the place whence came the Men of Llydaw in the story of the hunting of Twrch Trwyth was the settlement in Syfadon lake, and that the name of that stronghold, whether it was a crannog or a stockaded islet, was also Llydaw. For the power of that settlement over the surrounding country to have extended a few mLles around would be but natural to suppose-the distance between the Yw and Llyn Syfadon is, I am told, under three miles. Should this guess prove well founded, we should have to scan with renewed care the allusions in our stories to Llydaw, and not assume that they always refer us to Brittany.

That the name Llydaw did on occasion refer to the region of Llyn Syfaclon admits of indirect proof as follows:--The church of Llangorse on its banks is dedicated to a Saint Paulinus, after whom also is called Capel Peulin, in the upper course of the Towy, adjacent to the Cardiganshire parish of Llanctewi Brefi. Moreover, tradition makes Paulinus attend a synod in 519

at Llandewi Brefi, where St. David distinguished himself by his preaching against Pelagianism. Paulinus was then an old man, and St. David had been one of his pupils at the *Ty Gwyn*, 'Whitland,'on the Taf, where Paulinus had established a religious house[306]; and some five miles up a tributary brook of the Taf is the church of LlandysLlio, where an ancient inscription mentions a Paulinus. These two places, Whitland and LlandysLlio, were probably in the cymwd of Peuliniog, which is called after a Paulinus, and through which we have just followed the hunt of Twrch Trwyth

Now the inscription to which I have referred reads[307], with ligatures:--[21]

CLVTORIGI
FLLIPAVLINI
MARINLLATIO

This probably means '(the Monument) of Clutorix, son of Paulinus from Latium in the Marsh'; unless one ought rather to treat *Marini* as an epithet to *Paulini*. In either case *Latio* has probably to be construed '*of* or *from Latium'*: compare a Roman inscription found at Bath (Hűbner's No. 48), which begins with *C. Murrius*. I *C. F. Arniensis* I *Foro. Iuli. Mo destus* [308], and makes in English, according to Mr. Haverfield, 'Gaius Murrius Modestus, son of Gaius, of the tribe Arniensis, of the town Forum Iulii.' The easiest way to explain the last line as a whole is probably to treat it as a compound with the qualifying word deriving its meaning, not from mare, 'the sea,' but from the Late Latin *mara*, 'a marsh or bog.' Thus *Marini-Latium* would mean 'Marshy Latium,' to distinguish it from Latium in Italy, and from *Letha* or *Llydaw* in the sense of Brittany, which was analogously termed in Medieval Irish *Armuirc* Letha [309], that is the Armorica of *Letha*. This is borne out by the name of the church of Paulinus, which is in Welsh *LlanY Gors*, anglicized *Llangorse*, ' the Church of the Marsh or Bog,' and that is exactly the meaning of the name given it in the *Taxatio* of Pope Nicholas, which is that of *Ecclesia de Mara*. In other terms, we have in the qualified Latium of the inscription the Latium or Letha which came to be called in Welsh Llydaw. It is, in my opinion, from that settlement as their head quarters, that the Men of LLydaw sallied forth to take part in the hunt in Ystrad Yw, where the boar Llwydog was killed.

The idea that the story of Twrch Trwyth was more or less topographical is not a new one. Lady Charlotte Guest, in her *Mabinogion*, ii. 363-5, traces

the hunt through several places called after Arthur, such as *Buarth Arthur*, 'Arthur's Cattle-pen,' and *Bwrdd,Arthur*, 'Arthur's Table,' besides others more miscellaneously named, such as *Twyn y Moch*, 'the Swine's Hill ' near the source of the Amman, and *Llwyn y Moch*, 'the Swine's Grove,' near the foot of the same eminence. But one of the most remarkable statements in her note is the following:--'An other singular coincidence may be traced between the name of a brook in this neighbour. hood, called Echel, and the Echel Forclwyawlt who is recorded in the tale as having been slain at this period of the chase.' I have been unable to discover any clue to a brook called Echel, but one called Egel occurs in the right place; so I take it that Lady Charlotte Guest's informants tacitly identified the name with that of Echel. Substantially they were probably correct, as the Egel, called Ecel in the dialect of the district, flows into the upper Clydach, which in its turn falls into the Tawe near Pont ar Dawe. As the next pool mentioned is Llwch Tawe, I presume it was some water or other which drained into the Tawe in this same neighbourhood. The relative positions of Llwch Ewin, the Egel, and Llwch Tawe as indicated above offer no apparent difficulty. The Goidelic name underlYing that of Echel was probably some such a one as *Eccel* or *Ecell*; and *Ecell* occurs, for instance, in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 80b, as the name of a noble or prince. In rendering this name into Welsh as *Echel*, due regard was had for the etymological equivalence of Goidelic *cc* or *c* to Welsh *ch*, but the unbroken oral tradition of a people changing its language by degrees from Goidelic to Welsh was subject to no such influence, especially in the matter of local names; so the one here in question passed into Welsh as Eccel, liable only to be modified into Egel. In any case, one may assume that the death of the hero Echel was introduced to account for the name of the brook Egel. Indications of something simLlar in the linguistic sense occur in the part of the narrative relating the death of Grugyn, at Garth Grugyn. This boar is pursued by two huntsmen called Eli and Trachmyr, the name of the former of whom reminds one of Garth Eli, in the parish of Llanclewi Brefi. Possibly the original story located at Garth Eli the death of Eli, or some other incident in which Grugyn was concerned; but the difficulty here is that the exact position of Garth Grugyn is still uncertain.

Lastly, our information as to the hunting of Twrch Trwyth is not exclusively derived from the Kulhwch, for besides an extremely obscure poem about the Twrch in the *Book of Aneurin*, a manuscript of the thirteenth century, we

have one item given in the *Mirablilia* associated with the *Historia Brittonum* of Nennius, § 73, and, this carries us back to the eighth century. It reads as follows:--

Est aliud mirabile in regione qux dicitur Buelt. Est ibi cumulus lapidum, et unus latis suterpositus super congestum, cum vestigo canis in eo. Quando venatus est porcum Troit, impressit Cabal, qui erat canis Arthuri militis, vestigium in lapide, et Arthur postea congregavit congestum lapidum sub labide in quo erat vestigium canis sui, et vocatur Carn Cabal, Et veniunt homines et tollunt lapidem in manibus suis per spacium die et noctis, et in crastino die invenitur super congestum suum.

'Another wonder there is in the district called Buallt: there is there a heap of stones, and one stone is placed on the top of the pile with the footmark of a dog in it. Cafall, the dog of the warrior Arthur, when chasing the pig Trwyd printed the mark of his foot on it, and Arthur afterwards collected a heap of stones underneath the stone in which was the footmark of his dog, and it is called Cafalt's Cairn. And men come and take the stone away in their hands for the space of a day and a night, and on the following day the stone is found on the top of its heap[310].'

Lady Charlotte Guest, in a note to the Kulhwch story in her *Mabinogion*, ii. 360, appears to have been astonished to find that *Carn Cavall*, as she writes it, was no fabulous mound but an actual I mountain in the district of BuLlth, to the south of Rhayader Gwy, and within sight of that town.' She went so far as to per. suade one of her friends to visit the summit, and he begins his account of it to her with the words: 'Cam Cavalt, or as it is generally pronounced Corn Cavalt, is a lofty and rugged mountain.' On one of the caims on the mountain he discovered what may have been the very stone to which the *Mirabilia* story refers; but the sketch with which he accompanied his communication cannot be said to be convincing, and he must have been drawing on his imagination when he spoke of this somewhat high hill as a lofty mountain. Moreover his account of its name only goes just far enough to be misleading: the name as pronounced in the neighbourhood of Rhayader is *Corn Gafalt* by Welsh-speaking people, and *Corn Gavalt* by monoglot Englishmen. So it is probable that at one time the pronunciation was Carn Gavall[311]. But to return to the incident recorded by Nennius, one has to remark that it does not occur in the Kulhwch; nor, seeing the position of the hLll, can it have been visited by Arthur or his dog in the course of the

Twrch Trwyth hunt as described by the redactor of the story in its present form. This suggests the reflection not only that the Twrch story is very old, but that it was put together by selecting certain incidents out of an indefinite number, which, taken all together, would probably have formed a network covering the whole of South Wales as far north as the boundary of the portion of Mid-Wales occupied by the Brythons before the Roman occupation. In other words, the Goidels of this country had stories current among them to explain the names of the places with which they were famLliar; and ifis known that was the case with the Goidels of Ireland. Witness the place-name legends known in Medieval Irish as Dindsenchas, with which the old literature of Ireland abounds. On what principle the narrator of the Kulhwch made his selection from the repertoire I cannot say; but one cannot help seeing that he takes little interest in the detaLls, and that he shows stLll less insight into the etymological motz)r of the incidents which he mentions. However, this should be laid mainly to the charge, perhaps, of the early medieval redactor.

Among the reasons which have been suggested for the latter overlooking and effacing the play on the placenames, I have hinted that be did not always understand them, as they sometimes involved a language which may not have been his. This raises the question of translation: if the story was originally in Goidelic, what was the process by which it passed into Brythonic? Two answers suggest themselves, and the first comes to this: if the story was in writing, we may suppose a literary man to have sat down to translate it word for word from Goidelic to Brythonic, or else to adapt it in a looser fashion. In either case, one should suppose him a master of both languages, and capable of doing justice to the play on the place-names. But it is readLly conceivable that the fact of his understanding both languages might lead him to miscalculate what was . exactly necesary to enable a monoglot Brython to grasp his meaning clearly. Moreover, if the translator had ideas of his own as to style, he might object on principle to anything like an explanation of words being interpolated in the narrative. In short, one could see several loopholes through which a little confusion might force itself in, and prevent the monoglot reader or hearer of the translation from correctly grasping the story at all points as it was in the original. The other view, and the more natural one, as I think, is that we should postulate the interference of no special translator, but suppose the story, or rather a congeries of stories, to have been current among the natives of a certain part

of South Wales, say the LoughorValley, at a time when their language was still Goidelic, and that, as they gradually gave up Goidelic and adopted Brythonic, they retained their stories and translated the narrative, whLle they did not always translate the place-names occurring in that narrative. Thus, for instance, would arise the discrepancy between *banw* and *Amanw*, the latter of which to be Welsh should have been rendered y Banw, 'the Boar! If this is approximately what took place, it is easy to conceive the possibLlity of many points of nicety being completely effaced in the course of such a rough process of ti-ansformation. In one or two small matters it happens that we can contrast the community as translator with the literary individual at work: I allude to the word *Trwyth*. That vocable was not translated, not metaphoned, if I may so term it, at all at the time: it passed, when it was still *Treth-i,* from Goidelic into Brythonic, and continued in use without a break; for the changes whereby *Treth-i* has become *Trwyth* have been such as other words have undergone in the course of ages, as already stated. On the other hand, the literary man who knew something of the two languages seems to have reasoned, that where a Goidelic th occurred between vowels, the correct etymological equivalent in Brythonic was *t*, subject to be mutated to *d*. So when he took the name over he metaphoned *Treth-i* into *Tret-i*, whence we have the *Porcus Troit* of Nennius, and *Twrch Trwyd* in Welsh poetry: these *Troit* and *Trwyd* were the literary forms as contrasted with the popular *Trwyth*. Now, if my surmises as to Echel and Egel are near the truth, their history must be similar; that is to say, *Echel* would be the literary form and *Ecel*, *Egel* the popular one respectively of the Goidelic Ecell. A third parallel offers itself in the case of the personal name *Arwyli*, borne by one of Echel's companions: the *Arwyl* of that name has its etymological equivalent in the*Arwystl-* of *Arwystli*, the name of a district comprising the eastern slopes of Plinlimmon, and represented now by the Deanery of Arwystli.
So *Arwystli* challenges comparison with the Irish *Airgialla* or Airgéill, anglicized *Oriel*, which denotes, roughly speaking, the modern counties of Armagh, Louth, and Monaghan. For here we have the same prefix *ar* placed in front of one and the same vocable, which in Welsh is *wystl*, 'a hostage,' and in Irish *giall*, of the same meaning and origin. The reader will at once think of the same word in German as *geisel*, 'a hostage,' Old High German*gisal*. But the divergence of sound between *Arwystl*-i and *Arwyl*-i arises out of the difference of treatment of *sl* in Welsh and Irish. In the

Brythonic district of Mid-Wales we have *Arwystli* with *s*l treated in the Brythonic way, whLle in Arwyli we have the combination treated in the Goidelic way, the result being left standing when the speakers of Goidelic in South Wales learnt Brythonic[312].

.Careful observation may be expected to add to the number of these instructive instances. It is, however, not to be supposed that all double forms of the names in these stories areto be explained in exactly the same way. Thus, for instance, corresponding to Lug, genitive Loga, we have the two forms Lleu and Lew, of which the former alone matches the Irish. But it is to be observed that Lleu remains in some verses[313] in the story of Math, whereas in the prose he appears to be called Llew. It is not improbable that the editing which introduced Llew dates comparatively late, and that it was done by a man who was not familiar with the Venedotian place-names of which lLeu formed part, namely, *Dinlleu* and *Nantllem*, now *Dinlle* and *Nantlle*. Simmilarly the two brothers, Gofannon and Amaethon, as they are called in the *Mabinogi* of Math and in the Kulhwch story, are found also called Gofynyon and Amathaon. The former agrees with the Irish form Goibniu, genitive Goibnenn, whereas Gofannon does not. As to Amaethon or Arnathaon the Irish counterpart has, unfortunately, not been identified. Gofannon and Amaethon have the appearance of being etymologically transparent in Welsh, and they have probably been remodelled by the hand of a literary redactor.

There were also two forms of the name of Manawydan in Welsh; for by the side of that there was another, namely, Manawydan, liable to be shortened to Manawyd: both occur in old Welsh poetry[314].

But *manawyd* or *mynawyd* is the Welsh word for an awl, which is significant here, as the*Mabinogi* called after Manawyddan makes him become a shoemaker on two occasions, whence the Triads style him one of the Three golden Shoemakers of the Isle of Prydain: see the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 308.

What has happened in the way of linguistic change in one of our stories, the Kulhwch, may have happened in others, say in the four branches of the *Mabinogi*, namely, Pwyll, prince of Dyved; Branwen, daughter of Llyr; Math, son of Mathonwy; and Manawyctan, son of Llyr. Some time ago ‘endeavoured to show that the principal characters in the *Mabinogi* of Math, namely, the sons and daughters of Don, are to be identified as a group with

the Tuatha Dé Danann, ‘Tribes of the Goddess Danu or Donu,’of Irish legend. I called attention to the identity of our Welsh Don with the Irish Donu, genitive Donann, Gofynion or Gofannon with Goibniu, genitive Goibnenn, and of Lleu or Llew with Lug. Since then Professor Zimmer has gone further, and suggested that the *Mabinogion* are of Irish origin; but that I cannot quite admit. They are of Goidelic origin, but they do not come from the Irish or the Goidels of Ireland: they come rather, as I think, from this country’s Goidels, who never migrated to the sister island, but remained here eventually to adopt Brythonic speech. There is no objection, however, so far as this argument is concerned, to their being regarded as this country’s Goidels descended either from nat’ve Goidels or from early Goidelic invaders from Ireland, or else partly from the one origin and partly from the other. This last is perhaps the safest view to accept as a working hypothesis. Now Professor Zimmer fixes on that of *Mathonwy*, among other names, as probably the Welsh adaptation of some such an Irish name as the genitive Mathgamnai[315], now anglicized Mahony. This I am also prepared to accept in the sense that the Welsh form is a loan from a Goidelic one current some time or other in this country, and represented in Irish by *Mathgamnai*. The preservation of Goidelic th in *Mathonwy* stamps it as ranking with *Trwyth, Egel, and Arwyli*, as contrasted with a form etymologically more correct, of which we seem to have an echo in the Breton names Madganoe and Madgone[316].

Another name which I am inclined to regard as brought in from Goidelic is that of Gilvaethwy, son of Don: it would seem to involve some such a word as the Irish *gilla*, ‘a youth, an attendant or servant,’ and some form of the Goidelic name *Maughteus* or *Mochla*, so that the name *Gilla-mochtai*meant the attendant of Mochta. This last vocable appears in Irish as the name of several saints, but previously it was probably that of some pagan god of the Goidels, and its meaning was most likely the same as that of the Irish participial *mochta*, which Stokes explains as ‘magnified, glorified see his *Calendar of Oengus*, p. ccxiv, and compare the name *Mael-mochta*. Adamnan, in his *Vita S. Columbae*, writes the name *Maucteus* in the following passage, pref. ii. p. 6:--[22]

Nam quidam proselytus Brito, homo sanctus, sancti Patricii episcopi discpulus, Macteus nominae, ita de nostro prothetizavit Patrono, sicutii nobis ab antiquis traditum expertis compertum habetur.

This saint, who is said to have prophesied of St. Columba and died in the year 534, is described in his Life (Aug. ig) as *ortus ex Britannia* [317]*'*, which, coupled with Adamnan's Brito, probably refers him to Wales; but it is remarkable that nevertheless he bore the very un-Brythonic name of*Mochta* or *Mauchta*[318].

To return to the *Mabinogion:* I have long been inclined to identify Llwyd, son of Kilcoed, with the Irish Liath[319], son of Celtchar, of Cualu in the present county of Wicklow. Liath, whose name means 'grey,' is described as the comeliest youth of noble rank among the fairies of Erin; and the only time the Welsh Llwyd, whose name also means 'grey,' appears in the Mabinogion he is ascribed, not the comeliest figure, it is true, or the greatest personal beauty, but the most imposing disguise of a bishop attended by his suite: he was a great magician. The name of his father, Kil-coet, seems to me merely an inexact popular rendering of Ceftchar, the name of Liath's father: at any rate one faLls here to detect the touch of the skilled translator or literary redactor But the *Mabinogi* of Manawyddan, in which Llwyd figures, is also the one in which Pryderi king of Dyfed's wife is called *Kicua* or *Cigfa*, a name which has no claim to be regarded as Brythonic. It occurs early, however, in the legendary history of Ireland: the *Four Masters*, under the year A.M. 2520, mention a Ciocbha as wife of a son of Parthalon; and so it seems probable that the Welsh Llyr[320] is no other word than the Goidelic genitive *Lir*, retained in use with its pronunciation modified according to the habits of the Welsh language; and in that case[321]it forms comprehensive evidence, that the stories aboutthe Llyr famLly in Welsh legend were Goidelic before they put on a Brythonic garb. [23]

As to the *Mabinogion* generally, one may say that they are devoted to the fortunes chiefly of three powerful houses or groups, the children of Don, the children of Llyr, and Pwyll's family. This last is brought into contact with the Llyr group, which takes practically the position of superiority. Pwyll's family belonged chiefly to Dyfed; but the power and influence of the sons of Llyr had a far wider range: we find them in Anglesey, at Harlech, in Gwales or the Isle of Grasholm off Pembrokeshire, at Aber Henvelen somewhere south of the Severn Sea, and in Ireland. But the expedition to Ireland under Bran, usually called *Bendigeituran*, 'Bran[322]the Blessed,' proved so disastrous that the Llyr group, as a whole, disappears,

making way for the children of Don. These last came into collision with Pwylls son, Pryderi, in whose country Manawyddan, son of Llyr, had ended his days. Pryderi, in consequence of Gwydion's deceit, makes war on Math and the children of Don: he falls in it, and his army gives hostages to Math. Thus after the disappearance of the sons of Llyr, the children of Don are found in power in their stead in North Wales[323] , and that state of things corresponds closely enough to the relation between the Tuatha Dé Danann and the Lir family in Irish legend. There Lir and his famLly are reckoned in the number.

The whole cycle of the *Mabinogion* must have appeared strange to the story-teller and the poet of medieval Wales, and far removed from the world in which they lived. We have possibly a trace of this feeling in the epithet *hen*, 'old, ancient,' given to Math in a poem in the *Red Book of Hergest*, where we meet with the line [324]:--

Gan uath hen gax gouannon.
With Math the ancient, with Gofannon.

Similarly in the confused list of heroes which the story-teller of the Kulhwch (*Mabinogion*, p. 108) was able to put together, we seem to have Gofannon, Math's relative, referred to under the designation of *Gouynyon Hen*, 'Gofynion the Ancient.' To these might be added others, such as Gwrbothu Hen, mentioned above, and from another source Lleu Hen[325], ' LLew the Ancient.' So strange, probably, and so obscure did some of the contents of the stories themselves seem to the story-tellers, that they may be now and then suspected of having effaced some of the features which it would have interested us to find preserved. This state of things brings back to my mind words of Matthew Arnold's, to which I had the pleasure of listening more years ago than I care to remember. He was lecturing at Oxford on Celtic literature, and observing 'how evidently the mediawal story-teller is pLllaging an antiquity of which he does not fully possess the secret; he is like a peasant,' Matthew Arnold went on to say,'building his hut on the site of Halicarnassus or Ephesus; he builds, but what he builds is full of materials of which he knows not the history, or knows by a glimmering tradition merely-stones "not of this buLlding," but of an older architecture, greater, cunninger, more majestical. In the mediwval stories of no Latin or Teutonic people does this strike one as in those of the Welsh.'

This becomes intelligible only on the theory of the stories having been in Goidelic before they put on a Welsh dress.

When saying that the *Mabinogion* and some of the stories contained in the Kulhwch, such as the Hunting of Twrch Trwyth, were Goidelic before they became Brythonic, I wish to be understood to use the word Goidelic in a qualified sense. For tLll the Brythons came, the Goidels were, I take it, the ruling race in most of the southern half of Britain, with the natives as their subjects, except in so far as that statement has to be limited by the fact, that we do not know how far they and the natives had been amalgamating together. In any case, the hostLle advent of anolher race, the Brythons, would probably tend to hasten the process of amalgamation. That being so, the stories which I have loosely called Goidelic may have been largely aboriginal in point of origin, and by that I mean native, pre-Celtic and non-Aryan. It comes to this, then: we cannot say for certain whose creation Bran, for instance, should be considered to have been-that of Goidels or of non-Aryan natives. He sat, as the *Mabinogi* of Branwen des-cribes him, on the rock of Harlech, a figure too colossal for any house to contain or any ship to carry. This would seem to challenge comparison with Cernunnos, the squatting god of ancient Gaul, around whorn the other gods appear as mere striplings, as proved by the monumental representations in point. In these[326]he sometimes appears antlered like a stag; sometimes he is provided either with three normal heads or with one head furnished with three faces; and sometimes he is reduced to a head provided with no body, which reminds one of Bran, who, when he had been rid of his body in consequence of a poisoned wound inflicted on him in his foot in the slaughter of the Meal-bag PavLlion, was reduced to the *Urddawl Ben*, 'Venerable or Digmified Head,' mentioned in the *Mabinogi* of Branwen [327]. The *Mabinogi* goes on to relate how Bran's companions began to enjoy, subject to certain conditions, his ' Venerable Head's' society, which involved banquets of a fabulous duration and of a nature not readily to be surpassed by those around the Holy Grail. In fact here we have beyond all doubt one of the heathen originals of which the Grail is a Christian version. But the multiplicity of faces or heads of the Gaulish divinity find their analogues in a direction hitherto unnoticed as far as I know, namely, among the LettoSlavic peoples of the Baltic sea-board. Thus the image of Svatovit in the island of Ragen is said to have had four faces [328]; and the life of Otto

of Bamberg relates[329] how that high-handed evangelist proceeded to convert the ancient Prussians to Christianity. Among other things we are told how he found at Stettin an idol called Triglaus, a word referring to the three heads for which the god was remarkable. The saint took possession of the image and hewed away the body, reserving for himself the three heads, which are represented adhering together, forming one piece. This he sent as a trophy to Rome, and in Rome it may be still. Were it perchance to be found, it might be expected to show a close resemblance to the tricepbal of the Gaulish altar found at Beaune in Burgundy.

Before closing this chapter a word may be permitted as to the Goidelic element in the history of Wales: it wLll come again before the reader in a later chapter, but what has already been advanced or implied concerning it may here be recapitulated as follows:--

It has been suggested that the hereditary dislike of the Brython for the Goidel argues their having formerly lived in close proximity to one another: seeabove.

The tradition that the cave treasures of the Snowdon district belong by right to the Goidels, means that they were formerly supposed to have hidden them away when hard pressed by the Brythons: see above.

The sundry instances of a pair of names for a single person or place, one Goidelic (Brythonicized) still in use, and the other Brythonic (suggested by the Goidelic one), literary mostly and obsolete, go to prove that the Goidels were not expelled, but allowed to remain to adopt Brythonic speech.

Evidence of the indebtedness of story-tellers in Wales to their brethren of the same profession in Ireland is comparatively scarce; and almost in every instance of recent research establishing a connexion between topics or incidents in the Arthurian romances and the native literature of Ireland, the direct contact may be assumed to have been with the folklore and legend of the Goidelic inhabitants of Wales, whether before or after their change of language.

Probably the folklore and mythology of the Goidels of Wales and of Ireland were in the mass much the same, though in some instances they reach us in different stages of development: thus in such a case as that of Don and Danu (genitive *Danann*) the Welsh allusions in point refer to Don at a

conspicuously earlier stage of her role than that represented by the Irish literature touching the Tuatha Dé Danann.[330]

The common point of view from which our ancestors liked to look at the scenery around them is well Lllustrated by the fondness of the Goidel, in Wales and Ireland alike, for incidents to explain his place-names. He required the topography-indeed he requires it stLll, and hence the activity of the local etymologist-to connote story or history: he must have something that wLll impart the cold light of physical nature, river and lake, moor and mountain, a warmer tint, a dash of the pathetic element, a touch of the human, borrowed from the light and shade of the world of imagination and fancy in which he lives and dreams.

10. Difficulties of the Folklorist

For priests, with prayers and other godly gear,
Have made the merry goblins disappear;
And, where they played their merry pranks before,
Have sprinkled holy water on the floor.-DRYDEN.

THE attitude of the Kymry towards folklore and popular superstitions varies according to their training and religious views; and I distinguish two classes of them in this respect. First of all, there are those who appear to regret the ebb of the tide of ancient beliefs. They maintain that people must have been far more interesting when they believed in the fairies; and they rave against Sunday schools and all other schools for having undermined the ancient superstitions of the peasantry: it all comes, they say, of over-educating the working classes. Of course one may occasionally wish servant maids still believed that they might get presents from the fairies for being neat and tidy; and that, in the contrary case of their being sluts, they would be pinched black and blue during their sleep by the little people: there may have been some utility in beliefs of that kind. But, if one takes an impartial view of the surroundings in which this kind of mental condition was possible, no sane man could say that the superstitious beliefs of our ancestors conduced on the whole to their happiness. Fancy a state of mind in which this sort of thing is possible:--A member of the family is absent, let us say, from home in the evening an hour later than usual, and the whole household is thrown into a panic because they imagine that he has strayed on fairy ground, and has been spirited away to the land of fairy twilight, whence he may never return; or at any rate only to visit his home years, or maybe ages, afterwards, and then only to fall into a heap of dust just as he has found out that nobody expects or even knows him. Or take another instance:--A man sets out in the morning on an important journey, but he happens to sneeze, or he sees an ill-omened bird, or some other dreaded creature, crossing his path: he expects nothing that day but misfortune, and the feeling of alarm possibly makes him turn back home, allowing the object of his journey to be sacrificed. That was not a satisfactory state of things or a happy one, and the unhappiness might be wholly produced by causes over which the patient had absolutely no control, so long at any rate

as the birds of the air have wings, and so long as sneezing does not belong to the category of voluntary actions. Then I might point to the terrors of magic; but I take it to be unnecessary to dwell on such things, as most people have heard about them or read of them in books. On the whole it is but charitable to suppose that those who regret the passing away of the ages of belief and credulity have not seriously attempted to analyse the notions which they are pleased to cherish.

Now, as to the other class of people, namely, those who object to folklore in every shape and form, they imay be roughly distinguished into different groups, such as those to whom folklore is an abomination, because they hold that it is opposed to the Bible, and those who regard it as too trivial to demand the attention of any serious person. I have no occasion for many words with the former, since nearly everything that is harmful in popular superstition has ceased in Wales to be a living force influencing one's conduct; or if this be not already the case, it is fast becoming so. Those therefore who condemn superstitions have really no reason to set their faces against the student of folklore: it would be just as if historians were to be boycotted bemuse they have, in writing history--frequently, the more the pity--to deal with dark intrigues, cruel murders, and sanguinary wars. Besides, those who study folklore do not thereby help to strengthen the hold of superstition on the people. I have noticed that any local peculiarity of fashion, the moment it becomes known to attract the attention of strangers, is, one may say, doomed: a Celt, like anybody else, does not like to be photographed in a light which may perchance show him at a disadvantage. It is much the same, I think, with him as the subject of the studies of the folklorist: hence the latter has to proceed with his work very quietly and very warily. If, then, I pre. tended to be a folklorist, which I can hardly claim to be, I should say that I had absolutely no quarrel with him who condemns superstition on principle. On the other hand, I should not consider it fair of him to regard me as opposed to the progress of the race in happiness and civilization, just because I am curious to understand its history.

With regard to him, however, who looks at the collecting and the studying of folklore as trivial work and a waste of time, I should gather that he regards it so on account, first perhaps, of his forgetting the reality their superstitions were to those who believed in them; and secondly, on account

of his ignorance of their meaning. As a reality to those who believed in them, the superstitions of our ancestors form an integral part of their history. However, I need not follow that topic further by trying to show how 'the proper study of mankind is man,' and how it is a mark of an uncultured people not to know or care to know about the history of the race. So the ancient Roman historian, Tacitus, evidently thought; for, when complaining how little was known as to the original peopling of Britain, he adds the suggestive words *ut inter barbaros*, 'as usual among barbarians.' Conversely, I take it for granted that no liberally educated man or woman of the present day requires to be instructed as to the value of the study of history in all its aspects, or to be told that folklore cannot be justly called trivial, seeing that it has to do with the history of the racein a wider sense, I may say with the history of the human mind and the record of its development.

As history has been mentioned, it may be here pointed out that one of the greatest of the folklorist's difficulties is that of drawing the line between story and history. Nor is that the worst of it; for the question as between fact and fiction, hard as it is in itself, is apt to be further complicated by questions of ethnology. This may be illustrated by reference to a group of legends which project a vanishing distinction between the two kindred races of Brythons and Goidels in Wales; and into the story of some of them Arthur is introduced playing a principal role. They seem to point to a time when the Goidels had as yet wholly lost neither their own language nor their own institutions in North Wales--for the legends belong chiefly to Gwyned, and cluster especially around Snowdon, where the characteristics of the Goidel as the earlier Celt may well have lingered latest, thanks to the comparatively inaccessible nature of the country. One of these legends has already been summarized as representing Arthur marching up the side of Snowdon towards Bwlch y Saethau, where he falls and is buried under a cairn named from him Carnedd Arthur. We are not told who his enemies were; but with this question has usually been associated the late Triad, iii. 20, which alludes to Arthur meeting in Nanhwynain with Medrawd or Medrod (Modred) and Idawc: Com Prydain, and to his being betrayed, for the benefit and security of the Saxons in the island. An earlier reference to the same story occurs in the Dream of Rhonabwy in the *Red Book of Hergest*[331], in which Iddawc describes himself as Iddawc son of Mynio, and as nicknamed *Iddwac Cordd Prydain*--which means ' Iddawc the Churn-

staff of Prydain'--in reference presumably to his activity in creating dissension. He confesses to having falsified the friendly messages of Arthur to Medrod, and to succeeding thereby in bringing on the fatal battle of Camlan, from which Idawc himself escaped to do penance for seven years on the Llech Las, 'Grey Stone[332]" [24] in Prydain or Pictland.

Another story brings Arthur and the giant Rhita into collision, the latter of whom has already been mentioned as having, according to local tradition, his grave on the top of Snowdon:The story is a very wild one. Two kings who were brothers, Nyniaw or Nynio and Peibiaw or Peibio, quarrelled thus: one moonlight night, as they were together in the open air, Nyni-o said to Peibio, 'See, what a fine extensive field I possess.' 'Where is it?' asked Peibio. 'There it is,' said Nynio, 'the whole firmarrient.' 'See,' said Peibio, 'what innumerable herds of cattle and sheep I have grazing in thy field.' ' Where are they?' asked Nynio. 'There they are,' said Peibio, 'the whole host of stars that thou seest, each of golden brightness, with the moon shepherding them.' ' They shall not graze in my field,' said Nynio. 'But they shall,' said Peibio; and the two kings got so enraged with one another, that they began a war in which their warriors and subjects were nearly exterminated. Then comes Rhita Gawr, king of Wales, and attacks them on the dangerous ground of their being mad. He conquered them and shaved off their beards[333]; but when the other kings of Prydain, twenty eight in number, heard of it, they collected all their armies together to avenge themselves on Rhita for the disgrace to which he had subjected the other two. But after a great struggle Rhita conquers again, and has the beards of the other kings shaved. Then the kings of neighbouring kingdoms in all directions combined to make war on Rhita to avenge the disgrace to their order; but they were also vanquished forthwith, and treated in the same ignominious fashion as the thirty kings of Prydain. With the beards he had a mantle made to cover him from head to foot, and that was a good deal, we are told, since he was as big as two ordinary men. Then Rhita turned his attention to the establishment of just and equitable laws as between king and king and one realm with another[334]. But the sequel to the shaving is related by Geoffrey of Monmouth, x. 3, where Arthur is made to tell how the giant, after destroying the other kings and using their beards in the way mentioned, asked him for his beard to fix above the other beards, as he stood above them in rank, or else to come and fight a duel with him. Arthur,

as might be expected, chose the latter course, with the result that he slew Rhita, there called *Ritho*, at a place said to be *in Aravio Monte*, by which the Welsh translator understood the chief mountain of *Eryri*[335] or Snowdon. So it is but natural that his grave should also be there, as already mentioned. I may here add that it is the name Snowdon itself, probably, that underlies the *Senaudon* or *Sinadoun* of such Arthurian romances as the English version of *Libeaus Desconus*, though the place meant has been variously supposed to be situated elsewhere than in the Snowdon district: witness Sihodun Hill in Berkshire[336].

The story of Rhita is told also by Malory, who calls that giant *Ryons* and *Ryence*; and there the incident seems to end with Ryons being led to Arthur's court by knights who had overcome him. Ryons' challenge, as given by Malory,[337], runs thus:--

'This meane whyle came a messager from kynge Ryons of Northwalys. And kynge he was of all Ireland and of many Iles. And this was his message gretynge wel kynge Arthur in this manere wyse sayenge . that kynge Ryons had discomfyte and ouercome xj kynges . and eueryche of hem did hym homage. and that was this. they gaf hym their berdys clene flayne of . as moche as ther was. wherfor the messager came for kyng Arthurs berd. For kyng Ryons had purfyled a mantel with kynges berdes. and there lacked one place of the mantel. wherfor he sente for his berd or els he wold entre in to his landes. and brenne and slee. & neuer leue tyl he haue the hede and the berd.'

Rhita is not said, it is true, to have been a *Gwyddel*, 'Goidel'; but he is represented ruling over Ireland, and his name, which is not Welsh, recalls at first sight those of such men as *Boya* the Pict or Scot figuring in the life of St. David, and such as *Lllia Gvitel*, *'Llia the Goidel*,' mentioned in the Stanzas of the Graves in the *Black Book of Carmarthen* as buried in the seclusion of Ardudwy.[338]

Malory's *Ryons* is derived from the French Romances, where, as for example in the *Merlin*, according to the Huth MS., it occurs as *Rion-s* in the nominative, and Rion in régime. The latter, owing to the old French habit of eliding *dd* or *th*, derives regularly enough from such a form as the accusative Rithon-em[339], which is the one occurring in Geoffrey's text; and we should probably be right in concluding therefrom that the correct old

Welsh form of the name was *Rithon*. But the Goidelic form was at the same time probably *Ritta*, with a genitive *Rittann*, for an earlier *Ritton*. Lastly, that the local legend should perpetuate the Goidelic *Ritta* slightly modified, has its parallel in the case of *Trwyd* and *Trwyth*, and of *Echel* and *Egel* or *Ecel*, pp.541-2 and 536-7.

The next story[340]points to a spot between *y Dinas* or *Dinas Emrys* and *Llyn y Dinas* as containing the grave of *Owen y Mhacsen*, that is to say, 'Owen son of Maxen.' Owen had been fighting with a giant-whose name local tradition takes forgranted-with balls of steel; and there are depressions (panylau[341]) still to be seen in the ground where each of the combatants took his stand. Some, however, will have it that it was with bows and arrows they fought, and that the hollows are the places they dug to defend themselves. The result was that both died at the close of the conflict; and Owen, being asked where he wished to be buried, ordered an arrow to be shot into the air and his grave to be made where it fell. The story is similarly given in the *lolo* MSS., pp. 81-2, where the combatants are called *Owen Finddu ab Macsen Wledig*, 'Owen of the Dark Face, son of Prince Maxen,' and *Eurnach Hen*,' E. the Ancient,one of the *Gwyddyl* or 'Goidels' of North Wales, and otherwise called *Urnach Wyddel*. He is there represented as father (1) of the Serrigi defeated by *Calwallawn* or *Cadwallon Law-hir*,'C. the Long-handed,' at *Cerrigy Gwyddyl*, 'the Stones of the Goidels,' near Malldraeth[342], in Anglesey, where the great and final rout of the Goidels is represented as havingtaken place[343]; (2) of Daronwy, an infant spared and brought up in Anglesey to its detriment, as related in the other story, p. 504; and (3) of Solor, who commands one of the three cruising fleets of the Isle of Prydain[344]. The stronghold of Eurnach or Urnach is said to have been Dinas Ffaraon, which was afterwards called *Din Emreis* and *Dinas Emrys*. The whole story about the Goidels in North Wales, however, as given in the *lolo* MSS., pp. 78-80, is a hopeless jumble, though it is probably based on old traditions. In fact, one detects Eurnach or Urnach as Wrnach or Gwrnach in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen[345]in the *Red Book*, where we are told that Kei or Cai, and others of Arthur's men, got into the giant's castle and cut off his head in order to secure his sword, which was one of the things required for the hunting of Twrch Trwyth. In an obscure passage, also in a poem in the *Black Book*, we read of Cai fighting in the hall of this giant, who is then

called Awarnach[346]. Some such a feat appears to have been commemorated in the place-name*Gwryd Cai*, ‘Cai’s Feat of Arms,’ which occurs in Llewelyn’s grant of certain lands on the Bedgelert and Pen Gwryd side of Snowdon in 1198 to the monks of Aberconwy, or rather in an *inspeximus* of the same: see Dugdale’s *Monasticon*, v. 673a,, where it stands printed gwryt, kei. Nor is it unreasonable to guess that Pen Gwryd is only a shortening of Pen Gwryd Cai, ‘Cai’s Feat Knoll or Terminus’; but compare above. Before leaving Cai I may point out that tradition seems to ascribe to him as his residence the place called Caer Gai,[26] ‘Cai’s Fort,’ between Bala and Llanuwchllyn. If one may treat Cai as a historical man, one may perhaps suppose him, or some member of his family, commemorated by the vocable *Burgo-cavi* on an old stone found at Caer Gai, and said to read: *Ic iacit Salvianus Burgocavi filius Cupitiani*[347]‘ ‘Here lies Salvianus Burgo*cavis*, son of Cupitianus.’ The reader may also be referred back to such non Brythonic and little known figures as Daronwy, Cathbalug, and Brynach, together perhaps with Mengwaed, the wolf-lord of Arllechwedd, pp. 504-5. It is worth while calling attention likewise to Goidelic indications afforded by the topography of Eryri, to wit such cases as *Bwlch Mwrchan* or *Mwlchan*, ‘Mwrchan’s Pass,’ sometimes made into *BwIch Mwyalchen* or even *Bwlch y Fwyalchen*,’the Ousel’s Gap,’near Llyn Gwynain; the remarkable remains called *Muriau’rDre*, ‘the Town Walls’--otherwise known as *Tre’r Gwydelodd*,[348]‘the Goidels’ town ‘- on the land of Gwastad Annas at the top of Nanllwynain; and BwIch y Gwyddel, still higher towards Pen Gwryd, may have meant the’Goidel’s Pass.’

Probably a study of the topography on the spot would result in the identification of more names similarly significant; but 1 will call attention to only one of them, namely *Beddgelert* or, as it is locally pronounced, *Bethgelart*, though the older spellings of the name appear to be *Beth Kellarth* and*Beth Kelert*. Those who are acquainted with the story, as told there, of the man who rashly killed his hound might think that *Beddgelert*, ‘Gelert or Kelert’s Grave,’ refers to the hound; but there is a complete lack of evidence to show this widely known story to have been associated with the neighbourhood by antiquity[349]; and the compiler of the notes and pedigrees known as *Bonedd y Saint* was probably right in treating Kelert as the name of an ancient saint: see the *Myvyr.* Arch., ii. 36. In any case, *Kelert* or *Gelert* with its rt cannot be a genuine Welsh name: the older

spellings seem to indicate two pronunciations a Goidelic one, *Kelert*, and a Welsh one, *Kelarth* or *Kellarth*, which has not survived. The documents, however, in which the name occurs require to be carefully examined for the readings which they supply.

Lastly, from the Goidels of Arfon must not be too violently severed those of Mona, among whom we have found, pp. 504-5, the mysterious Cathbalug, whose name, still half unexplained, reminds one of such Irish ones as *Cathbuadach*, 'battle-victorious or conquering in war; and to the same stratum belongs *Daronwy*, p. 504, which survives as the name of a farm in the parish of Llanfachreth. The *Record of Carnarvon*, p. 59, speaks both of a *Molendinum de Darronwy et Cornewe*, 'Mill of Daronwy [350]and Cornwy,' and of *Villae de Dorronwy et Kuwghdornok*, 'Vills of Daronwy and of the Cnwch Dernog,'which has been mentioned as now pronounced Clwch Dernog,: it is situated in the adjoining parish of Llanddeusant. The name is given in the same *Record as Dernok*, and is doubtless to be identified with the Ternoc not very uncommon in Irish hagiology. With these names the Record further associates a holding called *Wele Conus*, and *Conus* survives in *Weun Gonnws*, the name of a field on the farm of Bron Heulog, adjoining Clwch Dernog. That is not all, for Connws turns out to be the Welsh pronunciation of the Goidelic name *Cunagussus*, of which we have the Latinized genitive on the Bodfcclan menhir, some distance northcast of the railway station of Ty Croes. It reads: CVNOGVSI HIC IACIT,'Here lies (the body) of Cunagussus,' and involves a name which has regularly become in Irish *Conghus*, while the native Welsh equivalent would be *Cynwst*[351]. These names, and one[352]or two more which might be added to them, suggest a very Goidelic population as occupying, in the fifth or sixth century, the part of the island west of a line from Amlwch to Malldraeth.

Lastly, the chronological indications of the crushing of the power of the Goidels, and the incipient merging of that people with the Brythons into a single nation of Kymry or 'Compatriots,' are worthy of a passing remark. We seem to find the process echoed in the Triads when they mention as a favourite at Arthur's Court the lord of Arttechwed, named Menwaed, who has been guessed, above, to have been a Goidel. Then Serrigi and Daronwy are signalized as contemporaries of Cadwallon Law-hir, who inflicted on the former, according to the later legend, the great defeat of Cerrig y

Gwyclyl[353]. The name, however, of the leader of the Goidels arrayed against Cadwatton may be regarded as unknown, and Serrigi as a later name, probably of Norse origin, introduced from an account of a tenth century struggle with invaders from the Scandinavian kingdom of Dublin[354][26]. In this conqueror we have probably all that can be historical of the Caswllton of the *Mabinogion* of Branwen and Manawyddan, that is, the Caswatllon who ousts the Goidelic family of ILyr from power in this country, and makes Pryderi of Dyfed pay homage to him as supreme king of the island. His name has there undergone assimilation to that of Cassivellaunos, and he is furthermore represented as son of Beli, king of Prydain in the days of its independence, before the advent of the legions of Rome. But as a historical man we are to regard Caswallon probably as Cadwallon Law-hir, grandson of Cunedda and father of Maelgwn of Gwynedd. Now Cunedda and his sons, according to Nennius (§ 62), expelled the Goidels with terrible slaughter; and one may say, with the Triads, which practically contradict Nennius' statement as to the Goidels being expelled, that Cunedda's grandson continued the struggle with them. In any case there were Goidels still there, for the *Book of Taliessin* seems to give evidence[355]of a persistent hostility, on the part of the Goidelic bards of Gwynedd, to Maelgwn and the more Brythonic institutions which he may be regarded as representing. This brings the Goidelic element down to the sixth century[356]. Maelgwn's death took place, according to the oldest manuscript of the,*Annales Cambriae*, in the year 547, or ten years after the Battle of Camlan--in which, as it says, Arthur and Medrod fell. Now some of this is history and some is not: where is the line to be drawn? In any case, the attempt to answer that question could not be justly met with contempt or treated as trivial.

The other cause, to which I suggested that contempt for folklore was probably to be traced, together with the difficulties springing there from to beset the folklorist's paths, is one's ignorance of the meaning of many of the superstitions of our ancestors. I do not wish this to be regarded as a charge of wilful ignorance; for one has frankly to confess that many old superstitions and superstitious practices are exceedingly hard to understand. So much so, that those who have most carefully studied them cannot always agree with one another in their interpretation. At first sight, some of the superstitions seem so silly and absurd, that one cannot wonder that those

who have not gone deeply into the study of the human mind should think them trivial, foolish, or absurd. It is, however, not improbable that they are the results of early attempts to think out the mysteries of nature; and our difficulty is that the thinking was so infantile, comparatively speaking, that one finds it hard to put one's self back into the mental condition of early man. But it should be clearly understood that our difficulty in ascertaining the meaning of such superstitions is no proof whatsoever that they had no meaning.

The chief initial difficulty, however, meeting any one who would collect folklore in Wales arises from the fact that various influences have conspired to laugh it out of court, so to say, so that those who are acquainted with superstitions and ancient fads become ashamed to own it: they have the fear of ridicule weighing on their minds, and that is a weight not easily removed. I can recall several instances: among others I may mention a lady who up to middle age believed implicitly in the existence of fairies, and was most anxious that her children should not wander away from home at any time when there happened to be a mist, lest the fairies should carry them away to their home beneath a neighbouring lake. In her later years, however, it was quite useless for a stranger to question her on these things: fairy lore had been so laughed out of countenance in the meantime, that at last she would not own, even to the members of her own family, that she remembered anything about the fairies. Another instance in point is supplied by the story of Castellmarch, and by my failure for a whole fortnight to elicit from the old blacksmith of Aber Soch the legend of March ab Meirchion with horse's ears. Of course I can readily understand the old man's shyness in repeating the story of March. Science, however, knows no such shyness, as it is her business to pry into everything and to discover, if possible, the why and wherefore of all things. In this context let me for a moment revert to the story of March, silly as it looks:--March was lord of Castellmarch in Lleyn, and he had horse's ears; so lest the secret should be known, every one who shaved him was killed forthwith; and in the spot where the bodies were buried there grew reeds, which a bard cut in order to provide himself with a pipe. The pipe when made would give no music but words meaning March has horse's ears! There are other forms of the story, but all substantially the same as that preserved for us by Llwyd, except that one of them resembles more closely the Irish version about to be summarized. It occurs in a manuscript in the Peniarth collection, and runs thus:--March had horse's

ears, a fact known to nobody but his barber, who durst not make it known for fear of losing his head. But the barber fell ill, so that he had to call in a physician, who said that the patient was being killed by a secret; and he ordered him to tell it to the ground. The barber having done so became well again, and fine reeds grew on the spot. One day, as the time of a great feast was drawing nigh, certain of the pipers of Maelgwn Gwyned coming that way saw the reeds, some of which they cut and used for their pipes. By-and-by they had to perform before King March, when they could elicit from their pipes no strain but 'Horse's ears for March ab Meirchion' (*klvstiav march i varch " ab Meirchion*). Hence arose the saying--'That is gone on horns and pipes'(*vaeth hynny ar gyrn a ffibav*), which was as much as to say that the secret is become more than public [357].

The story, it is almost needless to say, can be traced also in Cornwall and in Brittany[358]; and not only among the Brythonic peoples of those countries, but among the Goidels of Ireland likewise. The Irish story runs thus[359]:-- Once on a time there was a king over Ireland whose name was Labraid Lorc, and this is the manner of man he was-he had two horse's ears on him. And every one who shaved the king used to be slain forthwith. Now the time of shaving him drew nigh one day, when the son of a widow in the neighbourhood was enjoined to do it. The widow went and besought the king that her son should not be slain, and he promised her that he would be spared if he would only keep his secret. So it came to pass; but the secret so disagreed with the widow's son that he fell ill, and nobody could divine the cause until a druid came by. He at once discovered that the youth was ill of an uncommunicated secret, and ordered him to go to the meeting of four roads. 'Let him,'said he, 'turn sunwise, and the first tree he meets on the right side let him tell. the secret to it, and he will be well.' This you might think was quite safe, as it was a tree and not his mother, his sister, or his sweetheart; but you would be quite mistaken in thinking so. The tree to which the secret was told was a willow; and a famous Irish harper of that day, finding he wanted a new harp, came and cut the makings of a harp from that very tree; but when the harp was got ready and the harper proceeded to play on it, not a note could he elicit but 'Labraid Lorc has horse's ears!' As to the barber's complaint, that was by no means unnatural: it has often been noticed how a secret disagrees with some natures, and how uneasy and restless it makes them until they can out with it. The same thing

also, in an aggravated form, occurs now and then to a public man who has prepared a speech in the dark recesses of his heart, but has to leave the meeting where he intended to have it out, without finding his opportunity. Our neighbours on the other side of the Channel have a technical term for that sort of sufferer: they say of him that he is malade *d'un discours rentré*, or ill of a speech which has gone into the patient's constitution, like the measles or the small-pox when it fails to come out. But to come back to the domain of folklore, I need only mention the love-lorn knights in Malory's Morte Darthur, who details their griefs in doleful strains to solitary fountains in the forests: it seems to have relieved them greatly, and it sometimes reached other ears than those of the wells. Now with regard to him of the equine ears, some one might thoughtlessly suggest, that, if it ever became a question of improving this kind of story, one should make the ears into those of an ass. As a matter of fact there was a Greek story of this kind, and in that story the man with the abnormal head was called Midas, and his ears were said to be those of an ass. The reader will find him figuring in most collections of Greek stories; so I need not pursue the matter further, except to remark that the exact kind of brute ears was possibly a question which different nations decided differently. At any rate Stokes mentions a Serbian version in which the ears were those of a goat.

What will, however, occur to everybody to ask, is--What was the origin of such a story? what did it mean, if it had a meaning? Various attempts have been made to interpret this kind of story, but nobody, so far as I know, has found a sure key to its meaning. The best guess 1 can make has been suggested in a previous chaptei~,, from which it will be seen that the horse fits the Welsh context, so to say, best, the goat less well, and the ass probably least of all: see above. Supposing, then, the interpretation of the story established for certain, the question of its origin would still remain. Did it originate among thd Celts and the Greeks and other nations who relate it? or has it simply originated among one of those peoples and spread itself to the others? or else have they all inherited it from a common source? If we take the supposition that it originated independently among a variety of people in the distant past, then comes an interesting question as to the conditions under which it arose, and the psychological state of the hurnan race in the distant past. On the other supposition one is forced to ask: Did the Celts get the story from the Greeks, or the Greeks from the Celts, or neither from either, but from a common source? Also when and how did the

variations arise? In any case, one cannot help seeing that a story like the one I have instanced raises a variety of profoundly difficult and interesting questions.

Hard as the folklorist may find it to extract tales and legends from the people of Wales at the present day, there is one thing which he finds far more irritating than the taciturnity of the peasant, and that is the hopeless fashion in which some of those who have written about Welsh folklore have deigned to record the stories which were known to them. Take as an instance the following, which occurs in Howells' *Cambrian Superstitions*, pp. 103-4.

'In Cardiganshire there is a lake, beneath which it is reported that a town lies buried; and in an and summer, when the water is low, a wall, on which people may walk, extending across the lake is seen, and supposed to appertain to the inundated city or town; on one side is a gigantic rock, which appears to have been split, as there is a very extensive opening in it, which nearly divides it in twain, and which tradition relates was thus occasioned:--Once upon a time there was a person of the name of Pannog, who had two oxen, so large that their like was never known in any part of the world, and of whom it might be said,

They ne'er will look upon their like again.

It chanced one day that one of them (and it appears that they were not endued with a quantum of sense proportionate to their bulk) was grazing near a precipice opposite the rock, and whether it was his desire to commit suicide, or to cool his body by laving in the lake below, one knows not, but certain it is that down he plunged, and was never seen more: his partner searching for him a short time after, and not perceiving any signs of his approach, bellowed almost as loud as the Father of the Gods, who when he spake " Earth to his centre shook "; however, the sound of his bleating [sic] split the opposite rock, which from the circumstance is called *Uchain Pannog* (Pannog's Oxen). These oxen were said to be two persons, called in Wales, Nyniaf and Phebiaf, whom God turned into beasts for their sins.'

Here it is clear that Mr. Howells found a portion, if not the whole, of his story in Welsh, taken partly from the Kulhwch story, and apparently in the old spelling; for his own acquaintance with the language did not enable him to translate *Nynnya6 a pheiba6* into 'Nynio and Peibio.' The slenderness of

his knowledge of Welsh is otherwise proved throughout his book, especially by the way in which he spells Welsh words: in fact one need not go beyond this very story with its Uchain Pannog. But when he had ascertained that the lake was in Cardiganshire he might have gone a little further and have told his readers which lake it was. It is not one of the lakes which I happen to know in the north of the county--Llyn Llygad y Rheido,l on Plinlimmon, or the lake on Moel y Llyn to the north of Cwm Ceulan, or either of the Iwan Lakes which drain into the Merin (or Meri), a tributary of the Mynach., which flows under *Pont ar Fynach*, called in English the Devil's Bridge. From inquiry I cannot find either that it is any one of the pools in the east of the county, such as those of the Teifi, or ILyn Ferwyn, not far from the gorge known as Cwm. Berwyn, mentioned in Edward Richards' well known lines, p. 43:--

Mae'n bwrzv' 'Nghwm Bemyn a'r cyqgodyn estyn,
Gzvna heno fy mwthyn yn derfyn dy daith.

It rains in Cwm Berwyn, the shadows are growing,
To-night make my cabin the end of thy journey.

There is, it is true, a pool at a place called Maes y Llyn in the neighbourhood of Tregaron, as to which there is a tradition that a village once occupied the place of its waters: otherwise it shows no similarity to the lake of Howells' story. Then there is a group of lakes in which the river Aeron takes its rise: they are called Llyn Eiddwen, Llyn Fanod, and Llyn Farch. As to Llyn Eidwen, I had it years ago that at one time there was a story current concerning 'wild cattle,' which used to come out of its waters and rush back into them when disturbed. In the middle of this piece of water, which has a rock on one side of it., is a small island with a modern building on it; and one would like to know whether it shows any traces of early occupation. Then as to Llyn Farch, there is a story going that there came out of it once on a time a wonderful animal, which was shot by a neighbouring farmer. Lastly, at Llyn Fanod the:re are boundary walls which go right out into the lake; and my informant thinks the same is the case with Llyn Eidwen[360]. One of these walls is probably what in Howells' youthful hands developed itself into a causeway. The other part of his story, referring to the lowing of the Bannog Oxen, comes from a well known doggerel which runs thus:--

Llan Dewi Frefi fraith [361],
Llaanddewi of Brefi the spotted,

Le brefod yr ych naw guaith,
Where bellowed the ox nine times,

Nes hofiti craig y Foelallt.
Till the Foelafft rock split in two.

Brefi is the name of the river from which this Llandewi takes its distinctive name; and it is pronounced there much the same as *brefu*, 'the act of lowing, bellowing, or bleating.' Now the Brefi runs down through the Foelatit Farm, which lies between two very big rocks popularly fancied to have been once united, and treated by Howells, somewhat inconsistently, as the permanent forms taken by the two oxen. The story which Howells seems to have jumbled up with that ofone or more lake legends, is to be found given in Samuel Rush Meyrick's *County of Cardigan*: see above, where one reads of a wild tradition that when the church was building there were two oxen to draw the stone required; and one of the two died in the effort to drag the load, while the other bellowed nine times and thereby split the hill, which before presented itself as an obstacle. The single ox was then able to bring the load unassisted to the site of the church. It is to this story that the doggerel already given refers; and, curiously enough, most of the district between Llandewi and *Ystrad Fflur*, or Strata Florida, is more or less associated with the *Ychen Bannog* [27]. Thus a ridge running east and west at a distance of some three miles from Tregaron, and separating Upper and Lower Caron from on--another, bears the name of *Cwys yr Ychen Bannog*, or the Furrow of the *Ychen Bannog*. It somewhat resembles in appearance an ancient dyke, but it is said to be nothing but 'a long bank of glacial till[362]'.' Moreover there used to be preserved within the church of Llandewi a remarkable fragment of a horn commonly called *Madcorn yr Ych Bannog*, 'the *mabcorn* or core of the Bannog Ox's Horn.' It is now in the possession of Mr. Parry of Llidiardau, near Aberystwyth; and it has been pronounced by Prof. Boyd Dawkins to have belonged to 'the great urus (*Bos Primigenius*), that Charlemagne hunted in the forests of Aachen, and the monks of St. Galle ate on their feast days.' He adds that the condition of the horn proves it to have been derived from a peat bog or alluvium[363]. On the whole, it seems to me probable that the wild legends about the *Ychen Bannog*[364]in Cardiganshire have underlying them a substratum of tradition

going back to a time when the urus was not as yet extinct in Wales. How far the urus was once treated in this country as an emblem of divinity, it is impossible to say; but from ancient Gaul we have such a name as *Urogeno-nertus*[365], meaning a man of the strength of an *Urogen*, that is, of the offspring of a ur-us; not to mention the Gaulish *Tarvos Digaranus*, or the bull with three cranes on his back. With this divine animal M. d'Arbois de Juba.inville would identify the *Donnos* underlying such Gallo-Roman narnes as *Donnotaurus*, and that of the wonderful bull called *Donn* in the principal epic story of Ireland[366], where we seem to trace the same element in the river-name given by Ptolemy as *Mo-donnos*, one of the streams of Wicklow, or else the Slaney. This would be the earliest. instance known of the prefixing of the pronoun mo,'my,in its reverential application, which was confined in later ages to the names of Goidelic saints.

To return, however, to the folklorist's difficulti-es, the first thing to be done is to get as ample a supply of folklore materials as possible; and here I come to a point at which some of the readers of these pages; could probably help; for we want all our folklore and superstitions duly recorded and rescued from the yawning gulf of oblivion, into which they are rapidly and irretrievably dropping year by year, as the oldest inhabitant passes away.

Some years ago I attempted to collect the stories still remembered in Wales about fairies and lake dwellers; and I seem to have thrown some amount of enthusiasm into that pursuit. At any rate, one editor of a Welsh newspaper congratulated me on being a thorough believer in the fairies. Unfortunately, I was not nearly so successful in recommending myself as a believer to the old people who could have related to me the kind of stories I wanted. Nevertheless, the best plan I found was to begin by relating a story about the fairies myself: if that method did not result in eliciting anything from the listener, then it was time to move on to try the experiment on another subject. Among the things which 1 then found was the fact, that most of the well known lakes and tarns of Wales were once believed to have had inhabitants of a fairy kind, who owned cattle that sometimes came ashore and mixed with the ordinary breeds, while an occasional lake lady became the wife of a shepherd or farmer in the neighbourhood. There must, however, be many more of these legends lurking in out of the way parts of Wales in connexion with the more remote mountain tarns; and it would be well if they were collected systematically.

One of the most complete and best known of these lake stories is that of Llyn y Fan Fach in the Beacons of Carmarthenshire, called in Welsh *Bannau Sir Gaer*. The story is so much more circumstantial than all the others, that it has been placed at the beginning of this volume. Next to it may be ranked that of the Ystrad Dyfodwg pool, now known as, Llyn y Forwyn, the details of which have only recently been unearthed for me by a friend: see above. Well, in the Fan Fach legend the lake lady marries a young farmer from MYdfai, on the Carmarthenshire side of the range; and she is to remain his wife so long as he lives without striking her three times without cause. When that happens, she leaves him and calls away with her all her live stock, down to the little black calf in the process of being flayed; for he suddenly dons his hide and hurries away after the rest of the stock into the lake. The three blows without cause seem to belong to a category of very ancient determinants which have been recently discussed, with his usual acumen and command of instances from other lands, by Mr. Hartland, in the chapters on the Swan Maidens in his *Science of Fairy Tales*. But our South Welsh story allows the three blows only a rrinimurn of force; and in North Wales the determinant is of a different kind, though probably equally ancient: for there the husband must not strike or touch the fairy wife with anything made of iron, a condition which probably points back to the Stone Age. For archaeologists are agreed, that before metal, whether iron or bronze, was used in the manufacturing of tools, stone was the universal material for all cutting tools and weapons. But as savages are profoundly conservative in their babits, it is argued that on ceremonial and religious occasions knives of stone continued to be the only ones admissible long after bronze ones had been in common use for ordinary purposes. Take for example the text of Exodus iv. 25, where Zipporah is mentioned circumcising her son with a flint. From instances of the kind one may comprehend the sort of way in which iron came to be regarded as an abomination and a horror to the fairies. The question will be found discussed by Mr. Hartland at length in his book mentioned above: see more especially pp. 305-9.

Such, to my mind, are some of the questions to which the fairies give rise: I now wish to add another turning on the reluctance of the fairies to disclose their names. There is one story in particular which would serve to illustrate this admirably; but it is one which, I am sorry to say, I have never been able to discover complete or coherent in Wales. The substance of it should be,

roughly speaking, as follows.- A woman finds herself in great distress and is delivered out of it by a fairy, who claims as reward the woman's baby. On a certain day the baby will inevitably be taken by the fairy unless the fairy's true name is discovered by the mother. The fairy is foiled by being in the meantime accidentally overheard exulting, that the mother does not know that his or her name is Rumpelstiltzchen, or whatever it may be in the version which happens to be in question. The best known version is the German one, where the fairy is called Rumpelstiltzchen; and it will be found in the ordinary editions of Grimm's *Märchen*. The most complete English version is the East Anglian one published by Mr. Edward Clodd, in his recent volume entitled *Tom Tit Tot*, pp. 8-16; and previously in an article full of research headed 'The Philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin,' in *Folk-Lore* for 1889, pp. 138-43- It is first to be noted that in this version the fairy's name is Tom Tit Tot, and that the German and the East Anglian stories run parallel. They agree in making the fairy a male, in which they differ from our Welsh Silly Frit and Silly go Dwt: in what other respect the story of our Silly differed from that of Rumpelstiltzchen and Tom Tit Tot it is, in the present incomplete state of the Welsh one, impossible to say. Here it may be found useful to recall the fragments of the Welsh story: (1) A fairy woman used to come out of Corwrion Pool to spin on fine summer days, and whilst spinning she sang or hummed to herself *sili ffrit, sili ffrit*--it does not rise even to a doggerel couplet: above. (2) A farmer's wife in Lleyn used to have visits from a fairy woman who came to borrow things from her; and one day when the goodwife had lent her a *troell bach*, or wheel for spinning flax, she asked the fairy to give her name, which she declined to do. She was, however, overheard to sing to the whir of the wheel as follows (p. 229):--

Byehan a wydda hi
Little did she know

Mai Sili go Dwt
That Silly go Dwt

Yw f enw i.
Is my name.

This throws some light on Silly Frit, and we know where we are; but the story is inconsequent, and far from representing the original. We cannot, however, reconstruct it quite on the lines of Grimm's or Clodd's version.

But I happened to mention my difficulty one day to Dr. J. A. H. Murray, when he assured me of the existence of a Scottish version in which the fairy is a female. He learnt it when he was a child, he said, at Denholm, in Roxburghshire; and he was afterwards charmed to read it in Robert Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1858), pp. 221-5, whence Mr. Clodd has given an abstract of it in his 'Philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin.' Among those popular rhymes the reader will find it as related at length by Nurse Jenny in her inimitable fashion; but the Scotch is so broad, that I think it advisable, at the risk of some havoc to the local colouring, to southronize it somewhat as follows:--

'I see that you are fond of talks about fairies, children and a story about a fairy and the goodwife of Kittlerumpit has just come into my mind; but I can't very well tell you now whereabouts Kittlerumpit lies. I think it is somewhere in the Debatable Ground; anyway I shall not pretend to know more than I do, like everybody nowadays. I wish they would remember the ballad we used to sing long ago:--

Mony ane sings the gerss, the gerss,
And mony ane sings the corn;
And mony ane clatters o' bold Robin Hood,
Ne'er kent where he was born.

But howsoever about Kittlerumpit: the goodman was a rambling sort of body; and he went to a fair one day, and not only never came home again, but nevermore was heard of. Some said he 'listed, and others that the tiresome pressgang snatched him up, though he was furnished with a wife and a child to boot. Alas! that wretched pressgang! They went about the country like roaring lions, seeking whom they might devour. Well do I remember how my eldest brother Sandy was all but smothered in the meal-chest, hiding from those rascals. After they were gone, we pulled him out from among the meal, puffing and crying, and as white as any corpse. My mother had to pick the meal out of his mouth with the shank of a horn spoon.

'Ah well, when the goodman of Kittlerumpit was gone, the goodwife was left with small means. Little resources had she, and a baby boy at her breast. All said they were sorry for her; but nobody helped herwhich is a common case, sirs. Howsoever the goodwife had a sow, and that was her only consolation; for the sow was soon to farrow, and she hoped for a good litter.

‘But we all know hope is fallacious. One day the woman goes to the sty to fill the sow’s trough; and what does she find but the sow lying on her back, grunting and groaning, and ready to give up the ghost.
‘I trow this was a new pang to the goodwife’s heart; so she sat down on the knocking-stone[367], with her bairn on her knee, and cried sorer than ever she did for the loss of her own goodman.

‘Now I premise that the cottage of Kittlerumpit was built on a brae, with a large fir-wood behind it, of which you may hear more ere we go far on. So the goodwife, when she was wiping her eyes, chances to look down the brae; and what does she see but an old woman, almost like a lady, coming slowly up the road. She was dressed in green, all but a short white apron and a black velvet hood, and a steeple-crowned beaver hat on her head. She had a long walking-staff, as long as herself, in her hand-the sort of staff that old men and old women helped themselves with long ago; I see no such staffs now, sirs.

‘Ah well, when the goodwife saw the green gentlewoman near her, she rose and made a curtsy; and “ Madam,” quoth she, weeping, “ I am on-e of the most misfortunate women alive.”

‘ “ I don’t wish to hear pipers’ news and fiddlers’ tales, goodwife,” quoth the green woman. “ I know you have lost your goodman-we had worse losses at the Sheriff Muir[368]; and I know that your sow is unco sick. Now what will you give me if I cure her? “

“‘ Anything your ladyship’s madam likes,” quoth the witless goodwife, never guessing whom she had to deal with.

“ ‘Let us wet thumbs on that bargain,” quoth the green woman; so thumbs were wetted, I warrant you; and into the sty madam marches.

‘She looks at the sow with a long stare, and then began to mutter to herself what the goodwife couldn’t well understand; but she said it sounded like --

Pitter patter,
Holy Water.

‘Then she took out of her pocket a wee bottle, with something like oil in it; and she rubs the sow with it above the snout, behind the ears, and on the tip of the tail. “ Get up, beast,” quoth the green woman. No sooner said than

done-up jumps the sow with a grunt, and away to her trough for her breakfast.

‘The goodwife of Kittlerumpit was a joyful goodwife now, and would have kissed the very hem of the green woman’s gowntail; but she wouldn’t let her.. “ I am not so fond of ceremonies,” quoth she; “ but now that I have righted your sick beast, let us end our settled bargain. You will not find me an unreasonable, greedy body1 like ever to do a good turn for a small reward: all I ask, and *will* have, is that baby boy in your bosom.”

‘The goodwife of Kittlerumpit, who now knew her customer, gave a shrill cry like a stuck swine. The green woman was a fairy, no doubt; so she prays, and cries, and begs, and scolds; but all wouldn’t do. “ You may spare your din,” quoth the fairy, “ screaming as if I was as deaf as a door-nail; but this I’ll let you know -1 cannot, by the law we live under, take your bairn till the third day; and not then, if you can tell me my right name.” So madam goes away round the pig-sty end; and the goodwife falls down in a swoon behind the knocking-stone.

‘M well, the goodwife of Kittlerumpit could not sleep any that night for crying, and all the next day the same, cuddling her bairn till she nearly squeezed its breath out; but the second day she thinks of taking a walk in the wood I told you of; and so with the bairn in her arms, she sets out, and goes far in among the trees, where was an old quarry-hole, grown over with grass, and a bonny spring well in the middle of it. Before she came very near, she hears the whirring of a flax wheel, and a voice singing a song; so the woman creeps quietly among the bushes, and peeps over the brow of the quarry; and what does she see but the green fairy tearing away at her wheel, and singing like any precentor --

Little kens our guid dame at hame,
That Whuppity Stoorie is my name.

Ha, ha! “ thinks the woman, “ I’ve got the mason’s word at last; the devil give them joy that told it! “ So she went home far lighter than she came out, as you maywell guess--laughing like a madcap with the thought of cheating the old green fairy.

‘Ah well, you must know that this goodwife was a jocose woman, and ever merry when her heart was not very sorely overladen. So she thinks to have some sport with the fairy; and at the appointed time she puts the bairn

behind the knocking-stone, and sits on the stone
herself. Then she pulls her cap over her left ear and twists her mouth on the other side, as if she were weeping; and an ugly face she made, you may be sure. She hadn't long to wait, for up the brae climbs the green fairy, neither lame nor lazy; and long ere she got near the knocking-stone she screams out--"Goodwife of Kittlerumpit, you know well what I come for-stand and deliver! "

'The woman pretends to cry harder than before, and wrings her hands, and falls on her knees, with " Och, sweet madam mistress, spare my only bairn, and take the wretched sow!"

"'The devil take the sow, for my part," quoth the fairy; " I come not here for swine's flesh. Don't be contramawcious, huzzy, but give me the child instantly! "

"' Ochone, dear lady mine," quoth the crying goodwife; " forgo my poor bairn, and take me myself! "

"'The devil is in the daft jade," quoth the fairy, looking like the far end of a fiddle; "I'll bet she is clean demented. Who in all the earthly world, with half an
eye in his head, would ever meddle with the likes of thee? "

'I trow this set up the woman of Kittlerumpit's bristle: for though she had two blear eyes and a long red nose besides, she thought herself as bonny as the best of them. So she springs off her knees, sets the top of her cap straight, and with her two hands folded before her, she makes a curtsy down to the ground, and, " In troth, fair madam," quoth she, " I might have had the wit to know that the likes of me is not fit to tie the worst shoe-strings of the high and mighty princess, *Whuppity Stoorie."*

'If a flash of gunpowder had come out of the ground it couldn't have made the fairy leap higher than she did;. then down she came again plump on her shoe-heels; and whirling round, she ran down the brae, screeching for rage, like an owl chased by the witches.

'The goodwife of Kittlerumpit laughed till she was like to split; then she takes up her bairn, and goes into her house, singing to it all the way:--

A goo and a gitty, my bonny wee tyke,
Ye'se noo ha'e your four-oories;

Sin' we've gien Nick a bane to pyke,
Wi' his wheels and his Whuppity Stoories.'

That is practically Chambers' version of this Scottish story; and as to the name of the fairy *Whuppity Sloorie*, the first syllable should be the equivalent of English whip, while stoor is a Scotch word for dust in motion: so the editor asks in a note whether the name may not have originated in the notion 'that fairies were always present in the whirls of dust occasioned by the wind on roads and in streets[369]But he adds that another version of the story calls the green woman *Filtetelot*, which ends with the same element as the name Tom Tit Tot and Silly go Dwt. Perhaps, however, the Welsh versions of the story approached nearest to one from Mochdrum in Wigtownshire, published in the British Association's *Papers ofthe Liverpool Meeting*, 1896, p. 613. This story was contributed by the Rev. Walter Gregor, and the name of the fairy in it is Marget Totts: in this we have a wife, who is in great distress, because her husband used to give her so much flax to spin by such and such a day, that the work was beyond human power. A fairy comes to the rescue and takes the flax away, promising to bring it back spun by the day fixed, provided the woman can tell the fairy's name. The woman's distress thereupon becomes as great as before, but the fairy was overheard saying as she span, 'Little does the guidwife ken it, my name is Marget Totts.' So the woman got her flax returned spun by the day; and the fairy, Marget Totts, went up the chimney in a blaze of fire as the result of rage and disappointment. Here one cannot help seeing that the original, of which this is a clumsy version, must have been somewhat as follows

Little does the guidwife wot
That my name is Marget Tot.

To come back to Wales, we have there the names Silly Frit and Silly go Dwt, which are those of females. The former name is purely English--*Silly Frit*, which has been already guessed to mean a silly sprite, or silly apparition, with the idea of its being a fright of a creature to behold: compare the application elsewhere to a fairy changeling of the terms *crimbil* and *cyrfaglach* or *cryfaglach*, which is explained as implying a haggard urchin that has been half starved and stunted in its growth. Leaving out of the reckoning this connotation, one might compare the term with the Scottish habit of calling the fairies silly wights, 'the Happy

Wights.' See J. Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*, where s. v. *seily*, *seely*, 'happy,' he purports to quote the following lines from 'the Legend of the Bishop of St. Androis` in a collection of *Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century* (Edinburgh, 1801), pp. 320-1:--

For oght the kirk culd him forbid,
He sped him sone, and gat the thrid;
Ane Carling of the Quene of Phareis,
That ewifi win gair to elphyne careis,

Through all Braid Albane scho hes bene,
On horsbak on Hallow ewin;
And ay in seiking certayne nyghtis,
As scho sayis, with sur [read our) sillie uychds.

Similarly, he gives the fairies the name of *Seely Court*, and cites as illustrating it the following lines from R. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, (I,. 236, and) ii. 1890--[28]

But as it fell out on last Hallowe'en,
When the Seely Court was ridin' by,
The queen lighted down on a gowan bank,
Nae far frae the tree where I wont to lye.

Into Welsh, however, the designationSilly Frit must have come, not from Scotland, but from the Marches; and the history of *Sili go Dwt* must be much the same. For, though construed as Welsh, the name would mean the Silly who is *go Dwt*[370], 'somewhat tidy or natty'; but the *dwt* (mutated from *twt*) was suggested doubtless by the tot of such fairy names as Tom Tit Tot. That brings me to another group, where the syllable is *trot* or *trut*, and this we have in the Welsh doggerel,, as follows:--

Bychan a vvyd'a' hi
Little did she know

Mai Trwtyx-Tratyn
That Trwtyn Tratyn

Yw f enw i.
Is my name.

But this name Trwtyn-Tratyn sounds masculine, and not that of a she-fairy such as Silly Frit. The feminine would have been Trwtan-Tratan in the

Carnarvonshire pronunciation, and in fact trwtan is to be heard there; but more frequently a kind of derivative *trwdlan*, meaning an ungainly sort of woman, a drudge, a short-legged or deformed maid of all work. Some Teutonic varieties of this group of stories will be found mentioned briefly in Mr. Clodd's article on the 'Philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin,[371]Thus from the Debatable Ground on the borders of England and Scotland there comes a story in which the fairy woman's name was Habetrot; and he alludes to an Icelandic version in which the name is Gillitrut; but for us still more interest attaches to the name in the following rhyme[372].-

Little does my lady wot
That my name is Trit-a-Trot.

This has been supposed to belong to a story coming from Ireland; but whether that may prove true or not, it is hardly to be doubted that our Trwtyn Tratyn is practically to be identified with Trit-a-Trot, who is also a he-fairy.

That is not all; for since the foregoing notes were penned, a tale has reached me from Mr. Craigfryn Hughes about a fairy who began by conducting himself like the brownies mentioned above. The passages here in point come[373]from the story of which a part was given above; and they are to the following effect:--Long ago there was in service at a Monmouthshire farm a young woman who was merry and strong. Who she was or whence she came nobody knew; but many believed that she belonged to the old breed of *Bendith y Mamau*. Some time after she had come to the farm, the rumour spread that the house was sorely troubled by a spirit. But the girl and the elf understood one another well, and they became the best of friends. So the elf proved very useful to the maid, for he did everything for her washing, ironing, spinning and twisting wool; in fact they say that he was remarkably handy at the spinning wheel. Moreover, he expected only a bowlful of sweet milk and wheat bread, or some flummery, for his work. So she took care to place the bowl with his food at the bottom of the stairs every night as she went to bed. It ought to have been mentioned that she was never allowed to catch a sight of him; for he always did his work in the dark. Nor did anybody know when he ate his food: she used to leave the bowl there at night, and it would be empty by the time when she got up in the morning, the *bwca* having cleared it. But one night, by way of cursedness, what did she do but fill the bowl with some of the stale urine which they used in

dyeing wool and other things about the house. But heavens 1 it would have been better for her not to have done it; for when she got up next morning what should he do but suddenly spring from some corner and seize her by the neck! He began to beat her and kick her from one end of the house to the other, while he shouted at the top of his voice at every kick:--

Yfaidan din dwmp --
The idea that the thick-buttocked lass

Y'n rhoi bara haidd a thrwne I'r bwca!
Should give barley bread and p -- To the boge!

Meanwhile she screamed for help, but none came for some time; when, however, he heard the servant men getting up, he took to his heels as hard as he could; and nothing was heard of him for some time. But at the end of two years he was found to be at another farm in the neighbourhood, called Hafod yr Ynys, where he at once became great friends with the servant girl: for she fed him like a young chicken, by giving him a little bread and milk all the time. So he worked willingly and well for her in return for his favourite food. More especially, he used to spin and wind the yarn for her; but she wished him in time to show his face, or to tell her his name: he would by no means do either. One evening, however, when all the men were out, and when he was spinning hard at the wheel, she deceived him by telling him that she was also going out. He believed her; and when he heard the door shutting, he began to sing as he plied the wheel:--

Hi ward'n iawn pe gwypa hi,
How she would laugh, did she know

Taw Gwarayn-a-throt yw`m enw i.
That Gwarwyn-a-throt is my name!

'Ha! ha!' said the maid at the bottom of the stairs; 'I know thy name now.' ' What is it, then?' he asked. She replied, 'Gwarwyn-a-throt'; and as soon as she uttered the words he left the wheel where it was, and off he went. He was next heard of at a farmhouse not far off, where there happened to be a servant man named Moses, with whom he became great friends at once. He did all his work for Moses with great ease. He once, however, gave him a good beating for doubting his word; but the two remained together afterwards for some years on the best possible terms: the end of it was that Moses became a soldier. He went away to fight against Richard Crookback,

and fell on the field of Bosworth. The bogie, after losing his friend, began to be troublesome and difficult to live with. He would harass the oxen when they ploughed, and draw them after him everywhere, plough and all; nor could any one prevent them. Then, when the sun set in the evening he would play his pranks again, and do all sorts of mischief about the house, upstairs, and in the cowhouses. So the farmer was advised to visit a wise man (dyn cynnil), and to see if he could devise some means of getting rid of the bogie. He called on the wise man, who happened to be living near Caerleon on the Usk; and the wise man, having waited till the moon should be full, came to the farmer's house. In due time the wise man, by force of manoeuvring, secured the bogie by the very long nose which formed the principal ornament of his face, and earned for him the name of *Bwca'r Trwyn*, 'the Bogie of the Nose.' Whilst secured by the nose, the bogie had something read to him out of the wise man's big book; and he was condemned by the wise man to be transported to the banks of the Red Sea for fourteen generations, and to be conveyed thither by 'the upper wind' (*yr uwchwynt*). No sooner had this been pronounced by the cunning man than there came a whirlwind which made the whole house shake. Then came a still mightier wind, and as it began to blow the owner of the big book drew the awl out of the bogie's nose; and it is supposed that the bogie was carried away by that wind, for he never troubled the place any more.

Another version of the story seems to have been current, which represented the bogie as in no wise to blame': but I attach some importance to the foregoing tale as forming a link of connexion between the Rumpelstiltzchen group of fairies, always trying to get hold of children; the brownie kind, ever willing to serve in return for their simple keep; and the troublesome bogie, that used to haunt Welsh farm houses and delight in breaking crockery and frightening the inmates out of their wits. In fact, the brownie and the bogie reduce themselves here into different humours of the same uncanny being. Their appearance may be said to have differed also: the bogie had a very long nose, while the brownie of Blednoch had only 'a hole where a nose should hae been.' But one of the most remarkable points about the brownie species is that the Lincolnshirespecimen was a small creature, 'a weeny bit of a fellow'--which suggests a possible community of origin with the banshee of the Irish, and also of the Welsh: witness the wee little woman in the story of the Curse of Pantannas (pp. 188-9), who seems to come up out of the river. All alike may perhaps be said to suggest various

aspects of the dead ancestor or ancestress; but Bwca'i- Trwyn is not to be severed from the fairy woman in the Pennant Valley, who undertakes some of the duties, not of a dairymaid, as in other cases mentioned, but those of a nurse. Her conduct on being offered a gown is exactly that of the brownie similarly placed: see above. But she and Bwca'r Trwyn are unmistakably fairies who take to domestic service, and work for a time willingly and well in return for their food, which, as in the case of other fairies, appears to have been mostly milk.

After this digression I wish only to point out that the Welsh bogie's name, Gwarwyn-a-throt, treated as Welsh, could only mean *white-necked* and (or with) a *trot*; for a *throt* could only mean 'and (*o*r with) a *trot*.' So it is clear that a *throt* is simply the equivalent of a-Trot, borrowed from such an English combination as Trit-a-Trot, and that it is idle to translate Gwarwyna-throt. Now trot and twi are not native Welsh words; and the same remark applies to *Trwtyn Tratyn*, and of course to *Siili ffrit* and *Sili go Dwt*. Hence it is natural to infer that either these names have in the Welsh stories merely superseded older ones of Welsh origin, or else that there was no question of name in the Welsh stories till they had come under English influence. The former conjecture seems the more probable of the two, unless one should rather suppose the whole story borrowed from English sources. But it is of no consequence here as regards the reluctance of fairies to disclose their names; for we have other instances to which the reader may turn above. It attaches itself to the Pool of Corwrion in the neighbourhood of Bangor; and it relates how a man married a fairy on the express condition that he was neither to know her name nor to touch her with iron, on pain of her instantly leaving him. Of course in the lapse of years the conditions are accidentally violated by the luckless husband, and the wife flies instantly away into the waters of the pool: her name turned out to be Belene.

Thus far of the unwillingness of the fairies to tell their names: I must now come to the question, why that was so. Here the anthropologist or the student of comparative folklore comes to our aid; for it is an important part of his business to compare the superstitions of one people with those of another; and in the case of superstitions which have lost their meaning among us, for instance, he searches for a parallel among other nations, where that parallel forms part of living institutions. In this way he hopes to discover the key to his difficulties. In the present case he finds savages who

habitually look at the name as part and parcel of the person. These savages further believe that any part of the person, such as a hair off one's head or the parings of one's nails, if they chanced to be found by an enemy, would give that enemy magical power over their lives, and enable him to injure them. Hence the savage tendency to conceal one's name. I have here, as the reader will perceive, crowded together several important steps in the savage logic; so I must try to illustrate them, somewhat more in detail, by reference to some of the survivals of them after the savage has long been civilized. To return to Wales, and to illustrate the belief that possession of a part of one's person, or of anything closely identified with one's person, gives the possessor of it power over that person, I need only recall the Welsh notion, that if one wished to sell one's self to the devil one had merely to give him a hair of one's head or the tiniest drop of one's blood, then one would be for ever his for a temporary consideration. Again, if you only had your hair cut, it must be carefully gathered and hidden away: by no means must it be burnt, as that might prove prejudicial to your health. Similarly, you should never throw feathers into the fire; for that was once held, as I infer, to bring about death among one's poultry: and an old relative of mine, *Modryb Mari*, 'Aunt Mary,' set her face against my taste for toasted cheese. She used to tell me that if I toasted my cheese, my sheep would waste away and die: strictly speaking, I fancy this originally meant only the sheep from whose milk the cheese had been made. But I was not well versed enough in the doctrines of sympathetic magic to reply, that it did not apply to our cheese, which was not made from sheep's milk. So her warning used to frighten me and check my fondness for toasted cheese, a fondness which I had doubtless quite innocently inherited, as anybody will see who will glance at one of the *Hundred Mery Talys*, printed by John Rastell in the sixteenth century, as follows:, I fynde wrytten amonge olde gestes, howe God mayde Saynt Peter porter of heuen, and that God of hys goodnes, sone after his passyon, suffered many men to come to the kyngdome of Heuen with small deseruynge; at whyche tyme there was in heuen a great companye of Welchemen, whyche with their crakynge and babeynge troubled all the other. Wherfore God sayde to Saynte Peter that he was wery of them, and that he wolde fayne haue them out of heuen. To whome Saynte Peter sayd: Good Lorde, I warrente you, that shall be done. Wherfore Saynt Peter wente out of heuen gates and cryed wyth a loud voyce *Cause bobe* [374],that is as moche to saye as rosted chese, whiche thynge the

Welchemen herynge, ranne out of Heuen a great pace. And when Saynt Peter sawe them all out, he sodenly wente into Heuen, and locked the dore, and so sparred all the Welchemen out. By this ye may se, that it is no wysdome for a man to loue or to set his mynde to moche upon any delycate or worldely pleasure, wherby he shall lose the celestyall and eternall ioye.'

To leave the *Mery Talys* and come back to the instances mentioned, all of them may be said to illustrate the way in which a part, or an adjunct, answered for the whole of a person or thing. In fact, having due regard to magic as an exact science, an exceedingly exact science, one may say that according to the wisdom of our ancestors the leading axiom of that science practically amounted to this: the part is quite equal to the whole. Now the name, as a part of the man, was once probably identified with the breath of life or with the soul, as we shall see later; and the latter must have been regarded as a kind of matter; for I well remember that when a person was dying in a house, it was the custom about Ponterwyd, in North Cardiganshire, to open the windows. And a farmer near Ystrad Meurig, more towards the south of the county, told me some years ago that he remembered his mother dying when he was a boy: a neighbour's wife who had been acting as nurse tried to open the window of the room, and as it would not open she deliberately smashed a pane of it. This was doubtless originally meant to facilitate the escape of the soul; and the same idea has been attested for Gloucestershire, Devon, and other parts of the country [375]. This way of looking at the soul reminds one of Professor Tylor's words when he wrote in his work on *Primitive Culture*, i. 440: 'and he who says that his spirit goes forth to meet a friend, can still realize in the phrase a meaning deeper than metaphor.'

Then if the soul was material, you may ask what its shape was; and even this I have a story which will answer: it comes from the same Modryb Mari who set her face against caws pobi, and cherished a good many superstitions. Therein she differed greatly from her sister, my mother, who had a far more logical mind and a clearer conception of things. Well, my aunt's story was to the following effect:--A party of reapers on a farm not far from Ponterwyd--I have forgotten the name-sat down in the field to their midday meal. Afterwards they rested awhile, when one of their number fell fast asleep. The others got up and began reaping again, glancing every now and then at the sleeping man, who had his mouth wide open and breathed

very loudly. Presently they saw a little black man, or something like a monkey, coming out of his mouth and starting on a walk round the field: they watched this little fellow walking on and on till he came to a spot near a stream. There he stopped and turned back: then he disappeared into the open mouth of the sleeper, who at once woke up. He told his comrades that he had just been dreaming of his walking round the field as far as the very spot where they had seen the little black fellow stop. I am sorry to say that Modryb Mari had wholly forgotten this story when, years afterwards, I asked her to repeat it to me; but the other day I found a Welshman who still remembers it. I happened to complain, at a meeting of kindred spirits, how I had neglected making careful notes of bits of folklore which I had heard years ago from informants whom I had since been unable to cross-examine: I instanced the story of the sleeping reaper, when my friend Professor Sayce at once said that he had heard it. He spent part of his childhood near ILanover in Monmouthshire; and in those days he spoke Welsh, which he learned from his nurse. He added that he well remembered the late Lady ILanover rebuking his father for having his child, a Welsh boy, dressed like a little Highlander; and he remembered also hearing the story here in question told him by his nurse. So far as he could recall it, the version was the same as my aunt's, except that he does not recollect hearing anything about the stream of water.

Several points in the story call for notice: among others, one naturally asks at the outset why the other reapers did not wake the sleeping man. The answer is that the Welsh seem to have agreed with other peoples, such as the Irish[376], in thinking it dangerous to wake a man when dreaming, that is, when his soul might be wandering outside his body; for it might resvilt in the soul failing to find the way back into the body which it had temporarily left. To illustrate this from Wales I produce the following story, which has been written out for me by Mr. J. G. Evans. The sce-ne of it was a field on the farm of Cadabowen, nea.r Llan y Byddair, in the Vale of the Teifi:--'The chief point of the *madfall* incident, which happened in the early sixties, was this. During one mid-morning hoe hogi, that is to say, the usual rest for sharpening the reaping-hooks, I was playing among the thirty or forty reapers sitting together: my movements were probably a disturbing element to the reapers, as well as a source of danger to my own limbs. In order, therefore, to qui-et me, as seems probable, one of the men directed my attention to our old farm labourer, who was asleep on his back close to the

uncut corn, a little apart from the others. I was told that his soul (*ened*) had gone out of his mouth in the form of a black lizard (*madfall ddu*), and was at that moment wandering among the standing com. If I woke the sleeper, the soul would be unable to return; and old Thomas would die, or go crazy; or something serious would happen. I will not trust my memory to fill in details, especially as this incident once formed the basis of what proved an exciting story told to my children in their childhood. A generation hence they may be able to give an astonishing instance of "genuine" Welsh folklore. In the meanwhile, I can bear testimony to that " black lizard " being about the most living impression in my " memory." I see it, even now, wriggling at the edge of the uncut corn. But as to its return, and the waking of the sleeper, my memory is a blank. Such are the tricks of " memory"; and we should be charitable when, with bated breath, the educated no less than the uneducated tell us about the uncanny things they have " seen with their own eyes." They believe what they say, because they trust their memory: I do not. I feel practically certain I never saw a lizard in my life, in that particular field in which the reapers were.' Mr. Evans' story differs, as it has been seen, from my aunt's version in giving the soul the shape of a lizard; but the little black fellow in the one and the black lizard in the other agree not only in representing the soul as material, but also as forming a complete organism within a larger one. In a word, both pictures must be regarded as the outcome of attempts to depict the sleeper's inner man.

If names and souls could be regarded as material substances, so could diseases; and I wish to say a word or two now on that subject, which a short story of my wife's will serve to introduce. She is a native of the ILanberis side of Snowdon; and she remembers going one morning, when a small child, across to the neighbourhood of Rhyd-ddu with a servant girl called Cadi, whose parents lived there. Now Cadi was a very good servant, but she had little regard for the more civilized manners of the ILanberis folk; and when she returned with the child in the evening from her mother's cottage, she admitted that the little girl was amazed at the language of Cadi's brothers and sisters; for she confessed that, as she said, they swore like colliers, whereas the little girl had never before heard any swearing worth speaking of. Well, among other things which thelittle girl saw there was one of Cadi's sisters having a bad leg dressed: when the rag which had been on the wound was removed, the mother made one of her other children take it out and fix it on the thorn growing near the door. The little girl being

inquisitive asked why that was done, and she was told that it was in order that the wound might heal all the faster. She was not very satisfied with the answer, but she afterwards noticed the same sort of thing done in her own neighbourhood. Now the original idea was doubtless that the disease, or at any rate a part of it-and in suEh matters it will be remembered that a part is quite equal to the whole-was attached to the rag; so that putting the rag out, with a part of the disease attached to it, to rot on the bush, would bring with it the disappearance of the whole disease.

Another and a wider aspect of this practice was the subject of notice in the chapter on the Folklore of the Wells, pp. 359-60, where Mr. Hartland's hypothesis was mentioned. This was to the effect that if any clothing, or anything else which had been identified with your person, were to be placed in contact with a sacred tree, sacred well, or sacred edifice, it would be involved in the effluence of the divinity that imparts its sacred character to the tree, well, or temple; and that your person, identified with the clothing or other article, would also be involved or soaked in the same divine effluence, and made to benefit thereby. We have since had this kind of reasoning illustrated, pp. 405-7 above, by the modem legend of Crymlyn, and the old one of ILyn ILiwan; but- the difficulty which it involves is a very considerable one: it is the difficulty of taking seriously the infantile order of reasoning which underlies so much of the philosophy of folklore. I cannot readily forget one of the first occasions of my coming, so to say, into living contact with it. It was at Tuain in Connaught, whither I had gone to learn modern Irish from the late Canon Ulick J. Bourke. There one day in 1871 he presented me with a copy of *The Bull 'Ineffabilis'* in Four Languages (Dublin, 1868), containing the Irish version which he had himself contributed. On the blue cover was a gilt picture of the Virgin, inscribed *Sine Labe Concepta*. No sooner had I brought it to my lodgings than the woman who looked after the house caught sight of it. She was at once struck with awe and admiration; so I tried to explain to her the nature of the contents of the volume. I So the Father has given you that holy book 1' she exclaimed; 'and you are now a holy man!' I was astonished at the simple and easy way in which she believed holiness could be transferred from one person or thing to another; and it has always helped me to realize the fact that folklorists have no occasion to invent their people, or to exaggerate the childish features of their minds. They are still with us as real men and real women, and at one time the whole world belonged to them;

not to mention that those who may, by a straining of courtesy, be called their leaders of thought, hope speedily to reannex the daring few who are trying to tear asunder the bonds forged for mankind in the obscurity of a distant past. I shall never forget the impression made on my mind by a sermon I heard preached some years later in the cathedral of St. Stephen in Vienna. That magnificent edifice in a great centre of German culture was crowded with listeners, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy what they heard, though the chief idea which they were asked to entertain could not possibly be said to rise above the level of the philosophy of the Stone Age.

11. Folklore Philosophy

To look for consistency in barbaric philosophy is to disqualify ourselves for understanding it, and the theories of it which aim at symmetry are their own condemnation. Yet that philosophy, within its own irregular confines, works not illogically--EDWARD CLODD.

IT will be remembered that in the last chapter a story was given which represented the soul as a little fellow somewhat resembling a monkey; and it will probably have struck the reader how near this approaches the idea prevalent in medieval theology and Christian art, which pictured the soul as a pigmy or diminutive human being. I revert to this in order to point out that the Christian fancy may possibly have given rise to the form of the soul as represented in the Welsh story which I heard in Cardiganshire and Professor Sayce in Monmouthshire; but this could hardly be regarded as touching the other Cardiganshire story, in which the soul is likened to a *madfall* or lizard. Moreover I would point out that a belief incompatible with both kinds of story i s suggested by one of the uses of the Welsh word for soul, namely, enaid. I heard my father, a native of the neighbourhood of Eglwys Fach, near the estuary of the Dyfl, use the word of some portion of the inside of a goose, but I have forgotten what part it was exactly. Professor Anwyl of Aberystwyth, however, has sent me the following communication on the subject:--'I am quite familiar with the expression *yr enaid*, "the soul," as applied to the soft flesh sticking to the ribs inside a goose. The flesh in question has somewhat the same appearance and structure as the liver. I have no recollection of ever hearing the term yr enaid used in the case of any bird other than a goose; but this may be a mere accident, inasmuch as no one ever uses the term now except to mention it as an interesting curiosity.' This application of the word *enaid* recalls the use of the English word 'soul' in the same way, and points to a very crude idea of the- soul as material and only forming an internal portion of the body: it is on the low level of the notion of an English pagan of the seventeenth century who thoug:ht his soul was 'a great bone in his body'.[377]It is, however, not quite so foolish, perhaps, as it looks at first sight; and it reminds one of the Mohammedan belief that the os coccygis is the first formed in the human

body, and that it will remain uncorrupted till the last day as a seed from which the whole is to be renewed in the resurrection.[378]

On either savage theory, that the soul is a material organism inside a bulkier organism, or the still lower one that it is an internal portion of the larger organism itself, the idea of death would be naturally much the same, namely, that it was what occurred when the body and the soul became permanently severed. I call attention to this because we have traces in Welsh literature of a very different notion of death, which must now be briefly explained. The *Mabinogi* of Math ab Mathonwy relates how Math and Gwydion made out of various flowers a most beautiful woman whom they named Blode uwedd,[379] that is to say ἀνθώδης, or flowerlike, and gave to wife to Llew Llawgyffes; how she, as it were to prove what consummate artists they had been, behaved forthwith like a woman of the ordinary origin, in that she fell in love with another man named Gronw Pebyr of Pentlyn; and how she plotted with Gronw as to the easiest way to put her husband to death. Pretending to be greatly concerned about the welfare of Llew and very anxious to take measures against his death (*angheu*), she succeeded in finding from him in what manner one could kill (*llad*) him. His reply was, 'Unless God kill me . . . it is not easy to kill me'; and he went on to describe the strange attitude in which he might be killed, namely, in a certain position when dressing after a bath: then, he said, if one cast a spear at him it would effect his death (*angheu*), but that spear must have been a whole year in the making, during the hour onl when the sacrifice was proceeding on Sunday. Blodeuwedd thanked heaven, she said, to find that all this was easy to avoid. But still her curiosity was not satisfied; so one day she induced ILew to go into the bath and show exactly what he meant. Of course she had Gronw with his enchanted spear in readiness, and at the proper moment, when ILew was dressing after the bath, the paramour cast his spear at him. He hit him in the side, so that the head of the spear remained in lLew, whilst the shaft fell off: ILew flew away in the form of an eagle, uttering an unearthly cry. He was no more seen until Gwydion, searching for him far and wide in Powys and Gwynect, came to Arfon, where one day he followed the lead of a mysterious sow, until the beast stopped under an oak at Nant1te. There Gwydion found the sow devouring rotten flesh and maggots, which fell from an eagle whenever the bird shook himself at the top of the tree. He suspected this was ILew,

and on singing three englyns to him the eagle came lower and lower, till at last he descended on Gwydion's lap. Then Gwydion struck him with his wand, so that he assumed his own shape of Llew Llawgyffes, and nobody ever saw a more wretched looking man, we are told: he was nothing but skin and bones. But the best medical aid that could be found in Gwynedd was procured, and before the end of the year he was quite well again.

Here it will be noticed, that though the fatal wounding of lLew, at any rate visibly, means his being changed into the form of an eagle, it is treated as his death. When the *Mabinogion* were edited in their present form in a later atmosphere, this sort of phraseology was not natural to the editor, and he shows it when he comes to relate how Gwydion punished Blodeuwedd, as follows:--Gwydion, having overtaken her in her flight, is made to say, 'I shall not kill thee (*Ny laddaf* i *di*): I shall do what is worse for thee, and that is to let thee go in the form of a bird! He let her go in fact in the form of an owl. According to the analogy of the other part of the story this meant his having kLlled her: it was her death, and the words 'I shall not kLll thee' are presumably not to be regarded as belonging to the original story. To come back to the eagle, later Welsh literature, re-echoing probably an ancient notion, speaks of a nephew of Arthur, called Eliwlod, appearing to Arthur as an eagle seated likewise among the branches of an oak. He claims acquaintance and kinship with Arthur, but he has to explain to him that he has died: they have a dialogue[380]in the course of which the eagle gives Arthur some serious Christian advice. But we have in this sort of idea doubtless the kind of origin to which. one might expect to trace the prophesying eagle, such as Geoffrey mentions more than once: see his *Historia*, ii. 9 and xii. 18[381]. Add to these instances of transformation the belief prevalent in Cornwall almost to our own day, that Arthur himself, instead of dying, was merely changed by magic into a raven, a form in which he still goes about; so that a Cornishman will not wittingly fire at a raven[382]. This sort of transformation is not to be severed from instances supplied by Irish literature, such as the story of Tuan mac Cairill, related in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 15a-16b . Tuan relates to St. Finnen of MagbLle, in the sixth century, the early history of Ireland from the time of Partholan down, which he was enabled to do because he had lived through it all, passing from one form to another without losing his memory. First of all he was a man, and when old age had come upon him he was transformed

into a. stag of the forest. For a whLle he was youthful and vigorous; but again old age overtook him, and he next became a wLld boar. When old age and decrepitude overcame him next he was renewed in the form of a powerful bird, called in the original seig. The next renewal was in the form of a salmon: here the manuscript faLls us. The form of a salmon was also tha one taken by the woman Liban when she was overwhelmed by the! flood, which became the body of water known as Lough Neagh: her handmaid at the same time became an otter (fo.40b). There was an ancient belief that the soul leaves the body like a bird flying out of the mouth. of the man or woman dying, and this maybe said to approach the favourite Celtic notion Illustrated by the transformations here instanced, to which may be added the case of the Children of Lir, pp- 93,549, changed by the stroke of their wicked stepmother's wand into swans, on Lough Erne. The story has, in the course of ages, modified itself into a belief that the swans haunting that beautiful water at all seasons of the year, are the souls of holy women who fell victims to the repeated visitations of the pagan Norsemen, when Ireland was at their cruel mercy[383]. The Christian form which the Irish peasant has given the legend does not touch its relevancy here. Perhaps one might venture to generalize, that in these islands great men and women were believed to continue their existence in the form of eagles, hawks or ravens, swans or owls. But what became of the souls of the obscurer majority of the people? For an answer to this perhaps we can only fall back on the Psyche butterfly, which may here be Lllustrated by the fact that Cornish tradition applies the term 'pisky' both to the fairies and to moths, believed in Cornwall by many to be departed Souls[384]. So in Ireland: a certain reverend gentleman named Joseph Ferguson, writing in 18io a statistical account of the parish of Ballymoyer, in the county of Armagh, states that one day a girl chasing a butterfly was chid by her companions, who said to her: 'That may be the soul of your grandmother[385]. ' This idea, to survive, has modified itself into a belief less objectionably pagan, that a butterfly hovering near a corpse is a sign of its everlasting happiness.

The shape-shifting is sometimes complicated by taking place on the lines of rebirth: as cases in point may be mentioned Lug, reborn as Cuchulainn[386], and the repeated births of ttain. This was rendered possible in the case of Cuchulainn, for instance, by Lug taking the form of an insect which was unwittingly swallowed by Dechtere, who thereby became Cuchulainn's

mother; and so in the case of Etain[387] and her last recorded mother, the queen of Etar king of Eochraidhe. On Welsh ground we have a combination of transformations and rebirth in the history of Gwion Bach in the story of Taliessin. Gwion was in the service of the witch Ceridwen; but having learned too much of her arts, he became the object of her lasting hatred; and the incident is translated as follows in Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, iii. 358-9- 'And she went forth after him, running. And he saw her, and changed himself into a hare and fled. But she changed herself into a greyhound and turned him. And he ran towards a river, and became a fish. And she in the form of an otter-bitch chased him under the water, until he was fain to turn himself into a bird of the air. Then she, as a hawk, followed him and gave him no rest in the sky. And just as she was about to swoop upon him, and he was in fear of death, he espied a heap of winnowed wheat on the floor of a barn, and he dropped amongst the wheat, and turned himself into one of the grains. Then she transformed herself into a high-crested black hen, and went to the wheat and scratched it with her feet, and found him out and swallowed him. And, as the story says, she bore him nine months, and when she was delivered of him, she could not find it in her heart to kill him, by reason of his beauty. So she wrapped him in a leathern bag, and cast him into the sea to the mercy of God on the twenty-ninth day of AprLl. And at that time the weir of Gwyddno was on the strand between Dyvi and Aberystwyth, near to his own castle, and the value of an hundred pounds was taken in that weir every May eve! The story goes on to relate how Gwyddno's son, Elphin, found in the weir the leathern bag containing the baby, who grew up to be the bard Taliessin. But the fourteenth century manuscript called after the name of Taliessin teems with such transformations as the above, except that they are by no means confined to the range of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. I heard an amusing suggestion of metempsychosis the other day: it is related of a learned German, who was sitting at table, let us say, in an Oxford hotel, with most of his dinner in front of him. Being, however, a man of immediate foresight, and anxious to accustom himself to fine English, he was not to be restrained by scruples as to any possible discrepancy between words like bekommen and become. So to the astonishment of everybody he gravely called out to the waiter, 'Hereafter I vish to become a Welsh rabbit.' This would have done admirably for the author of certain poems in the *Book of Taliessin*, where the bard's changes are dwelt upon. From them it appears that the

transformation might be into anything that the mind of man could in any way individualize. Thus Taliessin claims to have been, some time or other, not only a stag or a salmon, but also an axe, a sword, and even a book in a priest's hand, or a word in writing. On the whole, however, his history as a grain of corn has most interest here, as it differs from that which has just been given: the passage[388]is sadly obscure, but I understand it to say that the grain was duly sown on a hill, that it was reaped and finally brought on the hearth, where the ears of corn were emptied of their grains by the ancient method of dexterously applying a flame to them[389]. But whLle the light was being applied the grain which was Taliessin, falling from the operator's hand, was quickly received and swallowed by a hostile hen, in whose interior it remained nine nights; but though this seemingly makes Taliessin's mother a bird, he speaks of himself, without mentioning any inter. vening transformation, as a *gwas* or young man. Such an origin was perhaps never meant to be other than incomprehensible. Lastly as to rebirth, I may say that it has often struck me that the Welsh habit, especially common in Carnarvonshire and Anglesey, of one child in a family being named, partially or wholly, after a grandparent, is to be regarded as a trace of the survival from early times of a belief in such atavism as has been suggested above.[390]

The belief in transformations or transmigrations, such as have been mentioned, must have lent itself to various developments, and two at least of them are deserving of some notice here. First may be mentioned one which connects itself intimately with the druid or magician: he is master of his own transformations, as in the case of Ceridwen and Gwion, for he had acquired his magic by tasting of the contents of Ceridwen's Cauldron of Sciences, and he retained his memory continuously through his shape-shiftings, as is best Lllustrated, perhaps, by the case of Tuan mac CairLll. The next step was for him to realize his changes, not as matters of the past but as present and possible; in fact, to lay claim to being anybody or anything he likes at any moment. Of this we have a remarkable instance in the case of Am.airgen, seer and judge of the Milesians or Sons of Mil, in the story of their conquest of Ireland, as told in the *Book of Leinster*, fo.12b . As he first sets his right foot on the land of Erin he sings a lay in which he says, that he is a boar, a bull, and a salmon, together with other things also, such as the sea-breeze, the rolling wave, the roar of the bLllows, and a lake on

the plain. Nor does he forget to pretend to wisdom and science beyond other men, and to hint that he is the divinity that gives them knowledge and sense. The similarity between this passage and others in the *Book of Taliessin* has attracted the attention of scholars: see M. d'Arbois de Jubainville's *Cycle mythologique irlandais*, pp. 242 et seq. On the whole, Taliessin revels most in the side of the picture devoted to his knowledge and science: he has passed through so many scenes and chainges that he has been an eye-witness to all kinds of events in Celtic story. Thus he was with Bran on his exp.edition to Ireland, and saw when Morclwyt Tyllion was slain in the great slaughter of the Meal-bag Pavilion. This, however, was not all; he represents himself as also a *sywedydd* [391], 'vales or prophet, astrologer and astronomer,' a sage who boasts his knowledge of the physical world and propounds questions which he challenges his rivals to answer concerning earth and sea, day and night, sun and moon. He is not only Taliessin, but also Gwion, and hence one infers his magical powers to have- been derived. If he regards anybody as his equal or superior, that seems to have been Talhaiarn, to whom he ascribes the greatest science. Talhaiarn is usually thought of only as a great bard by Welsh writers, but it is his science and wisdom that Taliessin admires[392], whereby one is to understand, doubtless, that Talhaiarn, like Taliessin, was a great magician. To this day Welsh bards and bardism have not been quite dissociated from magic, in so far as the witch Ceridwen is regarded as their patroness.

The boasts of Amairgen are characterized by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville as a sort of pantheism, and he detects traces of the same doctrine, among other places, in the teaching of the Irishman, known as Scotus Erigena, at the court of Charles the Bald in the ninth century:--see the *Cycle mythologique*, p. 248. In any case, one is prepared by such utterances as those of Amairgen to understand the charge recorded in the *Senchus Mor*, i. 23, as made against the Irish druids or magicians of his time by a certain Connla Cainbhrethach, one of the remarkable judges of Erin, conjectured by O'Curry--on what grounds I do not know--to have lived in the first century of our era. The statement there made is to the following effect:--'After her came Connla Cainbhrethach, chief doctor of Connaught; he excelled the men of Erin in wisdom, for he was filled with the grace of the Holy Ghost; he used to contend with the druids, who said that it was they that made heaven and earth, and the sea, &c., and the sun and moon, &c.' This view of

the pretensions of the druids is corroborated by the fact that magic, especially the power of shape-shifting at will, was regarded as power *par excellence* [393] and by the old formula of wishing one well, which ran thus: *Bendacht dee ocus andee fort*, 'the blessing of gods and not-gods upon thee!' The term 'gods' in this context is explained to have meant persons of power[394], and the term 'not-gods' farmers or those connected with the land, probably all those whose lives were directly dependent on farming and the cultivation of the soLl, as distinguished from professional men such as druids and smiths. This may be further Illustrated by a passage from the account of the second battle of Moytura, published by Stokes with a translation, in the *Revue Celtique*, xii. 52-130. See more especially pp. 74-6, where we find Lug offering his services to the king, Nuada of the Silver Hand. Among other qualifications which Lug possessed, he named that of being a sorcerer, to which the porter at once replied: 'We need thee not; we have sorcerers already. Many are our wizards and our folk of might'--that is, those of our people who possess power -- *ar lucht cumachtai*. Wizards (*druith*) and *lucht cumachtai* came, it is observed, alike under the more general designation of sorcerers (*corrguinigh*).

One seems to come upon traces of the same classification of a community into professionals and non professionals, for that is what it comes to, in an obscure Welsh term, *Teulu Oeth ac Anoeth*, which may be conjectured to have meant 'the Household of *Oeth* and *Anoeth'* in the sense of Power and Not-power[395]. Howevern none of these stories of shape-shifting, and of being born again, make any allusion to a soul. To revert, for instance, to Llew Llawgyffes, it is evident that the eagle cannot be regarded as his soul. The decayed state of the eagle's body seems to imply that it was somehow the same body as that of Llew at the time when he was wounded by Gronw's poisoned spear: the festering of the eagle's flesh looks as if considered a continuation of the wound. It is above all things, however, to be noted that none of the stories in point, whether Irish or Welsh, contain any suggestion of the hero's life coming to an end, or in any way perishing; LLew lives on to be transformed, under the stroke of Gwydion's wand, from being an eagle to be a man again; and Tuan mac Cairill persists in various forms till he meets St. Finnen in the sixth century. Then in the case of Etain, we are told in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 129a, that her first mentioned birth and the next one were separated by more than a thousand

years. So practically we may say that these stories implied that men and women were imperishable, that they had no end necessarily to their existence. This sort of notion may be detected in Llew's words when he says, 'Unless God kill me ... it is not easy to kill me.' The reference to the Almighty may probably be regarded as a comparatively late interpolation due to Christian teaching. A similar instance seems to occur in a poem in the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, fos- 47b-8b), where Arthur loudly sings the praises of his friend Cai. The couplet in point runs thus:--

Ny bei duv ae dikonhei.
Oet dihed aghev kei.

Unless it were God that wrought it,
Hard to effect were the death of Cai.

I am not sure, however, of the meaning; for, among other things, *diheit*, which I am inclined to interpret as 'hard to reach' or 'not easy to effect,' has been rendered otherwise by others[396]. In any case, the other instance seems to imply that at one time the heroes of Llew's world were not necessarily expected to die at all; and when they happened to do so, it was probably regarded, as among savages at the present day, as a result brought about by magic. Any reader who may feel astonished at such a crudeness of belief, will find something to contrast and compare in the familiar doctrine, that but for the fall of Adam and Eve we should have never heard of death, whether of man or of beast. But if he proceeds to ask questions about the economy of our world in case nobody died, he must be satisfied to be told that to ask any such question is here not only useless but also irrelevant.

Now, suppose that in a society permeated by the crude kind of notions of which one finds traces in the *Mabinogion* and other old Welsh literature, a man arose who had a turn for philosophizing and trying to think things out: how would he reason? It seems probable that he would argue, that underneath all the change there must be some substratum which is permanent. If Tuan, he would say, changed from one form to another and remembered all that he had gone through, there must have been something which lasted, otherwise Tuan would have come to an end early in the story, and the later individual would not be Tuan at all. Probably one thing which, according to our folklore phLlosopher's way of thinking, lasted through the transformations, was the material of Tuan's body, just as one is induced to suppose that LLew's body, and that of the eagle into which he was

transformed, were considered to be one and the same body labouring under the mortifying influence of the wound inflicted on ff-ew by Gronw's enchanted spear. Further, we have already found reasons to regard the existence of the soul as forming a part of the creed of some at any rate of the early inhabitants of this country, though we have no means of gathering what precise attributes our philosopher might ascribe to it besides the single one, perhaps, of continuing to exist. In that case he might otherwise describe Tuan's shape-shifting as the entrance of Tuan's soul into a series of different bodies. Now the philosopher here sketched agrees pretty closely with the little that is known of the Gaulish druid, such as he is described by ancient authors[397]. The latter seem to have been agreed in regarding him as believing in the immortality of the soul, and several of them appear to have thought his views simLlar to those of Pythagoras and his school. So we may perhaps venture to suppose that the druids, like Pythagoras, believed in the transmigration of souls, including that from the human to an animal form and the reverse. If, in the absence of an explicit statement, one may ascribe this latter form of that belief to the druids, the identity of their creed becomes almost complete with that of our conjectured folklore philosopher. At one time I was inclined to fancy that the druids of Gaul had received no unimportant part of their teaching from Greek philosophy by way of MassLlia, but I am now more disposed to believe their doctrines to have been gradually developed, in the way above suggested, from the unfailing resources of that folklore which revelled in scenes of shape-shifting and rebirth. Possibly the doctrines of Pythagoras may have themselves had a like origin and a somewhat parallel development, or let us say rather that the Orphic notions had, which preceded Pythagoreanism.

But as to Gaul generally, it is not to be assumed that the Gaulish druids and all the other Gauls held the same opinion on these questions: we have some evidence that they did not. Thus the Gauls in the neighbourhood of Massilia[398], who would accept a creditor's promise to pay up in the next world, can hardly have contemplated the possibility of any such creditor being then a bird or a moth. Should it be objected that the transformations, instanced above as Brythonic and Goidelic, were assumed only in the case of magicians and other professional or privileged persons, and that we are not told what was held to happen in the case of the rank and file of humanity, it is enough to answer that neither do we know what the druids of

Gaul held to be the fate of the common people of their communities. No lever can be applied in that direction to disturb the lines of the parallel.

In previous chapters, instances from Welsh sources have been given of the fairies concealing their names. But Wales is not the only Celtic land where we find traces of this treatment of one's name: it is to be detected also on Irish ground. Thus, when a herald from an enemy's camp comes to parley with Cuchulaiinn and his charioteer, the latter, being first approached, describes himself as the 'man of the man down there,' meaning Cuchulaiinn, to whom he pointed; and when the herald comes to Cuchulaiinn himself, he asks him whose man he is: Cuchulaiinn describes him. self as the 'man of Conchobar mac Nessa.' The herald then inquires if he has no more definite designation, and Cuchulaiinn replies that what he has given will suffice:[399] neither of the men gives his name. Thus Celts of both groups, Brythons and Goidels, are at one in yielding evidence to the same sort of cryptic treatment of personal names, at some stage or other in their past history.

The student of man tells us, as already pointed out, that the reason for the reluctance to disclose one's name was of the same nature as that which makes savages, and some men belonging to nations above the savage state feel anxious that an enemy should not get possession of anything identified with their persons, such as a lock of one's hair, a drop of one's blood, or anything closely connected with one's person, lest it should give the enemy power over one's person as a whole, especially if such enemy is suspected of possessing any skill in handling the terrors of magic. In other words, the anthropologist would say that the name was regarded as identified with the person; and, having said this, he has mostly felt satisfied that he has definitively disposed of the matter. Therein, however, he is possibly wrong; for when he says that the name was probably treated as a part of the man, that only leads one to ask the question, What part of the man? At any rate, I can see nothing very unreasonable in such a question, though I am quite willing to word it differently, and to ask: Is there any evidence to show with what part of a man his name was associated?

As regards the Aryan nations, we seem to have a clue to an answer in the interesting group of Aryan words in point, from which I select the following:--Irish *ainm*,, a name,' plural *anmann*; Old Welsh anu, now *enw*, also 'a name'; Old Bulgarian *imen* (for **ienmen*, **anman*); Old

Prussian *emnes*,*emmens*, accusative *emnan*; and Armenian *anwan* (for a stem **anman*)--all meaning a name. To these some scholars[400]would add, and it maybe rightly, the English word name itself, the Latin *nomen*, the Sanskrit *naman*, and the Greek δνομα; but, as some others find a difficulty in thus grouping these words, I abstain from laying any stress on them. In fact, I have every reason to be satisfied with the wide extent of the Aryan world covered by the other instances enumerated as Celtic, Prussian, Bulgarian, and Armenian.

Now, such is the similarity between Welsh *enw*, 'name,' and *enaid*, 'soul,' that I cannot help referring the two words to one and the same origin, especially when I see the same or rather greater similarity illustrated by the Irish words, *ainm*, 'name,' and *anim*, 'soul.' This similarity between the Irish words so pervades the declension of them, that a beginner frequently falls into the error of confounding them in medieval texts. Take, for instance, the genitive singular, *anma*, which may mean either *animae* or *nominis*; the nominative plural, *anmand*, which may be either *animae* or *nomina*; and the gen. *anmand*, either *animarum* or *nominum*, as the dative *anmannaib* may likewise be either *animabus* or *nominibus*. In fact, one is at first sight almost tempted to suppose that the partial differentiation of the Irish forms was only brought about under the influence of Latin, with its distinct forms of *anima* and *nomen*. That would be pressing the point too far; but the direct teaching of the Celtic vocables is that they are all to be referred to the same origin in the Aryan word for 'breath or breathing,' which is represented by such words as Latin *anima*, Welsh *anadl*, 'breath,' and a Gothic *anan*, 'blow or breathe,' whence the compound preterite *uz-on*, twice used by UlfLlas in the fifteenth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel to render ἐζέπνενόε, 'gave up the ghost.'

Now the lessons which the words here grouped together contain for the student of man is, that the Celts, and certain other widely separated Aryans, unless we should rather say the whole of the Aryan family, were once in the habit of closely associating both the soul and one's name with the breath of life. The evidence is satisfactory so far as it goes; but let us go a little more into detail, and see as exactly as we can to what it commits us. Commencing at the beginning, we may set out with the axiom that breathing is a physical action, and that in the temperate zone one's breath is

not unfrequently visible. Then one may say that the men who made the words-Welsh, *enaid* (for an earlier *anatio-s*),'soul'; Irish, *anim* (from an earlier stem, *animon*); Latin, *anima*, also *animus*, 'feeling, mind, soul'; and Greek, ἀνέμος, 'air, wind-must have in some way likened the soul to one's breath, which perhaps first suggested the idea. At all events they showed not only that they did not contemplate the soul as a bone, or any solid portion of a man's frame, or even as a manikin residing inside it: in fact they had made a great advance in the direction of the abstract notion of a spirit, in which some of them may have been helped by another association of ideas, namely, that indicated by speaking of the dead as shades or shadows, *umbrae*, σκιαι. Similarly, the words in point for 'name' seem to prove that some of the ancient Aryans must have, in some way, associated one)s name with the breath of life. On the other hand, we find nothing to show that the name and the soul were directly compared or associated with one another, while the association of the name with the breath represents, probably, a process as much earlier as it is cruder, than likening the soul to the breath and naming it accordingly. This is countenanced to some extent by the general physiognomy, so to say, of words like *enaid, anima*, as contrasted with *enw, ainm, nomen, name*. Speaking relatively, the former might be of almost any date. in point of comparative lateness, while the latter could not, belonging as they do to a small declension which was not wont to receive accessions to its numbers.

In what way, then, or in what respect did early folklore identify the name with the breath? Before one could expect to answer this question in anything like a convincing fashion, one would have to examine the collector of the folklore of savages, or rather to induce him to cross-examine them on the point. For instance, among the Singhalese[401], when in the ceremony of name. giving the father utters the baby's name in a low whisper in the baby's ear, is that called breathing the name? and is the name so whispered called a breath or a breathing? In the case of the savages who name their children at their birth, is the reason ever advanced that a name must be given to the child in order to make it breathe, or, at least, in order to facLlitate its breathing? Some such a notion of reinforcing the child's vitality and safety would harmonize well enough with the fact that, as Mr. Clodd[402] puts it, 'Barbaric, Pagan, and Christian folklore is full of examples of the importance of naming and other birth-ceremonies, in the belief that

the child's life is at the mercy of evil spirits watching the chance of casting spells upon it, of demons covetous to possess it, and of fairies eager to steal it and leave a "changeling" in its place.' Provisionally, one must perhaps rest content to suppose the association of the name to have taken place with the breath regarded as an accompaniment of life. Looked at in that sense, the name becomes associated with one's life, and, speaking roughly, with one's person; and it is interesting to notice that one seems to detect traces in Welsh literature of some confusion of the kind. Thus, when the hero of the story of Kulhwch and Olwen was christened he was named Kulhwch, which is expressed ija Welsh as 'forcing or driving Kulhwch on him' (*gyrru kulh6ch arna6* [403]; *Kulh6ch*, be it noticed, not the name Kulhwch. Similarly when Bran, on the eve of his expedition to Ireland, left seven princes, or knights as they are also called, to take charge of his dominions, we have an instance of the kind. The stead or town was named after the seven knights, and it is a place which is now known as *Bryn y Saith Marchog*, I the Hill of the Seven Knights,' near Gwyddelwern, in Merionethshire. But the wording of the *Mabinogi* of Branwen is *o acha6s hynny y dodet seith marcha6c ar y dref* [404], meaning 'for that reason the stead was called Seven Knights,' literally 'for that reason one put Seven Knights on the stead.' In Guest's *Mabinogion*, iii. 116, this will be found rendered wrongly, though not wholly without excuse-'for this reason were the seven knights placed in the town.' It is probable that the redactor of the stories from which the two foregoing instances come-and more might be cited-was not so much courting ambiguities as adhering to an old form of expression which neglected from the first to distinguish, in any formal way, between names and the persons or things which they would, in modern phraseology, be said to represent[405].

An instance has been already mentioned of a man's name being put or set on him, or rather forced on him: at any rate, his name is on him both in Welsh and Irish, and the latter language also speaks of it as cleaving or adhering to him. Neither language contemplates the name, however closely identified with him, as having become an inseparable part of him, or else as something he has secured for himself In the neo-Celtic tongues, both Welsh and Irish, all things which a man owns, and all things for which he takes credit, are with him or by him; but all things which he cannot help having, whether creditable or discreditable, if they are regarded as coming from

without are on him, not with him. Thus, if he is wealthy there is money with him; but if he is in debt and owes money, the money is on him. Similarly, if he rejoices there is joy with him; whereas if he is ashamed or afraid, shame or fear is on him. This is a far-reaching distinction, of capital importance in Celtic phraseology, and judged by this criterion the name is something from without the man, something which he cannot take credit to himself for having acquired by his own direct willing or doing. This is to be borne in mind when one speaks of the name as identified or closely bound up with one's life and personality. But this qualified identification of the name with the man is also what one may infer from savage folklore; for many, perhaps most, of the nations who name their children at their birth, have those names changed when the children grow up. That is done when a boy has to be initiated into the mysteries of his tribe or of a guild, or it may be when he has achieved some distinction in war. In most instances, it involves a serious ceremony and the intervention of the wise man, whether the medicine-man of a savage system, or the priest of a higher religion[406]. In the ancient Wales of the Mabinogion, and in pagan Ireland, the name-giving was done, subject to certain conditions, at the will and on the initiative of the druid, who was at the same time tutor and teacher of the youth to be renamed[407]. Here I may be allowed to direct attention to the two following facts: the druid, recalling as he does the magician of the Egypt of the Pentateuch and the shaman of the Mongolian world of our own time, represented a profession probably not of Celtic origin. In the next place, his method of selecting names from incidents was palpably incompatible with what is known to have been the Aryan system of nomenclature, by means of compounds, as evinced by the annals of most nations of the Aryan family of speech: such compounds, I mean, as Welsh *Pen-wyn*, 'white-headed,' Gaulish xxxxxxxxx, or Greek 'xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx, 'xxxxxxxxxxx, and the like. Briefly, one may say that the association of the name with the breath of life was probably Aryan, but without, perhaps, being unfamLliar to the aborigines of the British Isles before their conquest by the Celts. On the other hand, in the druid and his method of naming we seem to touch the non-Aryan substratum, and to detect something which was not Celtic, not Aryan[408].

Perhaps the reader will not regard it as wholly irrelevant if here I change the subject for a while from one's name to other words and locutions in so far

as they may be regarded as Illustrative of the mental surroundings in which the last paragraph leaves the name. I allude especially to the exaggerated influence associated with a form of words, more particularly among the Irish Celts. O'Curry gives a tragic instance: the poet Néde mac Adnai, in order to obtain possession of the throne of Connaught, asked an impossible request of the king, who was his own father's brother and named Caier. When the king declared his inability to accede to his demand the poet made the refusal his excuse for composing on the king what was called in Irish an *air* or *der*, written later aor, 'satire,' which ran approximately thus:--

Evil, death, short life to Caier!
May spears of battle wound Caier!
Caier quenched, Caier forced, Caier underground!
Under ramparts, under stones with Caier!

O'Curry goes on to relate how Caier, washing his face at the fountain next morning, discovered that it had three blisters on it, which the satire had raised, to wit, disgrace, blemish, and defect, in colours of crimson, green, and white. So Caier fleeing, that his plight might not be seen of his friends, came to Dun Cearmna (now the Old Head of Kinsale, in county Gork), the residence of Caichear, chief of that district. There Caier was well received as a stranger of unknown quality, while Néde assumed the sovereignty of Connaught. In time, Néde came to know of Caier being there, and rode there in Caier's chariot. But as Néde approached Caier escaped through his host's house and hid himself in the cleft of a rock, whither Mede followed Caier's greyhound; and when Caier saw N6de, the former dropped dead of shame[409]. This abstract of the story as told by O'Curry, will serve to show how the words of the satirist were dreaded by high and low among the ancient Irish, and how their demands had to be at once obeyed. It is a commonplace of Irish literature that the satirist's words unfaLlingly raised blisters on the face of him at whom they were aimed. A portion at least of the potency of the poet's words seems to have been regarded as due to their being given a certain metrical form. That, however, does not show how the poet had acquired his influence, and one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that the means he might adopt to make his influence felt and his wishes instantly attended to, implied that the race with which he had to deal was a highly sensitive one: I may perhaps apply to it the adjective thin-skinned, in the literal sense of that word. For the blisters on the face are only an

exaggeration of a natural phenomenon. On this point my attention has been called by a friend to the following passages in a review of a work on the pathology of the emotions[410]:--

‘To both the hurtful and curative effects of the emotions M. Féré devotes much attention, and on these points makes some interesting remarks. That the emotions act on the body, more by their effects on the circulation than by anything else, is no new thesis, but M. Féré is developing some new branches of it. That the heart may be stopped for a few seconds, and that there may be localised flush and pallor of the skin, owing to almost any strong emotion, whether it be joy, anger, fear, or pain, is a matter of common observation; and that there may be many changes of nutrition due to vaso-motor disturbance is a point easy to establish. The skin is particularly easily affected; passion and pain may produce a sweat that is truly hemorrhagic (Parrot); and the scientific world is obliged to admit that in the stigmata of Louise Lateau the blood vessels were really broken, and not broken by anything else than an emotional state as cause. In a shipwreck Follain tells us that the pilot was covered in an hour with pustules from his fear; and the doctor sees many *dermato-neuroses*, such as nettle-rash, herpes, pemphigus, vitiligo, &c., from the *choc moral*.’

I can Lllustrate this from my own observation: when I was an undergraduate there was with me at college a Welsh undergraduate, who, when teased or annoyed by his friends, was well known to be subject to a sort of rash or minute pustules on his face: it would come on in the course of an hour or so. There is a well-known Welsh line on this subject of the face which is to the point:--

Ni chel grudd gystudd càlon.
The cheek hides not the heart’s affliction.

So a man who was insulted, or whose honour was assailed, might be said to be thereby put to the blush or to be otherwise injured in his face; and the Irish word enech, ‘face,’ is found commonly used as a synonym for one’s honour or good name. The same appears to have been the case with the Welsh equivalent, wyneb, ‘face,’ and *dyn di-uyneb*, literally ‘a faceless man,’ appears to be now used in Carnarvonshire and Glamorgan in the sense of one who is without a sense of honour, an unprincipled fellow. So when Welsh law dealt with insults and attacks on one’s honour the payment to be made to the injured person was called *gwynebwerth*, ‘the price of

one's face,' *gwynebwerth*, 'the payment for disgracing one's face.' Irish law arranged for similar damages, and called them by analogous names, such as *enech-gris*, 'a fine for injuring or raising a blush on the face,' and *enech-log* or *enech-lann*,[411] honour price'; compare also enech-ruice, 'a face-reddening or blushing caused by some act or scandal which brought shame on a family.' Possibly one has to do with traces of somewhat the same type of 'face,' though it has faded away to the verge of vanishing, when one speaks in English of keeping another in countenance.

It has been suggested that if a magician got a man's name he could injure him by means of his arts: now the converse seems to have been the case with the Irish der or satire, for to be effective it had, as in the instance of Caier, to mention the victim's name; and a curious instance occurs in the*Book of Leinster*, fo. 117, where the poet Atherne failed to curse a person whose name he could not manipulate according to the rules of his satire. This man Atherne is described as inhospitable, stingy, and greedy to the last degree. So it is related how he sallied forth one day, taking with him a cooked pig and a pot of mead, to a place where he intended to gorge himself without being observed. But no sooner had he settled down to his meal than he saw a man approaching, who remarked to him on his operating on the food all alone, and unceremoniously picked up the porker and the pot of mead. As he was coolly walking away with them, Atherne cried out after him, I What is thy nameT The stranger replied that it was nothing very grand, and gave it as follows --

Sithor. ethor. othor. sele. dele. drong gerce
Mec gerlusce. ger dir . dir dir issed moainmse.

Sethor-Ethor-Othor-Sele-Dele-Dreng gerce
Son of Gerlusce ger-ger-dir-dir that is my name.

The story goes on to say that Atherne neither saw his meal any more nor succeeded in making a satire on the name of the stranger, who accordingly got away unscathed. It was surmised, we are told, that he was an angel come from God to teach the poet better manners. This comic story brings us back to the importance of the name, as it implies that the cursing poet, had he been able to seize it and duly work it into his satire, could not have failed to bring about the intruder's discomfiture. The magician and folklore philosopher, far from asking with Juliet, 'What's in a nameT would have rather put it the other way,'What's not in a name?' At any rate the ancients

believed that there was a great deal in a name, and traces of the importance which they gave it are to be found in modern speech: witness the article on name or its equivalent in a big dictionary of any language possessed of a great literature.

It has been seen that it is from the point of view of magic that the full importance of one's name was most keenly realized by our ancient Celts; that is, of magic more especially in that stage of its history when it claimed as its own a certain degree of skill in the art of verse-making. Perhaps, indeed, it would be more accurate to suppose that verse-making appertained from the outset to magic, and that it was magicians, medicinemen, or seers, who, for their own use, first invented the aids of rhythm and metre. The subject, however, of magic and its accessories is far too vast to be treated here: it has been touched upon here and there in some of the previous chapters, and I may add that wizardry and magic form the machinery, so to say, of the stories called in Welsh the'Four Branches of the *Mabinogi*,'namely those of Pwyll, Branwen, Manawyddan, and Math. Now these four, together with the adventure of Llfict and Llevelys, and, in a somewhat qualified sense, the story of Kulhwch and Olwen, represent in a Brythonicized form the otherwise lost legends of the Welsh Goidels; and, like those of the Irish Goidels, they are remarkable for their wizardry. Nor is that all, for in the former the kings are mostly the greatest magicians of their time: or shall I rather put it the other way, and say that in them the greatest magicians function as kings? Witness Math son of Mathonwy king of Gwynedd, and his sister's son, Gwydion ab Don, to whom as his successor he duly taught his magic; then come the arch-enchanter Arawn, king of Annwn, and Caswallon ab Beli, represented as winning his kingdom by the sheer force of magic. To these might be added other members of the kingly famLlies whose story shows them playing the r6le of magicians, such as Rhiannon, who by her magic arts foiled her powerful suitor, Gwawl ab Clud, and secured as her consort the man of her choice, Pwyl prince of Dyfed. Here also, perhaps, one might mention Manawyddan ab llyr, who, as Manannan mac Lir, figures in the stories of the Goidels of Erin and Man as a consummate wizard and first king of the Manx people: see above. In the *Mabinogi*, however, no act of magic is ascribed to Manawyclan, though he is represented successfully checkmating the most formidable wizard arrayed against him and his friends, to wit, Llwyd ab Kilcoed. Not only does one get the impression that the ruling class in these stories of the

Welsh Goidels had their magic handed down from generation to generation according to a fixed rule of maternal succession, but it supplies the complete answer to and full explanation of questions as to the meaning of the terms already mentioned, *Tuatha Dé ocus Andé*, and Lucht *Cumachtai*, together with its antithesis. Within the magic-wielding class exercising dominion over the shepherds and tillers of the soil of the country, it is but natural to suppose that the first king was the first magician or greatest medicine-man, as in the case of Manann.An in the Isle of Man. This must of course be understood to apply to the early history of the Goidelic race, or, perhaps more correctly speaking, to one of the races which had contributed to its composition: to the aborigines, let us say, by whatsoever name or names you may choose to call them, whether Picts or Ivernians. It is significant, among other things, that our traditions should connect the potency of ancient wizardry with descent in the female line of succession, and, in any case, one cannot be wrong in assuming magic to have begun very low down in the scale of social progress, probably lower than religion, with which it is essentially in antagonism.- As the crude and infantile pack of notions, collectively termed sympathetic magic-beginning with the belief that any effect may be produced by imitating the action of the cause of it, or even doing anything that would recall it [ak]--grew into the panoply of the magician, he came to regard himself, and to be regarded by others, as able for his own benefit and that of his friends to coerce all possible opponents, whether men or demons, heroes or gods. This left no room for the attitude of prayer and worship: religion in that sense could only come later.

12. Race in Folklore and Myth

The method of philological mythology is thus discredited by the disputes of its adherents. The system may be called orthodox, but it is an orthodoxy which alters with every new scholar who enters the sacred enclosure.--ANDREW LANG.

IT has been well said, that while it is not science to know the contents of myths, it is science to know why the human race has produced them. It is not my intention to trace minutely the history of that science, but I may hazard the remark, that she could not be said to have reached years of discretion till she began to compare one thing with another; and even when mythology had become comparative mythology, her horizon remained till within recent years comparatively narrow. In other words, the comparisons were wont to be very circumscribed: You might, one was told, compare the myths of Greeks and Teutons and Hindus, because those nations were considered to be of the same stock; but even within that range comparisons were scarcely contemplated, except in the case of myths enshrined in the most classical literatures of those nations. This kind of mythology was eclectic rather than comparative, and it was apt to regard myths as a mere disease of language. By-and-by, however, the student showed a preference for a larger field and a wider range; and in so doing he was, whether consciously or unconsciously, beginning to keep step with a larger movement extending to the march of all the kindred sciences, and especially that of language.

At one time the student of language was satisfied with mummified speech, wrapped up, as it were, in the musty coils of the records of the past: in fact, he often became a mere researcher of the dead letter of language, instead of a careful observer of the breath of life animating her frame. So long as that remained the case, glottology deserved the whole irony of Voltaire's well-known account of etymology as being in fact, 'une science oii les voyelles ne font rien, et les consonnes fort peu de chose.' In the course, however, of recent years a great change has come over the scene: not only have the laws of the Aryan consonants gained greatly in precision, but those of the Aryan vowels have at last been discovered to a considerable extent. The result for me and others who learrit that the Aryan peasant of idyllic habits harped

eternally on the three notes of *a, i, u,* is that we have to unlearn this and a great deal more: in fact, the vowels prove to be far more troublesome than the consonants. But difficult as these lessons are, the glottologist must learn them, unless he is content to remain with the stragglers who happen to be unable to move on. Now the change to which I allude, in connexion with the study of language, has been inseparably accompanied with the paying of increased attention to actual speech, with a more careful scrutiny of dialects, even obscure dialects such as the literary man is wont to regard with scorn.

Similarly the student of mythology now seeks the wherewithal of his comparisons from the mouth of the traveller and the missionary, wherever they may roam; not from the *Rig-Veda* or the *Iliad* alone, but from the rude stories of the peasant, and the wild fancies of the savage from Tierra del Fuego to Greenland's icy mountains. The parallel may be drawn still closer. just as the glottologist, fearing lest the written letter may have slurred over or hidden away important peculiarities of ancient speech, resorts for a corrective to the actuality of modern Aryan, so the mythologist, apt to suspect the testimony of the highly respectable bards of the *Rig-Veda*, may on occasion give ear to the fresh evidence of a savage, however inconsequent it may sound. The movements to which I allude in glottology and mythology began so recently that their history has not yet been written. Suffice it to say that in glottology, or the science of language, the names most intimately connected with the new departure are those of Ascoli, J. Schmidt, and Fick, those of Leskien, Brugmann, Osthoff, and De Saussure; while of the names of the teachers of the anthropological method of studying myths, several are by this time household words in this country. But, so far as I know, the first to give a systematic exposition of the subject was Professor Tylor, in his work on *Primitive Culture*, published first in 1871.

Such has been the intimate connexion between mythology and glottology that I may be pardoned for going back again to the latter. It is applicable in its method to all languages, but, as a matter of fact, it came into being in the domain of Aryan philology, so that it has been all along principally the science of comparing the Aryan languages with one another. It began with Sir William Jones' discovery of the kinship of Sanskrit with Greek and Latin, and for a long time it took the lead of the more closely related

sciences: this proved partly beneficial and partly the reverse. In the case of ethnology, for instance, the influence of glottology has probably done more harm than good, since it has opened up a wide field for confounding race with language. In the case of mythology the same influence has been partly helpful, and it has partly fallen short of being such. Where names could be analysed with certainty, and where they could be equated, leaving little room for doubt, as in the case of that of the Greek Ζενς, the Norse *Tyr* and the Sanskrit *Dyaus*, the science of language rendered a veritable help to mythology; but where the students of language, all pointing in different directions, claimed each to hold in his hand the one safety-lamp, beyond the range of which the mythologist durst not take a single step except at the imminent risk of breaking his neck, the help may be pronounced, to say the least of it, as somewhat doubtful. The anthropological method of studying myths put an end to the unequal relation between the students of the two sciences, and it is now pretty well agreed that the proper relationship between them is that of mutual aid. This will doubtless prove the solution of the whole matter, but it would be premature to say that the period of strained relations is quite over, since the mythologist has so recently made good his escape from the embarrassing attentions of the students of language, that he has not yet quite got out of his ears the bewildering notes of the chorus of discordant cries of 'Dawn,' 'Sun,'and 'Storm-cloud.'

Now that I have touched on the friendly relations which ought to exist between the science of language and the science of myth, I may perhaps be allowed to notice a point or two where it is possible or desirable for the one to render service to the other. The student of language naturally wants the help of the student of myth, ritual, and religion on matters which most immediately concern his own department of study; and I may perhaps be excused for taking my stand on Celtic ground, and calling attention to some of my own difficulties. Here is one of them: when one would say in English 'It rains' or 'It freezes,' I should have to say in my own language, *Y mae h'n bwrw glaw* and *Y mae h'in rhewi*, which literally means 'She is casting rain' and 'She is freezing.' Nor is this sort of locution confined to weather topics, for when you would say 'He is badly off' or 'He is hard up,' a Welshman might say, *Y mae h'in ddrwg arno* or *Y mae h'in galed arno*, that is literally, 'She is evil on him' or 'She is hard on him.' And the same feminine pronoun fixes itself in other locutions in the language. Now I wish to invoke the student of myth, ritual, and religion to help in the identification

of this ubiquitous ‘she’ of the Welsh. Whenever it is mentioned to Englishmen, it merely calls to their minds the Highland she’ of English and Scotch caricature, as for instance when Sir Walter Scott makes Donald appeal in the following strain to Lord Menteith’s man, Anderson, who had learnt manners in France: ‘What the deil, man, can she no drink after her ain master without washing the cup and spilling the ale, and be tamned to her!’ The Highlander denies the charge which our caricature tries to fasten on him; but even granting that it was once to some extent justified, it is easy to explain it by a reference to Gaelic, where the pronouns se and silh, for ‘he’ and ‘you’ respectively, approach in pronunciation the sound of the English pronoun ‘she.’ This may have led to confusion in the mouths of Highlanders who had but very imperfectly mastered English. In any case, it is far too superficial to be quoted as a parallel to the hi, ‘she,’ in question in Welsh. A cautious Celtist, if such there be, might warn us, before proceeding further with the search, to make sure that the whole phenomenon is not a mere accident of Welsh phonetics, and that it is not a case of two pronouns, one meaning ‘she’ and the other ‘it,’ being confounded as the result merely of phonetic decay. The answer to that is, that the language knows nothing of any neuter pronoun which could assume the form of the *hi* which occupies us; and further, that in locutions where the legitimate representative of the neuter might be expected, the pronoun used is a different one, ef, e, meaning both ‘he’ and ‘it,’ as in *i-e* for *i-ef*, ‘it is he, she, it or they,’ *nag-e*, ‘not he, she, it or they,’ *ef a alla*i orfe allai, ‘perhaps, peradventure, *peut-etre, il est possible*.’ The French sentence suggests the analogous question, what was the original force of denotation of the ‘il’ in such sentences as ‘il fait beau,’ ‘ il pleut,’ and ‘il neige’? In such cases it now denotes nobody in particular, but has it always been one of his names? French historical grammar may be able, unaided, to dispose of the attenuated fortunes of M. Il, but we have to look for help to the student of myth and allied subjects to enable us to identify the great ‘she’ persistently eluding our search in the syntax of the Welsh language. Only two feminine names suggest themselves to me as in any way appropriate: one is*tynghed*, ‘fate or fortune,’ and the other is *Don*, mother of some of the most nebulous personages in Celtic literature.

There is, however, no evidence to show that either of them is really the ‘she’ of whom we are in quest; but I have something to say about both as illustrating the other side of the theme, how the study of language may help

mythology. This I have so far only illustrated by a reference to the equation of xxxxx with *Dyaus* and their congeners. Within the range of Celtic legend the case is similar with Don, who figures on Welsh ground, as I have hinted, as mother of certain heroes of the oldest chapters of the *Mabinogion*. For it is from her that Gwydion, the bard and arch-magician, and Gofannon the smith his brother, are called sons of Don; and so in the case of Arianrhod, daughter of Don, mother of Llew, and owner of the sea-laved castle of Caer Arianrhod, not far distant from the prehistoric mound of Dinas Diffite, near the western mouth of the Menai Straits, as already mentioned above. In Irish legend, we detect Don under the Irish form of her name, *Danu* or *Donu*, genitive *Danann* or *Donann*, and she is almost singular there in always being styled a divinity. From her the great mythical personages of Irish legend are called Tuatha Dé Danann, or 'the Goddess Danu's Tribes,'and sometimes *Fir Dea*, or 'the Men of the Divinity.' The last stage in the Welsh history of Don consists of her translation to the skies, where the constellation of Cassiopeia is supposed to constitute *Llys Don* or Don's Court, as the Corona Borealis is identified with *Caer Arianrhod* or 'the Castle of Don's Daughter'; but, as was perhaps fitting, the dimensions of both are reduced to comparative littleness by Caer Gwydion, 'the Magician Gwydion's Battlements,' spread over the radiant expanse of the whole Milky Way[412]. Now the identification of this ancient goddess Danu or Don as that in whom the oldest legends of the Irish Goidels and the Welsh Goidels converge, has been the work not so much of mythology as of the science of language; for it was the latter that showed how to call back a little colouring into the vanishing lineaments of this faded ancestral divinity.[413]

For my next illustration, namely *tynghed*, 'fate,' I would cite a passage from the opening of one of the most Celtic of Welsh stories, that of Kulhwch and Olwen. Kulhwch's father, after being for some time a widower, marries again, and conceals from his second wife the fact that he has a son. She finds it out and lets her husband know it; so he sends for his son Kulhwch, and the following is the account of the son's interview with his stepmother, as given in Lady Charlotte Guest's translation, ii. 252:--'His stepmother said unto him, "It were well for thee to have a wife, and I have a daughter who is sought of every man of renown in the world." " I am not of an age to wed," answered the youth. Then said she unto him, "I declare to thee, that it

is thy destiny not to be suited with a wife until thou obtain 01wen, the daughter of Yspaddaden Penkawr." And the youth blushed, and the love of the maiden diffused itself through all his frame, although he had never seen her. And his father inquired of him, "What has come over thee, my son, and what aileth thee? " " My stepmother has declared to me, that I shall never have a wife until I obtain 01wen, the daughter of Yspaddaden Penkawr." " That will be easy for thee," answered his father. "Arthur is thy cousin. Go, therefore, unto Arthur to cut thy hair, and ask this of him as a boon."'

The physical theory of love for an unknown lady at the first mention of her name, and the allusion to the Celtic tonsure, will have doubtless caught the reader's attention, but I only wish to speak of the words which the translator has rendered, 'I declare to thee, that it is thy destiny not to be suited with a wife until thou obtain Olwen.' More closely rendered, the original might be translated thus: 'I swear thee a destiny that thy side touch not a wife till thou obtain Olwen.' The word in the Welsh for destiny is *tynghet* (for an earlier *tuncet*), and the corresponding Irish word is attested as*tocad*. Both these words have a tendency, like 'fate,' to be used mostly in *peiorem partem*. Formerly, however, they might be freely used in an auspicious sense likewise, as for instance in the woman's name Tunccetace, on an early inscribed stone in Pembrokeshire. If her name had been rendered into Latin she would have probably been called *Fortunata*, as a namesake of good fortune. I render the Welsh *mi a tynghaf dynghet itt* [414]into English, 'I swear thee a destiny'; but, more literally still, one might possibly render it 'I swear thee a swearing,' that is, 'I swear thee an oath,' meaning' I swear for thee an oath which will bind thee.' The stepmother, it is true, is not represented going through the form of words, for what she said appears to have been a regular formula, just like that of putting a person in Medieval Irish story under gessa or bonds of magic; but an oath or form of imprecation was once doubtless a dark reality behind thi formula. In the southern part of my native county of Cardigan, the phrase in question has been in use within the last thirty years, and the practice which it denotes is still so well known as to be the subject of local stories. A friend of mine, who is not yet fifty, vividly remembers listening to an uncle of his relating haw narrowly he once escaped having the oath forced on him. He was in the hilly portion of the parish of Llanwenog, coming home across country in the dead of a midsummer's night, when leaping over a fence he unexpectedly came down close to a man actively engaged in sheep-stealing. The uncle instantly took

to his heels, while the thief pursued him with a knife. If the thief had caught him, it is understood that he would have held his knife at his throat and forced on him an oath of secrecy. I have not been able to ascertain the wording of the oath, but all I can learn goes to show that it was dreaded only less than death itself. In fact, there are stories current of men who failed to recover from the effects of the oath, but lingered and died in a comparatively short time. Since I got the foregoing story I have made inquiries of others in South Cardiganshire, and especially of a medical friend of mine, who speaks chiefly as to his native parish of Llangynllo. I found that the idea is perfectly familiar to him and my other informants; but, strange to say, from nobody could I gather that the illness is considered to result necessarily from the violent administration of the ~inghed to the victim, or from the latter's disregarding the secrecy of it by disclosing to his friends the name of the criminal. In fact, I cannot discover that any such secrecy is emphasized so long as the criminal is not publicly brought before a court of justice. Rather is it that the 4ynghed effects blindly the ruin of the sworn man's health, regardless of his conduct. At any rate, that is the interpretation which I am forced to put on what I have been told.

The phrase *tyngu tynghed* [415][29], intelligible still in Wales, recalls another instance of the importance of the spoken word, to wit, the Latin *fatum*. Nay, it seems to suggest that the latter might have perhaps originally been part of some such a formula as *alicui fatum fari*, 'to say one a saying,' in the pregnant sense of applying to him words of power. This is all the more to the point, as it is well known how closely Latin and Celtic are related to one another, and how every advance in the study of those languages goes to add emphasis to their kinship. From the kinship of the languages one may expect, to a certain extent, a similarity of rites and customs, and one has not to go further for this than the very story which I have cited. When Kulhwch's father first married, he is said to have sought a *gwreic kynmwyt ac ef* [416], which means 'a wife of the same food with him.' Thus the wedded wife was she, probably, who ate with her husband, and we are reminded of the food ceremony which constituted the aristocratic marriage in ancient Rome: it was called *confarreatio*, and in the course of it an offering of cake, called *farreum libum*, used to be made to Jupiter. A great French student of antiquity, M. Fustel de Coulanges, describes the ceremony thus[417]:--Les deux 6poux, comme en Grèce, font un sacrifice, versent la libation,

prononcent quelques prières, et mangent ensemble un gateau de fleur de farine (*panis farreus*).' Lastly, my attention has been directed to the place given to bread in the stories of Llyn y Fan Fach and Llyn Elfarch. For on turning back the reader will find too much made of the bread to allow us to suppose that it had no meaning in the courtship. The young farmer having fallen in love at first sight with the lake maiden, it looks as if he wished, by inducing her to share the bread he was eating, to go forthwith through a form of marriage by a kind of confarreation that committed her to a contract to be his wife without any tedious delay.

To return to the Latin *fatum*, I would point out that the Romans had a plurality of *fata*; but how far they were suggested by the Greek xxxxxxx is not quite clear: nor is it known that the ancient Welsh had more than one *tynghed*. In the case, however, of old Norse literature, we come across the Fate there as one bearing a name which is perhaps cognate with the Welsh *tynghed*. I allude to a female figure, called Pokk, who appears in the touching myth of Balder's death. When Balder had fallen at the hands of Loki and Hodr, his mother Frigg asked who would like to earn her good will by going as her messenger to treat with Hell for the release of Balder. Hermodr the Swift, another of the sons of Woden, undertook to set out on that journey on his father's charger Sleipnir. For nine dreary nights he pursued his perilous course without interruption, through glens dark and deep, till he came to the river called Yell, when he was questioned as to his errand by the maid in charge of the Yell bridge. On and on he rode afterwards till he came to the fence of Hell's abode, which his horse cleared at full speed. Hermodr entered the hall, and there found his brother Balder seated in the place of honour. He abode with him that night, and in the morning he asked Hell to let Balder ride home with him to the Anses. He urged Hell to consider the grief which everybody and everything felt for Balder. She replied that she would put that to the test by letting Balder go if everything animate and inanimate would weep for him; but he would be detained if anybody or anything declined to do so. Herm6ctr made his way back alone to the Anses, and announced to Frigg the answer which Hell had given to her request. Messengers were sent forth without delay to bid all the world beweep Woden's son out of the power of Hell. This was done accordingly by all, by men and animals, by earth and stones, by trees and all metals, 'as you have doubtless seen these things weep,' says the writer of the Prose Edda, 'when they pass from frost to warmth.' When the

messengers, however, were on their way home, after discharging their duty, they chanced on a cave where dwelt a giantess called Pokk, whom they ordered to join in the weeping for Balder; but she only answered:--

Pokk will weep dry tears
At Balder's bale-fire.
What is the son of man, quick or dead, to me!
Let Hell keep what she holds[418]

In this ogress Pokk, deaf to the appeals of the tenderer feelings, we seem to have the counterpart of our Celtic *tocad* and *tynghed*; and the latter's name as a part of the formula in the Welsh story, while giving us the key of the myth, shows how the early Aryan knew of nothing more binding than the magic force of an oath. On the one hand, this conception of destiny carries with it the marks of its humble origin, and one readily agrees with Cicero's words, *De Divinatione*, ii. 7, when he says, *anile sane et plenum suterstitionis fati nomen ibsum*. On the other hand, it rises to the grim dignity of a name for the dark, inexorable power which the whole universe is conceived to obey, a power before which the great and resplendent Zeus of the Aryan race is a mere puppet.

Perhaps I have dwelt only too long on the policy of 'give and take' which ought to obtain between mythology and glottology. Unfortunately, one can add without fear of contradiction, that, even when that policy is carried out to the utmost, both sciences will still have difficulties more than enough. In the case of mythology these difficulties spring chiefly from two distinct sources, from the blending of history with myth, and from the mixing of one race with another. Let us now consider the latter: the difficulties from this source are many and great, but every fresh acquisition of knowledge tending to make our ideas of ethnology more accurate, gives us a better leverage for placing the myths of mixed peoples in their proper places as regards the races composing those peoples. Still, we have far fewer propositions to lay down than questions to ask: thus to go no further afield than the well-known stories attaching to the name of Heracles, how many of them are Aryan, how many Semitic, and how many Aryan and Semitic at one and the same time? That is the sort of question which besets the student of Celtic mythology at every step; for the Celtic nations of the present day are the mixed descendants of Aryan invaders and the native populations which those Aryan invaders found in possession. So the question thrusts

itself on the student, to which of these races a particular myth, rite, or custom is to be regarded as originally belonging. Take, for instance, Bran's colossal figure, to which attention has already been called, pp. 552-3 above. Bran was too large to enter a house or go on board a ship: is he to be regarded as the outcome of Celtic imagination, or of that of a people that preceded the Celts in Celtic lands? The comparison with the Gaulish *Tricephal* would seem to point in the direction of the southetn seaboard of the Baltic: what then?

The same kind of question arises in reference to the Irish hero Cuchulainn: take, for instance, the stock description of Cuchulairin in a rage. Thus when angered he underwent strange distortions: the calves of his legs came round to where his shins should have been; his mouth enlarged itself so that it showed his liver and lungs swinging in his throat; one of his eyes became as small as a needle's, or else it sank back into his head further than a crane could have reached, while the other protruded itself to a corresponding length; every hair on his body became as sharp as a thorn, and held on its point a drop of blood or a spark of fire. It would be dangerous then to stop him from fighting, and even when he had fought enough, he required for his cooling to be plunged into three baths of cold water; the first into which he went would instantly boil over, the second would be too hot for anybody else to bear, and the third only would be of congenial warmth. I do not ask whether that strange picture betrays a touch of the solar brush, but I should be very glad to know whether it can be regarded as an Aryan creation or not.

It is much the same with matters other than mythological: take, for instance, the bedlamite custom of the couvade[419], which is presented to us in Irish literature in the singular form of a *cess*, 'suffering or indisposition,' simultaneously attacking the braves of ancient Ulster. We are briefly informed in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 60a, that the women and boys of Ulster were free from it. So was any Ultonian, we are told, who happened to be outside the boundaries of his country, and so were Cuchulainn and his father, even when in Ulster. Any one who was rash enough to attack an Ultonian warrior during this his period of helplessness could not, it is further stated, expect to live afterwards either prosperously or long. The question for us, however, is this: was the couvade introduced by the Aryan invaders of Ireland, or are we rather to trace it to an earlier race? I should

be, I must confess, inclined to the latter view, especially as the couvade was known among the Iberians of old, and among the ancient Corsicans[420]. It may, of course, have been both Aryan and Iberian, but it will all the same serve as a specimen of the sort of question which one has to try to answer.

Another instance, the race origin of which one would like to ascertain, offers itself in the curious belief, that, when a child is born, it is one of the ancestors of the family come back to live again. Traces of this occur in Irish literature, namely, in one of the stories about Cuchulainn. There we read to the following effect: The Ultonians took counsel on account of Cuchulainn, because their wives and girls loved him greatly; for Cuchulainn had no consort at that time. This was their counsel, namely, that they should seek for Cuchulainn a consort pleasing to him to woo. For it was evident to thern that a man who has the consort of his companionship with him would be so much the less likely to attempt the ruin of their girls and to receive the affection of their wives. Then, moreover, they were anxious and afraid lest the death of Cuchulainn should take place early, so they were desirous for that reason to give him a wife in order that he might leave an heir; for they knew that it was from himself that his rebirth (*athgein*) would be. That is what one reads in the eleventh-century copy of the ancient manuscript of the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 121b; and this atavistic belief, which was touched upon in connexion with the transformations discussed in the last chapter, I need scarcely say, is well known elsewhere to the anthropologist, as on.e will find on consulting the opening pages of Dr. Tylor's second volume on *Primitive Culture*. He there! mentions the idea as familiar to American Indians, to various African peoples, to the Maoris and the aborigines of Australia, to Cheremiss Tartars and Lapps. Among such nations the words of Don Diègue to his victorious son, the Cid, could hardly fail to be construed in a sort of literal sense when he exclaims:--

…… ton illustre audac
Fait bien revivire en toi les héros de ma race.

Let us return to Cuchulainn, and note the statement, that he and his father, Sualdaim, were exempt from the couvade, which marks them out as not of the same race as the Ultonians, that is to say, as the *Fir Ulaid*, or 'True Ultonians -presumably ancient inhabitants of Ulster. Furthermore, we have an indication whence his family had come, for Cuchulainn's first name was *Setanta Beg*, 'the Little Setantian,' which points to the coast of what is

now Lancashire, as already indicated at P. 385 above. Another thing which marks Cuchulainn as of a different racial origin from the other Ultonians is the belief of the latter, that his rebirth must be from himself. The meaning of this remarkable statement is that there were two social systems face to face in Ulster at the time represented by the Cuchulainn story, and that one of them recognized fatherhood, while the other did not. Thus for Cuchulainn's rebirth to be from himself, he must be the father of a child from whom should descend a man who would be a rebirth or avatar of Cuchulainn. The other system implied was one which reckoned descent by birth alone[421]; and the Cuchulainn story gives one the impression that it contemplated this system as the predominant one, while the Ciuchulainn family, with its reckoning of fatherhood, comes in as an exception. At all events, that is how I now understand a passage, the full significance of which had till recently escaped me.

Allusion has already been made to the story of Cuchulainn being himself a rebirth, namely, of Lug, and the story deserves still further consideration in its bearing on the question of race, to which the reader's attention has been called. It is needless, however, to say that there are extant fragments of more stories than one as to Cchulainn's origin. Sometimes, as in the *Book of Leinster*, fo.119a, he is called *gein Loga*, or Lug's offspring, and in the epic tale of the Tain Bo Cuailnge, Lug as his father comes from the Sid or Faery to take Cuchulainn's place in the field, when the latter was worn out with sleeplessness and toil. Lug sings over him *eli Loga*, or 'Lug's enchantment,' and Cuchulainn gets the requisite rest and sleep[422]: this we read in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 78a. In another version of the story, Cuchulainn is an incarnation of Lug: the narrative relates how a foster-son was accepted by Dechtere, sister to Conchobar MacNessa, king of Ulster. But her foster-son died youug, to the great grief of Dechtere; and her lamentations for him on the day of his funeral having made her thirsty, she inadvertently swallowed with her drink a diminutive creature which sprang into her mouth. That night she had a dream, in which a man informed her that she was pregnant, that it was he who was in her womb, that he had been her foster-son, and that he was Lug; also that when his birth should take place, the name was to be Setanta. After an incident which I can only regard as a clumsy attempt to combine the more primitive legend with the story which makes him son of Sualdaim, she gives birth to the boy, and he is duly called Setanta[423]: that

was Cfthulainn's first name. Now compare this with what Dr. Tylor mentions in [text missing]

Here let it suffice to say, that the similarity is so close between the Irish and the Lapp idea, and so unlike anything known to have been Aryan, that it is well worth bearing in mind. The belief in rebirth generally seems to fit as a part of the larger belief in the transmigration of souls which is associated with the teachings of the ancient druids, a class of shamans or medicine-men who were probably, as already hinted, not of Celtic or Aryan origin; and probably the beliefs here in question were those of some non-Aryan people of these islands, rather than of any Aryans who settled in them. This view need hardly be regarded as incompatible with the fact, that Lug's name, genitive Loga, would seem to have meant light, and that Lug was a sun-god, very possibly a Celtic sun-god: or more correctly speaking, that there was a series of Lugs, so to say, or sun-gods, called in ancient Spain, Switzerland, and on the banks of the Rhine, *Lugoves*[424]. For one is sorely tempted to treat this much as a rescue from the wreckage of the solar myth theory, as against those who, having regard mainly to Lug's professional skill and craft as described in Irish story, make of him a kind of Hermes or Mercury. In other words, we have either to regard a Celtic Lug as having become the centre of certain non-Celtic legends, or else to suppose neither Lug nor his name to be of Aryan origin at all. It is hard to say which is the sounder view to take.

The next question which I wish to suggest is as to the ethnology of the fairies; but before coming to that, one has to ask how the fairies have been evolved. The idea of fairies, such as Welshmen have been familiar with from their childhood, clearly involves elements of two distinct origins. Some of those elements come undoubtedly from the workshop of the imagination, as, for example, the stock notion that their food and drink are brought to the fairies by the mere force of wishing, and without the ministration of servants, or the notion, especially prevalent in Arfon, that the fairies dwell in a country beneath the lakes of Snowdon; not to mention the more general connexion of a certain class of fairies with the world of waters, as indicated in chapter vii. Add to this that the dead ancestor has also probably contributed to our bundle of notions about them; but that contains also an element of fact or something which may at any rate be conceived as historical. Under this head I should place the following

articles of faith concerning them: the sallowness of their skins and the smallness of their stature, their dwelling underground, their dislike of iron, and the comparative poverty of their homes in the matter of useful articles of furniture, their deep-rooted objection to the green sward being broken up by the plough, the success of the fairy wife in attending to the domestic animals and to the dairy, the limited range generally of the fairies' ability to count; and lastly, one may perhaps mention their using a language of their own (p. 279), which would imply a time when the little people understood no other, and explain why they should be represented doing their marketing without uttering a syllable to anybody.

The attribution of these and similar characteristics to the fairies can scarcely be all mere feats of fancy and imagination: rather do they seem to be the result of our ancestors projecting on an imaginary world a primitive civilization through which tradition represented their own race as having passed, or, more probably, a civilization in which they saw, or thought they saw, another race actually living. Let us recur for examples also to the two lake legends which have just been mentioned (p. 65o): in both of them a distinction is drawn between the lake fairy's notion of bread and that of the men and women of the country. To the fairy the latter's bread appeared crimped or overbaked: possibly the backward civilization, to which she was supposed to belong, was content to support itself on some kind of unleavened bread, if not rather on a fare which included nothing deserving to be called bread at all. Witness Giraldus Cambrensis' story of Eliodorus, in which bread is conspicuous by its absence, the nearest approach to it being something of the consistency of porridge: see P. 27o above. Then. take another order of ideas: the young man in both lake legends lives with his mother (pp. 3, 27): there is no father to advise or protect him: he is in this respect on a level with Undine, who is the protégéé of her tiresome uncle, Kchleborn. Seemingly, he belongs to a primitive society where matriarchal ideas rule, and where paternity is not reckoned[425]. This we are at liberty at all events to suppose to have been the original, before the narrator had painted the mother a widow, and given the picture other touches of his later brush.

To speak, however, of paternity as merely not reckoned is by no means to go far enough; so here we have to return to take another look at the imaginary aspect of the fairies, to which a cursory allusion has just been

made. The reader will possibly recall the sturdy smith of Ystrad Meurig, who would not reduce the notions which he had formed of the fairies when he was a child to conformity with those of a later generation around him. In any case, he will remember the smith's statement that *the fairies were all women*.. The idea was already familiar to me as a Welshman, though I cannot recollect how I got it. But the smith's words brought to my mind at once the story of Condla Ruad or the Red, one of the fairy tales first recorded in Irish literature. There the damsel who takes Condla away in her boat of glass to the realm of the Everliving sings the praises of that delectable country, and uses, among others, the following words, which occur in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 120:--

Ni fil cenel and nammid acht mona ocus ingena[426]
There is no race there but women and maidens alone.

Now what people could have come by the idea of a race of women only? Surely no people who considered that they themselves had fathers: it must have been some community so low in the scale of civilization as never to have had any notion whatsoever of paternity: it is their ignorance that would alone render possible the notion of a race all women. That this was a matter of belief in the past of many nations, is proved by the occurrence of widely known legends about virgin mothers[427]; not to mention that it has been lately established, that there are savages who to this day occupy the low place here indicated in the scale of civilization. Witness the evidence of Spencer and Gillen in their recently published work on *The Native Tribes of Central .Australia*, and also what Frazer, author of *The Golden Bough*, says of a passage in point, in the former, as follows:--

'Thus, in the opinion of these savages, every conception is what we are wont to call an immaculate conception, being brought about by the entrance into the mother of a spirit apart from any contact with the other sex. Students of folklore have long been familiar with notions of this sort occurring in the stories of the birth of miraculous personages, but this is the first case on record of a tribe who believe in immaculate conception as the sole cause of the birth of every human being who comes into the world. A people so ignorant of the most elementary of natural processes may well rank at the very bottom of the savage scale[428].'

Nevertheless, it is to some population in that low position, in the remote prehistory of this country, that one is to trace the belief that the fairies were all women. It is to be regarded as a position distinctly lower than that of the Ultonians in the time of Cuchulainn; for the couvade seems to me to argue a notion of paternityperhaps, in their case, as clear a notion of paternity as was possible for a community which was not quite out of the promiscuous stage of society.

The neo-Celtic nations of these islands consist, speaking roughly, of a mixture of the invading Celts with the earlier inhabitants whom the Celts found in possession. These two or more groups of peoples may have been in very different stages of civilization when they first came in contact with one another. They agreed doubtless in many things, and perhaps, among others, in cherishing an inherited reluctance to disclose their names, but the Celts as Aryans were never without the decimal system of counting. Like the French, the Celtic nations of the present day show a tendency, more or less marked, to go further and count by scores instead of by tens. But the Welsh are alone among them in having, in certain instances, gone back from counting by tens to counting by fives, which they do when they count between 10 and 20: for 16, 17, 18, and 19 are in Welsh 1 on 15, 2 on 15, 3 on 15, and 4 on 15 respectively; and similarly with 13 and 14[429]. We have seen how the lake fairy reckoned by fives all the live stock she was to have as her dowry; and one otherwise notices that the fairies deal invariably in the simplest of numbers. Thus if you wish, for example, to find a person who has been led away by them, ten to one you have to go ‘this day next year’ to the spot where he disappeared. Except in the case of the alluring light of the full moon, it is out of the question to reckon months or weeks, though it is needless to say that to reckon the year correctly would have been in point of fact far more difficult; but nothing sounds simpler than ‘this day next year.’ In that simple arithmetic of the fairies, then, we seem to have a trace of a non-Aryan race, that is to say, probably of some early inhabitants of these islands.

Unfortunately, the language of those inhabitants has died out, so that we cannot appeal to its numerals directly; and the next best eourse to adopt is to take as a sort of substitute for their language that of possible kinsmen of a pre-Celtic race in this country. Now the students of ethnology, especially those devoted to the investigation of skulls and skins, tell us that we have

among us, notably in Wales and Ireland, living representatives of a dark-haired, long-skulled race of the same description as one of the types which occur, as they allege, among the Basque populations of the Pyrenees. We turn accordingly to Basque, and what do we find? Why, that the first five numerals in that language are *bat, bi, iru, lau, bost*, all of which appear to be native; but when we come to the sixth numeral we have sei, which looks like an Aryan word borrowed from Latin, Gaulish, or some related tongue. The case is much the same with 'seven,' for that is in Basque *zazpi*, which is also probably an Aryan loan-word. Basque has native words, *zortzi* and *bederatzi*, for eight and nine, but they are longer than the first five, and appear to be of a later formation affecting, in common with *sei* and *zazpi*, the termination *i*. I submit, therefore, that here we have evidence of the former existence of a people in the West of Europe who at one time only counted as far as five. Some of the early peoples of the British Isles may have been on the same level, so that our notions about the fairies have probably been derived, to a greater or less extent, from ideas formed by the Celts concerning those non-Celtic, non-Aryan natives of whose country they took possession.

As regards my appeal to the authority of craniology, I have to confess that it is made with a certairn amount of reservation, since the case is far less simple than it looks at first sight. Thus, in August, 1891, the Cambrian Archaeological Association, including among them Professor Sayce, visited the south-west of Ireland. During our pleasant excursions in Kerry, the question of race was one of our constant topics; and Professor Sayce was reminded by what he saw in Ireland of his visit to North Africa, especially the hilly regions of the country inhabited by the Berbers. Among other things, he used to say that if a number of Berbers from the mountains were to be brought to an Irish village and clad as Irishmen, he felt positive that he should not be able to tell them from the Irishmen themselves, such as we saw on our rambles in Kerry. This struck me as all the more remarkable, since his reference was to fairly tall, blue-eyed men whose hair could not be called black. On the other hand, owing perhaps to ignorance and careless ways of looking at things around me, I am a little sceptical as to the swarthy long-skulls: they did not seem to meet us at every turn in Ireland; and as for Wales, which I know as well as most people do, I cannot in my ignorance of craniology say with any confidence that I have ever noticed vast numbers of that type. I should like, however, to see the heads of some of the singers

whom I have noticed at our Eistedfodau at Cardiff, Aberdare, and Swansea, placed under the hands of an experienced skull-man. For I have long suspected that we cannot regard as of Aryan origin the vocal talent so general in Wales, and so conspicuous in our choirs of working people as to astonish all the great musicians who have visited our national festival. Beyond all doubt, race has not a little to do with the artistic feelings: a short-skull may be as unmusical, for example, as I am; but has anybody in this country ever known a narrow long-skuH to be the reverse of unmusical? or has any one ever considered how few clergymen of the tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed type have been converted to the ritualistic and aesthetic movement in the Church of England?

As it seems to me that the bulk of the Welsh people would have to be described as short-skulls, it would be very gratifying to see those who are wont to refer freely to the dark-complexioned long-skulls of Wales catch a respectable number of specimens. I trust there are plenty to be found; and of course I do not care how they are taken, whether it be by an instantaneous process of photography or in the meshes of some anthropometric sportsman, like Dr. Beddoe. Let them be secured anyhow, so that one may rest assured that the type is still numerically safe, and be able to judge with one's own eyes how heads long and swarthy look on the shoulders of living Welshmen. We might then be in a position also to compare with them the prevalent description of fairy changelings; for when the fairies steal nice, blond babies, they usually place in their stead their own aged-looking brats with short legs, sallow skins, and squeaky voices. Unfortunately for me, all the adult changelings of whom I happen to have heard any account had died some years before I began to turn my attention to the population of Faery, with the exception, perhaps, of one whose name I obtained under the seal of secrecy. It was that of the wife of a farmer living near Nefyn, in West Carnarvonshire. It was whispered that she was a changeling, so I am inclined to regard her as no other than one of the representatives of the same aboriginal stock to which one might conjecture some of her neighbours also to belong; she ought to be an extreme specimen of the type. It is to be hoped that the photographer and his anthropometric brother have found her out in time and in good humour; but it is now many years since I heard of her.

To return again to the fairies, some of them are described as more comely and good-looking than the rest but the fairy women are always pictured as fascinating, though their offspring as changelings are as uniformly presented in the light of repulsive urchins; but whole groups of the fairy population are sometimes described as being as ugly of face as they were thievish in disposition-those, for instance, of Llanfabon, in Glamorganshire. There is one district, however, which is an exception to the tenor of fairy physiognomy: it is that of the Pennant neighbourhood, in Carnarvonshire, together with the hills and valleys, roughly speaking, from Cwm Strallyn to Llwytmor and from Drws y Coed to Dolbenmaen. The fairies of that tract are said to have been taller than the others, and characterized by light or even flaxen hair, together with eyes of clear blue. Nor is that all, for we are told that they would not let a person of dark complexion come near them. The other fairies, when kidnapping, it is true, preferred the blond infants of other people to their own swarthy brats, which, perhaps, means that it was a policy of their people to recruit itself with men of the superior physique of the more powerful population around them. The supposed fairy ancestress of the people of the Pennant Valley bears, in the stories in point, such names as Penelope, Bella, Pelisha, and Sibi, while her descendants are still taunted with their descent-a quarrel which, within living memory, used to be fought out with fists at the fairs at Penmorfa and elsewhere. This seems to indicate a comparatively late settlement[430]in the district of a family or group of families from without, and an origin, therefore, somewhat similar to that of the *Simychiaid* and*Cowperiaid* of a more eastern portion of the same county, rather than anything deserving to be considered with the rest of the annals of Faery. Passing by this oasis, then, such snap-shot photographs as I have been able to take, so to speak, of fairyland cleared of the glamour resting on its landscape, seem to disclose to the eye a swarthy population of short stumpy men occupying the most inaccessible districts of our country. They appear to have cared more for soap than clothing[431], and they lived on milk taken once a day, when they could get it. They probably fished and hunted, and kept domestic animals, including, perhaps, the pig; but they depended largely on what they could steal at night or in misty weather. Their thieving, however, was not resented, as their visits were believed to bring luck and prosperity. Their communities formed as it were islands, owing to the country round about them having been wrested from them by later corners of a more warlike disposition and provided with better

weapons. But the existence of the scattered groups of the fairies was in no danger of coming to a violent end: they were safe in consequence of the superstitious beliefs of their stronger neighbours, who probably regarded them as formidable magicians, powerful, among other things, to cause or to cure disease as they pleased. Such, without venturing to refresh my memory by perusing what has been written about dwarf races in other parts of the world, are the impressions made on my mind in the course of analysing and sifting the folklore materials crowded into this volume. That applies, of course, in so far only as regards the fairies in their character of a real people as distinguished from them as creatures of the imagination. But, as I have no wish to earn the displeasure of my literary friends, let me hasten to say that I acknowledge the latter, the creatures of the imagination, to he the true fairies, the admiration of one's childhood and the despair of one's later years: the other folk--the aborigines whom I have been trying to depict-form only a sort of substratum, a kind of background to the fairy picture, which I should be the last man to wish to mar.

It is needless to say that we have no trace of any fairies approaching the minute dimensions of Shakespeare's Queen Mab; for, after all, our fairies are mostly represented as not extravagantly unlike other people in personal appearance-not so unlike, in fact, that other folk might not be mistaken for them now and then as late as the latter part of the fifteenth century. Witness the following passage from Sir John Wynne's *History of the Gwydir Family*, p 74.

'Haveing purchased this lease, he removed his dwelling to the castle of Dolwyddelan, which at that time was in part thereof habitable, where one Howell ap Jevan ap Rys Gethim, in the beginning of Edward the Fourth his raigne, captaine of the countrey and an outlaw, had dwelt. Against this man David ap Jenkin rose, and contended with him for the sovreignety of the countrey; and being superiour to him, in the end he drew a draught for him, and took him in his bed at Penanmen with his concubine, performing by craft, what he could not by force, and brought him to Conway Castle. Thus, after many bickerings betweene Howell and David ap Jenkin, he being too weake, was faigne to flie the countrey, and to goe to Ireland, where he was a yeare or thereabouts. In the end he returned in the summer time, haveing himselfe, and all his followers clad in greene, who, being come into the countrey, he dispersed here and there among his friends, lurking by day and

walkeing in the night for feare of his adversaries; and such of the countrey as happened to have a sight of him and his followers, said they were the fairies, and soe ran away.'

But what has doubtless helped, above all other things, to perpetuate the belief in the existence of fairies may be said to be the popular association with them of the circles in the grass, commonly known in English as fairy rings. This phenomenon must have answered for ages the purpose for our ancestors, practically speaking, of ocular demonstration, as it still does no doubt in many a rustic neighbourhood.

The most common name for the fairies in Welsh is *y Tylwyth Teg*, 'the Fair. or Beautiful Family'; but in South Cardiganshire we have found them called *Plant Rhys Dwfn*, 'the Children of Rhys the Deep', while in Gwent and Morgannwg they are more usually known as *Bendith y Mamau*, ' the Blessing of the Mothers' . Our fourteenth century poet, D. ab Gwilym, uses the first-mentioned term, *Tylwyth Teg*, in poem xxxix, and our prose literature has a word *corr, cor* in the sense of a dwarf, and *corres* for a she dwarf. The old Cornish had also *cor*, which in Breton is written *korr* [432], with a feminine korrez, and among the other derivatives one finds korrik, 'a dwarf, a fairy, a wee little sorcerer,' and *korrigez* or *korrigan*, 'a she dwarf, a fairy woman, a diminutive soreeress.' The use of these words in Breton recalls the case of the *cor*, called RhudIwin or else Eidilig, teaching his magic to Colt, son of Collfrewi. Then we have uncanny dwarfs in the romances, such, for example, as the rude *cor* in the service of Edern ab Nudd, as described in French in Chrétien's romance of *Erec et Enide* and in Welsh in that of *Gereint vab Erbin*, also the *cor* and *corres* who figure in the story of Peredur. The latter had belonged to that hero's father and mother till the break-up of the family, when the dwarfs went to Arthur's Court, where they lived a whole year without speaking to anybody. When, however, Peredur made his rustic appearance there, they hailed him loudly as the chief of warriors and the flower of knighthood, which brought on them the wrath of Cai, on whom they were eventually avenged by Peredur. In the case[433]of both Edern and Peredur we find the dwarfs loyally interested in the fortunes of their masters and their masters' friends. With thern also the shape-shifting Menw, though not found placed in the same unfavourable light, is probably to be ranged, as one may gather from his name and his role of wizard scout for Arthur's men. In the like attachment

on the part of the fairies, which was at times liable to develop into devotedness of an embarrassing nature, we seem to have one of the germs of the idea of a household fairy or banshee, as illustrated by the case of the ugly wee woman in the Pantannas legend; and it seems natural to regard the interested voices in the Kenfig legend, and other stories of the same kind, as instances of amalgamating the idea of a fairy with that of an ancestral person.

At all events, we have obtained something to put by the side of the instances already noticed of the fairygirl who gives, against her will at first, her services in the dairy of her captor (pp. 45, 87); of the other fairy who acts as a nurse for a family in the Pennant Valley, till she is asked to dress better; and of Bwca'r Trwyn who works willingly and well, both at the house and in the field, till he has tricks played on him. To make this brief survey complete, one has to mention the fairies who used to help Eilian with her spinning, and not to omit those who were found to come to the rescue of a woman in despair and to assist her on the condition of getting her baby. The motive here is probably not to be confounded with that of the fairies who stealthily exchanged babies: the explanation seems in this case to be that the fairies, or some of the fairies, were once regarded as cannibals, which is countenanced by such a story as that of Canrig Bwt, 'Canrig the Stumpy.' At Lanberis the latter is said to have lived beneath the huge stone called *y Gromlech*, 'the Dolmen,' opposite Cwmglas and near the high-road to the Pass. When the man destined to dispatch her came, she was just finishing her dinner off a baby's flesh. [30] There are traces of a similar story in another district, for a writer who published in the year 1802 uses the following words:--' There was lately near Cerrig y Drudion, in Merionethshire, a subterraneous room composed of large stones, which was called *Carchar Cynric Rwth,* i. e. "The Prison of Cynric Rwth," which has been taken notice of by travellers.' Cynric Rwth may be rendered ' Cynric the Greedy or Broad-mouthed.' A somewhat similar ogress is located by another story on the high ground at BwIch y Rhiw Felen, on the way from Llangollen to Llandegla, and she is represented by the local tradition as contemporary with Arthur[434]. I am inclined to think the Cwmglas cromlech natural rather than artificial; but I am, however, struck by the fact that the fairies are not unfrequently located on or near ancient sites, such as seem to be Corwrion, the margin of Llyn Irddyn, Bryn y Pibion, Dinllaen, Carn Bodtian, on which there are, I am told, walls and hut foundations similar to

those which I have recently seen on Carn Fadrun in the same district, Moedin Camp, and, perhaps, Ynys Gemon Rock and the immediate vicinity of Craig y Nos, neither of which, however, have I ever visited. Local acquaintance with each fairy centre would very possibly enable one to produce a list that would be suggestive.

In passing one may point out that the uncanny dwarf of Celtic story would seem to have served, in one way or another, as a model for other dwarfs in the French romances and the literatures of other nations that came under the influence of those romances, such as that of the English. But the subject is too large to be dealt with here; so I return to the word cor, in order to recall to the reader's mind the allusion made to a certain people called *Coranneit* or *Coranyeit*, pronounced in later Welsh *Coraniaid*, Corannians.' They come in the Adventure of Lliacl and Llevelys, and there they have ascribed to them one of the characteristics of consummate magicians, namely, the power of hearing any word that comes in contact with the wind; so it was, we are told, impossible to harm them. Lludd, however, was advised to circumvent them in the following manner:--he was to bruise certain insects in water and sprinkle the water on the Corannians and his own people indiscriminately, after calling them together under the pretence of making peace between them; for the sprinkling would do no harm to his own subjects, while it would kill the others. This unholy water proved effective, and the Corannians all perished. Now the magic power ascribed to them, and the method of disposing of them, combine to lend them a fabulous aspect, while their name, inseparable as it seems from *cor*, 'a dwarf,' warrants us in treating them as fairies, and in regarding their strange characteristics as induced on a real people. If we take this view, that Coraniaid was the name of a real people, we are at liberty to regard it as possible, that their name suggested to the Celts the word cor for a dwarf, rather than that cor has suggested the name of the Corannians. In either case, I may mention that Welsh writers have sometimes thought-and they are probably right-that we have a closely related word in the name of Ptalemy's *Coritani* or Coritavi. He represents the people so called as dwelling, roughly speaking, between the Trent and Norfolk, and possessed of the two towns of *Lindum*, ' Lincoln,' and *Ratae*, supposed to have been Leicester. There we should have accordingly to suppose the old race to have survived so long and in such numbers, that the Celtic lords of southern Britain called the people of that area by a name meaning dwarfs. There also

they may be conjectured to have had quiet from invaders from the Continent, because of the inaccessible nature of the fens, and the lack of inviting harbours on the coast from the country of the Iceni up to the neighbourhood of the Humber. How far their territory extended inland from the fens and the sea one cannot say, but it possibly took in one-half of what is now Northamptonshire, with the place called *Pytchley*, from an older *Pihtes Lea*, meaning the Meadow of the Pict, or else of a man named Pict. In any case it included Croyland in the fens between Peterborough and the Wash. It was there, towards the end of the seventh century, that St. Guthlac built his cell on the side of an ancient mound or tumulus, and it was there he was assailed by demons who spoke *Bryttisc* or Brythonic, a language which the saint knew, as he had been an exile among Brythons. For this he had probably not to travel far; and it is remarkable that his father's cognomen or surname was *Penwall*, which we may regard as approximately the Brythonic for 'Wall's End! That is to say, he was 'So-and-so of the Wall's End,' and had got to be known by the latter designation instead of his own*nomen*, which is not recorded, for the reason, possibly, that it was so Brythonic as not to admit of being readily reduced into an Anglian or Latin form. It is not quite certain that he belonged to the royal race of Mercia, whose genealogy, however, boasts such un-English names as Pybba, Penda, and Peada; but the life[435]states, with no little emphasis, that he was a man whose pedigree included the most noble names of illustrious kings from the ancient stock of Icel: that is, he was one of the *Iclingas* or Icklings[436]. Here one is tempted to perpetrate a little glottologic alchemy by changing *I* into *n*, and to suppose *Iclingas* the form taken in English by the name of the ancient people of the *Iceni*. In any case, nothing could be more reasonable to suppose than that some representatives of the royal race of Prasutagus and Boudicca, escaping the sword of the Roman, found refuge among the Coritanians at the time of the final defeat of their own people: it is even possible that they were already the ruling family there. At all events several indications converge to show that communities speaking Brythonicwere not far off, to wit, the *p* names in the Mercian genealogy, Guthlac's father's surname, Guthlac's exile among Brythons, and the attack on him at Croyland by Brythonic speaking foes. 'Portions of the Coritanian territory were eminently fitted by nature to serve as a refuge for a broken people with a belated language: witness as late as

the eleventh century the stand made in the Isle of Ely by Here-ward against the Norman conqueror and his mail-clad knights[437].

Among the speakers of Goidelic in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland the fairies take their designation chiefly from a word *sid* or *sith* (genitive *side* or *sida*), which one may possibly consider as of a common origin with the Latin word *sedes*, and as originally meaning a seat or settlement, but it sooner or later came to signify simply an abode of the fairies, whence they were called in Medieval Irish *aes side*, 'fairy folk, *'fer side*, a fairy man,' and *ben side*, 'a fairy woman or *banshee*.'

By the side of *sid*, an adjective *side*, 'of or belonging to the sid,' appears to have been formed, so that they are found also called simply *side*, as in Fiacc's Hymn, where we are told that before the advent of St. Patrick the pagan tribes of Erin used to worship side or fairies[438]. Borrowed from this, or suggested by it[439], we have in Welsh *Caer Sidi*, 'the Fortress of the Fairies,' which is mentioned twice in the Book of Taliessin[440] . It first occurs at the end of poem xiv, where we have the following lines, which recall Irish descriptions of Thr nan Og or the Land of the Young:--

Ys kyweir vyg kadeir ygkaer sidi.
Nys pla6d heint a hene6st a uo yndi.
Ys gwyr mana6yt a phryderi.
Teir oryan y am tan agan recdi.
Ac am y banneu ffrydyeu g6eilgi. .
Ar ffynnha6n ffr6ylhla6n yssyd oduchti.
Ys whegach nor g6in g6yn yllyn yndi.

Perfect is my seat in the fort of Sidi,
Nor pest nor age plagues him who dwells therein:
Manawyddan and Pryderi know it.
Three organs play before it about a fire.
Around its corners Ocean's currents flow,
And above it is the fertile fountain,
And sweeter than white wine is the drink therein.

The wine is elsewhere mentioned, but the arrangement of the organs around a fire requires explanation, which I cannot give. The fortress is on an island, and in poem xxx of the Book of Taliessin we read of Arthur and his men

sailing thither in his ship Prydwen: the poem is usually called the ‘Spoils of Annwn,’and the lines in point run thus:--

Bu kywoir karchar g6eir ygkaer sidi
Tr6y ebostol p6yll aphryderi

Neb kyn noc ef nyt aeth idi.
Yr gad6yn tromlas kywirwas ae ketwi.,
Arac preideu ann6fyn tost yt geni.
Ac yt ura6t paraha6t ynbard wedi.
Tri lloneit prytwen yd aetham ni idi.
Nam seith ny dyrrrith o gaer sidi.

Perfect was the prison of Gwair in Caer Sidi,
Thanks to Pwyll and Pryderi’s emissary.
Before him no one entered into it,
To the heavy, dark chain held by a faithful youth
And before the spoils of Annwn sorely he sang,
And thenceforth remains he till doom a bard.
Three freights of Prydwen went we thither,
But only seven returned from Caer Sidi.

The incidents in these lines are mostly unintelligible to me, but the incarceration of Gweir or Gwair, together with other imprisonments, including that of Arthur in Caer Oeth and Anoeth, are mentioned also in the Triads: see i. 50, ii. 7, 49, iii. 61. It is not improbable that the legend about Gwair located his prison on Lundy, as the Welsh name of that island appears to have been Ynys Wair, ‘Gwair’s Isle.’ Pwyll and Pryderi did not belong to Annwn, nor did Pryderi’s friend Manawyclan; but the Mabinogi of Pwyll relates how for a whole year Pwylt exchanged crown and kingdom with Arawn king of Annwn, from whom he obtained the first breed of domestic pigs for his own people.

In the lowlands of Scotland, together with the Orkneys and Shetlands, the Picts have to a certain extent taken the place of our fairies, and they are colloquially called Pechts. Now judging from the remains there ascribed to the Pechts, their habitations were either wholly underground or else so covered over with stones and earth and grass as to look like natural hillocks and to avoid attracting the attention of strangers. This was helped by making the entrance very low and as inconspicuous as possible. But one of

the most remarkable things about these sids is that the cells within them are frequently so small as to prove beyond doubt, that those who inhabited them were of a remarkably short stature, though it is demonstrated by the weight of the stones used, that the builders were not at all lacking in bodily strength[441]. Here we have, accordingly, a small people like our own fairies. In Ireland one of the most famous kings of the fairies was called Mider of Bri Léith, where he resided in a *sid* or mound in the neighbourhood of Ardagh, in the county of Longford; and thither Irish legend represents him carrying away Etain, queen of Eochaid Airem, king of Ireland during a part of Conchobar MacNessa's time. Now Eochaid was for a whole year unable to find where she was, but his druid, Dalan, wrote Ogams and at last found it out. Eochaid then marched to Bri Ldith, and began to demolish Mider's sid, whereupon Mider was eventually so frightened that he sent forth the queen to her husband, who then went his way, leaving the mound folk to digest their wrath. For it is characteristic of them that they did not fight, but chose to bide their time for revenge. In this instance it did not arrive till long after Eochaid's day[442]. I may add that Etain was herself one of the side or fairies; and one of Mider's reasons for taking her away was, that she had been his wife in a previous stage of existence. Now it is true that the fairy Mider is described as resembling the other heroes of Irish story, in having golden yellow hair and bright blue eyes[443], but he differs completely from them in being no warrior but a great wizard; and though he is not said to have been of small stature, the dwarfs were not far off. For in describing the poet Atherne, who was notorious for his stinginess, the story-teller emphasizes his words by representing him taking from Mider three of his dwarfs and stationing them around his own house, in order that their truculent looks and rude words might drive away anybody who came to seek hospitality or to present an unwelcome request[444], a role which recalls that of Edern ab Nudds dwarf already mentioned . Here the Irish word used is corr, which is probably to be identified with the Brythonic cor, 'a dwarf' though the better known meaning of corr in Irish is 'crane or heron.' From the former also is hardly to be severed the Irish *corrguinigh*, 'sorcerers,' and *corrguinacht* [445], or the process of cursing to which the corrguinigh resorted, as, for instance, when N6de called forth the fatal blisters on Caier's face. The role would seem exactly to suit the little people, who were consummate magicians.

Let me for a moment leave the little people, in order to call attention to another side of this question of race. It has recently been shown[446] by Professor J. Morris Jones, of the University College of North Wales, that the non-Aryan traits of the syntax of our insular Celtic point unmistakably to that of old Egyptian and Berber, together with kindred idioms belonging to the southern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. He has thereby reduced to articulate speech, so to say, the physiognomical convictions of Professor Sayce, to which the reader's attention has been called. To the linguistic argument he appends a statement cited from a French authority and bearing on the question of descent by birth, to the effect, that when among the Berbers the king dies or is deposed, as happens often enough, it is not his son that is called to succeed, but the son of his sister, as in the case of the historical Picts of Scotland down to the twelfth century or thereabouts. Here I would add, that my attention has been called by Professor Sayce to old Egyptian monuments representing the Libyan chiefs with their bodies tattooed, a habit which seems not to be yet extinct among the Touaregs and Kabyles[447]. Lastly, Mr. Nicholson has recently directed attention to the fact that some princes of ancient Gaul are represented with their faces tattooed on certain coins found in the west of France so far south as the region once occupied by the ancient Pictones. We have a compendious commentary on this in the occurrence of a woord *Chortonicum* in a High German manuscript written -before the year 814: 1 allude to the Wessobrunn Codex at Munich, in which, among a number of geographical names connected with Gaul and other countries, that vocable is so placed as to allow of our referring it to Poitou or to all Gaul as the country once of the ancient Pictones. The great German philologist Pott, who called attention to it, brought it at once into relation with *Cruithne*, plural Cruithni, 'the Picts of Britain and Ireland,' a word which has been explained above[448].

Now at last I come to the question, what pre-Celtic race or races make themselves evident in the mass of things touched on in this and the foregoing chapters? The answer must, I think, recognize at least two. First comes the race of the mound folk, consisting of the short swarthy people variously caricatured in our fairy tales. They formed isolated fractions of a widely spread race possessed of no political significance whatsoever; but, with the inconsistency ever clinging to everything connected with the fairies, the weird and uncanny folk emerging from its underground lairs

seems to have exercised on other races a sort of permanent spell of mysteriousness amounting to adoration. In fact, Irish literature tells us that the side were worshipped. Owing to his faculty of exaggeration, combined with his inability to comprehend the little people, the Celt was enabled to bequeath to the great literatures of Western Europe a motley train of dwarfs and brownies, a whole world of wizardry and magic. The real race of the little people forms the lowest stratum which we can reach, to wit, at a level no higher, seemingly, than that of the present-day natives of Central Australia. Thus some of the birth stories of Cuchulainn and Lain seem to have passed through their hands, and they bear a striking resemblance to certain notions of the Lapps. In fact, the nature of the habitations of our little people, together with other points which might be mentioned, would seem at first sight to betoken affinity with the Lapps; but I am warned by experts[449]that the other race may be called Picts, which is probably the earliest of the names given it by the Celts; and their affinities appear to be Libyan, possibly Iberian. It was a warlike stock, and stood higher altogether than the mound inhabitants; for it had a notion of paternity, though, on account of its promiscuity, it had to reckon descent by birth. To it probably belonged all the great family groups figuring in the Mabinogion and the corresponding class of literature in Irish: this would include the Danann-D6n group and the Lir-lLyr group, together with the families represented by Pwylt and Rhiannon, who were inseparable from the ILyr group in Welsh, just as the Lir group was inseparable from the Tuatha Dé Danann in Irish leg-end. The Picts made slaves and drudges of the mound-haunting race, but how far any amalgamation may have taken place between them it is impossible to say. Even without any amalgamation, however, the little people, if employed as nurses to their Pictish lords' children, could not help leaving their impress in time on the language of the ruling nationality. But it may be that the treatment of the Picts, by Scottish legend, as a kind of fairies really points to amalgamation, though it is not impossible that archaeology may be able to classify the remains of the dwellings ascribed to the Pechts, that is, to assign a certain class to the warlike Picts of history and another to the dwarf race of the sids. A certain measure of amalgamation may also, be the meaning of the Irish tradition, that when the Milesian Irish came and conquered, the defeated Tuatha D6 Danann gave up their life above ground and retired inside the hills like the fairies. This account of them may be as worthless as the story of the extermination of the

Picts of Scotland: both peoples doubtless lived on to amalgamate in time with the conquering race; but it may mean that some of them retreated before the Celts, and concealed themselves after the manner of the little people-in underground dwellings in the less accessible parts of the country. In any case, it may well be that they got their magic and druidism from the dwellers of the sids. In the next place, it has been pointed out how the adjective *hen*, 'old, ancient,' is applied in Welsh to several of the chief men of the Don group, and by this one may probably understand that they were old not merely to those who told the stories about them in Welsh, but to those who put those stories together in Goidelic ages earlier. The geography of the *Mabinogion* gives the prehistoric remains of Penmaen Mawr and Tre'r Ceiri to the Don group; but by its name, Tre'r Ceiri should be the 'Town of the Keiri,'a word probably referring to the Picts,: this, so far as it goes, makes the sons of Don belong by race to the Picts. Lastly, it is the widely spread race of the Picts, conquered by the Celts of the Celtican or Goidelic branch and amalgamating with their conquerors in the course of time, that has left its non-Aryan impress on the syntax of the Celtic languages of the British Isles.

These, it is needless to say, are conjectures which I cannot establish; but possibly somebody else may. For the present, however, they cannot fail to suggest a moral, habitually ignored with a light heart by most people-including the writer of these words-that men in his plight, men engaged in studies which, owing to a rapid accumulation of fresh facts or the blossoming of new theories, are in a shifting condition, should abstain from producing books or anything longer than a magazine article now and then. Even such minor productions should be understood to be liable to be cast into a great bonfire lit once a year, say on Halloween. This should help to clear the air of mistaken hypotheses, whether of folklore and myth or of history and language, and also serve to mark Nos Galangaeaf as the commencement of the ancient Celtic year. The business of selecting the papers to be saved from the burning might be delegated to an academy constituted, roughly speaking, on the lines of Plato's aristocracy of intellect. Such academy, once in the enjoyment of its existence, would also find plenty of work in addition to the inquisitional business which I have suggested: it should, for example, be invested with summary jurisdiction over fond parents who venture to show any unreasonable anxiety to save their mental progeny from the annual bonfire. The best of that class of

writers should be ordered by the academy to sing songs or indite original verse. As for the rest, some of them might be told off to gesticulate to the gallery, and some to administer the consolations of platitude to stragglers tired of the march of science. There is a mass of other useful work which would naturally devolve on an academy of the kind here suggested. I should be happy, if space permitted, to go through the particulars one by one, but let a single instance suffice: the academy might relieve us of the painful necessity of having seriously to consider any further the proposal that professors found professing after sixty should be shot. This will serve to indicate the kind of work which might advantageously be entrusted to the august body which is here but roughly projected.

There are some branches of learning in the happy position of having no occasion for such a body academical. Thus, if a man will have it that the earth is flat, as flat in fact as some people do their utmost to make it, ‘he will most likely,’as the late Mr. Freeman in the *Saturday Review* once put it, ‘make few converts, and will be forgotten after at most a passing laugh from scientific men.’ If a man insists that the sum of two and two is five, he will probably find his way to a lunatic asylum, as the economy of society is, in a manner, self-acting. So with regard to him who carries his craze into the more material departments of such a science as chemistry: he may be expected to blow out his own eyes, for the almighty molecule executes its own vengeance. ‘But,’ to quote again from Mr. Freeman, if that man’s ‘craze had been historical or philological ‘-and above all if it had to do with the science of man or of myth-’he might have put forth notions quite as absurd as the notion that the earth is flat, and many people would not have been in the least able to see that they were absurd. If any scholar had tried to confute him we should have heard of “controversies” and “differences of opinion.”‘ In fact, the worst that happens to the false prophet who shines in any such a science is, that he has usually only too many enthusiastic followers. The machinery is, so to say, not automatic, and hence it is that we want the help of an academy. But even supposing such an academy established, no one need feel alarmed lest opportunities enough could no longer be found for cultivating the example of those of the early Christians who had the rare grace to suffer fools gladly.

Personally, however, I should be against doing anything in a hurry; and, considering how little his fellows dare expect from the man who is just

waiting to be final and perfect before he commit himself to type, the establishment of an academy invested with the summary powers which have been briefly sketched might, perhaps, after all, conveniently wait a while: my own feeling is that almost any time, say in the latter half of the twentieth century, would do better than this year or the next. In the meantime one must be content to entrust the fortunes of our studies to the combined forces of science and common sense. judging by what they have achieved in recent years, there is no reason to be uneasy with regard to the time to come, for it is as true to-day as when it was first written, that the best of the prophets of the Future is the Past.

Additions and Corrections

[01] I learn that the plural of *bodach glas* was in Welsh *bodachod gIension*, a term which Elis o'r Nant remembers his mother applying to a kind of fairies dressed in blue and fond of leading people astray. She used to relate how a haymaking party once passed a summer's night at the cowhouse (*beudy*) of Bryn Bygelyfd (also *Bryn Mygeldd*), and how they saw in the dead of night a host of these dwarfs (*corynnod*) in blue dancing and capering about the place. The *beudy* in question is not very far from Dolwyddelan, on the way to Capel Curig. A different picture of the *bodach* is given in Jenkins' *Bedd Gelert*, p. 82; and lastly one may contrast the Highland *Bodach Glas*, not to mention still another kind, namely the one in Scott's *Waverley*.

[02] To *Sarn yr Afanc* add *Llyn yr Afanc*, near Llanddinam (Beauties of Wales, N. Wales, p. 841), and *Bedd yr Afanc*, 'the Afanc's Grave,'the name of some sort of a tumulus, I am told, on a knoll near the Pembrokeshire stream of the Nevern. Mr. J. Thomas, of Bancau Bryn Berian close by, has communicated to me certain echoes of a story how an afanc was caught in a pool near the bridge of Bryn Berian, and how it was taken up to be interred in what is now regarded as its grave. A complete list of the afanc place-names in the Principality might possibly prove instructive. As to the word *afanc*,what seems to have happened is this: (1) from meaning simply a dwarf it came to be associated with water dwarfs; (2) the meaning being forgotten, the word was applied to any water monster; and (3) where *afanc* occurs in place-names the Hu story has been introduced to explain it, whether it fitted or not. This I should fancy to be the case with the Bryn Berian barrow, and it would be satisfactory to know whether it contains the remains of an ordinary dwarf. Peredur's lake afanc may have been a dwarf; but whether that was so or not, it is remarkable that the weapon which the afanc handled was a ffechwaew or flake-spear, that is, a missile tipped with stone.

[03]With the role of the girl in the afanc story compare that of Tegau, wife of Caradog Freichfras, on whom a serpent fastens and can only be allured away to seize on one of Tegau's breasts, of which she loses the nipple when the beast is cut off. The defect being replaced with gold, she is ever after

known as *Tegau Eur-fron*, or ‘Tegau of the golden Breast’ That is a version inferred of a story which is discussed by M. Gaston Paris in an article, on *Caradoc et le Serpent*, elicited by a paper published (in the November number of *Modern Language Notes* for 1898) by Miss C AHarper, of Bryn Mawr College, U.S.: see the *Romania*, xxviii. 214-31. One of Miss Harper’s parallels, mentioned by M. Paris at p. 220, comes from Campbell: it is concerning a prince who receives from his stepmother a magic shirt which converts itself into a serpent coiled round his neck, and of which he is rid by the help of a woman acting in much the same way as Tegau. We have an echo of this in the pedigrees in the Jesus College MS. 2o: see the *Cymmrodor*, viii. 88, where one reads of *G6ga6n keneu menrud a vu neidyr vl6ydyn am y von6gy*l, ‘Gwgon the whelp of Menrud (?) who was a year with a snake round his neck’--his pedigree is also given. In M. Paris’ suggested reconstruction of the story from the different versions, he represents the maiden who is to induce the serpent to leave the man on whom it has fastened, as standing in a vessel filled with milk, while the man stands in a vessel filled with vinegar. The heroine exposes herself to the reptile, which relinquishes his present victim to seize on one of the woman’s breasts. Now the appropriateness of the milk is explained by the belief that snakes are inordinately fond of milk, and that belief has, I presume, a foundation in fact: at any rate I am reminded of its introduction into the plot of more than one English story, such as Stanley Weyman’s book From the *Memoirs of a Minister of France* (London, 1893), p. 445, and A. Conan Doyle’s *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (London, 1893), pp-199-209. In Wales, however, it is to a woman’s milk that one’s interest attaches: I submit two references which will explain what I mean. The first of them is to Owen’s *Welsh Folk-Lore*, p. 349, where he says that ‘traditions of flying snakes were once common in all parts of Wales,’ and adds as follows:--’ The traditional origin of these imaginary creatures was that they were snakes, which by having drunk the milk of a woman, and by having eaten of bread consecrated for the Holy Communion, became transformed into winged serpents or dragons! The other is to the *Brython* for 1861, p. 190, where one reads in Welsh to the following effect -- ‘If a snake chances to have an opportunity to drink of a woman’s milk it is certain to become a *gwiber*. When a woman happens to be far from her child, and her breasts are full and beginning to give her pain, she sometimes milks them on the ground in order to ease them. To this the peasantry in parts of Cardiganshire

have a strong objection, lest a snake should come there and drink the milk, and so become a *gwiber*.' The word *gwiber* is used in the Welsh Bible for a viper, but the editor of the *Brython* explains, that in our folklore it means a huge kind of snake or dragon that has grown wings and has its body cased in hard scales: for a noted instance in point he refers the reader to the first number of the *Brython*, p. 3. It is believed still all over Wales that snakes may, under favourable circumstances, develop wings: in fact, an Anglesey man strongly wished, to my knowledge, to offer to the recent Welsh Land Commission, as evidence of the wild and neglected state of a certain farm, that the gorse had grown so high and the snakes so thriven in it that he had actually seen one of the latter flying right across a wide road which separated two such gorse forests as be described: surprised and hurt to find that this was not accepted, he inferred that the Commissioners knew next to nothing about their business.

[04]With ' the spell of security' by catching hold of grass may perhaps be compared a habit which boys in Cardiganshire have of suddenly picking up a blade of grass when they want a truce or stoppage in a sort of game of tig or touchwood. The grass gives the one who avails himself of it immunity for a time from attack or pursuit, so as to allow him to begin the game again just where it was left off.

[05] *Bodermud* would probably be more correctly written *Bodermyd*,and analysed possibly into *Bod-Dermyd*, involving the name which appears in Irish as *Diarmait* and *Dermot*.

[06]. Since this was printed I have been assured by Mr. Thomas Prichard of Llwydiarth Esgob, in Anglesey, that the *dolur byr* is more commonly called *clwy' byr*, and that it is the disease known in English as black quarter.'

[07]. I am assured on the part of several literary natives of Glamorgan that they do not know *dar* for *daear*, 'ground, earth.' Such negative evidence, though proving the literary form *daear* to prevail now, is not to be opposed to the positive statement, sent by Mr. Hughes to me, as to the persistence in his neighbourhood of *dar* and *cldr* (for *claear*, 'lukewarm '), to which one may add, as unlikely to be challenged by anybody, the case of *harn* for *haearn*, ' iron.' The intermediate forms have to be represented as *daer, claer, and haern*, which explain exactly the *gaem* of the *Book of St.*

Chad, for which modern literary Welsh has *gaeaf*, ‘winter’: see the preface to the *Book of Llan Ddv*, p. xIv.

[08] It ought to have been pointed out that the fairies, whose food and drink it is death to share, represent the dead.

[09]. For *Conla* read *Comnla* or *Condla*: the later form is *Colla*. The Condla in question is called *Condla Ruad* in the story, but the heading to it has Ectra *Condla Chaim*, I the Adventure of C. the Dear One.’

[10] I am now inclined to think that *butch* was produced out of the northern pronunciation of witch by regarding its *w* as a mutation consonant and replacing it, as in some other instances, by *b* as the radical.

[11]. With the Manx use of rowan on May-day compare a passage to the following effect concerning Wales--I translate it from the faulty Welsh in which it is quoted by one of the competitors for the folklore prize at the Liverpool Eisteddfod, 1900: he gave no indication. of its provenance:--Another bad papistic habit which prevails among some Welsh people is that of placing some of the wood of the rowan tree (*coed cerddin* or *criafol*) in their corn lands (*llafyrieu*) and their fields on May-eve (*Nos Glamau*) with the idea that such a custom brings a blessing on their fields, a proceeding which would better become atheists and pagans than Christians.

[12]. In the comparison with the brownie the fairy nurse in the Pennant Valley has been overlooked.

[13] With the story of Ffynnon Gywer and the other fairy wells, also with the wells which have been more especially called sacred in this volume, compare the following paragraph from Martin’s *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland* (London, 1703), pp. 229-30: it is concerning Gigay, now more commonly written *Gigha*, the name of an island near the west coast of Kintyre:--’There is a well in the north end of this isle called Toubir-more, i. e. a great well, because of its effects, for which it is famous among the islanders; who together with the inhabitants use it as a Catholicon for diseases. It’s covered with stone and clay, because the natives fancy that the stream that flows from it might overflow the isle; and it is always opened by a Dirock, i. c. an inmate, else they think it would not exert its vertues. They ascribe one very extraordinary effect to it, and ‘tis this; that when any foreign boats are wind-bound here (which often happens) the master of the boat ordinarily gives the native that lets the water run a piece of money, and

they say that immediately afterwards the wind changes in favour of those that are thus detain'd by contrary winds. Every stranger that goes to drink of the water of this well, is accustomed to leave on its stone cover a piece of money, a needle, pin, or one of the prettiest vadeated stones they can find.' Last September I visited Gigha and saw a well there which is supposed to be the one to which Martin refers. It is very insignificant and known now by a name pronounced *Tobar a viac*, possibly for an older *Mo-Bheac*: in Scotch Gaelic *Beac*, written *Beathag*, is equated with the name Sophia. The only tradition now current about the well is that emptying it used to prove the means of raising a wind or even of producing great storms, and this appears to have been told Pennant: see his *Tour in Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides*, MDCCLXXII (Chester, 1774), p. 226:-- I Visit the few wonders of the isle: the first is a little well of a most miraculous quality, for in old times, if ever the chieftain lay here wind-bound, he had nothing more to do than cause the well to be cleared, and instantly a favorable gale arose. But miracles are now ceased.'

[14]. A similar rhyme is current in the neighbourhood of Dolgelley, as Miss Lucy Griffith informs me, as follows:--

Dolgolle dol a gollir,
Daear a'i llwnc, dw'r 'n 'i lle.

Dolgeltey, a dale to be lost;
Earth will swallow it, and water take its place.

[15]. With regard to wells killing women visiting them, I may mention a story, told me the other day by Professor Mahafry after a friend whose name he gave, concerning the inhabitants of one of the small islands on the coast of Mayo--I understood him to say off the Mullet. It was this: all the men and boys, having gone fishing, were prevented by rough weather from returning as soon as they intended, and the women left alone suffered greatly from want of water, as not one of them would venture to go to the well. By-and-by, however, one of them gave birth to a boy, whereupon another of them carried the baby to the well, and ventured to draw water.

[16]. As to *Clychau Abordyfi* I am now convinced that the *chwch* and *saith* are entirely due to the published versions, the editors of which seem to have agreed that they will have as much as possible for their money, so to say. I find that Mrs. Rhys learnt in her childhood to end the

words with Pump, and that she cannot now be brought to sing the melody in any other way: I have similar testimony from a musical lady from the neighbourhood of Wrexham; and, doubtless, more evidence of the same sort could be got.

[17]. For Lywelyn ab Gruffydd read Llywelyn ab Iorwerth.

[18] Some additional light on the doggerel dialogue will be found thrown by the following story, which I find cited in Welsh by one of the Liverpool Eisteddfod competitors:--There is in the parish of Yspytty Ifan, in Carnarvonshire, a farm called Trwyn Swch, where eighty years ago lived a man and his wife, who were both young, and had twins born to them. Now the mother went one day to milk, leaving the twins alone in the cradle-the husband was not at home-and who should enter the house but one of the *Tylwyth Teg*! He took the twins away and left two of his own breed in the cradle in their stead. Thereupon the mother returned home and saw what had come to pass; she then in her excitement snatched the Tyluyth Teg twins and took them to the bridge that crosses the huge gorge of the river Conwy not very far from the house, and she cast them into the whirlpool below. By this time the *Tylwyth Teg* had come on the spot, some trying to save the children, and some making for the woman. 'Seize the old hag!' (*Crap ar yr hen wrach*.!) said one of the chiefs of the *Tylwyth Teg*. 'Too late!' cried the woman on the edge of the bank; and many of them ran after her to the house. As they ran three or four of them lost their pipes in the field. They are pipes ingeniously made of the blue stone (*carreg las*) of the gully. They measure three or four inches long, and from time to time several of them have been found near the cave of Trwyn Swch.- This is the first indication which I have discovered, that the fairies are addicted to smoking.

[19]. A *Rkiw Gyferthwch* (printed *Rywgyverthwch*) occurs in the Record of Carnanvon, p. 200; but it seems to have been in Merionethshire, and far enough from Arfon.

[20] In the article already cited from the *Romania*, M. Paris finds Twrch Trwyth in the boar *Tortain* of a French romance: see xxviii 217, where he mentions a legend concerning the strange pedigree of that beast. The subject requires to be further studied.

[21] A less probable explanation of *Latio* would be to suppose *orti* understood. This has been suggested to me by Mr. Nicholson's

treatment of the Lanaelhaiarn inscription as *Ali ortus Elmetiaco hic iacet*, where I should regard *Ah* as standing for an earlier nominative *Alec-z*, and intended as the Celtic equivalent for *Cephas* or *Peter*: *Ali* would be the word which is in Med. Irish *ail*, genitive *ailech*, 'a rock or stone.'

[22] We have the *Maethwy* of Gilvaethwy possibly still further reduced to *Aethwy* in *Porth Aethwy*, 'the Village of Menai Bridge,' in spite of its occurring in the *Record of Carnanvn* P. 77, as *Potthaytho*.

[23] To the reference to the *Cymmrodor*, ix- 170, as to Beli being calledson of Anna,add the Welsh *Elucidarium*, p. 27, with its *belim vab anna*, and The Cambro-Btitish Saints, p. 82, where we have *Anna . . . genuit Beli*..

[24]. Two answers to the query as to the Llech Las are now to be found in the Scottish Antiquary, xv. 41-3.

[25]. Caer Gai is called also *Caer Gynyr*, after Cai's father Cynyr, to wit in a poem by William Lleyn, who died in 1587. This I owe to Professor J. Morris Jones, who has copied it from a collection of that poet's works in the possession of Myrdin Fard, fo. 119.

[26]. Here it would, perhaps, not be irrelevant to mention *Caer Dwrgynt*, given s v. *Dwr* in Morris' *Celtic Remains*, as a name of *Caergybi*, or Holyhead. His authority is given in parenthesis thus: (Th. Williams, *Catal*.). I should be disposed to think the name based on some such an earlier form as *Kair D6bgint*, 'the Fortress of the Danes,' who were called in old Welsh Dub-gint (*Annales Cambriae* A. D. 866, in the *Cymmrodor*, ix. x 65), that is to say '*Gentes Nigrae* or Black Pagans,' and more simply *Gint* or Gynt, '*Gentes* or Heathens.'

[27] The word *banna6c*, whence the later *bannog*, seems to be the origin of the name *bonoec* given to the famous horn in the *Lai du Corn*, from which M. Paris in his *Romania* article, xxviii. 229, cites *Cest cor qui bonoec a non*, 'this horn which is called *bonoec*.' The Welsh name would have to be *Corn (yr) ych banna6c*, 'the horn of (the) *bannog ox*,' with or without the article.

[28] One of the Liverpool Eistedfod competitors cites W. O. Pughe to the following effect in Welsh: *Llyn dau Ychain*, 'the Lake of Two Oxen,' is on Hiraethog Mountain; and near it is the footmark of one of them in a stone or rock (carreg), where lae rested when seeking his partner, as the local legend has it. Another cites a still wilder story, to the effect that there was once a

wonderful cow called *Y Fuwch Fraith*, ‘the Particoloured Cow.’‘To that cow there came a witch to get milk, just after the cow had supplied the whole neighbourhood. So the witch could not get any milk, and to avenge her disappointment she made the cow mad. The result was that the cow ran wild over the mountains, inflicting immense harm on the country; but at last she was killed by Hu near Hiraethog, in the county of Denbigh.’

[29]. With *trwtan, Trwlyn- Tratyn, and Ttit-a-trot* should doubtless be compared the English use of *trot* as applied contemptuously to a woman, as when Grumio, in Shakespeare’s *Taming of the Shrew*, Act i, sc. 2, speaks of 1 an old *trot* with ne’er a tooth in her head’: the word was similarly used by Thomas Heywood and others.

[30]. I find that Professor Zimmer is of opinion--in fact he is quite positive-- that *tyngu* and *tynghed* are in no way related: see the *Gottingische gelehrte Anzeign* for 1900 (No. 5), pp. 371-2.

[31]. I am tempted to rank with the man-eating fairies the Atecotti, who are known to have been cannibals, and whose name seems to mean the ancient race. Should this prove tenable, one would have to admit that the little people, or at any rate peoples with an admixture of the blood of that race, could be trained to fight. Further, one would probably have to class with them also such non-cannibal tribes as those of the Fir Bolg and the Galiflin of Irish story. Information about both will be found in my *Hibbert Lectures*, in reading which, however, the mythological speculations should be brushed aside. Lastly, I anticipate that most of the peoples figuring in the oldest class of Irish story will prove to have belonged either (i) to the dwarf race, or (2) to the Picts; and that careful reading will multiply the means of distinguishing between them. Looking comprehensively at the question of the early races of the British Isles, the reader should weigh again the concluding words of Professor Haddon’s theory.

THE END

Notes

[←1]

As to the spelling of Welsh names, it may be pointed out for the benefit of English readers that Welsh *f* has the sound of English *v*, while the sound of English *f* is written *ff* (and *ph*) in Welsh, and however strange it may seem to them that the written *f* should be sounded *v*, it is borrowed from an old English alphabet which did so likewise more or less systematically. *Th* in such English words as *thin* and *breath* is written *th*, but the soft sound as in *this* and *breathe* is usually printed in Welsh *dd* and written in modern Welsh manuscript sometimes δ, like a small Greek delta: this will be found represented by *ð* in the Welsh extracts edited by me in this volume.--J. R.

[←2]

Blaensawdde, or the upper end of the river Sawdde, is situate about three-quarters of a mile south-east from the village of Llanddeusant. It gives its name to one of the hamlets of that parish. The Sawdde has its source in Llyn y Fan Fach, which is nearly two miles distant from Blaensawdde House.’

[←3]

The rendering might be more correctly given thus: ‘O thou of the crimped bread, it is not easy to catch me.’--J. R.

[←4]

Myddfai parish was, in former times, celebrated for its fair maidens, but whether they were descendants of the Lady of the Lake or otherwise cannot be determined. An old pennill records the fact of their beauty thus:--

Mae eira gwyn
Ar ben y bryn,
A'r glasgoed yn y Ferdre,
Mae bedw mân
Ynghoed Cwm-brân,
A merched glân yn Myddfe.

Which may be translated,
There is white snow
On the mountain's brow,
And greenwood at the Verdre,
Young birch so good
In Cwm-brân wood,
And lovely girls in Myddfe.'

[←5]

Similarly this should be rendered: ‘O thou of the moist bread, I will not have thee.’--J. R.

[←6]

In the best Demetian Welsh this word would be *hweddel*, and in the Gwentian of Glamorgan it is *gweddel*, mutated *weddel*, as may be heard in the neighbourbood of Bridgend.--J. R.

[←7]

This is not generally accepted, as some Welsh antiquarians find reasons to believe that Dafydd ap Gwilym was buried at Strata Florida--J. R.

[←8]

This is not quite correct, as I believe that Dr. C. Rice William, who lives at Aberystwyth, is one of the Meddygon. That means the year Mi, when this chapter was written, excepting the portions concerning which the reader is apprised of a later date.--J. R.

[←9]

Later it will be seen that the *triban* in the above form was meant for neither of the two lakes, though it would seem to have adapted itself to several. In the case of the Fan Fach Lake the town meant must have been Carmarthen, and the couplet probably ran thus:
Os na cha'i lonydd yn ym lle,
Fi fodda dre' Garfyrddin.

[←10]

Llwch is the Goidelic word *loch* borrowed, and *Llyn Cwm y Llwch* literally means the Lake of the Loch Dingle.

[←11]

I make no attempt to translate these lines, but I find that Mr. Llewellyn Williams has found a still more obscure version of them, as follows:--

Prw medd, Prw medd, prw'r gwariheg i dre',
Prw milfach a malfach, pedair llualfach,
Llualfach ac Aeli, pedair lafi,
Lafi a chromwen, pedair nepwen,
Nepwen drwynog, brech yn llyn a gwaun dodyn,
Tair bryncethin, tair cyffredin,
Tair caseg ddu, draw yn yr eithin;
Dewch i gyd i lys y brenin.

[←12]

The Ty-fry is a house said to be some 200 years old, and situated about two miles from Rhonda Fechan: more exactly it is about one-fourth of a mile from the station of Ystrad Rhonda, and stands at the foot of Mynydd yr Eglwys on the Treorky side. It is now surrounded by the cottages of colliers, one of whom occupies it. For this information I have to thank Mr. Probert Evans.

[←13]

It is to be borne in mind that the sound of h is uncertain in Glamorgan. Pronunciation, whether the language used is Welsh or English. The pronunciation indicated, however, by Mr. Evans comes near enough to the authentic form written *Elfarch*.

[←14]

In the Snowdon district of Gwynedd the call is *drwi, drwi, drw^-i bach*, while in North Cardiganshire it is *trwi, trwi, trw-e fach*, also pronounced sometimes with a surd *r*, produced by making the breath cause both lips to vibrate--*tR'wi, tR'wi*, which can hardly be distinguished from *pR'wi, pR'wi*. For the more forcibly the lips are vibrated the more difficult it becomes to start by closing them to pronounce *p*: so the tendency with *R'* is to make the preceding consonant into some kind of a *t*.

[←15]

This is the Welsh form of the borrowed name Jane, and its pronunciation in North Cardiganshire is Si̲ân, with si̲ pronounced approximately like the *ti* of such French words a; nation and the like; but of late years I find the si̲ made into English *sh* under the influence, probably, to some extent of the English taught at school. This happens in North Wales, even in districts where there are still plenty of people who cannot approach the English words *fish* and *shilling* nearer than *fiss* and *silling*. Si̲ôn and Si̲ân represent an old importation of English *John* and *Jane*, but they are now considered old-fashioned and superseded by John and Jane, which I learned to pronounce Dsi̲òn and Dsi̲ên, except that Si̲ôn survives as a family name, written Shone, in the neighbourhood of Wrexham.

[←16]

This term *dafad* (or *dafaden*), ‘a sheep,’ also used for ‘a wart,’ and *dafad* (or *dafaden*) *wyllt*, literally ‘a wild sheep,’ for cancer or epithelioma, raises a question which I am quite unable to answer: why should a wart have been likened to a sheep?

[←17]

The name is probably a shortening of Cawellyn, and that perhaps of Cawell-lyn, ‘Creel or Basket Lake.’ Its old name is said to have been Llyn Tarddenni.

[←18]

Tyn is a shortening of *tyddyn*, which is not quite forgotten in the case of *Tyn Gadlas* or *Tyn Siarlas* (for *Tyddyn Siarlys*), ‘Charles’ Tenement,’ in the immediate neighbourhood. Similarly the Anglesey Farm of *Tyn yr Onnen* used at one time to be *Tyddyn yr Onnen* in the books of Jesus College, Oxford, to which it belongs.

[←19]

That is the pronunciation which I have learnt at Llanberis, but there is another, which I have also heard, namely *Derwenydd*.

[←20]

Ystrad is the Welsh corresponding to Scotch *strath*, and it is nearly related to the English word *strand*. It means the flat land near a river.

[←21]

Betws (or *Bettws*) *Garmon* seems to mean Germanus's Bede-hûs or House of Prayer, but Garmon can hardly have come down in Welsh from the time of the famous saint in the fifth century, as it would then have probably yielded *Gerfon* and not *Garmon*: it looks as if it had come through the Goidelic of this country.

[←22]

One of the rare merits of our Welsh bards is their habit of assuming permanent *noms de plume*, by means of which they prevent a number of excellent native names from falling into utter oblivion in the general chaos of Anglo-Hebrew ones, such as Jones, Davies, and Williams, which cover the Principality. Welsh place-names have similarly been threatened by Hebrew names of chapels, such as Bethesda, Rehoboth, and Jerusalem, but in this direction the Jewish mania has only here and there effected permanent mischief.

[←23]

The *Brython* was a valuable Welsh periodical published by Mr. Robert Isaac Jones, at Tremadoc, in the years 1858-1863, and edited by the Rev. Chancellor Silvan Evans, who was then the curate of Llangïan in Lleyn: in fact he was curate for fourteen years! His excellent work in editing the *Brython* earned for him his diocesan's displeasure, but it is easier to imagine than to describe how hard it was for him to resign the honorarium of £24 derived from the Brython when his stipend as a clergyman was only £92, at the same time that he had dependent on him a wife and six children. However much some people affect to laugh at the revival of the national spirit in Wales, we have, I think, got so far as to make it, for some time to come, impossible for a Welsh clergyman to be snubbed on account of his literary tastes or his delight in the archæology of his country.

[←24]

This parish is called after a saint named *Tegái* or *Tygái*, like *Tyfaelog* and *Tysilio*, and though the accent rests on the final syllable nothing could prevent the grammarian Huw Tegai and his friends from making it into *Tégai* in Huw's name.

[←25]

For *can* they now usually put *Ann*, and Mr. Hughes remembers hearing it so many years ago.

[←26]

I remember seeing a similar mound at Llanfyrnach, in Pembrokeshire; and the last use made of the hollow on the top of this also is supposed to have been for cock-fights.

[←27]

My attention has also been called to *freit*, *frete*, *freet*, *fret*, ‘news, inquiry, augury,’ corresponding to Anglo-Saxon *freht*, ‘divination.’ But the disparity of meaning seems to stand in the way of our *ffrit* being referred to this origin.

[←28]

The Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 63; Guest, iii. 223.

[←29]

See the *Itinerarium Kambriæ*, i. 2 (pp. 33-5), and *Celtic Britain*, p. 64.

[←30]

As for example in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1870, pp. 192-8; see also 1872, pp. 146-8.

[←31]

Howells has also an account of Llyn Savadhan, as he writes it: see his *Cambrian Superstitions*, pp. 100-2, where he quaintly says that the story of the wickedness of the ancient lord of Syfaddon is assigned as the reason why 'the superstitious little river Lewenny will not mix its water with that of the lake.' Lewenny is a reckless improvement of Mapes' Leueni (printed Lenem); and Giraldus' Clamosum implies an old spelling *Llefni*, pronounced the same as the later spelling *Llyfni*, which is now made into *Llynfi* or *Llynvi*: the river so called flows through the lake and into the Wye at Glasbury. As to *Safaddan* or *Syfaddon*, it is probably of Goidelic origin, and to be identified with such an Irish name as the feminine *Samthann*: see Dec. 19 in the Martyrologies. To keep within our data, we are at liberty to suppose that this was the name of the wicked princess in the story, and that she was the ancestress of a clan once powerful on and around the lake, which lies within a Goidelic area indicated by its Ogam inscriptions.

[←32]

These were held, so far as I can gather from the descriptions usually given of them, exactly as I have seen a *kermess* or *kirchmesse* celebrated at Heidelberg, or rather the village over the Neckar opposite that town. It was in 1869, but I forget what saint it was with whose name the *kermess*was supposed to be connected: the chief features of it were dancing and beer drinking. It was by no means unusual for a Welsh *Gwyl Fabsant* to bring together to a rural neighbourhood far more people than could readily be accommodated; and in Carnarvonshire a hurriedly improvised bed is to this day called *gwely g'l'absant*, as it were 'a bed (for the time) of a saint's festival.' Rightly or wrongly the belief lingers that these merry gatherings were characterized by no little immorality, which made the better class of people set their faces against them.

[←33]

Since the editing of this volume was begun I have heard that it is intended to publish the Welsh collection which Mr. Jones has made: so I shall only give a translation of the Edward Llwyd version of the afanc story: see section v. of this chapter.

[←34]

This word is not in Welsh dictionaries, but it is Scotch and Manx Gaelic, and is possibly a remnant of the Goidelic once spoken in Gwynedd.

[←35]

Our charlatans never leave off trying to make this into *Tryfaen* so as to extract *maen*, ‘stone,’ from it. They do not trouble themselves to find out whether it ever was *Tryfaen* or not: in fact they rather like altering everything as much as they can.

[←36]

Ystrádllyn, with the accent on the penult, is commonly pronounced *Strállyn*, and means ‘the strand of the lake,’ and the hollow is named after it *Cwm Strállyn*, and the lake in it *Llyn Cwm Strállyn*, which literally means ‘the Lake of the Combe of the Strand of the Lake’--all seemingly for the luxury of forgetting the original name of the lake, which I have never been able to ascertain.

[←37]

So Mr. Jones puts it: I have never heard of any other part of the Principality where the children are usually baptized before they are eight days old.

[←38]

I cannot account for this spelling, but the ll in Bellis is English ll, not the Welsh ll, which represents a sound very different from that of l.

[←39]

Where not stated otherwise, as in this instance, the reader is to regard this chapter as written in the latter part of the year 1881.

[←40]

See Giraldus' Itinerarium Kambriæ, i. 8 (pp. 75-8); some discussion of the whole story will be found in chapter iii of this volume.

[←41]

Dr. Moore explains this to be cabbages and potatoes, pounded and mixed with butter or lard.

[←42]

It would be interesting to know what has become of this letter and others of Llwyd's once in the possession of the canon, for it is not to be supposed that the latter ever took the trouble to make an accurate copy of them any more than he did of any other MSS.

[←43]

There is also a *Sarn yr Afanc*, ‘the Afanc’s Stepping Stones,’ on the Ogwen river in Nant Ffrancon: see Pennant’s Tours in Wales, iii. 101.

[←44]

The oxen should accordingly have been called *Ychain Pannog*; but the explanation is not to be taken seriously. These oxen will come under the reader's notice again, to wit in chapter x.

[←45]

The lines are copied exactly as given at p. 189 (I. vi. 25-30) of *The Poetical Works of Lewis Glyn Cothi*, edited for the Cymmrodorion by Gwallter Mechain and Tegid, and printed at Oxford in the year 1837.

[←46]

This, I should say, must be a mistake, as it contradicts all the folklore which makes the rowan an object of dread to the fairies.

[←47]

See *Choice Notes* from '*Notes and Queries*' (London, 1859), p. 147.

[←48]

It is more likely that it is a shortening of *Llyn y Barfog*, meaning the Lake of the Bearded One, *Lacus Barbati* as it were, the Bearded One being somebody like the hairy monster of another lake mentioned at p. 18 above, or him of the white beard pictured at p. 127.

[←49]

So far from *afanc* meaning a crocodile, an *afanc* is represented in the story of Peredur as a creature that would cast at every comer a poisoned spear from behind a pillar standing at the mouth of the cave inhabited by it; see the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 224. The corresponding Irish word is*abhac*, which according to O'Reilly means 'a dwarf, pigmy, manikin; a sprite.'

[←50]

I should not like to vouch of the accuracy of Mr. Pughe's rendering of this and the other Welsh names which he has introduced: that involves difficult questions.

[←51]

The writer meant the river known as Dyfi or Dovey; but he would seem to have had a water etymology on the brain.

[←52]

This involves the name of the river called Disynni, and *Diswnwy* embodies a popular etymology which is not worth discussing.

[←53]

It would, I think, be a little nearer the mark as follows:--
Come thou, Einion’s Yellow One,
Stray-horns, the Particoloured Lake Cow,
And the Hornless Dodin
Arise, come home.
But one would like to know whether *Dodin* ought not rather to be written *Dodyn*, to rhyme with Llyn.

[←54]

Hywel's real name is William Davies, Tal y Bout, Cardiganshire. As adjudicator I became acquainted with several stories which Mr. Davies has since given me permission to use, and I have to thank him for clues to several others.

[←55]

Or *Llech y Deri*, as Mr. Williams tells me in a letter, where he adds that he does not know the place, but that he took it to be in the Hundred of Cemmes, in North-west Pembrokeshire. I take *Llech y Derwydd* to be fictitious; but I have not succeeded in finding any place called by the other name either.

[←56]

Perhaps the more usual thing is for the man returning from Faery to fall into dust on the spot: see later in this chapter the Curse of Pantannas which ends with an instance in point, and compare Howells, pp. 142; 146.

[←57]

B. Davies, that is, Benjamin Davies, who gives this tale, was, as I learn from Gwynionydd, a native of Cenarth. He was a schoolmaster for about twelve years, and died in October, 1859, at Merthyr, near Carmarthen: he describes him as a good and intelligent man.

[←58]

This is ordinarily written Cenarth, the name of a parish on the Teifi, where the three counties of Cardigan, Pembroke, and Carmarthen meet.

[←59]

The name Llan Dydoch occurs in the Bruts, A.D. 987 and 1089, and is the one still in use in Welsh; but the English *St. Dogmael's* shows that it is derived from that of Dogfael's name when the mutation consonant *f* or *v* was still written *m*. In Welsh the name of the saint has been worn down to *Dogwel*, as in St. Dogwell's near Fishguard, and Llanddogwel in Llanrhuddlad parish in Anglesey: see Reece's *Welsh Saints*, p. 211. It points back to an early Brythonic form *Doco-maglos*, with *doco* of the same origin as Latin *dux*, *dŭcis*, 'a leader,' and *maglo-s* = Irish *māl*, 'a lord or prince.' Dogfael's name assumes in Llan *Dydoch* a Goidelic form, for Dog-fael would have to become in Irish *Doch-mhāl*, which, cut down to *Doch* with the honorific prefix *to*, has yielded *Ty-doch*; but I am not clear why it is not *Ty-ddoch*. Another instance of a Goidelic form of a name having the local preference in Wales to this day offers itself in *Cyfelach* and Llan *Gyfelach* in Glamorganshire. The Welsh was formerly *Cimeliauc* (Reece, p. 274). Here may also be mentioned St. Cyngar, otherwise called *Docwinnus* (Reece, p. 183), but the name occurs in the Liber Landavensis in the genitive both as *Docunn-i* and *Docguinni*, the former of which seems easily explained as Goidelic for an early form of *Cyngar*, namely *Cuno-caros*, from which would be formed *To-chun* or *Do-chun*. This is what seems to underlie the Latin *Docunnus*, while *Docguinni* is possibly a Goidelic modification of the written *Docunni*, unless some such a name as *Doco-vindo-s* has been confounded with *Docunnus*. In one instance the Book of Llan Dâv has instead of *Abbas Docunni* or *Docguinni*, the shorter designation, *Abbas Dochou* (p. 145), which one must not unhesitatingly treat as*Dochon*, seeing that *Dochou* would be in later book Welsh *Dochau*, and in the dialect of the district *Docha*; and that this occurs in the name of the church of Llandough near Cardiff, and Llandough near Cowbridge. The connexion of a certain saint Dochdwy with these churches does not appear at all satisfactorily established, but more light is required to help one to understand these and similar church names.

[←60]

This name which may have come from Little England below Wales, was once not uncommon in South Cardiganshire, as Mr. William informs me, but it is now mostly changed as a surname into *Davies* and *Jones*! Compare the similar fortunes of the name Mason mentioned above.

[←61]

I have not succeeded in discovering who the writer was, who used this name.

[←62]

This name as it is now written should mean ‘the Gold’s Foot,’ but in the Demetian dialect *aur* is pronounced oer, and I learn from the rector, the Rev. Rhys Jones Lloyd, that the name has sometimes been written *Tref Deyrn*, which I regard as some etymologises futile attempt to explain it. More importance is to be attached to the name on the communion cup, dating 1828, and reading, as Mr. Lloyd kindly informs me, *Poculum Eclyseye de Tre-droyre*. Beneath *Droyre* some personal name possibly lies concealed.

[←63]

Y Ferch o Gefn Ydfa (‘The Maid of Cefn Ydfa’) by Isaac Craigfryn Hughes, published by Messrs. Daniel Owen, Howell & Co., Cardiff, 1881.

[←64]

In a letter dated February 9, 1899, he states, however, that as regards folklore the death of his father at the age of seventy-six, in the year 1889, had been a great loss to him; for he adds that he was perfectly familiar p. 174 with the traditions of the neighbourhood and had associated with older men. Among the latter he had been used to talk with an old man whose father remembered Cromwell passing on his way to destroy the Iron Works of Pant y Gwaith, where the Cavaliers had had a cannon cast, which was afterwards used in the engagement at St. Fagan's.

[←65]

This term is sometimes represented as being *Bendith eu Mamau*, ‘their Mother’s Blessing,’ as if each fairy were such a delightful offspring as to constitute himself or herself a blessing to his or her mother; but I have not found satisfactory evidence to the currency of *Bendith eu Mamau*, or, as it would be pronounced in Glamorgan, *Béndith ĭ Máma*. On the whole, therefore, perhaps one may regard the name as pointing back to the Celtic goddesses known in Gaul in Roman times as the Mothers.

[←66]

On Pen Craig Daf Mr. Hughes gives the following note:--It was the residence of Dafydd Morgan or ‘Counsellor Morgan,’ who, he says, was p. 176 executed on Kennington Common for taking the side of the Pretender. He had retreated to Pen y Graig, where his abode was, in order to conceal himself; but he was discovered and carried away at night. Here follows a verse from an old ballad about him:--

Dafydd Morgan ffel a ffol,
Fe aeth yn ol ei hyder:
Fe neidodd naid at rebel haid
Pan drodd o blaid Pretender.

Taffy Morgan, sly and daft,
He did his bent go after:
He leaped a leap to a rebel swarm,
To arm for a Pretender.

[←67]

A *tòn* is any green field that is used for grazing and not meant to be mown, land which has, as it were, its skin of grassy turf unbroken for years by the plough.

[←68]

On this Mr. Hughes has a note to the effect that the whole of one milking used to be given in Glamorgan to workmen for assistance at the harvest or other work, and that it was not unfrequently enough for the making of two cheeses.

[←69]

Since this was first printed I have learnt from Mr. Hughes that the first cry issued from the Black Cauldron in the Taff (*o'r Gerwyn Ddu ar Daf*), which I take to be a pool in that river.

[←70]

The Fan is the highest mountain in the parish of Merthyr Tydfil, Mr. Hughes tells me: he adds that there was on its side once a chapel with a burial ground. Its history seems to be lost, but human bones have, as he states, been frequently found there.

[←71]

The above, I am sorry to say, is not the only instance of this nasty trick associating itself with Gwent, as will be seen from the story of Bwca'r Trwyn in chapter x.

[←72]

This chapter, except where a later date is suggested, may be regarded as written in the summer of 1883.

[←73]

Trefriw means the town of the slope or hillside, and stands for *Tref y Riw*, not *tref y Rhiw*, which would have yielded *Treffriw*, for there is a tendency in Gwynedd to make the mutation after the definite article conform to the general rule, and to say *y law*, ‘the hand,’ and *y raw*, ‘the spade,’ instead of what would be in books *y llaw* and *y rhaw* from *yr llaw* and *yr rhaw*.

[←74]

Why the writer spells the name Criccieth in this way I cannot tell, except that he was more or less under the influence of the more intelligible spelling *Crugcailh*, as where Lewis Glyn Cothi, I. xxiv, sang

Rhys ab Sion â'r hysbys iaith,
Gwr yw acw o Grugcaith.

This spelling postulates the interpretation *Crag*-*Caith*, earlier *Crug y Ceith*, 'the mound or barrow of the captives; in reference to some forgotten interment; but when the accent receded to the first syllable the second was slurred almost out of recognition, so that *Crug-ceilth*, or *Cruc-ceith*, became *Crúeth*, whence *Crúcieth* and *Cricieth*. The *Bruts* have *Crugyeith* the only time it occurs, and the *Record of Carnarvon* (several times) *Krukyth*.

[←75]

Out of excessive fondness for our Arthur English people translate this name into Arthur's Seat instead of ldris' Seat; but Idris was also somebody: he was a giant with a liking for the study of the stars. But let that be: I wish to say a word concerning his name: *ldris* may be explained as meaning 'War-champion,'or the like; and, phonologically speaking, it comes from *Iudd-rys*, which was made successively into *Id-rys, Idris*. The syllable *i̲udd* meant battle or fight, and it undergoes a variety of forms in Welsh names. Thus before *n, r, l*, and *w*, it becomes *id*, as in *Idnerth, Idloes*, and *Idwal*, while *Iudd-hael* yields *Ithel*, whence Ab Ithel anglicized *Bethel*. At the end, however, it is *ydd* or *udd*, as in *Gruffudd* or *Gruffydd*, from Old Welsh *Gripp*i̲*udd*, and *Maredudd* or *Meredydd* for an older *Marget-*i̲*udd*. By itself it is possibly the word which the poets write *udd*, and understand to mean lord; but if these forms are related, it must have originally meant rather a fighter, soldier, or champion.

[←76]

‘There is a special similarity between this and an Anglesey story given by Howells: It consists in the sequence of seeing the fairies dance and finding money left by them. Why was the money left?

[←77]

It was so called by the poet D. ab Gwilym, cxcii. 12 when he sang:
I odi ac i luchio
Oddiar lechwdd Moel Eilo.
To bring snow and drifting flakes
From off Moel Eilio’s slope.

[←78]

This is commonly pronounced ‘Y Gath Dorwen,’ but the people of the neighbourhood wish to explain away a farm name which could, strangely enough, only mean ‘the white-bellied cat’; but *y Garth Dorzwn*, ‘the white-bellied garth or hill,’ is not a very likely name either.

[←79]

The hiring time in Wales is the beginning of winter and of summer; or, as one would say in Welsh, at the Calends of Winter and the Calends of May respectively. In North Cardiganshire the great hiring fair was held at the former date when I was a boy, and so, as I learn from my wife, it was in Carnarvonshire.

[←80]

In a Cornish story mentioned in *Choice Notes*, p. 77, we have, instead of ointment, simply soap. See also Mrs. Bray's *Banks of the Tamar*, pp. 174-7, where she alludes to H. Cornelius Agrippa's statement how such ointment used to be made--the reference must, I think, be to his book *De Occulta Philisophica Libri III* (Paris, 1567), i. 45 (pp. 81-2).

[←81]

See the *Mabinogion*, pp. 1-2; Evans *Facsimile of the Black Book of Carmarthen*, fol. 49^{b}-50^{a}; Rhys' *Arthurian Legend*, pp. 155-8; Edmund Jones' *Spirits in the County of Monmouth*, pp. 39, 71, 82; and in this volume, I may mention that the Cornish also have had their *Cam Annwn*, though the name is a different one, to wit in the phrase, 'the Devil and his Dandy-dogs': see *Choice Notes*, pp. 78-80.

[←82]

As it stands now this would be unmutated *Césel Gýfarch*, ‘Cyfarch’s Nook,’ but there never was such a name. There was, however, *Elgýfarch* or *Aelgýfarch* and *Rhygýfarch*, and in such a combination as *Césel Elgýfarch* there would be every temptation to drop one unaccented *el*.

[←83]

Owing to some oversight he has ‘a clean or a dirty *cow*’ instead of *cow-yard* or *cow-house*, as I understand it.

[←84]

Cwta makes *cota* in the feminine in North Cardiganshire; the word is nevertheless only the English *cutty* borrowed. *Du*, 'black,' has corresponding to it in Irish, *dubh*. So the Welsh word seems to have passed through the stages *dyv*, *dyw*, before *yw* was contracted into *u*, which was formerly pronounced like French *û*, as proved by the grammar already mentioned (p. 22) of J. D. Rhys, published in London in 1592; see p. 33, to which my attention has been called by Prof. J. Morris Jones. In Old or pre-Norman Welsh *m* did duty for *m* and *v*, so one detects *dyv* as *dim* in a woman's name *Penardim*, 'she of the very black head'; there was also a *Penarwen*, 'she of the very blonde head.' The look of *Penardim* having baffled the redactor of the *Branwen*, he left the spelling unchanged: see the (Oxford) *Mabinogion*, p. 26. The same sort of change which produced *du*has produced *cnu*, 'a fleece,' as compared with *cneifo*, 'to fleece'; *lluarth*, 'a kitchen garden,' as compared with its Irish equivalent *lubhghort*. Compare also *Rhiwabon*, locally pronounced *Rhuabon*, and *Rhiwallon*, occurring sometimes as *Rhuallon*. But the most notable role of this phonetic process is exemplified by the verbal nouns ending in *u*, such as *caru*, 'to love,' *credu*, 'to believe,' *tyngu*, 'to swear,' in which the *u* corresponds to an *m* termination in Old Irish, as in *sechem*, 'to follow,' *cretem*, 'belief,' *sessam* or *sessom*, 'to stand.'

[←85]

In medieval Welsh poetry this name was still a dissyllable; but now it is pronounced *Llŷnn*, in conformity with the habit of the Gwyndodeg, which makes into *porfŷdd* what is written *porfeydd*, ‘pastures,’ and pronounced *porfëidd* in North Cardiganshire. So in the Leyn name *Sarn Fyllteyrn* the second vocable represents *Maelteyrn*, in the *Record of Carnarvon* (p. 38) *Maylterñ*: it is now sounded *Mylltyrn* with the second *y* short and accented. *Lleyn* is a plural of the people (genitive *Llaën* in *Porth Dinllaën*), used as a singular of their country, like *Cymru = Cymry, and Prydyn*. The singular is *llain,* ’a spear,’ in the *Book of Aneurin*: see Skene, ii. 64, 88, 92.

[←86]

A it is also called *dolur byr*, or the ‘short disease’; I believe I have been told that it is the disease known to ‘the vet’ as anthrax.

[←87]

Here the writer seems to have been puzzled by the *mh* ofA*mh*eirchion, and to have argued back to a radical form *Parch*; but he was on the wrong tack--Amheirrhibn comes from *Ap-Meirchion*, where the *p* helped to make the *m* a surd, which, with the syllabic accent on the succeeding vowel, became fixed as *mh*, while the *p* disappeared by assimilation. We have, later on, a similar instance in *Owen y Mhaxen* for Owen Amhacsen = O. ap Macsen, Another instance will be found at the opening of the *Mabinogi* of Branwen, to wit, in the word *prynhawngweith*, 'once on an afternoon,' from *prynhawn*, 'afternoon,' for which our dictionaries substitute *prydnawn*, with the accent on the ultima, though D. ab Gwilym used *pyrnhawn*, as in poem xl, 30. But the ordinary pronunciation continues to be *prynháwn* or *pryháwn*, sometimes reduced in Gwynedd to *pnawn*. Let me add an instance which has reached me since writing the above: In the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1899, pp. 325--6, we have the pedigree of the *Ameridiths* from the Visitation of Devonshire in 1620: in the course of it one finds that luan ap Merydeth has a son Thomas *Amerideth*, who, knowing probably no Welsh, took to writing his patronymic more nearly as it was pronounced. The line is brought down to Ames Ameriddh, who was created baronet in 1639. *Amerideth* of course = Ap Meredydd, and the present member of the family who writes to the *Archæologia Cambrensis* spells his patronymic more correctly, *Ameridith*; but if it had survived in Wales it might have been *Amheredydd*. For an older instance than any of these see the *Book of Taliessin*, poem xlix (= Skene, ii. 204), where one reads of *Beli Amhanogan*, 'B. ab Mynogan'.

[←88]

This is pronounced *Rhiwan* though probably made up of Rhiw-wen, for it is the tendency of the Gwyndodeg to convert *e* and *a*i of the unaccented ultima into *a*, and so with e in Glamorgan; see such instances as *Cornwan* and *casag*, above. It is possibly a tendency inherited from Goidelic. as Irish is found to proceed in the same way.

[←89]

may mention that some of the Francises of Anglesey are supposed to be descendants of Frazers, who changed their name on finding refuge in p. 239 the island in the time of the troubles which brought there the ancestor of the Frazer who, from time to time, claims to be the rightful head of the Lovat family.

[←90]

According to old Welsh orthography this would be written *Moudin*, and in the book Welsh of the present day it would have to become *Meudin*. Restored, however, to the level of Gallo-Roman names, it would be *Mogodunum* or *Magodunum*. The place is known as Castell Moedin, and includes within it the end of a hill about halfway between Lannarth and Lampeter.

[←91]

For other mentions of the colours of fairy dress above, where red prevails, and contrast the Lake Lady of Lyn Barfog clad in green, p. 145.

[←92]

This name means the Bridge of the Blessed Ford, but how the ford came to be so called I know not. The word *bendigaid*, ‘blessed,’ comes from the Latin verb *benedico*, ‘I bless,’ and should, but for the objection to tatt in book Welsh, be bendigaid, which, in fact, it is approximately in the northern part of the county, where it is colloquially sounded Pont Rhyd *Fyntfiged*, *Fydiged*, or even *Fdiged*, also Pont Rhyd *mdiged*, which represents the result of the unmutated form *Bdiged* coming directly after the *d* of *rhyd*. Somewhat the same is the case with the name of the herb *Dail y Fendigaid*, literally ‘the Leaves of the Blessed’ (in the feminine singular without any further indication of the noun to be supplied). This name means, I find,, *hypericum androsarmum*, tutsan,’ and in North Cardiganshire we call it Dail *y Fydiged* or *Fdiged*, but in Carnarvonshire the adjective is made to qualify *dail*, so that it sounds Dail *Bydigad* or *Bdigad*. ‘ Blessed Leaves.’

[←93]

I am far from certain what y nos, ‘the night,’ may mean in such names as this and *Craig y Nos*, ‘the Rock of the Night’, to which perhaps might be added such an instance as *Blaen Nos*, ‘the Point of (the?) Night,’ in the neighbourhood of Randovery, in Carmarthenshire. Can the allusion be merely to thickly overshadowed spots where the darkness of night might be said to lurk in defiance of the light of day? I have never visited the places in point, and leading questions addressed to local authorities are too apt to elicit misleading answers: the poetic faculty is dangerously rampant in the Principality.

[←94]

Dâr is a Glamorgan pronunciation, *metri gratiâ* of what is written *daear*, ‘earth’: compare *d’ar fochyn* in Glamorgan for a badger, literally ‘an earth pig.’ The dwarfs answer was probably in some sort of verse, with *dâr* and *iâr* to rhyme.

[←95]

Applied in Glamorgan to a child that looks poorly and does not grow.

[←96]

In Cardiganshire a conjurer is called *dyn hybys*, where *hysbys* (or, in older orthography, *hyspys*) means ‘informed’: it is the man who is *informed* on matters which are dark to others; but the word is also used of *factsY mae ‘r Peth yn hysbys*, I the thing is known or manifest.’ The word is divisible into hy-spys, which would be in Irish, had it existed in’the language, so-*scese* for an early *su-squestia-s*, the related Irish words being *ad-chiu*, I I see,’ pass. preterite *ad-chess*, ‘was seen,’ and the like, in which *ci* and *ces* have been equated by Zimmer with the Sanskrit verb *caksh*, ‘to see,’from a root *quas*. The adjective *cynnil* applied to the *dyn hyspys* in Glamorgan means now, as a rule, ‘economical’ or ‘thrifty,’ but in this instance it would seem to have signified ‘shrewd,’ ‘cunning,’ or ‘clever,’ though it would probably come nearer the original meaning of the word to render it by ‘smart,’ for it is in Irish *conduail*, which is found applied to ingenious work, such as the ornamentation on the hilt of a sword. Another term for a wizard or conjurer is *gwr cyfanvyd*, with which the reader is already familiar. Here *cyfarwyd* forms a link with the kyvar6yd of the *Mabinogion*, where it usually means a professional man, especially one skilled in story and history; and what constituted his knowledge was called *kyvar6ydyl*, which included among other things acquaintance with boundaries and pedigrees, but it meant most frequently perhaps story; see the (Oxford) Mabinogion, pp. 51 61, 72, 93. All these terms should, strictly speaking, have *gwr-gwr kyspys*, *gwr cynnil*, and *gwr cyfarwyd*--but for the fact that modern Welsh tends to restrict *gwr* to signify ‘a husband’ or ‘a married man,’ while *dyn*, which only signifies a mortal, is made to mean man, and provided with a feminine dynes, I woman,’ unknown to good Welsh literature. Thus the spoken language is in this matter nearly on a level with English and French, which have quite lost the word for *vir* and ἀνήρ.

[←97]

Rhyd y Gloch means ‘the Ford of the Bell,’ in allusion, as the story goes, to a silver bell that used in former ages to be at Llanwonno Church. The people of Llanfobon took a liking to it, and one night a band of them stole it; but as they were carrying it across the Taff the moon happened to make her appearance suddenly, and they, in their fright, taking it to be sunrise, dropped the bell in the bed of the river, so that nothing has ever been heard of it since. But for ages afterwards, and even at the present day indeed, nothing could rouse the natives of Llanfabon to greater fury than to hear the moon spoken of as *haul Llanfabon* ’ the sun of Llanfabon.’

[←98]

It was peat fires that were usual in those days even in Glamorgan.

[←99]

See *Hartland's Science of Fairy Tales*, pp. 112--6.

[←100]

In no other version has Mr. Reynolds heard *cwcwll wy iar*, but either phsgyn or *cibyn wy iar*, to which I may add *masgal* from Mr. Craigfryn Hughes' versions. The word cwcwll usually means a cowl, but perhaps it is best here to treat cwcwll as a distinct word derived somehow from*conchylium* or the French *coquille*, 'a shell.'

[←101]

The whole passage will be found in the *Itinerarium Kambriae*, i. 8 (pp. 75-8), and Giraldus fixes the story a little before his time somewhere in the district around Swansea and Neath. With this agrees closely enough the fact that a second David, *Dafyd ab Gerallid or David Fitzgerald*, appears to have been consecrated Bishop of St. David's in 1147, and to have died in 1176.

[←102]

The words in the original are*: Nec carne vescebantur, nec pisce; lateis plerumque cibariis utentes, et in pultis modum quasi croco confectis*.

[←103]

Perhaps it is this also that suggested the name Eliodorus, as it were Ἠλιόδωρος for the original name was probably the medieval Welsh one of p. 271 *Elidyr* = Irish *Ailithir*, *ailither*, ‘a pilgrim’: compare the Pembrokeshire name *Pergrin* and the like. It is curious that *Elidyr* did not occur to Glasynys and prevent him from substituting *Elfodd*, which is quite another name, and more correctly written *El-fodw* found not only as *Elbodu* but also *Elbodug-o, Elboag*, *Elbot* and *Elfod*; see above.

[←104]

For one or two more instances from Wales see Howells, 131). 54-7. Brittany also is a great country for death portents: see A. Le Braz, *Légende do la Mort on Basse-Bretagne* (Paris, 1893), also Sébillot's Traditions *of Superstitions do la Haute-Bretagne* (Paris, 1882), i. pp. 270-1. For Scotland see *The Ghost Lights of the West Highlands* by Dr. R. C. Maclagan in Folk-Lore for 1897, pp. 203-256, and for the cognate subject of second sight see *Dalyell's Darker Superstitions of Scotland*, pp. 466-88.

[←105]

Another word for the *toeli* is given by Silvan Evans as used in certain parts of South Wales, namely, *tolaeth* or *dolath*, as to which he p. 274 mentions the opinion that it is a corruption of *tylwyth*, a view corroborated by Howells using, p. 31, the plural *tyloethod*; but it could not be easily explained except as a corruption through the medium of English. Elias Owen, p. 303, uses the word in reference to the hammering and rapping noise attending the joinering of a phantom coffin for a man about to die, a sort of rehearsal well known throughout the Principality to every one who has ears spiritually tuned. Unfortunately I have not yet succeeded in locating the use of the word *tolaeth*, except that I have been ssured by a Carmarthen man that it is current in Welsh there as *toleth*, and by a native of Pumsant that it is in use from Abergwili up to Llanbumsant.

[←106]

Mrs. Williams-Ellis of Glasfryn writes to me that the place is now called Bwlch Trwyn Swnewl, that it is a gap on the highest part of the road crossing from Lanaelhaearn to Pistyll, and that it is quite a little mountain pass between bleak heather-covered hillsides, in fact a very lonely spot in the outskirts of the Eifl, and with Carnguwch blocking the horizon in the direction of Cardigan Bay.

[←107]

For this I am indebted to Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans' *Report on MSS. in the Welsh Language*, i. 585 k. The words were written by Williams about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and his *u* does not mean *w*. He was, however, probably thinking of cawr, cewri, and such instances as*tawaf*, '*taceo'*, and *tau*, *'tacet*.' At all events there is no trace of *u* in the local pronunciation of the name *Tre'r Ceiri*. I have heard it also as *Tre' Ceiri* without the definite article; but had this been ancient one would expect it softened into *Tre' Geiri*.

[←108]

See the Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp. 110, 113, and 27-9, 36-41, 44, also 309, where a Triad explains that the outposts were Anglesey, Man, and Lundy. But the other Triads, i. 3 = iii. 67, make them Orkney, Man, and Wight, for which we have the older authority of Nennius, § 8. The designation Tair Ynys Brydain, ‘The Three Isles of Prydain,’ was known to the fourteenth century poetp Iolo Goch: see his works edited by Ashton, p. 669.

[←109]

For Prydyn in the plural see Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii. 209, also 92, where *Pryden* is the form used. In modern Welsh the two senses of Cynyry are distinguished in writing as *Cymry* and *Cymru*, but the difference is merely one of spelling and not very ancient.

[←110]

So Geoffrey (i. 12-15) brings his Trojans on their way to Britain into Aquitania, where they fight with the *Pictavienses*, whose king he calls Goffarius *Pictus*.

[←111]

Cadarn and *cadr* postulate respectively some such early forms as catrno-s and cadro-s, which according to analogy should become *cadarn* and *cadr*, Welsh, however, is not fond of dr; so here begins a bifurcation: (1) retaining the d unchanged *cadro-s* yields *cadr*, or (2) *dr* is made into *dr*, and other changes set in resulting in the *ceir* of *ceiri*, as in Welsh and *aneirif*, 'numberless,' from *eirif*, 'number,'of the same origin as Irish *áram* from **ad-rim* = **ad-rimd*, and Welsh *eiliw*, *'species*,, colour,'for *ad-liw*, in both of which *i* follows *d* combinations; but that is not essential, as shown by *cader*, *cadair*, for Old Welsh *cateir*, 'a chair,' from Latin *cat[h]edra*. The word that serves as our singular, namely *cawr*, is far harder to explain; but on the whole I am inclined to regard it as of a different origin, to wit, the Goidelic word *caur*, 'a giant or hero,' borrowed. Ile plural crumi or cawri is formed from the singular cawr, which means a giant, though, associated in the plural with aiii, it has sometimes to follow suit with that vocable in connoting dress.

[←112]

The most important of these are the old Breton *kazr*, now *kaer*, ‘beautiful or pretty,’ and old Cornish *caer* of the same meaning; elsewhere we have, as in Greek, the Doric κέκαδμαύ and, κεκαδένος to be found used in reference to excelling or distinguishing one’s self; also κόρμος, ‘good order, ornament,’ while in Sanskrit there is the theme çad, “to excel or surpass.’ The old meaning of ‘beautiful,’ ‘decorated,’ or ‘loudly dressecd’ is not yet lost in the case of *ceirs*.

[←113]

For the text see the Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp. 193--4, and for comparisons of the incident see Nutt's *Holy Grail*, p. 154 el seq.; and Rhys' *Arthurian Legend*, pp. 75-6. A more exact parallel, however, is to be mentioned in the next chapter.

[←114]

This chapter was written mostly in 1891.

[←115]

The spelling there used is *phynnodderee*, to the perversity of which Cregeen calls aittiention in his *Dictionary*. In any case the pronunciation is always approximately *fun-ó-dur-* or *fun-ód-ri*, with the accent on the second syllable.

[←116]

I am inclined to think that the first part of the word *fenodyree* is not *fynney*, the Manx word for' hair,'but the Scandinavian word which survives in the Swedish. *ffun*, 'down.' Thus *ffun-hosur* (for the *ffun-hosa* suggested by analogy) wouild explain the word *fenodyree*, except its final *ee*, which is obscure. Compare also the magic breeks called *fenn-brwkt*, as to which see Vigfusson's *lcelandic* Did. s. v.*finnar*.

[←117]

Cumming's *Isle of Man* (London, 1848), p. 30, where he refers his readers to Waldron's *Decription of the Isle of Man*: see pp. 28, 105.

[←118]

See Windisch's *Irische Grammatik*, p. 120.

[←119]

The Manx word for the rowan tree, incorrectly called a mountain ash, is *cuirn*, which is in Mod. Irish *caorthann*, genitive *caorthainn* '. Scotch Gaelic *caorunn*; but in Welsh books it is *cerdin*, singular *cerdinnen* and in the spoken language mostly *cerdin*, *cerding*, singular *cerdinen*, *cerdingen*. This variation seems to indicate that these words have possibly been borrowed by the Welsh from a Goidelic source; but the berry is known in Wales by the native name of *criafol*, from which the wood is frequently called, especially in North Wales, coed criafol, singular *coeden giafol* or *pren criafol*. The sacredness of the rowan is the key to the proper names Mac-Cáirthinn and Der-Ch,áirtinn, with which the student of Irish hagiology is familiar. They mean the Son and the Daughter of the Rowan respectively, and the former occurs as *Maqui Cairatini* on an Ogam inscribed stone recently discovered in Meath, not very far from the Boyne.

[←120]

I am sorry to say that it never occurred to me to ask whether the shooting was done with such modern things as guns. But Mr. Arthur Moore assures me that it is always understood to be bows and arrows, not guns.

[←121]

Edited by Oswald Cockayne for the Master of the Rolls (London, 1864-6): see more especially vol. ii. pp. 156-7,290-1, 401; vol-iii. pp. 54-5.

[←122]

Mr. Moore is not familiar with this term, but I heard it at Surby, in the south; and I find *buidseach* and *buidseachd* given as Highland Gaelic words for a witch and witchcraft respectively.

[←123]
See Stokes' Goidslica, p. 151

[←124]

This chapter was written in 1891, except the portions of it which refer to later dates indicated.

[←125]

See the Stokes-O'Donovan edition of Cormac (Calcutta, 1868), pp. 19,23

[←126]

Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, xi. 620; Pennant's *Tour in Scotland* in 1769 (3rd edition, Warrington, 1774), i. 97, 1869 291; Thomas Stephens' *Gododin*, pp. 124-6; and Dr. Murray in the *New English Dictionary*, s. v. Beltane.

[←127]

In my Hibbert Lectures on *Celtic Heathendom*, pp. 517-21.

[←128]

As to the Thargelia and Delia, see Preller's *Griechische Mythologie*, i. 260--2, and A. Mommsen's *Heortologie*, pp. 414-2&

[←129]

See section H of the *Report of the Liverpool Meeting of The British Association* 1896, pp. 626-56.

[←130]

It is my impression that it is crowned with a small tumulus, and that it forms the highest ground in Jurby, which was once an island by itself. The one between Ramsey and Bride is also probably the highest point of the range. But these are questions which I should like to see further examined, say by Mr. Arthur Moore or Mr. Kermode.

[←131]

Cronk yn Irree Laa, despite the gender, is the name as pronounced by all Manxmen who have not been misled by antiquarians. To convey the other meaning, referring to the day watch, the name would have to be Cronk *ny Harrey Laa*; in fact, a part of the Howe in the south of the island is called *Cronk ny Harrey*, 'the Hill of the Watch.' Mr. Moore tells me that the Jurby crvnk was one of the eminences for Watch and Ward'; but he is now of opinion that the high mountain of Cronk yn Irree Laa in the south was not. As to the duty of the inhabitants to keep I Watch and Ward' over the island, see the passage concerning it extracted from the Manx Statutes (vol. i. p. 65) by Mr. Moore in his Manx *Surnames*, pp. 182-3; also my preface to the same work, pp. v-viii.

[←132]

Quoted from Oliver's *Manumoda de Insula Manniae*, vol. i. *(Manx Society*, vol. iv) p. 84: see also Cumming's *Isle of Man*, p. a58.

[←133]

See the New English Dictionary, s. v. ‘Allhallows.’

[←134]

This comes near the pronunciation usual in Roxburghshire and the south of Scotland generally, which is, as Dr. Murray informs me, *Hungamay* without the m occurring in the other forms to be mentioned presently. But so far as I have been able to find, the Manx pronunciation is now Hob dy naa, which I have heard in the north, while *Hob ju naa* is the prevalent form in the south.

[←135]

See my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 514-5; and as to hiring fairs in Wales see above.

[←136]

See Robert Bell's *Early Ballads* (London, 1877), pp. 406-7, where the following is given as sung at Richmond in Yorkshire:

To-night it is the New-Year's night, to-morrow is the day,
And we are come for our right, and for our ray,
As we used to do in old King Henry's day.
Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.
If you go to the bacon-flick, cut me a good bit;
Cut, cut and low, beware of your maw;
Cut, cut and round, beware of your thumb,
That me and my merry men may have some.
Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.
If you go to the black-ark bring me X mark;
Ten mark, ten pound, throw it down upon the ground,
That me and my merry men may have some.
Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.

[←137]

The subject is worked out in Nicholson's *Golspie*, pp. 100-8, also in the New English Dictionary, where mention is made of a derivation involving calendae,,which reminds me oftheWelsh call for a New-Year's Gift-Calennig! or C'lennig! in Arfon 'Y Ngh'Iennig!' My Calends gift ify ou please!'

[←138]

On being asked, after reading this paper to the Folk-Lore Society, who was supposed to make the footmarks in the ashes, I had to confess that I had been careless enough never to have asked the question. I have referred it to Mr. Moore, who informs me that nobody, as I expected, will venture on any explanation by whom the footmarks are made.

[←139]

This seems to imply the application of the same adjective, some time or other, to *clean* water and a *handsome* man, just as we speak in North Cardiganshire of *dwr glan*, ‘clean water,’ and *bachgen glan*, ‘a handsome boy.’

[←140]

In Phillips' Book of Common Prayer this is called *Lá nolicky biggy*, 'Little Nativity Day,' and *La ghian blieny*, 'The Day of the Year's End,' meaning, of course, the former end of the year, not the latter: see pp. 55, 62, 66.

[←141]

See my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 514-5, and the *Brython*, ii. 20, 120: an instance in point occurs in the next chapter.

[←142]

This has been touched upon in my *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 676; but to the reasons there briefly mentioned should be added a reference to the position allotted to intercalary months in the Norse calendar, namely, at the end of the summer half, that is, as I think, at the end of the ancient Norse year.

[←143]

My paper was read before the *Folk-Lore Society* in April or May, 1891, and Miss Peacock's notes appeared in the journal of the Society in the following December: see pp. 509-13.

[←144]
See Choice Notes, p. 76.

[←145]

See the third edition of Wm. Nicholson’s Poetical Works (Castle-Douglas, 1878), pp. 78,81.

[←146]

See Howells' *Cambrian Superstitions* p. 58.

[←147]

Pomponius Mela *De Chorographia*, edited by Parthey, iii, chap. 6 (1). 72); see also my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 195-6, where, however, the identification of the name Sena with that of Sein should be cancelled. *Sein* seems to be derived from the Breton *Seidihun*, otherwise modified into *Sizun*and *Sun*. See chap. vi below.

[←148]

See my Hibbert Lectures, pp. 195-7; also my *Arthurian Legend*, pp. 367-8, where a passage in point is cited at length from Plutarch *De Defectu Oraculorum*, xviii (= the Didot edition of Plutarch's works, iii. 511); the substance of it will be found given likewise in chap. viii below.

[←149]

For an allusion to the traffic in winds in Wales see Howells, p. 86, where he speaks as follows:--’ In Pembrokeshire there was a person commonly known as the cunning man of Pentregethen, who sold winds to the sailors, after the manner of the Lapland witches, and who was reverenced in the neighbourhood in which he dwelt, much more than the divines.’

[←150]

This may turn out to be all wrong; for I learn from the Rev. John Quine, vicar of Malew, in Man, that there is a farm called Balthane or Bolthanie south of Ballasalla, and that in the computus (of 1540) of the Abbey Tenants it is called *Biulthan*. This last, if originally a man's name, would seem to point back to some such a compound as *Beo-Ultan*. In his *Manx Names*, p. 138, Mr. Moore suggests the possibility of explaining the name as *bwoailtyn*, 'folds or pens'; but the accentuation places that out of tile question. See also the *Lioar Manninagh*, iii. 167, where Mr. C. Roeder, referring to the same computus passage, gives the name as *Builthan* in the boundary *inter Cross Jvar Buillhan*. This would be read by Mr. Quine as *inter Cross Ivar et Biulthan*, 'between Cross-Ivar and Bolthane.' For the text of the boundary see Johnstone's edition of the *Chronicon Manniae*(Copenhagen, 1786), p. 48. and Oliver's *Monumenta de Insula Manniae*, vol. i. p. 207; see also Mr. Quine's paper on the Boundary o. Abbey Lands in the *Lioar Manninagh*, iii. 422--3.

[←151]

I say I approximately,' as, more strictly speaking, the ordinary pronunciation is *Sjndan*, almost as one syllable, and from this arises a variant, which is sometimes written *Stondane*, while the latest English development, regardless of the accentuation of the Anglo-Manx form, which is Santon, pronounced Sintp, makes the parish into a St. Ann's! For the evidence that it was the parish of a *St. Sanctain* see Moore's *Names*, p. 209.

[←152]

The Athenaeum for April 1, 1893, p. 415. 1 may here remark that Mr. Borlase's note on *do fhagaint* is, it seems to me, unnecessary: let *do fhagaint* stand, and translate, not 'I leave' but 'to leave.' The letter should be consulted for curious matter concerning Croagh Patrick, its pagan stations, cup-markings, &c.

[←153]

Since this paper was read to the Folk-Lore Society a good deal of information of one kind or another has appeared in its journal concerning the first-foot: see more especially *Folk-Lore* for 1892, pp. 253-64, and for 1893, pp. 309-21.

[←154]

This was written at the beginning of the year 1892.

[←155]

Old-fashioned grammarians and dictionary makers are always delighted to handle Mrs. Partington's broom: so Kelly thinks he has done a fine thing by printing *guee*, 'prayer,' and *gwee*, 'cursing.'

[←156]

This was written at the end of 1892, and read to a joint meeting of the *Cymmrodorion and Folk-Lore Societies* on January 11, 1893.

[←157]

Some account of them was given by me in *Folk-Lore* for 1892, p.. 380; but somehow or other my contribution was printed unrevised, with results more peculiar than edifying. the Principality. One day, in looking through some old notes of mine, I came across an entry bearing the date of August 7, 1887, when I was spending a few days with my friend, Chancellor Silvan Evans, at Llanwrin Rectory, near Machynlleth. Mrs. Evans was then alive and well, and took a keen interest in Welsh antiquities and folklore. Among other things, she related to me how she had, some twenty years before, visited a well in the parish of Llandrillo yn Rhos, namely *Ffynnon Eilian*, or Elian's Well, between Abergele and Llandudno, when her attention was directed to some bushes near the well, which had once been covered with bits of rags left by those who frequented the well. This was told Mrs. Evans by an old woman of seventy, who, on being questioned by Mrs. Evans concerning the history of the well, informed her that the rags used to be tied to the bushes by means of wool. She was explicit on the point, that wool had to be used for the purpose, and that even woollen yarn would not do: it had to be wool in its natural state. The old woman remembered this to have been the rule ever since she was a child. Mrs. Evans noticed corks, with pins stuck in them, floating in the well, and her informant remembered many more in years gone by; for Elian's Well was once in great repute as a *ffynnon reibio*, or a well to which people resorted for the kindly purpose of bewitching those whom they hated. I infer, however, from what Mrs. Evans was told of the rags, that Elian's Well was visited, not only by the malicious, but also by the sick and suffering. My note is not clear on the point whether there were any rags on the bushes by the well when Mrs. Evans visited the spot, or whether she was only told of them by the caretaker. Even in the latter case it seems evident that this habit of tying rags to trees or bushes near sacred wells has only ceased in that part of Denbighshire within this century. It is very possible that it continued in North Wales more recently than this instance would lead one to suppose; indeed, I should not be in the least surprised to learn that it is still practised in out of the way places in Gwyned, just as it is in Glamorgan: we want more information.

[←158]

In *Folk-Lore* for 1893, pp. 58-9

[←159]

In the neighbourhood I find that the word *gwaeldyn* in this verse is sometimes explained to mean not a worthless but an ailing person, on the strength of the fact that the adjective gwael is colloquially used both for vile and for ailing.

[←160]

Since writing the above remarks the following paragraph, purporting to be copied from the *Liverpool Mercury* for November 18, 1896, appeared in the *Archarologia Cambrensis* for 1899, p. 334:--'Two new fishes have just been put in the "Sacred Well," Ffynnon y Sant, at Tyn y Ffynnon, in the village of Nant Peris, Llanberis. Invalids in large numbers came, during the last century and the first half of the present century, to this well to drink of its 11 miraculous waters "; and the oak box, where the contributions of those who visited the spot were kept, is still in its place at the side of the well. There have always been two "sacred fishes " in this well; and there is a tradition in the village to the effect that if one of the Tyn y Ffynnon fishes came out of its hiding-place when an invalid took some of the water for drinking or for bathing purposes, cure was certain; but if the fishes remained in their den, the water would do those who took it no good. Two fishes only are to be put in the well at a time, and they generally live in its waters for about half a century. If one dies before the other, it would be of no use to put in a new fish, for the old fish would not associate with it, and it would die. The experiment has been tried. The last of the two fishes put in the well about fifty years ago died last August. It had been blind for some time previous to its death. When taken out of the water it measured seventeen inches, and was buried in the garden adjoining the well. It is stated in a document of the year 1776 that the parish clerk was to receive the money put in the box of the well by visitors. This money, together with the amount Of 6s.4d., was his annual stipend.' Tyny Ffynnon means 'the Tenement of the Well,' " being a shortened form of *tydym*, 'a tenement,' as mentioned above; but the mapsters make it into ty'n = ty yn, = 'a house in,' so that the present instance, *Ty'n y Ffynnon*, could only mean 'the House in the Well,' which, needless to say, it is not. But one would like to know whether the house and land were once held rent-free on condition that the tenant took care of the sacred fish.

[←161]

See Ashton's *lolo Goch* p. 234, and Lewis' *Top.. Dict*

[←162]

See my *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 229, and the *Iolo MSS*. pp. 42-3, 420-1

[←163]

A curious note bearing on this name occurs in the Jesus College M:S. 20 (Cymmrodor, viii. p. 86) in reference to the name *Morgannwg*,'Glamorgam':--*O en6 Morgant vchot y gelwir Morgann6c*. *Ereill a dywed. Mae o en6 Mochteyrn Predein*. ' It is from the name of the above Morgan that Morgannwg is called. -Others say that it is from the name of the mechdeyrn of Pictland.' The mochleyrn must have been a Pictish king or morimaer called Morgan. The name occurs in the charters from the *Book of Deer* in Stokes' *Goidelica*, pp. 109, 111, as *Morcunt*, *Morcunn*, and *Morgunn*undeclined, also with *Morgainn* for genitive; and so in Skene's *Chronicles oy the Picts and Scots*, pp. 77, 317, where it is printed *Morgaind*; see also Stokes' Tigernach, in the *Revue Critique*, xvii. 198. Compare Geoffrey's story, ii. rS, which introduces a northern Marganus to account for the name Margan, now *Margam*, in Morgannwg.

[←164]

M. Loth's remarks in point will be found in the *Revue Celtque*, xiii. 496-7, where he compares with *tut* the Breton *tuez*, 'lutin, génie malfaisant on bienfaisant'; and for the successive guesses on the subject of the name tut one should also consult Zimmer Introduction to his *Erec*, pp. xxvii-xxxi, and my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 391, to which I should add a reference to the *Book qf Ballymote*, fo. 360, where we have *o na bantuathasb*, which O'Curry has rendered 'on the part of their Witches' in *his Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, iii. 526-7. Compare *dá bhantuathaskh*' in Joyce's Keating's *History of Ireland*, pp. 122-3

[←165]

For all about the Children of Lir, and about Liban and Lough Neagh, see Joyce's *Old Celtic Romances*, pp. 4-36, 97-.105.

[←166]

On my appealing to Cadrawd, one of the later editors, he has found me the exact reference, to wit, volume ix of the Cyfaill (published in 1889), p. 50; and he has since contributed a translation of the story to the columns of the *South Wales Daily News* for February 15, 1899, where he has also given an account of Crymlyn, which is to be mentioned later.

[←167]

Judging from the three best-known instances, *y bala* meant the outlet of a lake: I allude to this Bala at the outlet of Lyn Tegid; *Pont y Bala*, 'the Bridge of the *bala*,' across the water flowing from the Upper into the Lower Lake at Kanberii; and *Bala Demlyn*, 'the *bala* of two lakes,' at Nantlle. Two places called *Bryn y Bala* are mentioned s.v. *Bala* in Morris' *Celtic Remains*, one near Aberystwyth, at a spot which I have never seen, and the other near the lower end of the Lower Lake of LIanberis, as to which it has been suggested to me that it is an error for *Bryn y Bela*. It is needless to say that *bala* has nothing to do with the Anglo-Irish *bally* of such names as *Ballymurphy* or *Ballynahunt*: this vocable is in English *bailey*, and in South Wales *beili*, 'a farm yard or enclosure,' all three probably from the late Latin *balium* or *ballium*, 'locus palis munitus et circumseptus.' Our etymologists never stop short with *bally*: they go as far as *Balaklava* and, probably, *Ballarat*, to claim cognates for our *Bala*.

[←168]

Cadrawd here gives the Welsh as ‘2 *bladur … 2 dyd o wair’* and observes that the lacuna consists of an illegible word of three letters. If that word was either *sef*, I that is,’ or *new*, ‘or,’ the sense would be as given above. In North Cardiganshire we speak of a day’s mowing as *gwaith gwr*, ‘a man’s work for a day,’ and sometimes of a *gwaith gwr bach*, ‘a man’s work for a short day.’

[←169]

See *By-Gones* for May 24, 1899. The full name of WeIshpool in Welsh is Trallwng ffywr6m, so called after a Llywelyn descended from Cuneda and supposed to have established a religious house there; for there are other Tralllwngs, and at first sight it would seem as if *Trallwng* had something to do with a lake or piece of water. But there is a Trallwng, for instance, near Brecon, where there is no lake to give it the name; and my attention has been called to Thos. Richards' *Welsh-English* Dictionary, where a *trallwng* is said to be' such a soft place on the road (or elsewhere) as traveners may be apt to sink into, a dirty pool.' So the word seems to be partly of the same derivation as goAvxg, I to let go, to give way.' The form of the word in use now is *Trallwm*, not *Trallwng* or *Tral'wn*. . related in Welsh concerning Llynclys and Syfadon; but I reserve it with these and others of the same sort for chapter vii.

[←170]

See the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 391-41 b, and Joyce's *Old Celtic Romances*, pp. 97-105; but the story may now be consulted in O'Grady's S*ilva Gadelica*, i. 233-7, translated in ii. 265-9. On turning over the leaves of this great collection of Irish lore, I chanced, i. 174, ii. 196, on an allusion to a well which, when uncovered, was about to drown the whole locality but for a miracle performed by St. Patrick to arrest the flow of its waters. A similar story of a well bursting and forming Lough Reagh, in County Galway, will be found told in verse in the *Book of Leinster*, fo. 202b: see also fo. 170l, and the editor's notes, pp. 45: 53

[←171]

See Evans' autotype edition of the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, fos. 53b, 54a, also 32: the punctuation is that of the MS. In the seventh triplet *ke adaul* is written *kadsaul*, which seems to mean *kedaul* corrected into *kedaul*; hut the *a* is not deleted, so other readings are possible.

[←172]

In the *Iola* MSS., p. 89, *finaun wenestir* is made into *Ffynon-Wenastr* and said to be one of the ornamental epithets of the sea; but I am convinced that it should be rather treated as *ffynon fenestr* with *wenestir* or *fenestr* mutated from *menestr*, which meant a servant, attendant, cup-bearer: for one or two instances see Pughe's *Dictionary*. The word is probably, as suggested by M. Loth in his Mots Latins, p. 186, the old French menestre, I cup-bearer,' borrowed. Compare the mention of Nechtin's men having access to the secret well in Sid Nechtiin, p. 390 below, and note that they were his three *menestres* or cup-bearers.

[←173]

See the *Cymmmdor*, viii. 88 (No. xxix), where a Marereda is mentioned as a daughter of Madog son of Meredyd brother to Rhys Gryg.

[←174]

There is another reading which. would make them into *Segantii* and render it irrelevant--to say the least of it--to mention them here.

[←175]

See the *Mabinogion*, p. 35: the passage has been mistranslated in Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, iii. 117.

[←176]

See my Arthurian Legend, pp. 263-4.

[←177]

I do not profess to see my way through the difficulties which the probable etymological connexion between the names Setantii, Setanta, Seithyn, and Seithennin implies. But parts of the following string of guesses may be found to hold good:--*Seithyn* is probably more correct than *Seithin*, as it rhymes with *cristin* = *Cristyn* (in *Cristynogaeth* see Silvan Evans' *Geiriadur*, s. v., and Skene's *Four Ancient Books*, ii. 210) and it might be assumed to be from the same stem as *Seizun*; but, supposing it to represent an earlier *Sefthynt* it would equate phonologically with *Setanta*, better *Setinte*, of which the genitive *Setinti* actually occurs, as a river name, in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 125b: see my Hibbert *Lectures*, p. 455, and see also the *Revue Celtique*, xi. 457. It would mean some such an early form *Setntio-s* and *Seithenhin*, another derivative from the same stem, *Setntino-s*. But the retention of *n* before *t* in *Setinte* proves it not to be unconnected with *Seithyn*, but borrowed from some Brythonic dialect when the latter was pronounced *Seithtio-s*. If this be anywhere nearly right one has to assume that the manuscripts of Ptolemy giving the genitive plural as xxxxxxx or xxxxxxxxxx should have read xxxxxxxxxxxx, unless one should rather conjecture xxxxxxxxx with *cht* represented by *gt* as in Ogams in Pembrokeshire: witness *Ogtene* and *Maqui Quegle*. This conjecture as to the original reading would suggest that the name was derived from the seventh numeral sechil, just as that of the Galloway people of the *Novanta* seems to be from the ninth numeral. Ptolemy's next entry to the Harbour of the Setantii is the estuary of the Belisama, supposed to be the Mersey; and next come: the estuary of the xxxxxxxxxxx or xxxxxxxxxxx, supposed to be the Dee. Now the country of the Setantii, when they had a country, may have reached from their harbour near the mouth of the Ribble to the Seteia or the Dee without the name Seteia or Segeia having anything to do with their own, except that it may have influenced the latter in the manuscripts of Ptolemy's text. Then we possibly have a representative of *Seteia* or *Segeia* in the *Saidi* or *Seidi* sometimes appended to Seithyn's name. In that case *Seithyn, Saidi* in the late Triad iii- 37, would mean Seithyn of Seteia, or the Dee. A *Mab Saidi* occurs in the Kulhwch story (*Mabinogion*, p. 106), also Cas, son of Saidi (ib. 110); and in *Rhonabwys Dream* Kadyrieith, son of Saidi (ib. i60); but the latter vocable is Seidi in Triad ii. 26 (ib. 303). It is to be borne in mind that Ptolemy does not represent the Setantii as a people in his time: he only mentions a harbour called after the Setantii. So it looks as if they then belonged to the pa5t-that in fact they were, as I should put it, a Goidelic people who had been conquered and partly expelled by Brythonic tribes, to wit, by the Brigantes, and also by the Cornavii in case the Setantii had once extended southwards to the Dee. This naturally leads one to think that some of them escaped to places on the coast, such as Dyfed, and that some made for the opposite coast of Ireland, and that, by the time when the Ctichulainn stories came to be edited as we have them, the people in question were known to the redactors of those stories only by the Brytonic form of their name, which underlies that of Setaxia Beg, or the Little Setantian. Those of them who found a home on the coast of Cardigan Bay way have brought with them a version of the inundation story with Seithennin, son of Seithyn, as the principal figure in it. So in due time he had to be attached to some royal family, and in the lolo MSS., pp. 141-2, he is made to descend from a certain Plaws Hen, king of Dyfed, while the saints named as his descendants seem to have belonged chiefly to Gwyned and Powys.

[←178]

see the Professor's *Address on the Place of a Univrsity in the History of Wales*, delivered at Bangor at the opening ceremony of the Session of 1899 1900 (Bangor, 1900), p. 6. The reference to Giraldus is to his *Itin. Kambria*, i. 13 (p. 100), and the *Expaugnatio Hibernica*, i. 36 (p. 284).

[←179]

Instead of I she followed it’one would have expected I it followed her’; but the style is very loose and rough.

[←180]

As a I Cardy' I have here two grievances, one against my Northwalian fellow countrymen, that they insist on writing *Rheidiol* out of sheer weakness for the semivowel *j;* and the other against the compilers of school books on geography, who give the lake away to the Wye or the Severn. I am told that this does not matter, as our geographers are notoriously accurate about Natal and other distant lands; so I ought to rest satisfied.

[←181]

Professor Meyer has given a number of extracts concerning her in his notes to his edition of *The Vision of Mac Conglinne* (London, 1892), pp. 131-4, 208-10, and recently he has published *The Song of the Old Woman of Beare* in the *Otia Merseiana* (London, 1899), pp. i119-28, from the Trinity College codex, H- 3, j8, where we are told, among other things, that her name was Digdi, and that she belonged to Corcaguiny. The name Beara, or Bdrre, would seem to suggest identification with that of Bera, daughter of Eibhear, king of Spain, and wife of Eoghan Taidhleach, in the late story of *The Courtship of Moméra* edited by O'Curry in his *Battle of Magh Leana* (Dublin, 1855); but the other name Digdi would seem to stand in the way. However none of the literature in point has yet been discovered in any really old manuscript, and it may be that the place-name *Berre*, in *Callech Bérri*, has usurped the place of the personal name *Béra*, whose antiquity in some such a form as *Béra* or *Méra* is proved by its honorific form *Mo-mera;* see O'Curry's volume, p. 166, and his Introduction, p. xx.

[←182]

For most of my information on this subject I have to thank Mr. David Davies, editor of the *South Wales Daily Post*, published at Swansea.

[←183]

I am indebted for this information to Mr. J. Herbert James of Vaynor, who visited Kenfig lately and has called my attention to an article headed I The Borough of Kenfig,' in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1898: see more especially the maps at pp. 138-42.

[←184]

Here the Welsh has a word *edafwr*, the exact meaning of which escapes me, and I gather from the remarks of local etymologers that no such word is no-w in use in Glamorgan.

[←185]

See the Book of *Aberpergwm*, printed as *Brut y Tywysogion*, in the *MyvyrianArchaiology*, ii, 524a, also Morgan's *Antiquarian Survey of East Gower*, p. 66, where the incident is given from I *Brut y Tywysogion*, A. D. 1088.' It is, however, not in what usually passes by the name of *Brut y Tywysogion*, but comes, as the author kindly informs me, from a volume entitled '*Brut y Tywysogion'*, the Gwentian Chronicle of Caradoc of Llancarvan, with a translation by the late Aneurin Owen, and printed for the Cambrian Archaeological Association, 1863': see PP- 70-1.

[←186]

For this also I have to thank Mr. Herbert James, who recently inspected the spot with Mr. Glascodine of Swansea.

[←187]

I do not know whether anybody has identified the spot which the writer had in view, or whether the coast of the Severn stW offers any feature which corresponds in any way to the description.

[←188]

Supposed to be so called after a certain *Tegid Foel*, or ‘Tegid the Bald,’ of Penllyn: the name Tegid is the phonetic spelling of what might be expected in writing as *Tegyd*--it is the Latin *Tacitus* borrowed, and comes with other Latin names in Pedigree 1. of the Cuneda dynasty; see the*Cymmrodor*, xi. 170. In Point of spelling one may compare Idtis for what might be expected written *ldrys*, of the same pronunciation, for an earlier *Iudrys* or *Iudris*.

[←189]

The translation was made by Thomas Twyne, and published in 1573 under the title of The *Breuiary of Briayne*, where the passage here given occurs, on fol. 69b The original was *entitled Commentarioli Britannica Descriptionis Fragmentum*, published at Cologne in 1572. The original of our Passage, fol- 57a, has Guynedhia and Llunclis. The stem llwnc of llyncaf 'I swallow,'answers, according to Welsh idiom, to the use of what would be in English or Latin a participle. Similarly, when a compound is not used, the verbal noun (in the genitive) is used: thus 'a feigned illness,' in Welsh 'a made illness,' is *saldra gwyneyd*, literally 'an indisposition or illness of making.' So 'the deuouryng of the Palace' is incorrect, and based on Lwyd's *vorago Palatij* instead of *Palatium voratum.*

[←190]

For other occurrences of the name, see the Black Book, fol. 35a, 52a, and Morris' *Celtic Remains*, where, s. v. Benlli, the Welsh name of Bardsey,
to wit, *Yns E*lli.ys EA is treated by somebody, doubtless rightly, as of *Ynys Fenlli*.

[←191]

The meaning of this name is not certain, but it seems to equate with the Irish *Fochard*, anglicized *Faughard*, in County Louth: see O'Donovan's *Four Masters*, A. D. 1595; also the *Book of the Dun Cow*, where it is Fockerd, genitive Focherda, dative Focheird, fo. 70b, 73b, 75a, 75b, 76a 77a.

[←192]

This is sometimes given as Glannach, which looks like the Goidelic form of the name: witness Giraldus' *Enislannach* in *Itin..Kambriae*, ii. 7 (p. 131).

[←193]

See Choke Notes, p. 92, and Gerald Griffin's *Poetical and Dramatic Works*, p. 106.

[←194]

Failing to see this, various writers have tried to claim the honour of owning the bells for Aberteifi, ‘Cardigan,’ or for Abertawe, ‘Swansea’; but no arguments worthy of consideration have been urged on behalf of either place: see *Cyfaill yr Aelwyd* for 1892, p. 184.

[←195]

For some of the data as to the reckoning of the pedigrees and branching of a family, see the first volume of Aneurin Owen's *Ancient Laws*--Gwyned, Ill. i. 12-5 (pp. 222-7); Dyfed, II. i. 17-29 (pp. 408-11); Gwent, II. viii. 1-7 (pp.700-3); also *The Welsh People*pp. 230-1.

[←196]

See the Book of the Dun Cow, fol. 99 a & seq.

[←197]

he may also consult Howells' *Cambrian Superstitions*, pp. 123-8, 141-2, 146. In one case, p. 123, he gives an instance of the contrary kind of imagination: the shepherd who joined a fairy party on Frenni Fach was convinced, when his senses and his memory returned, that, I'although he thought he had been absent so many years, he had been only so many minutes'.The story has the ordinary setting; but can it be of popular origin? The Frenni Fach is a part of the mountain known as the Frenni Fawr, in the north-east of Pembrokeshire; the names mean respectively the Little*Brerni*, and the Great *Breni*. The obsolete word *breni* meant, in Old Welsh, the prow of a ship; local habit tends, however, to the solecism of *Brenin Fawr*, with brenin, 'king,' qualified by an adjective mutated feminine; but people at a distance who call it Frenni Fawr, pronounce the *former vocable with nn. Lastly, Y Vrrvi Va6r occurs in Maxen's Dream in the Red* Book (Oxford Nab. p. 89); but in the *White Book* (in the Peniarth collection), col. x87, the proper name is written Freni: for this information I have to thank Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans.

[←198]

The Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 224, and Guest's, i. 343.

[←199]

See Afanc in the *Geiriadur* of Silvan Evans, who cites instances in point.

[←200]

See the Revue Celtique, i. 257, and my Hibbert Letures pp. 92-3.

[←201]
The Four Masters A. M- 3520.

[←202]

In another version Campbell had found it to be sand and nothing else.

[←203]

As to this incident of a girl and a supernatural, Campbell says that lie had heard it in the Isle of Man also, and elsewhere.

[←204]

See the *Revue Celtique*, ii. 197. He was also called Labraid Longsech, and Labraid Longsech Lore. The explanation of *Labraid Lorcis* possibly that it was originally Labraid Morc, and that the fondness for alliteration brought it into line as *Labraid Lorc*: compare *Llud Llaweraint* in Welsh for *Nud Llaweraint*. This is not disproved by the fact that Labraid Lorc's grandfather is said to have been called Loegaire Lore: Loegaire Lorc and Labraid Lorc are rather to be regarded perhaps as duplicates of the same original.

[←205]

See my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 70; also *Hibbert Lectures*, p.. 590

[←206]

The original has in these passages respectively *siblais afual corbo thipra*, ‘minxit urinam suam so that it was a spring’; ar na siblad aflial ar na bad fochond bais doib, ‘ne mingat urinam suam lest it should be the cause of death to them’; and *silis*, ‘minxit,’ fo. 39b. For a translation of the whole story see Dr. O’Grady’s *Silva Gadelica*, pp. 265-9; also Joyce’s *Old Celtic Romances*, PP. 97-105.

[←207]

See the story in Dr. O'Grady's Silva Gadelica, pp. 292-311

[←208]

See Stengel's edition of *li Romans de Durmart le Galois* (Tabingen,1873), lines 4185-340, and my *Arthurian Legend*, pp. 68-9

[←209]

See Williams' *Seint Greal*, pp.60-1, 474-5; Nutt's *Holy Grail*, P. 44 and my *Arthurian Legend*; pp. 69-70.

[←210]

Bardoniaeth D. ab Gwilym, poem 183. A similar descent of Blodeuwedds appears implied in the following *englyn*--one of two-by Anthony Powel, who died in 1618: it is given by Taliesin ab lolo in his essay on the Neath
Valley, entitled Traelhawd ar *Gywrneindd, Hynafiaeth, a hen Bendefigion Glynn Nedd* (Aberdare, 1886), p. 15:--

Crug ael, carn gadarn a godwyd yn fryn,
Yn hen fraenwaith bochlwyd;
Main a'i llud man y lladdwyd,
Merrh hoewen loer Meirchson lwyd.

It refers, with six other *englynion* by other authors, to a remarkable rock called Craig y Dinas, with which Taliesin associated a cave where Arthur
or Owen Lawgoch and his men are supposed, according to him, to enjoy a secular sleep, and it implies that Blodeuwedd whose end in the *Mabinegi* of Math was to be converted into an owl, was, according to another account,
overwhelmed by Craig y -Dinas. It maybe Englished somewhat as follows:

Heaped on a brow, a mighty cairn built like a hill,
Like ancient work rough with age, grey-cheeked
Stones that confine her where she was slain
Grey Meirchion's daughter quick and bright as the moon

[←211]

This comes from the late series of Triads, iii. 10, where Merlin's nine companions are called *naw beirdd cylfeird*: *cylfeird* should be the plural of *cylfardd*, which must be the same word as the Irish *culbard*, name of one of the bardic grades in Ireland.

[←212]

For some more remarks on this subject generally, see my *Arthurian Legend*, chapter xv, on the I Isles of the Dead.’

[←213]

See his *Itinerarium Kambria*, ii. II (p.139); also my *CeItic Britain*, p. 68, and *Arthurian Legend*, p.364.

[←214]

From the *Myvrian Archaiology of Wales*, i. 302.

[←215]

Iregard *nid kywiw* as a corruption of *ni chywiw* from *cyf-ywl* an instance of the verb corresponding to *cymod* (= *cymbod*), ‘peace, conciliation.’ The preterite has, in the Oxford *Bruts*, A.D. 1217 (p. 358), been printed *kymni* for what one may read *kymu*: the words would then *be y kymu reinald ybre6ys ar brenhin*, ‘ that Reginald de Breos was reconciled with the king, or settled matters with him!

[←216]

Seethe *Book of Taliessin*, poem xxx, in Skene's *Four Ancient Books*, ii. 18 r also Guest's *Mabinogion*, ii 354, and the *Brython* for 1860, p. 372b, where more than one article of similar capacity of distinguishing brave men from cowards is mentioned.

[←217]

See Dugdale's *Monasticon*, v. 672, where they are printed *Dwynech* and *Dwynaur* respectively

[←218]

See my *Hibbert Lectues*, pp. 649-50.

[←219]

A full account of them will be found in a volume devoted to them, and entitled *Roman Antquities at Lydney Park, Gloucestershire*, being a posthumous work of the Rev. W. Hiley Bathurst, with Notes by C. W. King, London, 1879. See also an article entitled '*Das Heilligtum des Nodon*,' by Dr. Hubner in the *Jahrbucher des Vervins von Afterthumsfreundin int Rheinland*e lxvii. pp. 29-46, where several things in Mr. King's book are criticized.

[←220]

See my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 122, 125.

[←221]

On this subject, see The Welsh People, especially pp. 54-61.

[←222]

Why our dictionary makers have taken into their heads to treat it as *Tamesis* I know not. The Welsh is *Tafwys* with a diphthong regularly representing an earlier long *e* or *e*i in the second syllable. There is, as far as I know, no reason to suppose *Tafwys* an invention, rather than a genuine vocable of the same origin as the name of the Glamorganshire river *Taff*, in Welsh *Taf*, which is also the name of the river emptying itself at Laugbarne, in Carmarthenshire. *Tafwyys*, however, does not appear to occur in any old Welsh document; but no such weakness attaches to the testimony of the French *Tamise*, which could hardly come from *Tamesis*: compare also the place-name *Tamise* near the Scheidt in East Flanders; this, however, may be of a wholly different origin.

[←223]

A more difficult version has been sent me by Dewi Glan Ffrydlas, of Bethesda: *Caffed y wrack*, ‘Let him seize the hag’; *Methu’r cryfaglach*, ‘You have failed, urchin.’ But he has not been able to get any explanation of the words at the Penrhyn Quarries. *Cryfaglach* is also the form in *Mur Y Cryfaglach*, ‘the Urchin’s Wall,’ in Jenkins’ *Bedd Gelert* p.. 249. Heinformis me that this is the name of an old ruin on an elevated spot some twenty or thirty yards from a swift brook, and not far in a south -south-easterly direction from Sir Edward Watkin’s chalet.

[←224]

For this I am indebted to Mr. Wm. Davies who tells me that he copied the original from *Chwedlau a Thraddodiadau Gwynedd*, 'Gwyned Tales and Traditions,' published in a periodical, which I have not been able to consult, called *Y Gordofigion*, for the year 1873.

[←225]

The meaning of the word *mwthlach* is doubtful, as it is now current in Gwyned only in the sense of a soft, doughy, or puffy person who is all of a heap, so to say. Pughe gives *mwythlan* and *mwythlen* with similar significations. But *mwthlach* would seem to have had some such a meaning in the doggerel as that of rough ground or a place covered with a scrubby, tangled growth. It is possibly the same word as the Irish *mothlach*, ‘rough, bushy, ragged, shaggy’; see the *Vision of Laisrin*, edited by Professor K. Meyer, in the *Otia Nerseiana*, pp. 114, 117.

[←226]

The account here given of the Cyhiraeth is taken partly from Choice Notes, pp. 31-2, and partly from Howells, pp. 31-4, 56-7, who appears to have got uncertain in his narrative as to the sex of the Cyhiraeth; but there is no reason whatsoever for regarding it as either male or female-the latter alone is warranted, as be might have gathered from her being called *y Cyhiraeth*, 'the Cyhiraeth,' never *y Cyhiraeth* as far as I know. In North Cardiganshire the spectre intended is known only by another name, that of *Gwrach y Rhibyn*, but *y Gyhiraeth* or *yr hen Gyhiraeth* is a common term of abuse applied to a lanky, cadaverous person, both there and in Gwyned; in books, however, it is found sometimes meaning a phantom funeral. The word *cyhiraeth* would seem to have originally meant a skeleton with *cyhyrau*, 'sinews; but no flesh. However, *cyhyrau*, singular *cyhyr*, would be more correctly written with an *i;* for the words are pronounced-even in Gwyned, *cyhir*, *cyhirau*. The spelling *cyhyraeth* corresponds to no pronunciation I have ever heard of the word; but there is a third spelling, *cyhearaeth*, which corresponds to an actual *cyhoereth* or *cyhoyreth*, the colloquial pronunciation to be heard in parts of South Wales:I cannot account for this variant. *Gwrach y Rhibyn* means the Hag of the *Rhibyn*, and *rhibyn* usually means a row, streak, a line -- *ma'nhw'n mynd yn un rhibym*, 'they are going in a line.'But what exactly *Gwrach y Rhibyn* should connote I am unable to say. I may mention, however, on the authority of Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans, that in Mid-Cardiganshire the term *Gwrach y Rhibyn* means a long roll or bustle Qf fern tied with ropes of straw and placed along the middle of the top of a hayrick. This is to form a ridge over which and on which the thatch is worked and supported: gwrach unqualified is, I am told used in this sense in Glamorganshire. Something about the Gwvrach sprite will be found in the *Brython* for 1860, p. 236, while a different account is given in Jenkins' *Bed Gelert*, pp. 80-1 .

[←227]

This statement I give from *Choice Notes*, p. 32; but I must confess that I am sceptical as to the I wings of a leathery and bat-like substance,' or of any other substance whatsoever.

[←228]

For *more about her and similar ancestral personages, see The Welsh People*, pp. 54-61.

[←229]

This seems to be the Goidelic word borrowed, which in Mod. Irish is written *cnocc* or *cnoc*, ‘a hill’: the native Welsh form is *cnwach*, as in *Cnwch Coch* in Cardiganshire, *Cnwch Dernog* (corrupted into *Clwch Dernog*) in Anglesey, printed *Kuwgh Dernok* in the Record of Carnarvon, p. 59, where it is associated with other interesting names to be noticed later.

[←230]

All said by natives of Anglesey about rivers and mountains in their island must be taken relatively, for though the country has a very uneven surface it has no real mountain: they are apt to call a brook a river and a hillock a mountain, though the majestic heights of Arfon are within sight.

[←231]

See pp. 13-Y6 of his essay on the Neath Valley, referred to in a note above, where Craig-y -Dinas is also mentioned.

[←232]

This is an interesting word of obscure origin, to which I should like our ingenious etymologists to direct their attention.

[←233]

See the Poetical Works of John Leyden (Edinburgh, x875),p.36 (*Scenes of Infamy*, part ii); also my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 18.

[←234]

I am indebted for the English story to an article entitled '*The Two PedIar Legends of Lambeth and Swaffham*,' contributed by Mr. Gomme to the pages of the *Antiquary*, x. 202-5, in which he gives local details and makes valuable comparisons. I have to thank Mr. Gomme also for a cutting from the weekly issue of the *Leeds Mercury* for Jan. 3, 1885, devoted to '*Local Notes and Queries'* (No. cccxii), where practically the same story is given at greater length as located at Upsall Castle in Yorkshire.

[←235]

I have never been to the spot, and I owe these particulars partly to Mr. J. P. Owen, Of 72 Comeragh Road, Kensington, and partly to the Rev. John Fisher, already quoted. This is the parish where some would locate the story of the sin-eater, which others stoutly deny, as certain periodical outbursts of polemics in the pages of the Academy and elsewhere have shown. Mr. Owen, writing to me in 1893, states, that, when he last visited the Anas some thirty years previously, he found the mouth of the cave stopped up in order to prevent cattle and sheep straying into it.

[←236]

Mr. Fisher refers me to an account of the discovery published in the Cambrian newspaper for Aug. 14, 1813, a complete file of which exists, as he informs me, in the library of the Royal Institution of South Wales at Swansea. Further, at the Cambrians' meeting in 1892 that account was discussed:nd corrected by Mr. Stepney-Gulston: see the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1893, pp. 163-7. He also I pointed out that on the opposite side of the gap in the ridge the noted cave of Owain Law Goch was to be found. Near the Pant-y-llyn bone caves is a place called Craig Derwydon, and close by is the scene of the exploits of Owain Law Goch, a character who appears to have absorbed some of the features of Arthurian romance. A cave in the locality bears Owain's name.'

[←237]

As in Iewelyn's charter to the Monks of Aberconwy, where we have, according to Dugdale's *Monasticon*, v. 673e, a *Subordynemreis*, that is *Scubor Dyn Emreis*, 'Din-Emreis Barn,' supposed to be Hafod y Borth, near Beddgelert: see Jenkins' *Bedd Gelert*, p. z198. In the Myvyrian, i. 195a, it has been printed Din Emrais,

[←238]

See Somer's Malory's Morte Darthur, xxi. V (= vol- i. p.849), and as to the Marchlyn story see above. Lastly some detaLls concerning Lyn Lydaw wLll be found in the next chapter.

[←239]

The oldest spellings known of this name occur in manuscript *A* of the Annales *Cambriae* and in the *Book of Llan Dov* as *Elized* and *Elised*, doubtless pronounced *Elissedd*. until it became, by dropping the final dental, *Elisse*. This in time lost its identity by assimilation with the English name*Ellis*. Thus, for example, in Wynne's edition of Powell's Caradog of Llancarfan's *History of Wales* (London, 1774), pp. 221,24, *Elised* is reduced to *Elis*. In the matter of dropping the *d* compare our *Dewi*, 'St. David,' for *Dewidd*, for an instance of which see Duffus Hardy's *Descriptive Catalogue*, i. 119. The form *Eliseg* with a final *g* has no foundation in fact. Can the English name Ellis be itself derived from *Elisedd*?

[←240]

Boncyn is derived from *bonc* of nearly the same meaning, and bonc is merely the English word bank borrowed: in South Wales it is pronounced banc and used in North Cardiganshire in the sense of hill or mountain.

[←241]

The name occurs twice in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen: see the *Mabinogion*, p. 1107, where the editors have read *Ricca* both times in 'Gormant, son of Ricca.' This is, however, more than balanced by Rita in the *Book of Llan Dov*, namely in Tref Rita, 'Rita's town or stead,' which occurs five times as the name of a place in the diocese of Llandaff; see pp.32, 43, 90, 272. The uncertainty is confined to the spelling, and it has arisen from the difficulty of deciding in medieval manuscripts between t and c: there is no reason to suppose the name was ever pronounced *Ricca*. family, Mi *a'i hyibio troed Gwyddfa Rhita ag mi ddo'n ol rwbrud cin nos*, or sometimes *foru*. That is, 'I'll go round the foot of Rhita's *Gwyddf'a* and come back some time before night': sometimes he would say to-morrow.'Elis also states that his father used to relate how Rhita's *Gwyddfa* was built, namely by the simple process of each of his soldiers taking a stone to place on Rhita's tomb. However the story as to Rhita Gawr being buried on the top of Snowdon came into existence, there can be no doubt that it was current in comparatively recent times, and that the Welsh name of *y Wydfa*, derived from it, refers to the mountain as distinguished from the district in which it is situated. In Welsh this latter is Eryri, the habitat, as it were, of the *eryr*, 'eagle,' a bird formerly at home there as many local names go to prove, such as *Carreg yr Eryr* [o], 'the Stone of the Eagle,' mentioned in the boundaries of the lands on Snowdon granted to the Abbey of Aberconwy in Llewelyn's charter, where also Snowdon mountain is called *Wedua vawr*, 'the Great Gwyddfa.' Now, as already suggested, the word *gwyddfa* takes us back to Rhita's *Carnedd* or Cairn, as it signified a monument, a tomb or barrow: Dr. Davies gives it in his Welsh-Latin Dictionary as *Locus Sepulturae, Mausoleum*. This meaning of the word may be Lllustrated by a reference in passing to the mention in *Brut y Tywysogion* of the burial of Madog ab Maredydd. For under the year 1159 we are told that he was interred at Meifod, as it was there his tomb or the vault of his famLly, the one intended also for him (y 6ydua [p], happened to be.

[←242]

This can hardly be the real name of the place, as it is pronounced *Gwybrnant* (and even *Gwybrant*), which reminds me of the *Gwybr fynydd* on which Gwyn ab Nudd wanders about with his hounds: see Evans' facsimile of the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, p.50a, where the words are, *dy gruidir ar wibir winit*.

[←243]

See Derfel Hughes' Llandegai and Llanllechid, p. 53. As to Drystan it is the Pictish name *Drostan*, but a kindred form occurs in Cornwall on a stone near Fowey, where years ago I guessed the ancient genitive *Drustagni*; and after examining it recently I am able to confirm my original guess. The name of Drystan recalls that of Essyllt, which offers some diffi, culty. It first occurs in Welsh in the Nennian Genealogies in the Harleian MS. 3859: see Pedigree I in the *Cymmrodor*, ix. 169, where we read that Mermin (Merfyn) was son of Etthil daughter of Cinnan (Cynan), who succeeded his father Rhodri Molwynog in the sovereignty of Gwynedd in 754. The spelling *Etthil* is to be regarded like that of the Welsh names in Nermius, for some instances of which see § 73 (quoted in the next chapter) and the Old Welsh words *calaur, nouel, Patel*, so spell in the Juvencus Codex: see Skene, ii. 2: in all these I does duty for *Il.* So *Elthil* is to be treated as pronounced *Ethill* or *Ethyll*; but Jesus College MS. 20 gives a more ancient pronunciation (at least as regards the consonants) when it calls Cynan's daughter *Ethellt*: see the *Cymmrodor*, viil 87--Powell, in his*History of Wales* by Caradog of Llancarfan, as edited by Wynne, writes the name *Esylht*; and the Medieval Welsh spelling has usually been *Essyllt* or *Esyllt*, which agrees in its sibilant with the French *Iselt* or *Iseut*; but who made the Breton-looking change from Eth to Es or Is in this name remains a somewhat doubtful point. Professor Zimmer, in the *Zeitscriftfur franzosische Sprache und Lttteratur*, xiii. 73-5, points out that the name is an Anglo-Saxon *Ethylda* borrowed, which he treats as a I Kurzform for *Eihelhild'*: see also the *Revue Celtique*, xii- 397, xiii. 495. The adoption of this name in Wales may be regarded as proof of intermarriage or alliance between an English family and the royal house of Gwynedd as early as the eighth century.

[←244]

See the *Brython* for 1861, pp.331-2, also *Cymru Fu*, p. 468, where Glasynys was also inclined to regard the Hairy Fellow as being Owen.

[←245]

I have never seen a copy, but Mr. Fisher gives me the title as follows: *Prophwydoliaeth Myrddin Wyllt yn nghyda ber Hanes o'i Fywyd*, *wedi eu iynu alYlan o Lyfr y Daroganau . . . Caerfyrdim ... Prs dwy Geiniog*. It has no date, but Mr. Fisher once had a copy with the date 1847. Recently he has come across another versified prophecy written in the same style as the printed ones, and referring to an Owain who may have been Owen Lawgoch. The personage meant is compared to the most brilliant of pearls, *Owain glain golyaf*. The prophecy is to be found at the Swansea Public Library, and occurs in a seventeenth century manuscript manual of Roman Catholic Devotion, Latin and Welsh. It gives 1440 as the year of the deliverance of the *Brytanaid*. It forms the first of two poems (fo. 37), the second of which is ascribed to Taliessin. Such is Mr. Fisher's account of it, and the lines which he has copied for me cling to the same theme of the ultimate triumph of the Kymry. Quite recently I have received further information as to these prophecies from Mr. J. R. Davies, of Lincoln's Inn (p. 354), who will, it is to be hoped, soon publish the results of his intimate study of their history in South Wales.

[←246]

Record of Carnarvon, p. 133, to which attention was called by me in the Report of the *Welsh Land Commission*, p. 648: see now *The Welsh People*, pp. 343-4, 593-4.

[←247]

Nor was Owen the only Welshman in the king of France's service: there was Owen's chaplain, who on one occasion distinguished himself greatly in battle. He is called in Froissart's text David House, but the editor has found from other documents that the name was Honvel Flinc, which is doubtless Howel, whatever the second vocable may have been: see Froissart, viiij pp. xxxviii, 69.

[←248]

As to the original destination of the flotilla, see Kervyn de Lettenhove's edition of Froissart (Brussels, 1870-7), viii. 435-7, where the editor has brought together several notes, from which it appears that Owen tried unsuccessfully to recruit an army in Spain, but that he readily got together in France a considerable force. For Charles V, on May 8, 1372, ordered the formation of an army, to be placed under Owen's command for the reconquest of his ancestors' lands in Wales, and two days later Owen issued a declaration as to his Welsh claims and his obligations to the French king; but the flotilla stopped short with Guernsey. It is not improbable, however, that the fear in England of a descent on Wales by Owen began at least as early as 1369. In his declaration Owen calls himself *Evain de Gales*, which approaches the Welsh spelling *Ewein*, more frequently *Ywein* modern*Ywain*, except that all these forms tended to be supplanted by Owain or Owex. This last is, strictly speaking, the colloquial form, just as *Howel* is the colloquial form of *Hywel*, and *bowyd* of *bywyd*, 'life.'

[←249]

For the account of Owen's life see the *Chroniques do J. Froissart publiies pour la Société de l'Hisloire de France*, edited with abstracts and notes by Siméon Luce, more especially vols. viii. pp... 44-9, 64, 66-71, 84y 122, x9o, and ix. PP. 74-9, where a summary is given of his life and a complete account of his death. In Lord Berners' translation, published in Henry VIll's time, Owen is called Yuan of Wales, as if anybody could even glance at the romances without finding that *Owen ab Urien*, for instance, became in French *Ywains* or *Ivains le finds Urien* in the nominative, and*Ywain* or *Ivain* in régime. Thomas Johnes of Hafod, whose translation was published in 1803-6, betrays stLll greater ignorance by giving him the modern name Evan; but he had the excuse of being himself a Welshman.

[←250]

For copies of some of the documents in point see Rymer's *Ferdera*, viii. 356, 365, 382.

[←251]

I have not been able to find a copy of this work, and for drawing my attention to the passage in *Hanes Cymru* I have again to thank Mr. Fisher. The pedigree in question will be found printed in Table 1 in Askew Roberts' edition of Sir John Wynne's *History of the Gwydir Family* (Oswestry, 1878); and a note, apparently copied from Miss Llwyd, states that it was in a Hengwrt MS. she found the identification of Owen Lawgoch. The editor surmises that to refer to p. 865 of HengwrtMS. 351, which he represents as being a copy of Hengwrt MS. 96 in the handwriting of Robert Vaughan the Antiquary.

[←252]

This has already been undertaken: on Feb. 7, 1900, a summary of this chapter was read to a meeting of the Hon. Society of Cymmrodorion, and six weeks later Mr. Edward Owen, of Gray's Inn, read an elaborate paper in which he essayed to fix more exactly Yvain de Galles'place in the history of Wales. It would be impossible here to do justice to his reasoning, based as it was on a careful study of the records in point. Let it suffice for the present, however, that the paper will in due course appear in the Society's Transactions. Mr. J. H. Davies also informs me that he is bringing together items of evidence, which tend, as he thinks, to show that Miss Lwyd's information was practically correct. Before, however, the question can be considered satisfactorily answered, some explanation will have to be offered of Froissart's statement, that Yvain's father's name was Aymon.

[←253]

We seem also to have an instance in point in Carmarthenshire, where legend represents Owen and his men sleeping in *Ogof Myrddin*, the name of which means Merlin's Cave, and seems to concede priority of tenancy to the great magician: see the extinct periodical *Golud yr Oes* (for 1863), I, 253, which I find to have been probably drawing on Eliezer Williams' *English Works* (London, 1840), p. 156.

[←254]

For the Greek text of the entire passage see the Didot edition of Plutarch, vol. iii. P. 511 (*De Defectu Oraculorum*, xviii); also my *Arthurian Legend*, pp. 367-8. It is curious to note that storms have, in a way, been associated in England with the death of her great men as recently as that of the celebrated Duke of Wellington; see *Choice Notes*, P. 270.

[←255]

See my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 335. I am indebted to Professor Morfill for rendering the hexameters into English verse.

[←256]

They are produced here in their order as printed at the beginning of the second volume of the *Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales*, and the series or versions are indicated as i, ii, iii. Version ii will be found printed in the third volume of the *Cymmrodor*, pp. 52-61 also in the Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp. 297-308, from the *Red Book of Hergest* of the fourteenth century. The letter (a, b, c) added is intended to indicate the order of the three parts of the Triad, for it is not the same in all the series. Let me here remark in a general way that the former fondness of the Welsh for Triads was not peculiar to them. The Irish also must have been at one time addicted to this grouping. Witness the Triad of Cleverest Countings, in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fol. 58A, and the Triad of the Blemishes of the Women of Ulster, ib. 43b.

[←257]

As to the names Drystan (also Trystan) and Essytit, see above.

[←258]

This was meant to explain the unusual term *g6rdueichyat*, also written *g6rdwichat*, *g6rutichyat*, and *gwrddfeiehiad*. This last comes in the modern spelling of iii. 101, where this clause is not put in the middle of the Triad but at the end.

[←259]

The editor of this version seems to have supposed Pendaran to have been a place in Dyfed! But his ignorance leaves us no evidence that he bad a different story before him.

[←260]

This word is found written in Mod. Welsh *Annwfm*, but it has been mostly superseded by the curtailed form *Annwn*, which appears twice in the *Mabinogi* of Math. These words have been studied by M. Gaidoz in Meyer and Stern's *Zeitschrift fur Celtische Philoologie*i, 29-34 where he equates *Annwfn* with the Breton *anauon*, which is a plural used collectively for the souls of the departed, the other world. His view, however, of these interesting words has since been mentioned in the same *Zeitschrift*, iii. 184-5, and opposed in the Annals de Bretagne. xi. 488.

[←261]

Edited by Professor Kuno Meyer (London, 1892): see for instance pp. 76-8.

[←262]

See Windisch's *Irische Texte*, P. 256, and now the Irish Text Society's *Fled Bricrend*, edited with a translation by George Henderson, pp. 8, 9.

[←263]

Windisch, ibid. pp. 99-105.

[←264]

See the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 196, and Guest's trans., i. 302, where the Welsh words a gol6ython o gic meluoch are rendered 'and collops of the flesh of the wild boar,' which can hardly be correct; for the *mel* in *mel-uoch*, or *mel-foch* in the modern spelling, is the equivalent of the Irish*melg*, 'milk.' So the word must refer either to a pig that had been fed on cows' milk or else a sucking pig. The former is the more probable meaning, but one is not helped to decide by the fact, that the word is still sometimes used in books by writers who imagine that they have here the word mel, I honey,' and that the compound means pigs whose flesh is as sweet as honey: see Dr. Pughe's *Dictionary*, where *melfoch* is rendered 'honey swine/ whatever that may meanit was but natural to suppose that they had the animals which man found useful, such as horses, cattle, and sheep, except that they were held to be of superior breeds, as they are represented, for instance, in our lake legends. Similarly, it is natural enough that other stories should ascribe to them also the possession of herds of swine; and all this prior to man's having any. The next step in the reasoning would be that man had obtained his from the fairies. It is some tradition of this kind that possibly suggested the line taken by the Pwyll

[←265]

Windisch's Irische Texte, p. 133, where *laith lemnacht* = Welsh fteth Nefrith, ‘ sweet milk.’

[←266]

Cotllirui was probably, like *Gwenfrewi*, a woman's name: this is a point of some importance when taken in connexion with what was said above as to Gwydion and Coll's magic.

[←267]

This reminds one of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Henvinus*, whom he makes into *dux Cornubiae* and father of *Cunedagius* or *Cunedda*: see ii. 12, 15. Probably Geoffrey's connecting such names as those of Cunedda and Dyfnwal Moelmud (ii. 17) with Cornwall is due to the fact, that the name of the Dumnonia of the North had been forgotten long before that of the Dumnonia to be identified with Devon and Cornwall.

[←268]

See the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 104, and the Oxford *Bruts*, p. 292.

[←269]

See the Oxford *Bruts*, pp. 299, 317, 345-67 3487 384. I learn from Prof. Anwyl that Castell *Penweddig* is still remembered at Llanflhangel Genau'r Glyn as the old name of Castell Gwallter in that parish.

[←270]

See his note in Owen's *Pembrokshire*, p. 237, where he also notices Aber Tarogi, and the editor's notes to p. 55.

[←271]

Mergaed for *Mengwaed* hardly requires any explanation; and as to *Breat* or rather *Vreat*, as it occurs in mutation, we have only to suppose the original carelessly written *Vreac* for *Vreach*, and we have the usual error of neglecting the stroke indicating the n, and the very common one of confounding *c* with *t*. This first-mentioned name should possibly be analysed into *Mengw-aed* or *Menw-aed* for an Irish *Menb-aed*, with the *menb*, 'little,'noticed; in that case one might compare such compounds of *Aed* as *Beo-aed* and *Lug-aed* in the *Martyrology of Gorman*. Should this prove well founded the Mod. Welsh transcription of *Menwaed* should be *Menwaedd*. I have had the use of other versions of the Triads from MSS. in the Peniarth collection; but they contribute nothing of any great importance as regards the proper names in the passages here in question.

[←272]

See the Oxford Mabinongian pp.. 41, 98, and Guests trans., iii- 313.

[←273]

See Geoffrey's Historia Regum Britanniae, vi. 19, viii. 1, 2; also Giraldus, *Itinerarium Kambriae*, ii. 8 (p. 133).

[←274]

Itinerarium Kambriae ii. 9 (p. 136).

[←275]

Menw's name is to be equated with the Irish word ownh, 'little, small,' and connected with the Welsh derivative *di-fenw-i*, 'belittling or reviling': it will be seen that he takes the form of a bird, and his designation *Menwfab Teirgwaedd* might perhaps be rendered'Little, son of Three-Cries.'

[←276]

Identified by Professor Kuno Meyer in the *Transactions of the CymmrodorionSociety* 1895-6, p. 73, with a place in Leinster called *Sescenn Uairbeoil*,‘the Marsh of Uairbhél,’ where Uairbhél may possibly be a man’s name, but more likely that of a pass or gap described as Cold-mouth: compare the Slack or Sloc in the Isle of Man, called in Manx I the big Mouth of the Wind! The Irish name comes near in part to the Welsh Esgeir Oervel or Oerfel, which means ‘the mountain Spur of cold weather.’

[←277]

The word used in the text is *ystyr*, which now means ‘meaning or signification’; but it is there used in the sense of I history,’ or of the Latin historia,’ from which it is probably borrowed.

[←278]

In the original his designation is *Gwrhyr Gwalstawt Ieithoedd*, and the man so called is in the Kulhwch credited with the mastery of all languages, including those of certain birds and quadrupeds. *Gwalstawt*, found written also *gwalstot*, is the Anglo-Saxon word *wealhstod*, ‘an interpreter,’ borrowed. The name Gwrhyr is possibly identical with that of Ferghoir, borne by the Stentor of Fionn mac Cumhaill’s following. Ferghoir’s every shout is said to have been audible over three cantreds. Naturally one who was to parley with a savage host had good reason to cultivate a far-reaching voice, if he wished to be certain of returning to his friends. For more about it see the footnote at p.489 of my *Hibbert Lectures*.

[←279]

The original has Pelumyawc, p. 138, and the name occurs in the (Red Book) *Bruts*, p. 355, as Pelunyawc, and p. 411 as Pelunea(wc) between the commots of Amgoed and Velfrey. The identification here suggested comes from Mr. Phillimore, who has seen that Peuliniawc must be a derivative from the name Paulinus, that is of the Paulinus, probably, who is mentioned in an ancient inscription at Llandysilio. There are other churches called after Tysilio, so this one used to be distinguished as *Llandysilio yn Yyfed*, that is, Llandysilio-in -Dyfed; but the pronunciation was much the same as if it had been written Llandysilio yn Yfed, meaning 'Llandysilio-a-drinking,' 'whereof arose a merrye jest,' as George Owen tells us in his Pembrokeshire, p. 9. It is now sometimes called *Llandysilio'r Gynffon*, or ' Llandysilio of the Tail,' from the situation of a part of the parish on a strip as it were a tail, of Carmarthenshire land running into Pembrokeshire.

[←280]

This Aber Towy appears to have been a town with a harbour in 1042, for we read in *Brut y Tywysogion* of a cruel engagement fought there between Gruffydd ab Llewelyn and Howel ab Edwin, who, with Irish auxiliaries, tried to effect a landing. Not long ago a storm, carrying away the accumulation of sand, laid bare a good deal of the site. It is to be hoped that excavations will be made soon on the spot.

[←281]

See the Transactions of the *Cymmrodorion*, 1894-5,pp. 146-7. There are a good many *clyns* about South Wales, but our etymologists are careful to have them in most cases written *glyn*, ‘a glen.’ Our story, however, shows that the word came under the influence of glyn long ago, for it should be, when accented, *clun*, corresponding to Irish *cluain*, ‘a meadow.’ We have it as *clun* in *Clun Kein* in the *Black Book*, p. 34 b, where I guess it to mean the place now called Cdcain, I Kilken’ in Flintshire, which is accented on the first syllable; and we have had it in y Clun Hir, ‘the Long Meadow,’ mentioned above.

[←282]

Cas Llychwr, ‘Loughor Castle,’ is supposed to involve in its *Llychwr*, *Llwchwr, or Loughor*, the name of the place in the *Antoninus Itinerary*, 484, 1, to wit *Leucarum*; but the guttural spirant *ch* between vowels in Llwhwr argues a phonetic process which was Goidelic rather than Brythonic.

[←283]

Lluydac Gouynnyat would seem to mean Llwydawc the Asker or Demander, and the epithet occurs also in the Kulbwch in the name *Gallcoyt Gouynynat (Mabinogion*, 106), to be read doubtless *G. Gouynnyat*,'G. who asks or demands': possibly one should rather compare with *Go-uynnyat*the word *tra-mynyat*, 'a wild boar': see Williams' *Seint Greal*, pp. 374, 381. However, the epithets in the Twrch Trwyth story do not count so far as concerns the place-names derived.

[←284]

Other instances of the like shortening occur in words like *cefnder*, 'a cousin,' for *cefnderw*, and *arddel*, 'to own,' for *arddelw*. As to Amman, it enters, also, into a group of Glamorganshire place-names: witness Aber Amman and CWm Amman, near Aberdare.

[←285]

It should perhaps be looked for near Brechfa, where there is a Hafod Grugyn, and, as I am told, a *Garth* also which is, however, not further defined. For it appears that both Brechfa and Cayo, though now in Carmarthenshire, once belonged to Keredigion: see OvNm's *Pembrokeshire*, p. 216. But perhaps another spot should be considered: J. D. Rhys, the grammarian (above), gives in the Peniarth MS. 118 a list of *caers* or castles called after giants, and among them is that of Grugyn in the parish, he says, of 'Llan Hilar.' I have, however, not been able to hear of any trace of the name there, though I should guess the spot to have been Pen y Castell, called in English Castle Hill, the residence of Mr. Loxdale in the parish of lLlaniIar, near Aberystwyth.

[←286]

I have re-examined the passage, and I have no doubt that the editors were wrong in printing *Gregyn*: the manuscript has *Grugyn*, which comes in the last line of column 841. Now besides that the line is in part somewhat faint, the scribe has evidently omitted something from the original story, and I guess that the lacuna occurs in the first line of the next column after the words y has, I was killed,' which seem to end the story of Grugyn.

[←287]

Those who have discovered an independent Welsh appeflative *wy* meaning water are not to be reasoned with. The Welsh *wy* only means an egg, while the meaning of *Gwy* as the name of the Wye has still to be discovered.

[←288]

This name also occurs in a passage quoted in Jones' Brecknock, ii 501, from a Carte MS. which he treats as relating to the year 1234 . the MS. is said to be at the Bodleian, though I have not succeeded in tracing it. But Jones gives *Villa de Ystraddewi*, and speaks of a chapel of St. John's of*Stradlewi*, which must have been St. John's Church, at Tretower, one of the ecclesiastical districts of Cwm Du: see also P- 497. The name is probably to be treated as *Strad* or *Strat d'Ewe*.

[←289]

A river may in Welsh be briefly called after anybody or anything. Thus in North Cardiganshire there is a stream called *Einon*, that is to say ‘Einion’s river,’ and the flat land on both sides of it is called *Ystrad Einon*, which looks as if one might translate it Einion’s Strath, but it means the Strath of Einion’s river, or of the stream called Einon, as one will at once see from the upper course of the water being called *Blaen Einon*, which can only mean the upper course of the Einon river. So here yw is in English ‘yew,’ but *Ystrad Yw* and *Llygad Yw* have to be rendered the Strath of the Yew burn and the Eye of the Yew burn respectively. It is moreover felt by the Welsh-speaking people of the district that *yw* is the plural of *ywen*,, a single yew,’ and as there is only one yew at the source somebody had the brilliant idea of making the name right by calling it *Ywen*, and this has got into the maps as Ewyn, as though it were the Welsh word for foam. Who began it I cannot say, but Theophilus Jones his it in his *History of the County of Brecknock,* published in 1809. Nevertheless the name is still *Yw*, not *Ywen* or *Ewyn*, in the Welsh of the district, though Lewis gives it as*Ywen* in his article on *Llanvihangel-Cwm-Du.*

[←290]

For exact information as to the Gaer, the Yw, and Llygad Yw, I am indebted chiefly to the courtesy of Lord Glanusk, the owner of that historic strath, and to the Rector of ILansantffread, who made a special visit to *Llygad Yw* for me; also to Mr. Francis Evans, of the Farmers' Arms at the Bwlch, who would be glad to change the name *Llygad Yw* into *Llygad dan yr Ywen*, 'the Source beneath the Yew-tree,' partly on account of the position 'of the spring emanating under the but of the yew tree,' and partly because there is only a single yew there. Theophilus Jones complained a century ago that the Gaer in Ystrad Yw had not attracted the attention it deserved; and I have been greatly disappointed to find that the Cambrian Archaeological Association has had nothing to say of it. At any rate, I have tried the Index of its proceedings and found only a single mention of it. The whole district is said to teem with antiquities, Celtic, Roman, and Norman.

[←291]

Theophilus Jones, in his *Brecknockshire* ii. 5oa, describes Miarth or Myarth as a I very extensive' camp, and proceeds as follows:--' Another British camp of less extent is seen on a knoll on Pentir hill, westward of the Rhiangott and the parish church of Cwmdu, above a wood called Coed y Gaer, and nearly opposite to the peak or summit called Cloch y Pibwr, or the piper's call.' This would probably be more accurately rendered the Piper's Rock or Stone, with *cloch* treated as the Goidelic word for a stone rather than the Brythonic word for a bell: how many more *clochs* in our place-names are Goidelic?

[←292]

The Twrch would seem to have crossed somewhere opposite the mouth of the Wye, let us say not very far from Aust; but he escapes to Cornwall without anything happening to him, so we are left without any indication whether the story originally regarded Kernyw as including the Penrhyn Awstin of the Coll story.

[←293]

For this suggestion I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Gaster in the Cymmrodorion's *Transactions* for 1894--5, p. 341 and also for references in point to M. Cosquin's *Contes Populaires de la Lorraine*, i. 134, 141, 152. Compare also such Gaelic stories as that of the Bodach Glas, translated by Mrs. Mackellar, in the *Celtic Magazine*,xii. 12-6, 57-64.

[←294]

In some native Welsh words we have an option between a prefix *ym* and am, an option arising out of the fact that originally it was neither *ym* nor *am*, but *m*, for an earlier *mbi*, of the same origin as Latin *ambi* and Greek ἀμρι, ‘around, about’. The article, its meaning in the combination in baxbh being forgotten, would fall under the influence of the analogy of the prefix, now am orym, so far as the pronunciation was concerned.

[←295]

Possibly the *benwic* was thrown in to correct the reckoning when the redactor discovered, as he thought, that he had one too many to account for: it has been pointed out that he had forgotten that one had been killed in Ireland.

[←296]

It is just possible, however, that in an older version it was named, and that the place was no other than the rock just above Ystrad Yw, called Craig Ltvyd or, as it is said to be pronounced, *Craig Llwyd*. If so, *Llwyd* would seem to have been substituted for the dissyllable *Llwydog*: compare the same person called *Llwyt* and *Lwydeu* in the *Mabixogion*, pp. 57; 110; 136.

[←297]

The name is well known in that of Llanrhaiadr yn Mochnant, ‘Llanrhaiadr in Mochnant,’ in the north of Montgomeryshire.

[←298]

Between Colwyn Bay and Landudno junction, on the Chester and Holyhead line of railway.

[←299]

I have discussed:some of the traces of the Goidels in Wales in the *Arch. Camb*. for 1895, pp. 18-39, 264-302; 1899, pp.160-7.

[←300]

In fact the genitive Grfucind occurs in the *Book of Leinster*, fo.. 359b.

[←301]

The sort of question one would like to ask in that district is, whether there is a spot there called *Bedd y Rhyswyr, Carn y Rhyswyr*, or the like. The word *rhyswr* is found applied to Arthur himself in the Life of Gruffyd ab Cynan, as the equivalent probably of the Latin *Arthur Miles* (p. 538 below): see the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, ii. 590. Similarly the soldiers or champions of Christ are called rys6yr cri~t in the Welsh Life of St. David: see the *Elucidaium* and other Tracts (in the *Anecdota Oxoniensis*), p. 118.

[←302]

Rudvyw Rys would be in Modern Welsh *Rhuddfyw Rys*, and probably means Rhudfyw the Champion or Fighter, as Rhys is likely to have been synonymous with *rhyswr*. The corresponding Irish name was *Russ* or *Ross*, genitive *Rossa*, and it appears to come from the same origin as Irish row, 'a headland, a forest,' Welsh *rhos*, 'moorland, uncultivated ground.' Ile original meaning-was presumably I exposed or open and untilled land'; and Stokes supposes the word to stand for an early *(p)ro-sto-* with sto of the same origin as Latin *sto*, 'I stand,' and as the English word stand itself. In that case *Ros*, genitive *Rossa*, Welsh *Rhys*, would mean one who stands out to fight, a xxxxxxxx, so to say. But not only are these words of a different declension implying a nominative *Ro-stus*, but the Welsh one must have been once accented *Ro-sitis* on the ending which is now lost, otherwise there is no accounting for the change of the remaining vowel into *y*. Other instances postulating an early Welsh accentuation of the same kind are very probably *llyg*, 'a fieldmouset' Irish luck, 'a mouse'; *pryd*, 'form,' Irish *cruth*; *pryf*, 'aworm,' Irish *cruim*; so also with *ych*, 'an ox; and*nyth*, 'a nest,' Irish *nett*, genitive *nitt*, derived by Stokes from *niedo-*, which, however, must have been oxytone, like the corresponding Sanskrit *nidhd*. There is one very interesting compound of *rhys*, namely the saint's name *Rhwydrys*, as it were *Redo-rostms* to be compared with Gaulish xxxxxxx, which is found in Irish analysed into *ri Eochraidhi*, designating the fairy king who was father to Etain: see Windisch's *Irische Texte* p. 119. *Bledrws, Bledrus*, as contmsted with *Bledrws, Bledris*, postulate Goidelic accentuation, while one has to treat *Bledruis* as a compromise between*Bledrws and Bledris*, unless it be due to misreading a *Bledruif* (*Book of Llan Dav*, pp. 185, 221-29 and *Arch. Camb*. for 1875, p. 310).The Goidelic accent at an early date moved to first syllables, hence cruth (with its vowel influenced by the *u* of a stem *qurt* under the stress accent, became, when unstressed, *cridh* (from a simplified stem *crt*) as in *Nokride* (also *Noicrothach*, Windisch, ibid., pp. 259, 261,:a66) and *Luicridh* (*Four Masters*, A. D. 748), *Luccaid*, genitive *Luccruide* (*Book of Leinster*, 359f) *Luguqurit* in Ogam

[←303]

These operations cannot have been the first of the kind in the district, as a writer in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1862, pp. 159-60, in extracting a note from the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries* (series II, vol. i. p. 10) relative to the discovery of the canoe, adds a statement based on the same volume, p. 161, to the effect that 'within half a mile of Llyn Llydaw there are the remains of a British town, not marked in the ordnance map, corn. prising the foundations of numerous circular dwellings. In some of them quantities of the refuse of copper smeltings were found. This town should be visited and examined with care by some of the members of our Associa tion.' This was wiitten not far short of forty years ago; but I am not aware that the Association has done anything positive as yet in this matter.

[←304]

According to Jenkins' *Bedd Gelert*, p. 300, the canoe was subsequently sold for a substantial price, and nobody seems to know what has eventually becomeofit. It is to be hoped thisis not correct.

[←305]

See Holder's *Alt-celtischer Sprachschatz*, s.v, *Litavia.*

[←306]

For these notes I am indebted to Williams' *Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen*, and to Rees' *Welsh Saints*, pp- 187,191; for our Paulinus is not yet recognized in the *Dictionary of Christian Boiography*. His day was Nov. 22.

[←307]

There are two other inscriptions in South Wales which contain the name Paulinus, one on a stone found in the neighbourhood of Port Talbot in Glamorgan, reading *Hic iacit Cantusus Pater Paulinus*, which seems to imply that Paulinus set up the stone to the memory of a son of his named Cantusus. The other, found on the site of the extinct church of LL&nwrthwl, near Dolau Cothi in Carmarthenshire, is a remarkable one in a kind of hexameter to the following effect:--

Servatur fidaei patrieque semper amator
Hic Paulinus iacit cultor pientsimus aequi.

Whether we have one or two or three Paulini in these inscriptions I cannot say. Welsh writers, however, have made the name sometimes into *Pawl Hén*, ‘Paul the Aged,’ but, so far as I can see, without rhyme or reason.

[←308]

Since I chanced on this inscription my friend Professor Lindsay of St. Andrews has called my attention to Plautus' Asinaria, 499 (II, iv- 92), where one reads, *Periphanes Rhodo merrator dives*, 'Periphanes a wealthy merchant of Rhodes'; he finds also *Aesculapius Epidauro* (Arnobius? 278. 18), and elsewhere *Nepos Phlilippis* and *Priscus Vienna*

[←309]

See Stokes *Patrick*, pp. 16, 412

[←310]

This will give the reader some idea of the pre-Norman orthography of Welsh, with *I* for the sound of *ll* and *b* for that of *v*.

[←311]

The softening of *Cafall* to *Gafall* could not take place after the masculine com, I a horn'; but it was just right after the feminine earn, I a cairn.' So here corn is doubtless a colloquial corruption; and so is probably the t at the end, for as M his frequently been reduced to *ll*, as in *cyfaill*, I a friend,' from the older *cyfaillt*, in Medieval Irish *comalta*, 'a foster brother or sister: the language has sometimes reversed the process, as when one hears *hollt* for *holl*, 'all,' or reads *fferyllt*, 'alchemist, chemist,' *fferyll* from *Vergilius*. The Nennian orthography does not much trouble itself to distinguish between *I* and *ll* and even when *Carn Cabal* was written the pronunciation was probably *Carn Gavall*, the mutation being ignored in the spellingt which frequently happens in the case even of Welsh people who never fail to mutate their consonants in speaking. Lastly, though it was a dog that was called *Cafall*, it is remarkable that the word has exactly the form taken by *caballus* in Welsh -. for *cafall*, as meaning some sort of a horse, see Silvan Evans' *Geiriadur*.

[←312]

For more about these names and kindred ones, see a note of mine in the *Arch. Cambrensis*, 1898, pp. 61-3.

[←313]

See my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 398-401.

[←314]

See the *Black Book of Carmarthen* in Evans' facsimilep.47b; Thomas Stephens' *Gododin*, p. 146; Dents Malory, preface, p. xxvi; and Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, Ll 5 1, 63, 155

[←315]

See the *Gottingische gelegrte Anzeigen* for 1890, p. 512.

[←316]

See De Courson's *Cartulaire de l'abbaye do Redon*, pp. 163, 186.

[←317]

See Reeves' note to the passage just cited in his edition of Adamnan's *Vita*, pp. 6, 7.

[←318]

Here possibly one might mention likewise *Gilmin Troetu* or *Troedifu*, ‘Gilmin of the Black Foot,’ the legendary ancestor of the Wynns of Glyn Llifon, in Carnarvonsbire. So the name might be a shortening of some such a combination as *Gilla- min*, ‘the attendant of *Min* or *Men*,’ a name we have also in *Mocu-Min*, ‘Min’s Kin,’ a family or sept so called more than once by Adamnan. Perhaps one would also be right in regarding as of similar origin the name of Gilberd or Gilbert, son of Cadgyffro, who is mentioned in the Kulhwch, and in the *Black Book*, fo. 14b’: at any rate I am not convinced that the name is to be identified with the Gillebert of the Normans, unless that was itself derived from Celtic. But there is a discrepancy between *Gilmin*, *Gilbert*, with unmutated *m* and *b*, and *Gilvaelhwy* with its mutation consonant *v*. In all three, however, *Gil*, had it been Welsh, would probably have appeared as *Gill*, as indicated by the name *Gilla* in the Kulhwch (Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 110), in which we seem to have the later form of the old name *Gildas*. Compare such Irish instances as Fiachna and Cera, which seem to imply stems originally ending in *-asa*-s (masculine) and -*asd* (feminine); and see the *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, 1899, p.402.

[←319]

An article in the Rennes *Dindsenchas* is devoted to Liath: see the *Rev. Celtique*, xvi. 78-9. As to *Celtchar*, genitive *Celtchair*, the name would seem to have meant ‘him who is fond of concealment! The Mabinogi form of the Welsh name is *Llwyl uab kil coet*, which literally meant ‘Ll. son of (him of) the Retreat of the Wood! But in the Twrch Trwyth story, under a slightly different form of designation, we appear to have the same person as *Llwydeu mab kel coet* and *Llwydeu mab kel coet*, which would seem to mean ‘Ll. son of (him of) the Hidden Wood.’ It looks as if the bilingual storyteller of the language transition had not been able to give up the *cel* of Celtchar at the same time that he rendered *celt* by *coet*, ‘wood or trees,’ as if identifying it with cail: witness the Medieval Irish *caill*, ‘a wood or forest,’ dative plural *cadlib*, derivative adjective *caillteamhuil*, ‘silvester’; and see Windisch’s *Irische Texte*, p. 410, s. v. *caill*. the name seems to be related to that of a man called *Cioccal*, A.M. 2530. Lastly, Manawyddan, from whom the *Mabinogi* takes its name, is called *mab Llyr*, ‘son of Llyr,’ in Welsh, and *Manannan mac Lir* in Irish. Similarly with his brother Bran, and his sister Branwen, except that she has not been identified in Irish story. But in Irish literature the genitive *Lir*, as in *mac Lir*, ‘son of Llyr,’ is so common, and the nominative so rare, that *Lir* came to be treated in late Irish as the nominative too; but a genitive of the form *Lir* suggests a nominative-accusative *Ler*, and as a matter of fact it occurs, for instance, in the couplet:--

Fer co n-dilur gnim dar ler
Labraid Luath Lam ar Claideb .
A man of many feats beyond sea,
Labraid swift of Hand on Sword is he.

[←320]

There has been a good deal of confusion as to the name Llyr: thus for instance, the Welsh translations of Geoffrey of Monmouth make the *Leir* of his Latin into Llyr, and the personage intended is represented as the father of three daughters named Gonerilla, Regan, and Cordeilla or Cordelia. But Cordelia is probably the Creurdilad of the *Black Book*, p- 49b, and the Creieylat of the Kulhwch story (the Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp.113, 134), and her father was Llud Llawereint (= Irish Nuada Airgetlám) and not Llyr. Then as to the *Leir* of Geoffrey's Latin, that name looks as if given its form on the strength of the *legr-* of *Legracraester*, the Anglo-Saxon name of the town now called Leicester, of which William of Malmesbury (*Gesta Pontificum*,176) says, *Legrecestra est citvitas antiqua in Mediterraneis Anglis, a Legra fluvio praeterfluente sic vocata*. Mr. Stevenson regards *Legra* as an old name of the Soar, and as surviving in that of the village of Leire, spelled *Legre* in Domesday. It seems to point back to a *Legere* or *Ligere*, which recalls Liger, ' the Loire.'

[←321]

I say in that case, as this is not quite conclusive; for Welsh has an appellative *llyr* 'mare, aequor,' which may be a generalizing of *Llyr*; or else it may represent an early *lerio*-s from *lero-s* (see below), and our *Llyr* may possibly be this and not the Irish genitive *Lir* retained as *Llyr*. That, however, seems to me improbable on the whole.

[←322]

Here it is relevant to direct the reader's attention to Nutt's *Legend of the Holy Grail*, p. 28, where, in giving an abstract of the *Petit saint Graal*, he speaks of the *Bran* of that romance, in French *Bron*, nominative *Brons*, as having the keeping of the Grail and dwelling 'in these isles of Ireland.'

[←323]

The Don and Llyr groups are not brought into conflict or even placed in contact with one another; and the reason seems to be that the story-teller wanted to introduce the sons of Beli as supreme in Britain after the death of Brin. Beli and his sons are also represented in Maxen's Dream as ruling over Britain when the Roman conqueror arrives. What is to be made of Beli may be learnt from *The Welsh People*, pp. 41-3. of the Tuatha Dé Danann, but within that community Lir was so powerful that it was considered but natural that he should resent a rival candidate being elected king in preference to him. So the Tuatha Dé took pains to conciliate Lir, as did also their king, who gave his daughter to Lir to wife, and when she died he gave him another of his daughters [bq]; and with the treatment of her stepchildren by that deceased wife's sister begins one of the three Sorrowful Tales of Erin, known to English readers as the Fate of the Children of Lir. But the reader should observe the relative position: the Tuatha Dé remain in power, whLle the chLldren of Lir belong to the past, which is also the sequence in the Mabinogion. Possibly this is not to be considered as having any significance, but it is to be borne in mind that the Lir-Llyr group is strikingly elemental in its patronymic Lir, Llyr. The nominative, as already stated, was ler, 'sea,' and so Cormac renders mac Lir by *filius maris*. How far we may venture to consider the sea to have been personified in this context, and how early, it is impossible to say. In any case it is deserving of notice that one group of Goidels to this day do not say mac Lir, 'son of Lir,'*filium maris*, but always 'son of the Lir': I allude to the Gaels of the Isle of Man, in whose language *Manannán mac Lir* is always *Mannanan mac y Lir*, or as they spell it, *Lear*; that is to say 'Mannanan, son of the *ler*.' Manxmen have been used to consider Manannan their eponymous hero, and first king of their island: they call him more familiarly *Mannanan beg mac y Lear*, 'Little Mannanan, son of the *ler*.' This we may, though no Manxman of the present day attaches any meaning to the word fir or lear, interpret as 'Little Mannanan, son of the Sea.' The wanderings at large of the chLldren of Lir before being eclipsed by the Danann-Don group, remind one of the story of the labours of Hercules, where it relates that hero's adventures on his return from robbing Geryon of his cattle. Pomponius Mela, ii. 5 (p. .50), makes Hercules on that journey fight in the neighbourhood of Arles with two sons of Poseidon or Neptune, whom he calls (in the accusative) Albiona and Bergyon. To us, with our more adequate knowledge of geography, the locality and the men cannot appear the most congruous, but there can hardly be any mistake as to the two personal names being echoes of those of Albion and Iverion, Britain and Ireland.

[←324]

See Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii. 303, also 108-9, where the fragment of the poem as given in the *Book of Taliessin* is printed. The line here quoted has been rendered in vol. i. 286, 'With Matheu and Govannon,' which places the old pagan Gofannon in rather unexpected company. A few lines later in the poem mention is made of a *Kaer Gofammom*: where was that? Skene, in a note on it (ii. 452), says that I In an old list of the churches of Linlithgow, printed by Theiner, appears Vicapia de Gumamyn. The place meant is probably Dalmeny, on the Firth of Forth, formerly called Dumanyn.' This is interesting only as showing that Gumamyn is probably to be construed Dumamyn, and that Dalmeny represents an ancient *Dun Mamann* in a neighbourhood where one already has Clach Hamann, 'the stone of Manau,' and *Sliabh Mamann*, 'Mountain of Manau,' now respectively Clackmannan and Slamannan, in what Nennius calls *Manan Guotodin*.

[←325]

This occurred unrecognized and, therefore, unaltered by thse scribe of the Nennian Pedigree no. xvi in the *Cymmrodor*, ix. 176, as he found it written in an old spelling, *Louhen. map. Guid gen. map. Caratauc. map. Cinbelim*, where Caradog is made father of Gwydion; for in *Guid-gem* we seem to have the compound name which suggested Gwydiom. This agnees with the fact that the Habinogi of Math treats Gwydion as the father of Lew Lawgyffes; but the pedigree itself seems to have been strangely put together.

[←326]

See Bertrand's *Religion des Gaulais*, pp.314-99 343-5, and especially the plates.

[←327]

The Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp. 40-3; Guest's *Mabinogion*, iii. 124-8.

[←328]

See Louis Leger's *Cyrille et Mefhode* (Paris, 1868), p. 22.

[←329]

See Pertz, Monumenta *Germaniae Hisforica Scriptorum*, xii. 794. The whole passage is worth quoting; it runs thus: *Erat autem simulacrum triceps, quad in sino corpore fria capita habens Triglaus vocabatur; quad solum accipiens, ipsa capitella sibi coharrentia, corpore comminuto, seum inde qasi pro tropheo asportavit, et postea Romam pro argumento conversionis illoum transmisit.*

[←330]

See *The Welsh People*pp. 56-7.

[←331]

The Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 147; Guest's *Mabinogion*, ii. 398.

[←332]

This may have meant the ‘Blue Slate or Flagstone’; but there is no telling so long as the place’ is not identified. It may have been. in the Pictish district of Galloway, or else somewhere beyond the Forth. Query whether it was the same place as Llech Gelyddon in Prydyn, mentioned in *Bonedd Saint*: see the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, ii. 49.

[←333]

The story of Kulhwch and Olwen has a different legend which represents Nynio and Peibio changed by the Almighty into two oxen called *Ychen Baxna6c*: see the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 121, also my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 304, and the remarks which are to follow in this chapter with respect to those oxen.

[←334]

For the story in Welsh see the *lolo* MSS., pp. 193-4, where a footnote tells the reader that it was copied from the book of ‘laco ab Dewi’ From his father’s manuscript, Taliesin Williams printed an abstract in English in his notes to his poem entitled the Doom of Colyn Dolphyn (London, 1837), pp. 119-2o, from which it will be found translated into German in the notes to San-Marte’s Geoffrey of Monmouth’s *Historia Regum Britanniiae*, pp.403-300.

[←335]

Oxford *Bruts*, p.:213: compare p. 146, together with Geoffrey's Latin, vii. 3, x. 3

[←336]

See *Kolbing's Altenglische Bibliothek, the fifth volume of which consists of Libeaus* Desconus, edited by Max Kaluza (Leipsic, 1890), lines 163, 591, and Introduction, p. cxxxxiv. For calling my attention to this, I have to thank my friend, Mr. Henry Bradley.

[←337]

Malory's*Morte Darthur*, i. 27: see also i. 17-8, 28; ii. 6, 8-9.

[←338]

See Evans' Autotype Facsimile, fo. 33*: could the spot so called (in the Welsh text *argel Ardudwy*) be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Llyn Irddyn (p. 148), a district said to be rich in the remains of a prehistoric antiquity? J. Evans, author of the North Wales volume of the *Beauties of England and Wales*, says, after hurriedly enumerating such antiquities, p. 909: I Perhaps in no part of Britain is there still remaining such an assemblage of relicks belonging to druidical rites and customs as are found in this place, and the adjacent parts.'

[←339]

As to Rion, see Gaston Paris and Ulrich's *Merlin* (Paris, 1886), i. 202, 239-46. Other instances will readily occur to the reader, such as the Domesday *Roelend* or *Rodent for Rothelan*, in Modern Welsh *Rhudlan*; but for more instances of this elision by French and Anglo-Norman scribes of vowel-flanked *dd* and *th*, see *Notes and Queries* for Oct. 28, 1899, pp.351-21 and Nov. 18,p.415; also Vising's *Etude sur la Dialecte anglo-normand du xije Siècle* (Upsala, 1882), p. 88; and F. Hildebrand's article on *Domesday*, in the *Zeitschrift fur romanische Philologie*,1884,p.360. According to Suchier in Graber's *Grundriss der rom. Phdologie*, i. 581, this process of elision became complete in the twelfth century: see also Schwan's *Grammafik des Altfranzosischen* (Leipsic, 1888), p. 65. For most of these references, I have to thank my friend and neighbour, Mr. Stevenson of Exeter College.

[←340]

It comes from the same Llwyd MS. which has already been cited at pp. 233-4: see the Cambrian Journal for 1859, pp. 209-10.

[←341]

I notice in the maps a spot called *Panylau*, which is nearer to Llyn Gwynain than to Llyn y Dinas.

[←342]

See Morris' *Celtic Remains*, s. v. *Serigi*, and the *Iola* MSS., p. 81.

[←343]

The Iolo *MSS*., p. 81, have Syrigi Wyddel son of Mwrchan son of Eurnach Hen.

[←344]

See Triads, ii. 121 and the *Mabinogion*, p. 301: in Triads, i 727 iii. 86, instead of Solor we have *Doler* and *Dolor*.

[←345]

See the Oxford *Mabinogion*, pp. 125-8.

[←346]

Evans' Autotype Facsimile, fo. 48a; see also my preface to Dent's *Malory*, p. xxvii; likewise above.

[←347]

See my Lectures on *Welsh Phiology*.pp 377-9; and, as to the Caer Gai tradition, the *Arch. Camb*. for 1850, p. 204, and Morris' *Celtic Remains*, p. 63. I may add as to *Llanuwchllyn*, that the oldest inhabitants pronounce that name *Llanuwllyn*.

[←348]

I cannot discover that it has ever been investigated by the Cambrian Archaeological Association or any other antiquaries. Compare the case of the neighbouring site with the traces of the copper smeltings mentioned in the note on P. 532 above. To my knowledge the Cambrians have twice failed to make their way nearer to the ruins than *Llanberis*, or at most *Llanberis Pass*, significantly called in Welsh *Pen Gorffwysfa* for the older name *Gorffwysfa Berris*, 'Peris' Resting-place': thus we loyally follow the example of resting set by the saint, and leave alone the archaeology of the district.

[←349]

The subject has been discussed at length by Mr. Jacobs, in a note to the legend, in his *Celtic* Fairy Tales, pp. 259-64; and quite recently by Mr. D. E. Jenkins in his Bed Gelert (Portmadoc, 1899), pp. 56-74.

[←350]

Professor J. Morris Jones, to whom I am indebted for the particulars connected with these names, informs me that the local pronunciation is Drdnwy; but Mrs. Rhys remembers that, years ago, at Amlwch, it was always sounded Dardnwy. The Professor also tells me that *Dernog* is never made into *Dyrnog*--the *Kuwgh* of the *Record* is doubtless to be corrected into *Knwgh*, and probably also *Dornok* into *Dernok*, which is the reading in the margin. *Cornewe* is doubtless the district name which we have still in *Llanfair y'Nghornwy*, I'St. Mary's in Cornwy': the mill is supposed to be that of Bodronyn.

[←351]

The Book of *Llan Dov* has an old form *Cinust* for an earlier *Cingust* or *Congust*. The early Brythonic nominative must have been *Cunogustu-s* and the early Goidelic *Cunagusu-s*, and from the difference of accentuation come the *o* of *Coughus, Connws*, and the *y* of the Welsh *Cynwst*: compare Irish *Fergus* and Welsh *Gurgsist*, later *Gurust* (one syllable), whence *Grwst*, finally the accented *rwst* of LIanrwst, the name of a small town on the river Conwy. Moreover the accentuation *Cunogusi* is the reason why it was not written *Cunogussi*: compare *Barrivendi* and *Vindubari* in one and the same inscription from Carmarthenshire.

[←352]

Such as that of a holding called *Wele Dauid ap Gwelsantfrait*, the latter part of which is perversely written or wrongly read so for *Gwas Sant Freit*, a rendering into Welsh of the very Goidelic name, *Mael-Brigte*, 'Servant of St. Bridget.' This *Wele*, with *Wele Conus* and *Wele More*, is contained in the Extent marginally headed *Durronwy cum Hameletta de Kuwghdormok*.

[←353]

This comes in Triad i- 49 ~ ii- 40; as to which it is to be noted that the name is *Calwallawn* in i and ii, but *Caswallawn* in iii- 27, as in the Oxford *Mabinogion*.

[←354]

Serrigi, Serigi, or Syrigi looks like a Latin genitive torn out of its context, but derived in the last resort from the Norse name Sigtrygg-r, which the Four Masters give as *Sitriucc* or *Sitriug*: see their entries from 891 to 1091. The Scandinavians of Dublin and its neighbourhood were addicted to descents on the shores of North Wales; and we have possibly a trace of occupation by them in *Gauell Seirith*, 'Seirith's holding,' in the *Record of Carnarvon*, p. 63, where the place in question is represented as being in the manor of Cemmaes, in Anglesey. The name Seirith was probably that written by the Four Masters as *Sichfraith Sichraidh* (also *Serridh*, A. D. 971), that is to say the Norse *Sigroedd*-r before it lost the *f*-retained in its German equivalent *Siegfried*. We seem to detect *Sereith* later as *Seri* in place-names in Anglesey--as for example in the name of the farms called Seri Fawr and *Seri Bwch* between Llndrygarn and Lannerch y Medd, also in a *Pen Seri*, 'Seri's Knoll or Hill,' at Bryn Du, near Ty Croes station, and in another Pen Seri on Holyhead Island, between Holyhead and "n Goch, on the way to the SouthStack. Lastly Dugdale, v. 672b, mentions a *Claud Seri*, 'Seri's Dyke or Ditch,' as being somewhere in the neighbourhood of Llanwnda, in Caernarvonshire -not very far perhaps from the Gwyrfai and the spot where the *lolo* MSS. (pp. 81-2) represent Serrigi repolsed by Caswatton and driven back to Anglesey, previous to his being crushed at Cerrig y Gwydyl. The reader must, however, be warned that the modern *Seri* is sometimes pronounced *Sieri* or *Sheri*, which suggests the possibility of some of the instances involving rather a form of the English word *sheriff*.

[←355]

See my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp.546-8.

[←356]

The case with regard to the extreme south of the Principality is somewhat similar; for inscriptions in Glamorgan seem to bring the last echoes there of Goidelic speech down to the seventh century: see the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1899, pp. 160-6.

[←357]

See Evans' *Report on MSS. in the Welsh Language*, p. 837, where the Welsh is quoted from p. 131 of the Peniarth MS. 134.

[←358]

See my *Arthurian Legend* p. 70.

[←359]

See the *Revue Celtique*, ii. 197-9, where Dr. Stokes has published the original with a translation and notes; also above.

[←360]

The gentlemen to whom I am chiefly indebted for the information embodied in the foregoing notes are the following four: the Rev. John Jones of Ystad Meurig, Professor Robert Williams of St. David's College, the Vicar of Llandewi Brefi, Mr. J. H. Davies of CwrtMawr and Lincoln's Inn (p. 354); and as to the 'wild cattle' story of Llyn Eidwen, Mr. J. E. Rogers of Aber Meurig is my authority.

[←361]

So I had it many years ago from an old woman from Llangeitho, and so Mr. J. G. Evans. remembers his mother repeating it; but now it is made into *Llan Detwi Brerfi braith*, with the mutations disregarded.

[←362]

See the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1868, p. 88.

[←363]

See ib. p. 8,7. I have ascertained on the best authority the identity of the present owner of the horn, though I have not succeeded in eliciting from him any reply to my inquiries. I conclude that there is something wrong with the postal service in my native county.

[←364]

Several passages bearing on the word *bannog* have been brought together in Silvan Evans' *Geiriadur*. He gives the meaning as 'high, lofty, prominent, conspicuous.' The word is derived from *ban*, 'a summit or peak,' plural *bannau*, so common in the names of hills and mountains in South Wales--as in *y Fan* in Carmarthenshire, *Bannwchdeni* in Breconshire, Pen *y Bannau* near Pont Rhyd Fendigaid in Cardiganshire, *Bannam Brycheiniog* and *Bannau Sir Gaer*, the mountains called in English the Beacons of Breconshire and Carmarthenshire respectively. In North Wales we have it possibly in the compound Tryfany which the mapsters will have us call *Tryfan*; and the corresponding word in Scotch Gaelic appears in such names as Ben Nevis and the like, while in Irish the word benn meant a horn or peak. I am, nevertheless, not at all sure that Ychen *Bannog* meant horned oxen or even tall and conspicuous oxen; for there is a Welsh word man, meaning a spot or mark (Latin *menda*), and the adjective was *mannawc*, mannog, 'spotted, marked, particoloured.' Now in the soft mutation all four words--*ban*, *bannog*, and *man*, *mannog*--would begin with *f* = *v*, which might help to confusion between them. This may be illustrated in a way from Williams' *Seint Greal* (pp. 88-92), where Gwalchmai has a dream in which he sees iSo bulls with spots or patches of colour on them, except three only which were 'without any spot in the world' (neb ryw *vann*or byt), or as it is also put 'without spot' (heb *vann*). This word vann, applied to the colour of the bulls, comes from the radical form *mann*; and the adjective was *mannawc* or *mannog*, which would mean spotted, particoloured, or having patches of colour. Now the oxen of Welsh legends are also sometimes called *Ychen Mannog* (pp. 131-2), and it is possible, that, whichever way the term is written, it should he interpreted to mean spotted, marked, or particoloured oxen. I take it also that *Llan Deai Frefl fraith* was meant as synonymous with *Llan Dewi Frefi fraith*, which did not fit the rhyme. Lastly, the Dyfed use of the saying *Fel dau ych bannog*, 'Like two Bannog oxen,' in the sense of 'equal and inseparable companions' (as instanced in the *Geiriadur*), sounds like the antithesis of the passage in the Kulhwch (*Mabinogion*, p. 121). For there we have words to the following effect: 'Though thou shouldst get that, there is something which thou wilt not get, namely the two oxen of Bannog, the one on the other side of the Bannog mountain and the other on this side, and to bring them together to draw the same plough. They are, to wit, Nynio and Peibio, whom God fashioned into oxen for their sins.' Here the difficulty contemplated was not to separate the two, but to bring them together to work under the same yoke. This is more in harmony with the story of the mad quarrel between the two brother kings bearing those names as mentioned above.

[←365]

See the *Revue Celtique*, iii. 310, after Gruter, 570, 6.

[←366]

An import ant paper on the *Tarvos Trigaranus*, from the pen of M. Salomon Reinach, will be found in the *Revue Celtique*, xviii. 253-66; and M. d'A. de Jubainville's remarkable equations are to be read in the same periodical, xix. 245-50::see also xx. 374-5

[←367]

This, we are told, was a stone with a hollow in it for pounding corn, so as to separate the husks from the grain; and such a stone stood formerly somewhere near the door of every farm house in Scotland.

[←368]

The editor here explains in a note that ‘this was a. common saying formerly, when people were heard to regret trifles.’

[←369]

I have heard of this belief in Wales late in the sixties; but the presence was assumed to be that of a witch, not of a fairy.

[←370]

The word *twt* ' tidy,' is another vocable which has found its way into Wales from the western counties of England; and though its meaning is more universally that of 'tidy or natty,' the term *gwas twt*, which in North Cardiganshire means a youth who is ready to run on all kinds of errands, would seem to bring us to its earlier meaning of the French tout-as if gwas ftvt might be rendered a '*garcon à tout'*--which survives as tote in the counties of Gloucester and Hereford, as I am informed by Professor Wright Possibly, howevery one may prefer to connect twt with the nautical English word taut; but we want more light. In any case one may venture to say that colloquial Welsh swarms with words whose origin is to be sought outside the Principality.

[←371]

See Folk-Lore for 1889, pp. 144-52.

[←372]

Ibid. for 1891, p. 246, where one will find this rhyme the subject of a note-rendered useless by a false reference-by Kohler; see also the same volume, p. 132, where Mr. Kirby gives more lines of the rhyme.

[←373]

A number of instructive instances will be found mentioned, and discussed in his wonted and lucid fashion, by Mr. Clodd in his Tom Tit Tot, pp.. 80-105.

[←374]

The Welsh spelling is caws pob, ‘baked (or roasted) cheese,’ so called in arts of South Wales, such as Carmarthenshire, whereas in North Wales it is caws pobi. It is best known to Englishmen as ‘Welsh rabbit, ‘which superior persons I ruling the roast’ in our kitchens choose to make into*rarebit*: how they would deal with I Scotch woodcock’ and ‘ Oxford hare,’ I do not know. I should have mentioned that copies of the *Hundred Mery Talys* are exceedingly scarce, and that the above, which is the seventy-sixth in the collection, has here been copied from the *Cymmrodor*, iii. 115-6, where we have the following sapient note:--’ *Cause bobe*, it will be observed, is St. Peter’s rendering of the phrase *Cause wedi ei bobi*. The chief of the Apostles apparently had only a rather imperfect knowledge of Welsh, which is not to be wondered at, as we know that even his Hebrew was far from giving satisfaction to the priests of the capital.’ From these words one can only say that St. Peter would seem to have known Welsh far better than the author of that note, and that he had acquired it from natives of South Wales, perhaps from the neighbourhood of Kidwelly. I have to thank my friend Mr. James Cotton for a version of the cheese story in the Bodleian Library, namely in Malone MS. 19 (p. 144), where a certain master at Winchester School has put it into elegiacs which make St. Peter cry out with the desired effect: *Tostus io Walli, tostus modo caseus*.

[←375]

See *Choice Notes from 'Notes and Queries*,' pp. x 117-8,

[←376]

For instance, when Cuchulainn had fallen asleep under the effect of fairy music,Fergus warned his friends that he was not to be disturbed, as he seem.ed to be dreaming and seeing a vision: see Windisch's *Irische Texte*, p. 208; also the *Revue Celtique*, v. 23r1.For parallels to the two stories in this paragraph, see Tylor's first chapter on Animism in his *Primitive Culture*, and especially the legend of King Gunthraw, i. 442.

[←377]

See Mr. Gomme's presidential address to the Folk-Lore Society, printed in Folk-Lore for 11892, pp. 6-7.

[←378]

See Sale’s preliminary discourse to his translation of the Koran, § iv.

[←379]

Perhaps we may regard this as the more Goidelic account of Blodeuwed's origin: at any rate, traces of a different one have been noticed in a note above.

[←380]

One version of it is given in the *Myvyrian Arhaiology*, i. 176-8; and two other versions are to be found in the *Cymmrodor*, viii. 177-89. where it is suggested that the author was Iolo Goch, who flourished in the fourteenth century. See also my Arthurian Legend, pp. 57-8.

[←381]

See also the notes on these passages, given in San-Marte's edition of Geoffrey, PP. 2197 463-5, and his *Beitrage zur bretonischen und celtischgermanischen Heldensage* (Quedlinburg and Leipsic, 1847), p. 81.

[←382]

See Choice Notes, pp. 69-70.

[←383]

See Wood-Martin's *Pagan Ireland* (London, 1895), p. 140.

[←384]

See *Choice Notes*, p. 61, where it is also stated that the country people in Yorkshire used to give the name of souls to certain night-flying white moths. See also the *Athenaeum*, No. 1041, Oct. 9, 1847.

[←385]

For this also I am indebted to Wood-Martin's book, p. 140.

[←386]

See the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 128, and Windisch's *Irische Texte*, pp. 136-45. An abstract of the story will be found in the Hibbert Lodures on *Celtic Heathendom* p. 502.

[←387]

See the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 129a-132a; Windisch's *Irische Texte*, pp. 117-33s more especially PP. 127-31; also my *Arthurian Legnd*, pp. 29-33.

[←388]

See the *Book of Taliessin*, poem vii, in Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii. 136-7; also poeni viii, p. 137 et seq.

[←389]

Some account of this process will be found in Elton's Origins of Enghh History (London, i882), p. 33, where he has drawn on Martin's *Descnption of the Western Islands of Scotland*, published in 1703. see pp. 204-5.

[←390]

For one or two instances of the nomenclature in question, see above.

[←391]

Sywedydd is probably a word of Goidelic origin: compare Irish *sui*, ‘ a sage,’ genitive *suad*, and derivative *suithe*, ‘wisdom.’ Stokes suggests the derivation *su-ve*t, in which case *sui* = *su-vi*, for *su-viss* = *su-vet-s*, and *su-ithe* = *suvetia*, while the Welsh *sywedydd* is formally *su-vetoios* or *su-vetiios*. Welsh has also *syw*, from *sui*, like *dryw*, ‘a druid,’ from Goidelic *drui*. *Syw*, it is true, now only means elegant, tidy; but Dr. Davies of Mallwyd believed its original signification to have been ‘*sapiens, doctus, peritus*.’ The root *vet* is most probably to he identified with the *wet* of Med. Welsh *gwet-id*, ‘a saying,’ *dy-wawt’*, ‘*dixit’*,’whence it appears that the bases were *vet* and *vat*, with the latter of which Irish *faith*, ‘a poet or prophet,’ Latin *vates*, agrees, as also the Welsh *gwawd*, ‘poetry, sarcasm,’and in Mod. Welsh, ‘any kind of derision.’ In the *Book of Taliessin syw* has, besides the plurals *sywyon* and *sywydon* (Skene, ii. 142y 152), possibly an older plural, *sywet* (p. 155) = *su-vet-es*, while for suithe = su-vetia we seem to have sywyd or sewyd (pp. 142, 152, 193); but all the passages in point are more or less obscure, I must confess.

[←392]

See the *Book of Taliessin*, in Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii. 130-1; 134) 142, 151-2, 155

[←393]

As, for instance, in the account given of Uath mac Irnomain in *Fled Bricrenn*: see the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 110b, and Windisch's *Irische Texte*, p. 293.

[←394]

The *Book of the Dun Cow* fo. 77a, and the *Book of Leinster*, fo. 75b: compare also the story of Tuan mac Cairill in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 16b, where the Tuatha Dé Danann are represented as *Tuatha Dee ocus Ande*, 'the tribes of gods and not-gods,' to whom one of the manuscripts adds a people of legendary Ireland called the Galiuin. See the story as recently edited by Professor Kuno Meyer in Nutt's *Voyage of Bran*, ii. 291-300, where, however, the sense of § 12 with its allusion to the fall of Lucifer is missed in the translation. It should read, I think, somewhat as follows:--Of these are the *Tuatha Dee* and *Ande*, whose origin is unknown to the learned, except that they think it probable, judging from the intelligence of the Tuatha and their superiority in knowledge, that they belong to the exiles who came from heaven.'

[←395]

See Evans' *Black Book of Carmarthen*, fo. 33b; also the *Mabinogion*, pp. 104, 306. The Irish *lucht cumachtai* would be in Welsh literally rendered *llwyth cyfoeth*, 'the *cyfoeth* tribe or host,'as it were. For *cyfoeth*, in Med Welsh, meant power or dominion, whence *cyfoethog*, 'powerful,' and*holl-gyfoethog*, 'almighty'; but in Mod. Welsh *cyfoeth* and *cyfoethog* have been degraded to mean 'riches 'and I rich' respectively. Now if we dropped the prefix *cum* from the Irish *cumachtai*, and its equivalent *cyf* from the Welsh *cyfoeth*, we should have *lucht cumachtai* reduced to an approximate analogy to *llwyth Oeth*, the Oeth tribe,' for which we have the attested equivalent *Teulu Oeth* 'the *Oeth* household or family.' Oeth, however, seems to have meant powerful rather than power, and this seems to have been its force in Gwalchmai's poetry of the twelfth century, where I find it twice: see the *Myvyrian Arch*., i. 196b, 203a. In the former passage we have *oeth dybydaf o dybwvyf ryd*, 'I shall be powerful if I be free,' and in the latter *oeth ym uthrwyd* 'mightily was I astonished or dismayed! *An-oeth* was the negative of *oeth*, and meant weak, feeble, frivolous: so we find its plural, *anoetheu*, applied in the story of Kulhwch to the strange quests on which Kulhwch had to engage himself and his friends, before he could hope to obtain Olwen to be his wife. This has its parallel in the use of the adjective gwan, I weak,' in the following instance among them:--Arthur and his men were ready to set out in search of Mahon son of Modron, who was said to have been kidnapped, when only three nights old, from between his mother Modron and the wall; and though this had happened a fabulously long time before Arthur was born, nothing had ever been since heard of Mahon's fate. Now Arthur's men said that they would set out in search of him, but they considered that Arthur should not accompany them on feeble quests of the kind: their words were, *ny elli di uynet ath lu y geissa6 peth mor* uan *ar ryi hynn*, 'thou canst not go with thy army to seek a thing so weak as these are.' Here we have *uan* as the synonym of *an-oeth*; but *Oeth ac Anoeth* probably became a phrase which was seldom analysed or understood; so we have besides *Teulu Oeth ac Anoeth, a Caer Oeth ac Anoeth*, or fortress of O. and A., and a *Carchar Caer Oeth ac Anoeth*, or the Prison of Caer O. and A., which is more shortly designated also Carchar Oeth ac Anoeth, or the Prison of O. and A. A late account of the building of that strange prison and fortress by Manawyddan is given in the *Iolo* MSS., pp. 185-6, 263, and it is needless to point out that Manawyddan, son of Llyr, was no other than the Manannán mac Lir of Irish literature, the greatest wizard among the Tuatha Dé or Tuatha Dé Danann; for the practical equivalence of those names is proved by the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo.16b. For further details about *Oeth* and *Anoeth*, Silvan Evans' *Geiriadur* may be consulted, s. v. *Anoeth*, where instances are cited of the application of those terms to tilled land and wild or uncultivated land. Here the words seem to have the secondary meanings of profitable and unprofitable lands, respectively: compare a somewhat analogous use of*grym*, I strength, force,' in a passage relating to the mutilated horses of Matholwch -*hyt mad oed* rym *a ellit ar meirch*, I so that no use was possible in the case of the horses,' meaning that they were of no use whatever, or that they had been done for: see the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 29, and Lady Charlotte Guest's, iii. 107, where the translation I and rendered them useless' is barely strong enough that may be, the professional class of men who were treated as persons of power and gods seem to have attained to their position by virtue of the magic of which they claimed to be masters, and especially of their supposed faculty of shape-shifting at wLll. In other words, the druidic pantheism which Erigena was able to dress in the garb of a fairly respectable philosophy proves to have been, in point of genesis, but a few removes from a primitive kind of savage folklore.

[←396]

For instance, by Silvan Evans in his *Geiriadur*, where, s. v. *dihaedd*, he suggests ‘unmerited’ or ‘undeserved’ as conveying the sense meant.

[←397]

The reader will find them quoted under the word *Druida* in Holder's *Alt-celtischer Sprachschats*: see also M. Alexandre Bertrand's *Religion des Gaulois*, especially the chapter entitled *Les Druides*, pp. 252-76, and Nutt's Voyage *of Bran*, ii. 107-12.

[←398]

See Valerius Maximus, ii. 6, 10.

[←399]

See the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 68a.

[←400]

Notably Johannes Schmidt in Kuhn's *Zedschtift*, xxiii. 267, where he gives the following gradations of the stem in question:--1. *anman*; 2.*anaman*; 3- *naman*; 4. *naman*.

[←401]

See Clodd's *Tom Tit Tot*, p. 97.

[←402]

Tom Tat Tot, p. 89.

[←403]

The Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 100.

[←404]

The Oxford *Mabinogion*,p.35.

[←405]

As to Irish, I would not lay much stress on the question ‘What is your name? being put, in a fourteenth or fifteenth century version of the French story of Fierabras, as *ca hainm tu*--literally, ‘what name art thou?’ see the *Revue Celtique*, xix. 28. It may be mentioned here that the Irish writers of glossaries bad a remarkable way of appearing to identify words and things. Thus, for instance, Cormac has *Cruimther .i. Gadelg indi as presbyter*, which O’Donovan (edited by Stokes) has translated, p. 30, as ‘*Cruimther*, i. e. the Gaelic of *presbyter’*: literally it would be rather ‘of the thing which is presbyter.’ Similarly, Cormac’s explanation of the Irish *aiminn*, now *aoibhinn*, ‘delightful,’ runs thus in Latin, *Aimind ab eo quod est amoenum*, ‘from the word *amoenus*,’ literally, ‘from that which is *amoemus*.’ But this construction is a favourite one of Latin grammarians, and instances will be found in Professor Lindsay’s *Latin Language* (Oxford, 1894), pp. 26, 28, 42, 53. On calling his attention to it, he kindly informed me that it can be traced as far back as Varro, from whose *Lingua Latina*, vi. 4, he cites *Meridies ab eo quod medius dies*. So in this matter, Irish writers have merely imitated their Latin models; and one detects a trace of the same imitation in some of the Old Welsh glosses, for instance in the *Juvencus Codex*, where we have XPS--explained as *irhinn issid crist*, ‘that which is Christ,’ evidently meaning, I the word xxxxxxxxx or Christus.’ So with*regia*, rendered by *gulat*, ‘a state or country,’ *in celsi thronus est cui regia caeli*; which is glossed *issit padiu itau gulat*, ‘that is the word *gulat* for him ‘ = ‘he means his country’: see Kuhn’s *Beitrage*, iv- 396, 411.

[←406]

Some instances in point, accompanied with comments on certain eminently instructive practices and theories of the Church, will be found in Clodd's *Tom Tit To*t, pp. 100-5.

[←407]

For some instances of name-giving by the druid, the reader may consult *The Welsh People*, pp. 66-70; and druidic baptism will be found alluded to in Stokes' edition of *Coir Anmann*, and in Stokes and Windisch's *Irische Texte* iii. 392, 423- See also the *Revue Celtique*, xix. 90.

[←408]

See *The Welsh People*, more especially pp. 71-4, where it has been attempted to discuss this question more at length.

[←409]

See Stokes' *Cormac's Glossary*, translated by O'Donovan, p. 87, and O'Curry's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, ii. 218-9.

[←410]

See *Mind* for 1893, p 390: the review is by Mr. A. T. Myers, and the title of the book noticed is *La Pathologie des.Emotions*, *Etudes physiologiques et cliniques, par Charles Féré, médecin de Bicietre* (Paris, 1892).

[←411]

See Frazer’s Golden Bough, i. 9, where a few most instructive instances are given.

[←412]

See Guest's *Mabinogion*, iii. 955, where, however, Don is wrongly treated as a male.

[←413]

One has however, to admit that the same agency may also mar the picture. Since the above was written I have read in Stokes' *Festschrift*, pp. 7-19, a very interesting article by L. Chr. Stern, in which he discusses some of the difficulties attaching to the term Tuatha Dé Danann. Among other things he suggests that there was a certain amount of confusion between Danann and dána, genitive of dán, & art or profession'--the word meant also 'lot or destiny,' being probably of the same origin as the Latin *donum*, in Welsh dawn, which means a gift, and especially 'the gift of the gab.' But it would invert the natural sequence to suppose any such a formula as *Tuatha Dé Dana* to have *preceded Tuatha Dé Danann*; for why should anybody substitute an obscure vocable Danann for dána of well-known meaning?Dr. Stern has some doubts as to the Welsh Don being a female; but it would have been more satisfactory if he had proved his surmise, or at any rate shown that Ddn has nothing to do with *Danann* or *Donann*. I am satisfied with such a passage in the *Mabinogi* of Math as that where Gwydion, addressing Math, describes Arianrhod, daughter of Don, in the words,*dy nith wnh dy ch6aer*'thy niece daughter of thy sister': see the *Mabinogion*, p. 68, and, for similar references to other children of Don, consult pp. 59 and 65. Axianrhod is in the older Triads, i. 40, ii.15, called daughter of Beli, whom one can only have regarded as her father. So for the present I continue to accept Stokes' rendering of Tuatha Dé Danann as 'the Folks of the Goddess Danu.'

[←414]

See the Oxford Mabinogion, p. 102; Guest's trans.,ii. 252. The combination occurs also in the *Book of Aneurin*: see Stephens' *Gododin* (London, 1888), Pp. 322.

[←415]

It will be noticed that there is a discrepancy between the gutturals of these two words; *tyngu*, ‘to swear’ (O. Ir. *tongu*, ‘I swear’), has *ng*--the Kulhwch spelling, *tynghaf*, should probably be *tyngaf*--while *tynghed* and its Irish equivalent imply an *nc*. I do not know how to explain this, though I cannot doubt the fact of the words being treated as cognate. A somewhat similar difference, however, occurs in Welsh *dwyn*, ‘to bear, carry, steal,’ and *dwg*, ‘carries, bears’: see the *Revue Celtique*, vi. 18-9.

[←416]

See the Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 100, and Guest's trans., ii. 249, where it is rendered 'a wife as a helpmate,'which is more commonplace than suggestive.

[←417]

La Cité antique (Paris, i864),p.50; see also Joachim Marquardt's *Privatleben der Romer* (Leipsic, 1886), pp. 49-51, and among the references there given may be mentioned Dionysius of Halicarnassus, ii. 25.

[←418]

See Vigfusson and Powell's *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 126, 181-3, 197; the Prose Edda in *Edda Snorronis Sturlei* (Copenhagen, 1848), i. 90-2, 102, 104, 172-86; and Simrock's *Edda* (Stuttgart, 1855), pp. 292-3, 295-6, 299, 316-20.

[←419]

Two versions of a story to account for the Ultonian couvade have been published with a translation into German, by Prof. Windisch, in the *Berichte der k. sachs. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften (phil.-hist. Classe*) for 1884, pp. 338 et seq. Sundry references to the couvade will also be found in my *Hibbert Lectures*, where certain mythological suggestions made with reference to it require to be reconsidered. But when touching on this point it occurred to me that the wholesale couvade of the Ultonian braves, at one and the same time of the year, implied that the birth of Ultonian children, or at any rate those of them that were to be reared, took place (in some period or other of the history of their race) at a particular season of the year, namely, about the beginning of the winter, that is when food would be most abundant. I have since been confirmed in this view by perusing Westermarck's work on the *History of Human Marriage*, and by reading especially his second chapter entitled 'A Human Pairing Season in Primitive Times.' For there I find a considerable body of instances in point, together with a summary treatment of the whole question. But in the case of promiscuity, such as originally prevailed doubtless at the Ultonian Court, the question what men were to go into couvade could only be settled by the confinement of them all, wherein we have an alternative if not an additional reason for a simultaneous couvade.

[←420]

See Strabo, iii. 165, and Diodorus, v. 14.

[←421]

For some more detailed remarks on the reckoning of descent by birth, see *The Welsh People*, pp. 36 et seq.

[←422]

In Welsh *eli* means ‘ointment,’ probably so called from spells pronounced over it when used as a remedy. In the Twrch Trwyth story (Oxford *Mabinogion*, p. 138) one of Arthur’s men bears the curious designation of *Reid6n mab Eli Atuer*, which might be Englished I’R. son of the Restoring Ointment,’ unless one should rather say ‘ of the Restoring Enchantment! the case of the Lapps, namely, that ‘the future mother was told in a dream what name to give her child, this message being usually given her by the very spirit of the deceased ancestor, who was about to be incarnate in her [m] If the mother got no such intimation in a dream, the relatives of the child had to have recourse to magic and the aid of the wise man, to discover the name to be given to the child.

[←423]

See the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo. 128b, and Windisch's *Irische Texte*, pp. 138-9. The rebirth of Lug as Cuchulainn has been touched upon in my *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 431; but since then the whole question of rebirth has been discussed at length in Nutt and Meyer's volumes entitled *The Voyage of Bran* (London, 1895).

[←424]

See Holder's *All-celtischer Sprackschats*, s. v. Lugus; also the index to my *Hibbert Lectures*, s. v. Leu, Lug, Lugoves.

[←425]

For more on this subject see the chapter on the Pictish question in *The Welsh People* pp. 36-74.

[←426]

It is right to say that the story represents the fairies as living under the rule of a *ri*, a title usually rendered by king'; but *ri* (genitive *rig*) was probably at one time applicable to either sex, just as we find Gaulish names like *Biturix* and *Visurix* borne by women. The wonder, however, is that such a line as that just quoted has not: been edited out of the verses long ago, just as one misses any equivalent for it in Joyce's English expansion of the story in his *Old Celtic Romances*, pp. 106-11. Compare, however, the Land of the Women in the *Voyage of Maildun* (Joyce pp. 152-4), and in Meyer and Nutt's *Voyage of Bran*, i. 30-3.

[←427]

This conclusion has been given in a note at the foot of p. 37 of *The Welsh People*; but for a variety of instances to illustrate it see Hartland's chapters on Supematural Birth in his *Legend of Perseus*.

[←428]

See Frazer's article on I The Origin of Totemism' in the *Fortnightly Review* for April, 1899, p. 649. The passage to which it refers will be found at p. 265 of Spencer and Gillen's volume, where one reads as follows:'Added to this we have amongst the Arunta, Luritcha, and Ilpirra tribes, and probably also amongst others such as the Warramunga, the idea firmly held that the child is not the direct result of intercourse, that it may come without this, which merely, as it were, prepares the mother for the reception and birth also of an already-formed spirit child who inhabits one of the local totem centres. Time after time we have questioned them oil this point, and always received the reply that the child was not the direct result of intercourse.' It is curious to note how readily the Australian notion here presented would develop into that of the Lapps, as given at p. 638 from Jessen's notes.

[←429]

This feature of Welsh has camped M. de Charencey, in his instructive letter on ‘Numération basque et celtique,’ in No. 48 of the *Bulletin la Sot. de Linguistique de Paris*, pp. cxv-cxix. In passing, 1 may be allowed to mention a numerical curiosity which occurs in Old Irish: it has probably an important historical significance. I refer to the word for ‘seven men’ occurring sometimes as *morfeser* which means, as it were, a magnus seviratus or ‘big sixer.’

[←430]

The non-Welsh names of the fairy ancestress ought possibly to lead one to discover the origin of that settlement; and a careful study perhaps of the language of the *Belsiaid* or Bellisians, if their Welsh has any dialectic Peculiarities, might throw further light on their past.

[←431]

Our stories frequently delight in giving the fairy women fine dresses and long trains; but I would rely more on the Ystrad Meurig smith's account and the case of the Pennant fairy who team to shreds the gown offered her.

[←432]

The difference between Mod.Welsh *cor* and Breton *korr* is one of spelling, for the reformed orthography of Welsh words only doubles the *r* where it is dwelt on in the accented syllable! of a longer word: in other terms, when that syllable closes with the consoonant and the next syllable begins with it. Thus *cor* has, as its derivatives, *cor-rach*, 'a dwarf,' plural *co-rachod*, *cor-ryn*, 'a male dwarf,' plural *co-rynnod*. Some of these enter into place-names, such as *Cwm Corryn* near Llanaelhaearn and Cwm Corryn draining into the Vale of Neath; so possibly with *Corwen* for *Cor-waen*, in the sense of 'the Fairies' Meadow.' *Cor* and *corryn* are also used for the spider, as in *gwe'r cor* or *gwe'r corryn*, 'a spider's web,' the spider being so called on account of its spinning, an occupation in which the fairies are represented likewise frequently engaged; not to mention that gossamer (*gwawn*) is also sometimes regarded as a product of the fairy loom. The derivation of *cor* is not satisfactorily cleared up: it has been conjectured to be related to a Med. Irish word *cert*, small, little,' and Latin *curtus*, 'shortened or mutilated.' To me this means thatt the origin of the word still remains to be discovered. The statement as to Carchar Cynric Rwth comes from William Williams' Observations on the Snowdon Mountains (London, 1802). The BwIch y Rhiw Felen legend was read by me to the British Archaeological Association at its meeting at Llangollen, and it was printed in its journal for December, 1818. It is right to say that the Llangotten story calls the woman a giantess, but I attach no importance to that, as the picture is blurred and treated in part allegorically. Lastly, the use of the word *carchar*, 'prison,' in the term Carchar Cynric Rwth recalls*Carchar Oeth ac Anoeth*. or 'the Prison ofOeth and Anoeth,' above: the word would appear to have been selected because in both cases the structure was underground.

[←433]

For Edern's dwarf see Foerster's *Erec*, lines 146-274 and passim, the Oxford *Mabinogion* (248-61, and Guest's trans., ii. 73-92; and for Peredur's the latter books, pp. 197-9 and i. 304-7 respectively.

[←434]

The story of Canrig (or Cantrig) Bwt is current at Llanberis, but I do not recollect seeing it in print: I had it years ago from my father-in-law.

[←435]

See the *Acta Sanctorum*, April 11, where one finds published the Latin life written by Felix not long after Guthlac's death. See also an AngIo-Saxon version, which has been edited with a translation by Ch. W. Goodwin (London, 1848).

[←436]

In connexion with them Mr. Bullock Hall reminds me of *lcklingham*, in West Suffolk; and there seem to be several *Ickletons*, and an *Ickleford*, most or all of them, I am told, on the Icknield Way. The name *Icel*, whose genitive *Icles* is the form in the original life, has probably been inferred from the longer word *Iclingas*, and inserted in due course in the Mercian pedigree, where it occupies the sixth place in descent from Woden.

[←437]

Since the above was written, Dr. Ripley's important work on the *Races of Europe* (London, 1900) has reached me, but too late to study. I notice, however, that he speaks of an island of ancient population to the north of London and extending over most of the counties of Hertford, Buckingham, Bedford, Rutland, and Northampton, as far as those of Cambridge and Lincoln. A considerable portion of this area must have been within the boundaries of Coritanian territory, and it is now characterized, according to him, by nigrescence, short stature, and rarity of suicide, such as remind history of Wales and Cornwall: see his maps and pp. 322, 328, 521.

[←438]

See Fiacc's Hymn in Stokes' *Goidelica*, p. 127) l. 41.

[←439]

The Welsh passages unfortunately fail to show whether it was pronounced *sidi* or *sidi*: should it prove the latter, I should regard it as the Irish word borrowed.

[←440]

Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii. 153-5, 181-2;.

[←441]

For more about Picts and Pechts see some most instructive papers recently published by Mr. David MacRitchie, such as ‘Memories of the Picts’ in the *Scottish Antiquary*, last January, ‘ Underground Dwellings’ *in Scottish Notes and Queries*, last March, and ‘Fairy Mounds’ in the *Antiquary*, last February and March.

[←442]

See above, where, however, the object of the Ogams written on four twigs of yew has been misconceived. 1 think now that they formed simply so many letters of inquiry addressed by DalAn to other druids in different parts of Ireland. We seem to have here a ray of light on the early history of Ogam writing.

[←443]

See the *Book of the Dun Cow*, fo.130b.

[←444]

See the Book of Leinster, fo. 117a.

[←445]

Corrguingh occurs in the story of ‘The Second Battle of Moytura,’ where Stokes has rendered it ‘sorcerers’ in the *Revue Celtique*, xii. 77; and corrguinacht heads an article in O’Davoren’s Glossary, published in Stokes’ Three Irish Glossaries, p. 63, where it is defined as *beth for leth cois 7 for leth laimh 7 for leth suil ag denam na glaime dicinn*,’ to be on one foot and with one hand and one eye doing the *glam dicenn*.’ The *glam dicenn* was seemingly the special elaboration of the art of making *pied de nez*, which we have tragically illustrated in the case of Caier.

[←446]

In Appendix B to *The Welsh People*, pp. 617-41.

[←447]

See Rosellini's Monumenti dell' Egitto (Pisa, 1832), vol. i. Plates civ, cix, and Maspero's *Histoire Ancienne* (Paris, 1897), ii. 430.

[←448]

One may now consult Nicholson's paper on 'The Language of the Continental Picts': see Meyer and Stem's *Zeifschrift*, iii. 326-8, 331-2, and note especially his reference to Herodian, iii. x41 6 8. For *Chorionicum* see *Die altochdeutschen Glossen* (edited by Steinmeyer and Sievers), iii. 610; also my paper on 'The Celts and the other Aryans of the P and Q Groups' read before the Philological Society, February 20, 1891, p. 11.

[←449]

I am chiefly indebted to my friend Professor A. C. Haddon for references to information as to the dwarf races of prehistoric times. I find also that be, among others, has anticipated me in my theory as to the origins of the fairies: witness the following extract from the syllabus of a lecture delivered by him at Cardiff in 1894 on Fairy Tales:--' What are the fairies? -Legendary origin of the fairies. It is evident from fairy literature that there is a mixture of the possible and the impossible, of fact and fancy. Part of fairydom refers to (1) spirits that never were embodied: other fairies are (2) spirits of environment, nature or local spirits, and household or domestic spirits; (3) spirits of the organic world, spirits of plants, and spirits of animals; (4) spirits ofmen or ghosts; and (5) witches and wizards, or men possessed with other spirits. All these and possibly other elements enter into the fanciful aspect of fairyland, but there is a large residuum of real occurrences; these point to a clash of races, and we may regard many of these fairy sagas as stories told by men of the Iron Age of events which happened to men of the Bronze Age in their conflicts with men of the Neolithic Age, and possibly these, too, handed on traditions of the Palaeolithic Age.' there are serious craniological difficulties in the way of any racial comparison with the Lapps, and that one must look rather to the dwarf populations once widely spread over our hemisphere, and still to be found here and there in Europe, as, for example, in Sicily. To come nearer our British Isles, the presence of such dwarfs has been established with regard to Switzerland in Neolithic times