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ARTICLE I.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

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A THEOLOGICAL inquiry has been revived of late, which had been regarded as long settled, whether the sufferings of Christ were confined to his human nature, or whether the Divine nature also suffered. Did he suffer only as man, or partly, principally, as God?

It is admitted on either side of this question, that our blessed Saviour is both God and man; that he possesses both a Divine and a human nature—a human body and a human soul—mysteriously united so as to constitute but one person. It is also admitted that he suffered the just for the unjust, and by his sufferings and death made a full atonement for sin. But the question is, In which nature did he suffer? In the human only, or also in the Divine? Did he suffer only as a man,—a divinely strengthened and supported man; or did the Divinity also suffer? Were his sufferings partly—and if partly, chiefly—those of God?

This question, though necessarily one of some intricacy, is obviously one of great importance. It respects God,—the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all things—the only proper object of supreme love and worship. It respects Christ,—the only Saviour of lost men,—the soul and centre of the religion of the Gospel. It respects the atonement,—the most stupendous and astonishing of all Divine works,—the only foundation of mortal hopes. Such a question should never be approached but with reverence and humility, with a deep sense of our own ignorance and weakness, and with the most earnest supplications for the Divine assistance and blessing.

insisted on as essential to orthodoxy, not a few will renounce it altogether. The Christ who died for us, they will say, was a man like ourselves, and his death had no more atoning efficacy than that of any other martyr.

It was undoubtedly the design of those who originated this discussion to magnify the atonement, and exalt the grace of God in our redemption. What more likely to have this effect, than to represent God himself as suffering, bleeding, dying for us? But there is reason to fear that the doctrine, if persisted in, will have, with many, directly the opposite effect. It will lead them to reject the atonement altogether, and trust to the work of their own hands for salvation.

It is always safe to follow the Bible, honestly, faithfully, reasonably interpreted; but specious theories and startling novelties are to be suspected and avoided.

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## ARTICLE II.

### THE ANCIENT POETS AND POETRY OF WALES.

By Edward D. Morris, New Haven, Conn.

THE ancient literature of Wales has for a long period been concealed, almost entirely, from the view of men of learning. It would be difficult to find, in the whole range of literary history, so signal an instance of remarkable intellectual treasures, neglected and apparently forgotten. A silence as profound as that which brooded for ages over the buried cities of central Italy, seems to have rested upon these last and only relics of a once great and flourishing people. Time, which has done so much elsewhere to bring the rich Past into light, has only added to that obscurity which has so long enshrouded them. While toil and effort have been lavishly expended in surveying and examining almost every other field of literary or scientific study, the mountain fastnesses of Wales, rich in mental as in natural resources, have been wholly unexplored.

The country within whose borders this intellectual mine is hidden, has for three centuries past figured but slightly in the history of Britain; and is now scarcely known except as a retired province of comparatively little value or importance. From the time of the first assault made by Saxon power upon the liberties of the Welsh nation, to that in which they were finally annexed to the British empire—a period of

nearly seven centuries—the entire principality was a scene of the most terrible confusion and lawlessness. The daring chieftains who inhabited those portions bordering on England, secured both by the inaccessible nature of their mountain homes and by the unflinching loyalty of their vassals, carried on a ceaseless war against the English forces—a war stained, on both sides, by all the brutality and recklessness of that semi-barbarous age. The merciless conflicts of Edward I. of England with the last Llewelyn evince, in a most striking manner, the spirit which actuated both parties during the entire contest. The passage, in 1535, of the celebrated Act of Union, which put an end to this protracted struggle, and secured to the Welsh those privileges for which they had been contending, led both nations into more close and amiable intercourse; and was shortly followed by a gradual and finally intimate connection and commingling of interests and sympathies. Since that memorable period, the inhabitants of Wales have been swept onward in the current of English affairs, losing by degrees their national peculiarities, and gradually blending their private interests with those of their Saxon neighbors, till they are now nearly lost in the overshadowing importance of English interests and English feelings.

These general causes have operated with peculiar effect upon the language and literature of Wales. English laws and English courts of justice have been established throughout the principality. The language of the common schools and of instruction generally, as well as that of nearly all the transactions of commerce and exchange, is the modern Anglo-Saxon. The original language of the people, on the other hand, is retained for the most part only in their private intercourse, in the pulpit, and in a large proportion of their weekly and monthly publications. It is a general law that wherever two nations come into close and lasting contact with each other, whether that contact be peaceable or hostile, the less must ultimately fall and fade away before the greater. In strict accordance with this law has been the result of the intimate connection which the inhabitants of Wales have been compelled by their extensive commercial and mining operations, by the introduction and establishment of the Episcopal church, and by the constant influx of English interests and English customs, to maintain with their more enterprising neighbors. They have been unable to keep pace with the advance of science and of many kinds of learning; and in this particular are falling, year by year, slowly but steadily and surely, behind other nations who are more enlightened and less burdened by oppressive legislation. Comparatively uneducated, they are also without the power of educating themselves in any other way than by abandoning their native language, and employing in its stead the vastly greater resources

of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. To this point very many of their efforts in behalf of education have, of late years, been directed; and with great promise of success.<sup>1</sup>

As a natural consequence, however, of this condition of affairs, the ancient literature of Wales has been rapidly passing out of notice. This literature, extending from the sixth to the sixteenth century, and comprising a large variety of published and manuscript volumes, consists almost entirely of poetry. The many intricacies of the language and of the peculiar metrical system according to which most of it is written, prove an effectual barrier to its extensive study among the mass of the community. The language of poetry is always more or less distinct from that of common life, and consequently more or less above the apprehension of the common people. But if there be added to this great source of difficulty, the numberless modifications to which, in a long course of ages, every language is liable, this barrier becomes almost insurmountable. More especially is this the case where the stern and resistless wants of daily life are incessantly driving the people to the more practical studies and pursuits of modern times.

Within the past half century, however, great efforts have been made to disentomb these buried treasures. Most of these efforts have been made by private individuals, who have nobly given themselves to this great work. They have been mostly men of cultivated minds, led on by a feeling of patriotism on the one hand, and on the other by an ardent love for the rich field of study which has opened before them. They have been aided in these laudable efforts by national associations, existing in various portions of the principality, and formed mainly for the purpose of carrying on this important enterprize. Through the unwearied exertion of these combined agencies, a considerable number of volumes, containing the most valuable writings of nearly all the earlier poets, accompanied by translations, and also a complete and definite view of the peculiar system of Bardism, which has existed among the Welsh from the earliest ages to the present day, has been published and circulated both at home and abroad. These volumes, written partly in Welsh and partly in English, have won the attention of many throughout England, France, and Germany; and have thrown around the language and the system they disclose, a strong and constantly increasing interest. In a few of the English universities, the language of Wales has become to some extent a branch of scientific study; and the notice which it has attracted in a philological point of view, has served greatly

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<sup>1</sup> Reports of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of Education in Wales, appointed by the Committee of Council on Education. 1847.

to heighten the value of its literary treasures. And while philologists have been occupied in tracing out its marked peculiarities, others have been as actively employed in exploring the mine whose rich veins have been, up to a comparatively recent period, covered by the rubbish and ruins of the past.

Those who are for the most part unacquainted with the early history of the Welsh nation, and who notice only their present unimportance, may be led to presume that the ancient literature of Wales must be of comparatively little value. But it should be distinctly kept in view that, although now narrowed down by Saxon power to the scanty limits of their mountain home, the Welsh once occupied by far the greatest portion of the British Isles. Though now obscured and overshadowed by the dominant influence of British interests, they once held supreme sway over the whole of England proper, from the Firth of Solway to the cliffs of Dover, and from Yarmouth Bay to the western limits of Land's End. At that time, everything tended to call out the intellectual spirit of the nation. It was the peculiar age of poetry — the peculiar period in the progress of mankind, when the sober influence of exacter studies, and the stern tendencies of science and philosophy had not, as yet, unfitted men to take delight in the creations of a warm and active imagination. Their princes ruled over wide tracts of country, and extended their influence and power even to the northern seas. The deficiencies of the soil on which they dwelt, compelled the people to devote much of their time to agriculture instead of following those less profitable pursuits in which barbarous tribes are accustomed to engage. Systems of law, the wrecks of which are still visible, soon rose to great perfection, and held a controlling power throughout the land. Druidism — that remarkable institution, of which the Bardic system was merely an offshoot — gave to all, great means of mental as well as moral culture. In every feature essential to making up that nascent state which is the immediate forerunner of civilization, they were probably far superior to their German or Gallic neighbors.

The effect of this state of things upon the poetry of Wales is obvious. The bard held a prominent position in the castle of his lord. He was a leading member of the State, often holding great political as well as social power. His art was one of the three sister arts recognized by the law, and was consequently everywhere established. His life was devoted to the interests of his profession; and all that royal patronage or careful study could effect to render poetry in the highest and largest sense an art, was lavishly expended. Aided by such auspicious influences, poetry grew and flourished everywhere. But in the fearful revolutions brought about at a later day by Saxon inroads, and in the sub-

sequent influx of Saxon principles and feelings, it declined and almost perished. Many of the productions of the preceding ages were unquestionably lost during the confusion and anarchy of that protracted struggle. But happily an ample number still remains to excite the interest and admiration of the literary student, and to give evidence of a state of society and a Bardic system as peculiar in many of its features as any the world has ever seen.

It is a trite saying that some estimate of the general character and customs of any people is essential to an accurate acquaintance with their poetry. And this opinion rests upon the fact, that the poetry of every nation is generally found to be a clear reflector and expositor of its distinctive characteristics. The student is sometimes able to grasp at once these two separate classes of knowledge, and by comparing them in the mutual light which they shed upon each other, to obtain a closer and clearer view of both. Sometimes, however, he is compelled to trace out the one by the often dim and doubtful radiance of the other. This is peculiarly the case in relation to the poetry and national character of the inhabitants of Wales. The general features of Welsh society, from the first inroad of Caesar to the times of Hywel the Good, have been rarely recorded excepting in such fragments of poetry as had their origin during that dark period; and subsequently up to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, they are found to be most vividly and forcibly portrayed in the writings of the bards. These writings are, therefore, doubly valuable both as a source of intellectual gratification, and as the chief means of obtaining acquaintance with a national character in many respects as worthy of study as any in the early history of our race.

It is also a well known fact that poetry and language have a close and important relation to each other. The true poet is necessarily a maker of language. Burning with exalted and exciting thoughts, he must find, or make if he cannot find, a language in which he can give his living fancies utterance. Yet his brightest and noblest thoughts are of necessity moulded and colored by the language which he is compelled by incidental circumstances to employ. Thought and expression are, in this sense, correlative — each necessarily strengthens or weakens the other. It is therefore essential that he who would study with success the works of men of genius, should first become acquainted with the powers and deficiencies of the language which they have, from choice or necessity, employed as a medium of expression.

This is preëminently the case in relation to the poetry and language of Wales. The metrical system adopted by the ancient Welsh bards is so peculiar, and depends so much upon the inherent peculiarities of their language, that any comprehension of its force and value requires a

profound acquaintance with that language. In this fact is found another reason for the almost unprecedented obscurity into which this branch of ancient poetry has fallen. The remarkable language in which it is clothed, seems to have passed its meridian. It resembles, somewhat, the Latin, about the period of the downfall of the Roman Empire. The grace, vigor, and strength of its Augustan era have given way almost entirely to a modern dialect less pure, but more adapted to the growing wants of the race. The influx of English laws and customs has brought with it a corresponding influx of English methods of expression, which have necessarily taken the place of the purer, but more antique and unwieldy language of the natives. It is, perhaps, remarkable that, while the nation have been making continual advances in every department of industry and knowledge, their original language should become less and less efficient as a means of intercourse. It is a primary law of language that it advances toward perfection just in proportion to the advancement of the people who employ it. The language of Wales, however, seems to have remained stationary, while the people have endeavored to supply those deficiencies which naturally arose, from time to time, not by inventing and employing new terms from the original tongue, but rather by the introduction of a foreign terminology better fitted for the various purposes of human life. Under the influence of this process, which has been silently going on for ages, the primary language of the people has gradually fallen, and is still falling more and more, into disuse. So far as theology and many of the themes of poetry, as well as most of the transactions of common life are concerned, it still abounds in apt and forcible expressions; but as far as regards nearly all the sciences and improvements which have arisen within the past two centuries, it is miserably defective.

A remark or two in reference to such peculiarities of the Welsh tongue as have a direct bearing upon its poetry, is essential to a clear understanding of the general topic under consideration. Of its great antiquity there is no question. The accounts given by Caesar in the *Commentarii* and by Tacitus in his *Agricola* would be sufficient, if uncorroborated by any other testimony, to prove the existence in Gaul and Britain of a race closely resembling, in language and in other particulars, the modern Welsh. But this proof is strengthened both by the testimony of other Latin authors and by the internal evidence of the traditions, histories, and poems still extant among the people. Many of these contain such allusions to the invasions of Caesar, and to other incidents of primitive history, as prove beyond a question the existence of the nation and language at a period anterior to the birth of Christ.

Up to a comparatively modern date, the Welsh tongue has been pre-

served uncommonly pure, and undefiled by additions from any foreign sources. It contains, undoubtedly, a large proportion of words whose roots are also found in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. These words, however, were probably engrafted upon it during some primeval commingling of the races, which now lies beyond the reach of authentic history — probably before the Welsh nation had wandered from the eastern cradle of mankind to the northern and western shores of Europe. The Latin element was also, to some extent, augmented in the days when Roman armies ruled over the British Isles; but from the time when Roman power lost its hold, to the age of Queen Elizabeth — a period of twelve centuries or more — the native language seems to have remained entirely unmingled and distinct. This fact is explained by the utter want of commercial and social intercourse among the European tribes, by the secluded, insular position in which the Welsh were geographically placed, and by the continual watchfulness and care which were exercised by the druidic and bardic orders to preserve this pristine purity. And to it are attributable, in a very great measure, the simplicity and vigor which was so conspicuously displayed in the writings of the ancient bards.

To this fact is also due, in part, the uncommon applicability to the purposes of poetical composition which is a peculiar trait of the ancient British tongue. There is probably no modern language which possesses greater sources of metrical harmony or poetic power. In the multiplicity of its simple and compound words, and in its numberless capacities for the formation of compound from simple words, it is more than equal to the German. In the alternate power and sweetness of its poetic language, and in the natural melody of its metrical system, it is not inferior to the Italian. And probably no language of Europe surpasses it in the power of animated, life-like description, or of expressing the deepest and the loftiest emotions of our nature. It sometimes bursts forth in a torrent of rough, guttural tones inconceivably grand and effective — and again, it glides along in a rippling flow of liquid and labial sounds, which lull and charm the hearer like plaintive music. No one who has ever listened to the choicest eloquence of the Welsh pulpit, can fail to have been impressed with the extraordinary variety, power, and scope of the language. There is probably no class of men in existence who possess such immense power to move and mould the human heart, as the humble and often uncultured ministers who live among the wild and barren mountains of Wales. And this can be attributed only to the fact that they are able to bring to the aid of their natural earnestness and sincerity, the untold resources of their native tongue.

The ancient poetry of Wales possesses some remarkable characteristics which distinguish it, to a very great extent, from all other poetry, ancient or modern. It holds a distinct position in the literary world, having its rise apparently in the peculiar character of the people. It has borrowed nothing from external sources, but is wholly indigenous and native. Its themes are found in the national character — its graces and deficiencies are the deficiencies and graces of the national language — its spirit is the spirit of the nation, embodied in song. Being at the outset the legitimate offspring of the druidic system, it was sedulously preserved from contact with any exterior causes, which might modify or change its character. It dwelt with the consecrated priesthood in the shade and seclusion of their venerable oaks, unpolluted by the touch or gaze of any less august beings. It was the product of their own peculiar genius; and when, in after ages, the office of the poet was set apart from that of the priest, as a distinct profession, it still shared in the fostering care of its original cultivators, and partook largely and deeply of their singular spirit and influence. There is consequently an air of originality in its matter and expression, which is almost unequalled. The reader finds himself suddenly transported into a new country where all about him is strange and striking. New scenery, new customs, a new language, a new state of society and a new nation meet his view. He is astonished by the discovery of a far-extending and thickly populated continent, whose very existence he had never before imagined, and whose beauties and treasures and resources delight and enchant his vision.

It must be admitted, at the outset, that there is nothing in the ancient poetry of Wales which can advantageously be compared with the choicest productions of the Greek, Roman, or English muse. It is the product of a state of society which, although in advance of that of the surrounding nations, was nevertheless far inferior to the brightest ages of Grecian and Roman culture, and still more to the Augustan cycle of English literature. It is vain, therefore, to search in it after those traces of refinement and learning by which civilized society alone is marked. Nor, on the other hand, has it any marked resemblance to the earlier productions of the various nations of central Europe. It occupies a middle ground, over which it has exercised an exclusive control. Nothing in it resembles either the puerile and prolix romances and legendary tales which flourished throughout Europe during the palmy days of the Troubadours, or the loftier and nobler works of Homer, Virgil, or Milton. While the ancient bards of Wales have failed on the one hand to reach that uniform and self-sustained sublimity of thought and diction, which characterize the latter; they have, on the other, avoided the tame,

trivial, sickly spirit of the former. They possess, for the most part, an intermediate cast of mind. They delight in brilliant, pointed, pithy expressions — in nice and delicate shades of thought — in flowing and aptly modulated sentences. Most of their writings, and particularly those of the historic bards, are marked by a sententiousness, brevity, and terseness, which have rarely been equalled. They display far more of the Horatian than of the Virgilian spirit — far more of the genius of Pindar or Collins than of that of Homer or Milton. The historic bards deal mainly in brief, vivid recitals of detached battles and war-like exploits, distinguishing every leader by a thousand apt and striking epithets, and dashing out the picture, as it were, in a single stroke. The pastoral, elegiac, and amatory bards, on the other hand, excel mostly in concise, epigrammatic turns of thought, in harmonious and finely moulded verse, and in brilliant natural descriptions. These prevailing features give to the ancient poetry of Wales a distinct and singular character. And it ought, therefore, to be studied, not because it resembles the poetry of other races, but rather because it differs, in many important particulars, from the poetic literature of all other nations.

Many of these differences had their origin in the peculiar relation which the bardic system of Wales bore to the druidic institution. The term *druid* was originally generic, including three classes of persons: bards, philosophers, and priests. The same individual, however, often held these three sister offices, each of which was recognized and supported by the State. It was, in fact, considered essential to the election of an arch-druid, that he should be qualified and able to perform the duties of the bard and the philosopher as well as those of the priesthood. But occasionally members of the druidic order devoted themselves to the culture of one branch only, leaving the remaining branches to be followed by other individuals. Hence the term *druid* was limited, in process of time, to the priestly order only; while the bards and philosophers became distinct and independent bodies. Prior to this separation, the priesthood were the makers and administrators of the laws, under the supreme sanction of their princes. They were also the sole fosterers and teachers of the scanty knowledge then existing among the people, embodying within their order all the learning and wisdom of the age. They were likewise the only bards and musicians of their times; and were consequently, next to the royal families, the leading power of the nation. When, however, some advance had been made in social and political affairs, their priestly office was set apart from the remainder of their duties, and made a distinct branch of study and pursuit. The priest no longer officiated as instructor in any department of secular learning, or held the station of bard or musician in the palaces of the

chieftains. He acted only as religious teacher, while his other avocations passed into the hands of other bodies of men whose duties, privileges, and position were regulated, like his own, by State authority.

In this way the ancient bards of Wales became a separate order, ranking next to the priesthood, and enjoying peculiar immunities and privileges. Laws were enacted by the sovereign princes, defining their appropriate duties and station, and making provision for their sustenance, and for the regular meeting of bardic assemblies or *Eisteddvodau*. The effect of these arrangements on the bardic institution must be obvious. During the three or four centuries immediately preceding the times of Hywel the Good, it gradually increased in influence; and finally became firmly established as one of the primary institutes of the State.

During his reign, however, the bardic order were allowed still greater rights and privileges. In the earlier part of the tenth century, he enacted a code of laws, still extant; in which the original system was nearly perfected.<sup>1</sup> The bards were divided into three distinct classes, according to their skill and understanding — the *derwyddvodd*, sometimes also styled the *pencerdd*, or chief of song — the *privardd*, or licensed bard, who bore also the title of *bardd teulu*, or family minstrel — and the *orydd*, or philosophic bard, who was already initiated into many of the bardic mysteries, but not yet licensed by an assembly or *Eisteddvod*. All who fell below this grade, were styled disciples, and were under the special instruction of teachers, who were usually licensed or family bards.

The *chief of song*, alone, possessed the right to preside in any *Eisteddvod*, and to decide all questions relating either to poetry, or to the merits of candidates for the inferior grades; and his decision was, in all cases, to be final. He received his office by direct grant from an authorized session of bards; being, in the language of the laws of Hywel, graduated and warranted as to wisdom and science, and of elocution to demonstrate judgment and reason in respect to sciences. He was also to diffuse instruction respecting wisdom and religion in court, church, and household. He was always to hold his land free, and his property of every kind was to be free from legal seizure. He was to lodge in the royal palace with the heir apparent to the crown, and always to be seated near the king at table. On being appointed *Pencerdd*, he was to receive a harp from the king, which he was never to part with;

<sup>1</sup> A splendid copy of these laws with an English translation has been lately published by the British government, under the supervision of a Welsh gentleman of extensive and accurate knowledge, Mr. Aneurin Owen. One or two other editions have also been published from the original MSS. They are, however, quite rare.

and on every public festival, it was his duty to sing a hymn to the Deity, and a song either to the ruling monarch, or to some other friendly prince. As his compensation, he was to receive, in addition to the donations of his prince, a bridal present of twenty-four pieces of silver from every maiden on the eve of her marriage, and also a third of the salary of all his disciples. When, however, any one of these became a graduate or licensed bard, the Chief of song was bound to give him, in return, a harp.

The Family Bard also was an inmate of the royal palace, lodging with the Chief of the Household, who was usually a son or nephew of the reigning prince. He was to have his land rent-free, and his horse always in attendance; and to receive his linen clothing from the queen, his woollen from the king. At the three principal festivals, which were annually held in every royal palace, he was in duty bound, after the Chief of Song had finished his performances, to sing three songs, usually in reference to the military prowess of his sovereign; and he was at all times to sing, in a low tone, to the queen, if she desired it. On entering upon his office, he was to receive a harp from the king and a gold ring from the queen, which he was at all hazards to preserve. He was also to receive a steer for every hostile capture, at which he was present; and it was part of his duty to sing a standard song entitled *Unbenaeth Prydain*, as the army were entering into battle. It will be noticed that the duties of the family bard were far more miscellaneous and arduous than those of the Chief of Song. He held a lower rank at the royal table, in the bardic assemblies, and on all public occasions. His privileges were also fewer, and his salary less ample. But notwithstanding these differences, the position of the order, added to their large number and comparatively great wealth, gave them an extensive influence over social and political affairs.

The duties, privileges, and position of the philosophic bards were much less distinctly defined. Occupying the lowest among the bardic grades, they probably had but little influence in social life. Their residences were, for the most part, the houses of the inferior chieftains, and even those of the humblest orders of society. It was the most important of their duties to preserve by records the descent and pedigrees of all the noble families of the State. Such records were, mainly through the agency of this class of bards, handed down from age to age; and the remnants of many of them are still scattered throughout the principality.

Regulations were also made in the laws of Hywel with reference to the bardic *Eisteddvodau*, in which they were made one of the three regular assemblies of the nation. The authority of the chiefs of song,

who from their presiding at these assemblies were often titled chaired bards, was established as supreme. None were admitted to these congresses, or recognized as genuine bards, except such as had been admitted and qualified — *yn ol baint a devod beirdd ynys Prydain* — according to the right and privilege of the bards of the British Isle. All other poets, minstrels, or players, who wandered through the country without having obtained permission from a licensed bard, were indiscriminately condemned and persecuted by the bardic order.

In the earlier part of the twelfth century, Gruffydd ab Cynan, prince of Southern Wales, convoked a general congress for the purpose of revising the regulations already laid down by Hywel Dda. To this congress he summoned all the native bards, and also invited foreign poets and musicians, more especially from Ireland, to aid in the debates. On this occasion, celebrated in the annals of Welsh poetry, several important measures were adopted. Of these the most effective, in its influence upon the bardic system, was the complete separation of the bard and the musician, and the restriction of each to the practice of his appropriate calling. Prior to this period, the bard might or might not be a musician, though he usually accompanied the recitation of his poems on the harp. The regulations of Hywel respecting the duties and qualifications of the different orders, were also revised. These orders were increased to four in number, and were entitled the probationary pupil, the disciplined pupil, the master pupil, and the chief minstrel, each of whom must pass a regular examination before entering upon his station. The musicians were also divided in like manner, on the basis of certain established qualifications. Their duties and rewards were strictly defined; and they were constituted a regular and independent order. And it is a striking fact that, notwithstanding the vicissitudes and confusion of the past six centuries, the distinction laid down at that early period, is still retained in many portions of Wales.

Such was the position of the Welsh bard, as defined in the institutes of the tenth and twelfth centuries. But the bardic system, taking strong hold upon the affections of the nation, carried its influence still farther. The *Eisteddvodau*, established by regal authority, soon began to build up a system of metrical canons, according to which all poetry was to be written and tested. These canons were at first vague and indefinite; but grew, in the progress of ages, more and more strict and rigid in their application. Palpable traces of such a system are discoverable in the earliest writings extant; but it did not reach its height until the middle of the fifteenth century. At that time a celebrated bardic congress was held at Caermarthen, under the supervision of Davydd ab Edmwn, a distinguished Welsh bard. In this congress twenty-four

regular metres, having peculiar rules and models for each, were constructed and adopted; and the system which so many hands had helped to frame, was made complete. The measures adopted in this Eisteddvod met with almost universal approbation; and now constitute the only metrical system employed in Wales.<sup>1</sup>

The chief characteristics of this system are rhyme and alliteration. Of these the former has been satisfactorily shown to have existed throughout Europe in, and even anterior to, the fourth century. Alliteration also has been found in both the Scandinavian and the Teutonic tongues; but among the Celtic tribes, it seems not to have obtained, except among the Welsh, any very strong foothold. Traces of it are often visible in the Irish, Gaelic, and Armoric dialects; but in all of these it seems to be employed as an incidental, rather than a necessary ornament. Among the Welsh, however, a singular system has arisen, differing in most of its features, and in the extent to which it was employed, from that of any other of the tribes of northern and central Europe. It is a curious anomaly in the history of literature, furnishing in its complexity, perfectness, and artificial cast, indubitable proofs of its peculiar origin.<sup>2</sup>

The rhyme made use of in the poetry of Wales, is both final and internal. The final rhymes are much more complex in their application than those of the modern English. It is not unfrequently the case that the same terminal word is repeated in ten or twenty successive lines, and even throughout an entire poem. The internal rhyme is extremely varied in its character and use. It was by no means uncommon among the Welsh bards of the sixth and seventh centuries. At that time it constituted, together with the final rhyme, the chief ornament of poetry; but at a later day, both were made subordinate to the more extensive and complex system of alliteration. They were very irregularly employed; and were not, until a comparatively modern period, dependent upon any definite series of rules. The following examples, taken from the earliest writings extant, will serve to illustrate the application of both final and internal rhymes:

Glesynt esgyl lgwawr ;  
 Esgorynt yn waewawr. — Faliesim.  
 Yr atebwys O wainn, ddwyrain fossawd,  
 Nid dodynt, nid ydynt, nid ynt paraud. — Aneurin.

<sup>1</sup> The transactions of this Eisteddvod, comprising a complete *Ars Poetica*, have been lately published, together with considerable other matter, in an interesting volume entitled *CYFRINACH Y BEIRDD*.

<sup>2</sup> Introduction to Conybeare's Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry.

Both of these classes of rhyme are usually found, as in the preceding instances, in connection with alliteration. There are, however, in the more modern Welsh many specimens which omit wholly the alliteration, and employ only the final and internal rhyme; and others are not unfrequently written in strict accordance with the present English method. Of the former class the following hymn is an excellent example, presenting all the peculiar effects of internal in addition to those of final rhyme:

O Dduw, rho im' dy *hedd*,  
 A golwg ar dy *wedd*;  
 A madden 'n awr vy meian *mawr*,  
 Cyn'r elwy' lawr i'r *bedd*.  
 Ond im' cael *hyn*, nid ovnai 'r *glyn*,  
 Na cholyn angau *mwyr*;  
 Dov yn dy *law*, heb vriw na *braw*,  
 I'r oehr *draw* rhiw ddydd a *ddaw*,  
 Uwch*law* bob loes a *chlwy*.

Alliteration depends in all cases upon a repetition, within the limits of a single line or of several successive lines, of the same consonant sound. It is frequently found both in Anglo-Saxon, and in modern English poetry; but, contrary to the canon adopted by the Welsh Eisteddvodau, the consonant sound is usually repeated only at the beginning of a word, and at regular intervals in the verses. The celebrated Rhyiming Poem, translated by Mr. Conybeare, abounds in passages which unite internal and final rhyme with a complicated species of alliteration. The following is perhaps the most striking:

Flah mah fliteth;	Burg sorg viteth;
Flan man hwiteth.	Bald ald thwiteth.

The accompanying example from the "Twa Marriit Wemen," written in the year 1530 by Dunbar, is a beautiful instance of the harmony of regular alliteration:

The morrow mild was, and meck  
 The mavis did sing,  
 And away moved the mist,  
 And the mead smelled;  
 Silver shouris down shook,  
 As the sreen crystal;  
 And birdis shouted in the shaw  
 With their shrill notis.

In the Welsh metrical system alliteration varies in character and in complexity according to the different kinds of verse, which are nine in

number. Of these the first consists of four syllables, alliterating as follows: *gwaelodd gelyn*. The *G* and *L* of the first part of the verse sound in unison with the *G* and *L* of the latter. The caesural pause falls in this instance at the end of the second syllable; and in nearly all cases it falls between the primary and secondary series of alliterating letters. There are, however, a few instances in which it comes, according to rule, immediately after the commencement of the secondary series. The second kind of verse consists of five syllables, and alliterates as in the following lines:

*Lluniais mewn llanerch.* Ballots our Bullets.

The third kind has six syllables, alliterating as follows:

*Amodawl ymadwedd.* How fallen the felon.

The fourth, having seven syllables, alliterates thus:

*Egin a ddwg yn ei ddydd.* Overgrown the evergreen.

The fifth consists of eight syllables with the following alliteration:

*Cu adardy, coed irdeg.* The apostles wrote epistles.

The sixth has nine syllables, alliterating thus:

*Lleuc haul awyr lloer oleuwn.* Sonorously the snorer sleepeth.

The seventh, having ten syllables, alliterates as in the following lines:

*Y vrus a gerais dan vaen y gorwedd;  
Peraidd ei mynwes, pur oedd ei mwynedd.*

The eighth, consisting of eleven syllables, alliterates thus:

*Heb enw gwir heddwch, heb un i'w gyrhaedd.*

The ninth, and last of the different kinds of verse, consists of twelve syllables, and alliterates in the following manner:

*Oer wylais gan ddolur, mawr waclais gan dduloes;  
A chalon im' erlid, a cholyn y mawloes.*

There are three distinct species of alliterative verses, differing somewhat in their complexity and strictness. In the first of these, the primary and secondary parts of each verse may be alternated

without injuring either sense, rhyme or alliteration. Thus the lines :

Cydradd â mi cedrwydd Môn,  
Du Eryri, dewr wron,

may be alternated without changing the sense, or destroying the structure of the verse, as follows :

Cedrwydd Môn cydradd â mi,  
Dewr wron du Eryri.

The second species of alliterating verses is characterized by the fact that the caesural pause is thrown back into the secondary division of the verse. In this species, and occasionally in other instances, the correlative consonants are substituted for each other, as T for D, and P for B, in the following examples :

Dyn a welaistr yn wylo.  
Bun orwemr wen iraidd.

Many other variations both in this and in other kinds of verse, arise out of the numerous affinities and relations which the several classes of consonants bear to each other.

In the third species of verse, a syllable or a number of syllables, is placed between the primary and secondary series of alliterating consonants. This arrangement is evidently designed to obviate the sameness, to which the ordinary method is more or less liable. The following instances will serve to illustrate this peculiarity :

Tyred *vyvyrdd* tirion.  
Lover the merry dance leaveth,  
Gravely, ah, gravely he grieveth.

Another remarkable feature which has great effect upon the harmony of Welsh poetry, is the *Cyrch*, or recurrent sound. It consists sometimes of a single word, sometimes of two or more ; and as a general rule, is the final word in those verses in which use is made of it. It is often employed internally to bind together a single verse ; and in nearly all such instances it follows an internal rhyme, and has also an alliteration with some word preceding it. Thus in the following line :

Mae meillion gwynion ugeiniau,

the recurrent sound is *ugeiniau*, following the internal rhyme, and alliterating with the first part of the word preceding. The *Cyrch* some-

times requires a repetition of its consonant sounds at the beginning of the succeeding verse, as in the accompanying examples :

Bro hardd aroglber yw hi — BRO LLAWNION  
 BERLLENydd a gerddi.  
 Clywais adlais odlau cynar,  
 Canau odiaeth cywion adar,  
 Nodais glasliw glwyslwyn hygar.

These four elements — the final and internal rhyme, the various forms of alliteration, and the *cyrch* — constitute the bases of the Welsh metrical system. It must not be imagined, however, that any of these elements are uniform in their application. There is, on the other hand, scarcely a single species of alliterative, rhyming or *cyrchic* verse, which is not subject to very extensive modifications. Such modifications are often made unavoidable both by the nature of the thought to be expressed, and by the peculiarities and deficiencies of the language.

The system of metres formed by the combination of these elements, is composed of twenty-four varieties. These varieties are commonly arranged in three general divisions — the *Englyn*, or stanza — the *Cynydd*, or poem — and the *Awdl*, or ode. Of the *Englyn* there are five separate species, differing both in the arrangement, and in the length of the verses which compose them. They are alike, however, in having four verses, and either twenty-eight or thirty syllables in each. The most common and most admired form has thirty, which are divided into two divisions — each composing two verses — the first containing sixteen, and the second fourteen syllables. The first verse must be either alliterative or *cyrchic*; and must also have a *cyrch* at its termination, alliterating with the first words of the succeeding verse. The remaining verses may be either *cyrchic* or alliterative. And it is a universal law that all the verses of each stanza shall have the same final rhyme, and that the rhyming syllable of the first verse shall be the one immediately preceding the terminal *cyrch*.

The following instances will serve to illustrate the general principles just mentioned — both are good examples of the ordinary *Englyn*, though the latter has a slight imperfection :

Sopor Mariam cepit — in Luctu  
 A Lecto recessit;  
 Ast tuba hauc citabit,  
 Ut Maria salva sit.  
 Vellem a carne vili — quâ premor,  
 Quam primum dissolvi;  
 Et cupio a te capi,  
 Salvator amator mi!

In both of these examples, the same final rhyme may be found in all the verses — an internal rhyme may also be found in the last verse of each. The *Cyrch* is introduced at the end of the first and last verses; and the usual alliteration is employed throughout both stanzas.

The following epigram is more valuable as an illustration of the system under consideration, than on account of any intrinsic merit — it represents another variety of the modern Englyn :

David Cule his rule was wrong — his measure  
He missed a furlong;  
Heedless he hurried headlong,  
Got drunk and sunk with his song.

A single example more, illustrative of still another variety of this class of metres, will suffice to convey some clear conception of their peculiar construction.

Agor dy Drysor, dôd ran — trwy gallwedd,  
Tra gellych, i'r truan;  
Gwell ryw awr golli'r arian  
Na chaûr gôd, a nychûr gwan.

The *Cywydd* or poem is divided into four distinct species, which differ quite materially from each other. The most common of these is composed of couplets, having seven syllables each; and rhyming with each other in the same manner as the last two lines of the ordinary Englyn. It is a general rule than an unaccented shall rhyme with an accented syllable in each couplet, and that every line shall be either alliterative or *cyrchic*, as in the following instances :

Attend! In grace transcendent  
God we know His bow has bent.  
Si sors vertit retrorsum,  
Tunc onustus servus sum.

In these examples the unaccented precedes the accented final syllable — the reverse, however, is frequently the case. The internal rhyme is also introduced in connection with the *Cyrch*, though it is not deemed an essential part of the measure. All of these features, together with the various peculiarities of the accent, are admirably displayed in the following passage from the poems of a distinguished Welsh bard, still living :

Wyllt wênwr hallt ei wancg,  
Llawn o dwyll yw ei wên deg;  
Llyvnrawn ydyw, heddyw, heb  
Arw dôn ar hyd ei royneb.

The remaining fifteen of the twenty-four primary metres belong exclusively to the *Awdl*, or ode. It will be impossible within the limits of this article to give any explanation, or present any examples of even the most striking among them; although they furnish to the student of metrical science a most ample and interesting field of research. As a general fact, the *Awdl* may be composed of any one or more of them, according to the taste or skill of the bard. On the other hand, there are often employed in it not only the peculiar measures of the *Awdl*, but also any and even all of those which belong appropriately to the *Englyn* and the *Cywydd*. In the more modern days of Welsh bardism, it was deemed the height of bardic skill to compose an ode which brought the whole metrical system into play. Such odes were very frequently written by the bards of the sixteenth century, but prior to that period they appear to have been altogether unknown.

Such is a brief transcript of the bardic system of the ancient Britons — one of the most singular intellectual phenomena in the annals of literature — one which in the manner and time of its rise and development, and in many of its prominent features, is an anomaly in human history. A system so artificial and so complicated, must of necessity have exercised a powerful influence upon the character of Welsh poetry. The difficulties which it throws in the way of the poet, are absolutely insurmountable without great natural ingenuity and extensive practice. No parallel to it can be found in the literature of any other people — no system presenting barriers so formidable, restrictions so severe and galling. A series of canons so minute, so strict, and so burdensome in their requirements, could not be successfully introduced into any other language of the ancient or modern world. And it is no inconclusive evidence of the scope and capacities of the Welsh tongue, as well as of the natural ability and genius of the Welsh people, that in spite of all these embarrassments, there is at the present day hardly a land in Europe so full of poetical productions.

The main design of those who founded and perfected this system, was to preserve the dignity and exclusive character of the bardic order. The Druids were, from the beginning to the close of their strange existence, an exclusive and extraordinary body; and it was natural that they should impress upon their bardic, as upon their religious system, that exclusive character which it was their interest and aim to maintain. The same feeling operated upon the minds of the bardic order, and led them to hedge themselves round and round with barriers which nothing but tested ability and skill could pass. It was this feeling which prompted them to load the bard with fetter after fetter, and to beset him round about with rules and restrictions and embarrassments, till his

strength was gone and his power of motion paralyzed. No human intellect could trample down such formidable impediments, no human fancy soar above them. In the construction and application of such a series of rules, the bardic order committed a great and fatal error. The inimitable system on which they lavishly spent the toil and intellect of ages, is destined to live only among those marvellous and beautiful, but worthless productions of the human mind, which excite at once feelings of admiration for their exquisite loveliness, and of sorrow for the wasted genius which created them !

The Welsh metrical system had no tendency to promote, but rather to prevent the cultivation of that lofty imagination and original power which lie at the bottom of all genuine poetry. It tended to make the bard a man of ingenuity and skill, rather than of fancy and genius. He wasted his entire energy in arranging and displaying words, unconscious that the real and animated poet is a man of deep and earnest thought, and that every rule or system which comes between him and the clear expression of the strong emotions glowing like stars in his soul, is but a cloud to hide their beautiful brilliance. Almost the whole force of public and private criticism was spent upon the external features of poetry, while its interior spirit and sense were hardly heeded. Those luxuriant fancies which scatter such a radiance over the early poetry of other nations, found little room for play. The cropt genius of the bard, bound and chained to earth by these wearisome fetters, had no power to break them and soar away into its own free, airy element.

It must be admitted, on the other hand, that this system, being universally recognized, and practised by all the graduated bards of the nation, was calculated to perfect, in a very high degree, the metrical character of poetry. On this point the bardic canons were uncommonly explicit and rigid in their requirements. The strict and searching criticism of the *Eisteddvodau* was sure to detect and expose each error. Those who disregarded their requisitions, were compelled to gain a scanty subsistence by strolling from place to place to gratify the less refined and less scrupulous tastes of the lowest classes of society. The follow-passage from one of the poems of Taliesin, is strongly expressive of the contempt in which these vagrant minstrels were held by the bardic order :

Birds fly ; bees collect honey ;  
Fishes swim ; reptiles creep ;  
Everything labors for its subsistence,  
Except vagrant, worthless minstrels.

Blaspheme not among you  
Teaching, nor the art of song.  
Be silent, ye rhymers,  
Unprosperous false ones !

It will also be admitted that the extensive license allowed in the employment of any measure or combination of measures, which the fancy or caprice of any member of the order might suggest, gave fine opportunity for the cultivation and display of both skill and taste. As a natural consequence, it created great diversity among the productions which were, from time to time, presented for inspection in the bardic assemblies. It likewise tended greatly to impress upon Welsh poetry generally those striking characteristics of the Latin, and especially of the English ode, by which nearly all of it is so strongly marked.

The bardic system was also calculated to give poetry great prominence in the sight of the common people. The existence of such a system in the midst of the nation could not fail, in such an imaginative age, to stir up in their hearts feelings of love and veneration. The sweet strains of the bard were ever echoing among them. The solemn assemblies and rude pageantry of the bardic order were yearly brought before their eyes. They beheld poetry everywhere established as a science, by legal enactments, and cultivated by the choicest talent of the land — and, as a natural result, their awakened minds, endowed by nature with deep poetic fervor and earnest feeling, gladly embraced and rejoiced in its pleasant and humanizing influences. The same principle led them also to give great prominence to the bardic order. The position of the bards in the palaces of their princes and chieftains, caused their influence to be felt throughout the nation. They often, by their instructions and advice, contributed largely to the advancement of science and learning. After the downfall of Druidism and the introduction of Christianity, they not unfrequently performed the duties of religious, as well as secular teachers. And consequently they received, everywhere, that esteem and reverence which the sanctity of their persons, and the comparatively great knowledge they possessed, were calculated to inspire.

The dependent circumstances of the bards made the generosity of the nobles a frequent theme of song. Taliesin thus alludes to their careless and happy condition :

The learned in the mystery of song  
 Find a safe refuge with Callovydd,  
 Who bestows on me splendid garments;  
 In the stormy time of winter,  
 When the chief appears ascending from the gate,  
 They commence the voice of melody.

Owain Glyndwr, whose efforts in behalf of Welsh freedom are well known to the readers of English history, was an especial patron of the

poets of his age. Among the writings of one of them is found an Invitation Poem, in which Lycharth, the palace of Glyndwr, is titled the congregation-place of the bards. The following lines, from this poem, give evidence of the generous hospitality of that noted chief:

Hard is it for us to see  
There either latch or lock,  
Or want or hunger or neglect  
Or thirstiness in Lycharth.

The same fact led the bards also to praise the valor and military prowess of their chieftains. This was especially the custom during the earliest eras of Welsh poetry, when war constituted the chief employment of the nation; but at a later day, and particularly after the introduction and spread of Christianity, they devoted their talents mostly to other themes. The Welsh are possessed of uncommonly strong religious and social feelings. These characteristics have always been prominently displayed in their national poetry, a large proportion of it being religious, elegiac, and amatory.

A brief sketch of the history of the ancient poetry of Wales, will close this already protracted article. It is commonly divided into three cycles, corresponding to three successive eras in Welsh history. The chief among the bards of the first cycle, which includes the sixth and seventh centuries, are Taliesin, Aneurin, and Llywarch Hên.<sup>1</sup> They appear, however, to have been the followers of a still more original and singular class of poets, who flourished in the ages anterior to the Roman and Saxon invasions. Allusions to such a body of men are not unfrequently found in the writings of the later bards. And there are strong evidences in the poems of Taliesin, Aneurin and Llywarch Hên, which go to show that they were not the original inventors of the metrical system employed in their productions, but rather the improvers of one which had been handed down to them from a more remote and primitive age.

Taliesin stands at the head of the ancient bards of Wales. A large number of poems ascribed to him are still in existence, most of them commemorative of the warlike exploits and generous character of Urien, his patron prince. Others are elegies composed in memory of several princely heroes, who had fallen in the fierce contests carried on at that period against the Saxon invaders. His descriptions of battles are often uncommonly animated and picturesque.

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<sup>1</sup> The question respecting the genuineness of the poems ascribed to these authors, appears to be settled, so far as such a question can be settled, by the Essay of Sharon Turner on this topic. The nature and extent of the proof preclude the admission of any part of it into this article.

Courageous men I saw embattled,  
 Their war-shout piercing the elements  
 Like the sound of raging waves.  
 After the dire morn of conflict,  
 I saw the mangled flesh.  
 The fierce contending tumult I beheld,  
 Where raged the wild destruction,  
 And ran, amid the half-surviving ranks,  
 The swiftly flowing streams of blood.

I beheld gore-bespattered heroes  
 In the gray, curling wave dropping  
 Their blunted arms. Mangled with wounds,  
 With hands across, they sank to peaceful rest —  
 Most pitifully sank, with their pale cheeks  
 On the cold earth !

Covered with fearful rage I saw  
 The brow of Urien, when with torment  
 He encompassed his foes  
 At the white rock of Calysten.  
 Till I fail with age —  
 Till by the hand of fate I die,  
 Let me not smile with joy  
 If I sing not the praise of Urien !

Some of his poems are adorned with passages of uncommon beauty and vigor. The following examples are singularly wild and striking :

I saw the dread warriors  
 Rushing together at the war-sound.  
 I saw blood on the ground  
 From the assault of swords.

With blue they tinged the wings of the  
 morn,  
 When they flung forth their ashen  
 lances !

Havoc, havoc raged around ;  
 Many a carcass strewed the ground ;  
 Ravens drank the purple flood ;  
 Raven plumes were dyed in blood :

Frighted crowds from place to place,  
 Eager, hurrying, breathless, pale,  
 Spread the news of their disgrace,  
 Trembling as they told the tale.

Of the poems of Aneurin, only one or two are still extant. His fame rests entirely upon the *Gododin*, which, although mutilated, is the longest ancient poem in the language. It is a description of the disastrous battle of *Cottraeth*, in which the poet was himself engaged. It is marked by great conciseness and strength of expression, and often by great beauty of thought and imagery. Its beginning is bold and vigorous :

I saw a youth,  
 Vigorous in the tumult.

A swift, thick-maned steed  
 Was under him.

A shield, light and broad,	It is not for me, alas !
Hung on the slender, fleet courser.	To envy thee ;
His sword was blue and shining ;	I will do nobler to thee —
Golden spurs and ermine adorned him.	In song will I praise thee !

The following episode is a fine tribute to one of the princes, who fell in the midst of the combat :

None made the social hall so free from care  
 As gentle Cynou, Clinion's sovereign lord ;  
 For highest rank he never proudly strove,  
 And whom he once had known he ne'er would slight ;  
 Yet was his spear keen-pointed, and well knew  
 To pierce with truest aim the' embattled line.  
 Swift flew his steed to meet the hostile storm,  
 And death sat on his lance, as with the dawn  
 He rushed to war in glory's brilliant day.

Llywarch Hên — at once a prince and bard — differs materially from both Taliesin and Aneurin. His mind was, by nature, reflective, and often led him to turn away from exterior topics to the contemplation of his own character and condition. Many of his poems are elegiac — many others are descriptive of his private afflictions and sorrows, and are extremely beautiful and touching. The following lines, from an elegy on Cynddylau, evince great poetic power :

The hall of Cynddylau is silent to-night,  
 After having lost its lord —  
 God of mercy, what shall I do ?  
 The hall of Cynddylau, bereft of its wonted appearance ;  
 Its shield is in the grave :  
 Whilst he lived there was no broken roof.  
 The hall of Cynddylau is without love to-night,  
 Since he that owned it is no more —  
 Ah, Death ! but shortly shall he leave me !  
 The hall of Cynddylau is gloomy to-night,  
 Without fire, without a family —  
 My overflowing tears gush out,  
 The hall of Cynddylau — it pierces me to see it,  
 Without a covering, without a fire :  
 My chieftain is no more, and I am still alive !

There is something truly pathetic and melting in the following allusions to his forlorn and helpless condition in old age :

Brethren I have had who were free from evil,  
 Who grew up like the saplings of the hazel —  
 One by one they are all departed !

This leaf, is it not blown about by the wind ?  
 Woe to it for its fate,  
 Alas, it is old !  
 Old age is scoffing at me,  
 From the hair to the teeth ;  
 And the eye which the young ones loved.  
 Maidens love me not — I am visited by none ;  
 I cannot move myself along —  
 Ah, Death, wilt not thou befriend me !

My wooden crook ! be thou a branch contented  
 To support a mourning old man ;  
 Llywarch — noted for sorrowing.  
 My wooden crook ! be thou steady,  
 And support me better ;  
 Llywarch — remote from any !

The second cycle of Welsh poetry includes the period from the middle of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century. The laws of Hywel Dda give ample evidence that, during the interval between the first and second eras, the bardic order maintained, in some degree, their pristine vigor ; but that period appears, nevertheless, to have been one of comparative intellectual inactivity. About the middle of the eleventh century, poetry became again ascendant. Cynddelw, Gwalchmai, Einion, Owain Cyveiliog, and a host of others, contributed to raise its waning spirit, and to spread its influence anew over the land. The productions of this era are too numerous to receive even a passing notice — two or three examples will suffice to illustrate their general character. The touching elegy of which the following is an extract, was composed about the year 1240, by Einion ab Gwalchmai, on the occasion of the death of Mest, the daughter of his patron prince. For deep pathos, beautiful and appropriate imagery, and forcible expressions, the original can hardly be surpassed.

Returneth the spring —  
 The trees in bloom —  
 The forest in its beauty,  
 And the birds warbling.  
 Smooth the sea and still the wind ;  
 Hollow soundeth the softly-rising tide.  
 I cannot hide my grief,  
 I cannot be still and silent.  
 The sea floweth with force,  
 And beareth a hoarse, plaintive noise,  
 Lamenting a gentle maiden.  
 Ere she died, I sang the praises

Of Mest — now I compose  
 With pensive heart her elegy.  
 Arrayed in silk, how beautiful  
 Shone the bright star of Cadvan.  
 How great her simplicity —  
 Her innocence how great !  
 Sharp as a hawk's her eye,  
 The child of noble ancestry,  
 The ornament of Venedotia  
 And the pride. Generously  
 Rewarded she her bard.  
 In silence now the earth

Her corse covereth.  
 O, generous Mest, thou liest  
 In thy safe retreat!  
 Ever before me is the veil,  
 Lonesome, dreary, dark,  
 That covereth thy face —  
 Thy face that shone  
 Like the pearly dew on Eryri!  
 To the great Creator

Of heaven and earth I pray —  
 He will not refuse my prayer :  
 May this beautiful maiden,  
 Glittering like pearls,  
 To His mercy be received,  
 To hold converse with the prophets  
 In the great inheritance  
 Of the all-wise God,  
 With Mary and the martyrs !

The following ode to Llewelyn, the great defender of Welsh liberties, is a fine example of the class of heroic poems, to which it belongs. It was written about the middle of the thirteenth century, by Einion ab Gwgawn, on the occasion of a victory gained by Llewelyn over the English forces.

Llewelyn, terror of thine enemy,  
 In the south, death issued from thy hand!  
 An anchor in the time of storm  
 Art thou to us ;  
 May the shield of God protect thee,  
 Protector of our country !  
 Britain, fearless of her enemies,  
 Gloried in being ruled by thee —  
 By Llewelyn who defies  
 His enemy from shore to shore.  
 A lion in danger,  
 He is the joy of armies,  
 The sovereign of sea and land.  
 A warrior like a deluge —  
 Like a surge upon the beach —  
 His shout is like the roaring wave  
 That rusheth to the shore,  
 Unconquerable !  
 The numerous armies of his enemy  
 Putteth he to flight,  
 Like a mighty wind !

About him gather warriors,  
 Zealous to defend his cause —  
 Brightly shine their shields.  
 His bards with his praises  
 Make the vales resound.  
 His valor is of every tongue  
 The theme — in distant climes  
 The glory of his victories is heard.  
 No danger in the day of battle  
 Him from his purpose can turn.  
 Above the rest he is conspicuous  
 With a lance, large, strong, and crimson.  
 Great is his generosity :  
 No suit is made to him in vain ;  
 A tender hearted prince is Llewelyn.  
 Nobly can he spread the feast,  
 Yet is not enervated by luxuries.  
 May He who permitted us  
 Of his heavenly revelation to share,  
 Grant him the blessed habitation  
 Of the saints above the stars !

Among the brightest ornaments of this era were Owain Cyveiliog and Cynddelw. The former was a prince of Southern Wales ; and was actively engaged, during the most of his life, in the warlike contests of that period. As a bard he is entitled to a high rank among his contemporaries. His most celebrated production is the *Hir-Lás*, which is an ode in commemoration of a victory gained by him over the Saxon invaders. This poem is one of great power and beauty, abounding in striking imagery and vivid thought — a few passages will be sufficient to convey some general conception of the whole :

This hour is given up to joy!  
 Then fill the Hir-lás horn, my boy,  
 That shineth like the sea;  
 Whose azure handles, tipped with gold,  
 Invite the grasp of Britons bold,  
 The sons of liberty.

As thou wilt thy life prolong  
 Fill it with metheglin strong;  
 Gruffydd thirsts — to Gruffydd fill,  
 Whose bloody lance is used to kill;  
 Matchless in the field of strife,  
 His glory ends not with his life.

Let the brimming goblet smile,  
 And Enyved's cares beguile:  
 Like a hurricane is he,  
 Bursting on a troubled sea.  
 See their spears dained with gore!  
 Hear the din of battle roar!  
 Bucklers, swords together clashing;  
 Sparkles from their helmets flashing!

Fill the horn with rosy wine —  
 Brave Moreiddig claims it now,  
 Chieftain of an ancient line,  
 Dauntless heart and open brow;  
 To the warrior it belongs,  
 Prince of battles, chief of songs!

Now a due libation pour  
 To the spirits of the dead  
 Who that memorable hour  
 Made the hostile plain their bed.  
 There the glittering steel was seen,  
 There the twanging bow was heard;  
 There the mighty pressed the green,  
 Recorded by their faithful bard.

Cease, my boy, thy task is o'er;  
 Thou shalt fill the horn no more!  
 Long may the King of kings protect  
 And crown with bliss my friends elect,  
 Where liberty and truth reside,  
 And virtue, truth's immortal bride!

The poems of Cynddelw are also remarkable for great liveliness of thought and expression. One of the most spirited and beautiful is a hymn in praise of his patron, Rhys ab Gruffydd, the last sovereign of Southern Wales. The following passages are somewhat indicative of its general character:

A blessing on thy warriors,  
 Thou eagle of battles;  
 And on thy land,  
 Thou skilful sovereign!  
 To the Maker of heaven and earth,  
 I offer an earnest prayer  
 To be defended from thy wrath,  
 Thou friend of bards!  
 A lasting blessing I beseech —  
 For a beseecher am I called —  
 Upon thy golden, ornamented doors,  
 And upon thy treasures,

Thou light of the pleasant land!  
 A blessing on thy warriors,  
 Men of the Southern shore —  
 On thy movements and thy spearmen —  
 On thy hosts, and on thy kingly sons,  
 Thou able supporter of minstrels!  
 A blessing on thee, generous guardian:  
 Kings shall not withstand thee!  
 A blessing on thy army,  
 Thou centre of battles;  
 And on thy household,  
 Thou worthy of praises!

The third era of Welsh poetry embraces a period commencing in the earlier part of the fourteenth century, and terminating at the final coalition of Wales and England. In the turbulence and anarchy of those troublous times which preceded the Conquest, the bardic order lost most of their foothold in the nation. The continual incursions of the English forces made self-preservation the most prominent object of

thought and solicitude; and poetry and its sister arts were consequently neglected, and almost forgotten. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century, however, it began to reassume its wonted lustre; and when the nation had begun to recover from the effects of their severe and protracted contest, it again burst forth with as pure and clear a light as ever. Although the bards of this era failed to retain their original position in the palaces of the nobles, they were far more numerous than those of any preceding age; and the great activity which they displayed in perfecting their metrical system, and in the many productions of that period, furnishes ample evidence that the spirit of the bards of other and better days still glowed in their bosoms.

Among the poets of this era, Davydd ab Gwilym is confessedly the chief.<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding the great diversity in point of time and circumstances, he strongly resembles in the cast of his mind the poet Burns. His productions are often marked by an exquisite beauty of thought and expression, but more especially by a ceaseless flow of deep and tender feeling. Far the greater portion of his poems are amatory, more than a hundred songs dedicated to Marvudd, a fair favorite of the poet, being still extant. His remaining writings are much more miscellaneous in their topics and general character, than those of any other bard of his age. He also excelled every other poet of his times in the extraordinary finish and taste of his productions. The following beautiful poem to a lark, written about the year 1375, admirably displays some of his peculiar characteristics:

Sentinel of the morning light!  
 Reveller of the spring.  
 How noble and how wild thy flight—  
 Th' boundless journeying  
 Far from thy brethren of the woods alone,  
 A hermit bent at thy Creator's throne.

Oh, wilt thou climb the heavens for me—  
 Yon rampart's starry height—  
 Thou interlude of melody  
 'Twixt darkness and the light;

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<sup>1</sup> The poems of this bard were first published about the beginning of the present century. At the same time nearly all of the more valuable specimens of ancient Welsh poetry were issued in several volumes of a work, entitled *ARCHAEOLOGY OF WALES*. To this work those who are desirous of examining these productions in the original, are referred. It is impossible to preserve in any English translation the peculiar sweep and melody of the original tongue. The singular effects of the rhythmic and alliterative system, as well as much of the spirit and force of the poetry itself, must of course be lost in the emasculating process of translation.

And seek with day's first dawn upon thy crest  
My lady-love — the moonbeam of the west !

No woodland denizen art thou ;  
Far from the archer's eye,  
Thy course is o'er the mountain's brow —  
Thy music in the sky ;  
Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,  
Thou earthly caroller of angel song !

The limits of this article forbid any further notice of the numerous other bards, who flourished in and about the times of Davydd ab Gwilym. From that period to the present hour, poetry has continued, with a few brief intervals, to be a prominent source of enjoyment among the Welsh people. Their poetic spirit has survived the destructive tendencies of five centuries of change and revolution ; and in spite of the failing condition of their language, and of the fetters of their metrical system, it still lives and flourishes in the heart of the nation. Bardic sessions, after the ancient models, have been frequently held — particularly within the last half century ; and many efforts are continually making to keep alive the poetic feelings of the people. In every village and hamlet, in every valley and on every hill-side, the voice of harmony is ever swelling upward over land and sea, as if it were an echo of the wonderful melodies breathed forth by the inspired bards of other and happier ages.

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### ARTICLE III.

#### THEOLOGY OF DR. EMMONS.

By Rev. E. Smalley, D. D., Worcester, Mass.

OF some men the highest eulogy is their works. They live to bless their race ; and when they 'rest from their labors, their works do follow them.' They can afford to dispense with the praises of men, for they are sure of the honor which cometh from God, and which is imperishable. If misrepresented and even maligned while living, they possess their souls in patience, and calmly 'bide their time.' As the sun appears brighter when the clouds that obscured it have passed away, so character becomes more beautiful when the prejudices which had clung to it have disappeared.