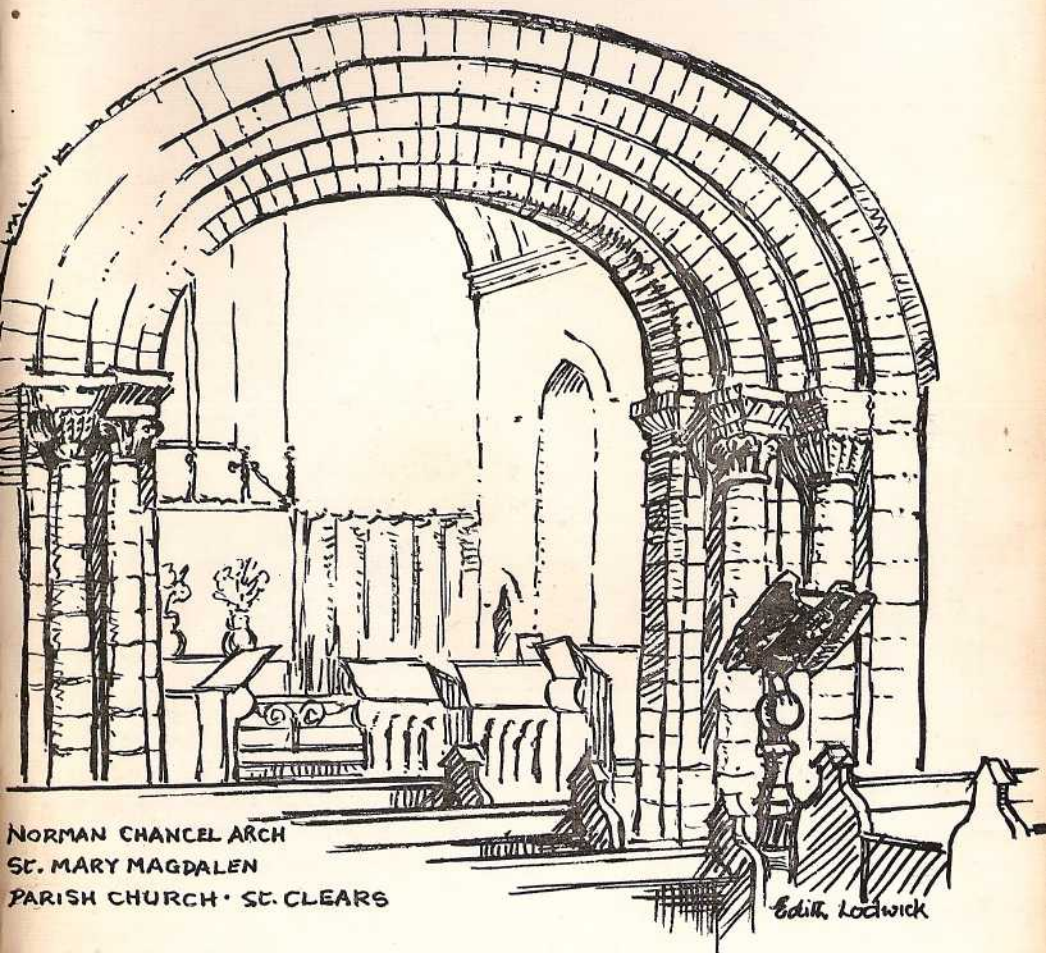


The Carmarthenshire Historian



NORMAN CHANCEL ARCH
ST. MARY MAGDALEN
PARISH CHURCH · ST. CLEARS

Edith Lockwick

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Editorial

That there is more in a name than the sum of its letters is one of the enchantments of local history. Forget that place-names are labels to facilitate identification and they become, with pleasing frequency, compelling finger-posts to the past. Often the terse message is unmistakable, but sometimes it is obscure, even ambiguous or meaningless, without the historical witness long lost in antiquity. Dan y castell nestling beneath the ancient ruins invites no speculation; Dan y gaer, in the absence of the appropriate topographical association, turns the local historian into an obsessed detective searching for the camp he may never find.

But toponymy is a subject for the scholar equipped to avoid the pitfalls which lure inexpert wishful thinking into foolish falsehood. Adulteration, English and Welsh, confounds even the wary; the corruption by the one of the other's vernacular perplexes Englishmen and Welshmen alike; and the misleading similarities between the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic tongues are traps for the unschooled. All of which brings to mind the man who appealed to those learned in Anglo-Saxon to explain the meaning of Reilth, name of an abode in the Welsh March. Least surprising was the unanimity of the response, for all agreed on a derivation from Yr Allt, a deduction confirmed, as it turned out, by the dwelling's association with a hillside. One suspects that he was as disappointed as the Welshman who learns that 'betws', seemingly of unimpeachable Welsh ancestry, is a counterfeit loan-word from Old English.

Despite the philological hazards—even because of them—place-names are the caskets of local history, chased and jewelled to allure the mind. Open a casket and history escapes; despair of forcing the unyielding lock and conjecture is provoked to true or false conclusions. A gift in the present volume is a collection of caskets presented by Wales Herald in his article about Cwm Cych along the border in the north-west of the county, for the names of the fields and landmarks he recites are more than a catalogue; they give clues to the forgotten history of this enchanted valley. To trek with him is to wander and wonder. Who, behind the long centuries, was the escort that lies in an anonymous grave? Who the hermit in the ancient clearing? What army; what forgotten battle? And the 'gweision'? Surely they can be no other than those who served the Lord of the Seven Royal Courts?

Such is the teasing romance of the nameless history that lies in countless place-names, which is very much more than can be said about the surnames common in Wales. A recent complaint drew attention to the difficulty of tracing an inadequately specified Jones in the telephone directory; likewise, any Welsh gazetteer is heavily

loaded under 'Llan'. For the paucity of untypical surnames that was inflicted upon the unwilling Welsh blame might be laid elsewhere, but the host of 'Llan' names is a native creation ordained by syntactic rule which those across the border have reversed.

What might have happened had not an impatient English bishop, for the sake of administrative ease, refused to contend with the Welsh use of 'ap' to the third and fourth generation? As it was, the sixteenth century result produced a surfeit of Joneses, Evanses, Williamses, Davieses, Thomases and the rest of a small bag. Left alone, would the Welsh have persisted in their ancient custom or would they have succumbed to the idea of the cognomen in their own way? To contemplate surnames like 'Wern, Coed, Goch (not Gough), Gof (not Gove, either) and any number of associative names is an agreeable speculation. Is it too late to acquire them now? Some latter-day bureaucrat might complain, but does anybody care?

Corporal Davies Goes to War

Letters Tell of Crimean Campaign

by Major FRANCIS JONES, C.V.O., T.D., D.L.

Wales Herald Extraordinary
County Archivist of Carmarthenshire

FOR some years in the mid-nineteenth century a dispute about the Holy Places in Jerusalem had been causing irritation between Russia and Turkey. Suddenly, in 1853, Russia moved troops into Moldavia, which with its neighbouring principality of Wallachia, she wished to hold as "a material guarantee" to protect her interests. This step resulted in Turkey declaring war on Russia on 5 October of that year. Britain and France, deciding to intervene on the side of Turkey, moved their fleets into the Black Sea, and on 28 March 1854, formally declared war on Russia. A British army under Lord Raglan then took up position at Varna with the object of protecting Constantinople if need arose.

But the chief theatre was the Crimea. An Allied army some 51,000 strong, under St Arnaud and Raglan landed on 14 September 1854 at Eupatoria, a Russian port on the west coast of the Crimea. As the force advanced southwards it made contact on 20 September 1854 with a large Russian body of troops holding the banks of the river *Alma*. The battle was confined to infantry and artillery, and in three hours the passage of the river was forced, and the Russians fell back on their formidable stronghold, Sebastopol. Although the town was subjected to heavy bombardment the defences held.

On 25 October 1854 the Russians counter-attacked at *Balaclava* but were repulsed by British troops. However, the Turks failed to hold their part of the line, and the Russians rapidly poured through, until a single British infantry regiment, the 93rd Highlanders, deployed in double line, brought the enemy to a halt. The cavalry were then committed, both Heavy and Light Brigades, and finally a French infantry regiment. This caused the Russians to retire in disorder which soon developed into a rout.

The next engagement took place on 5 November 1854 at *Inkerman*. On a misty morning a large Russian force made a sudden attack on the English lines. The fighting was severe and confused but the lines held. The arrival of the French, late in the day, was decisive. This was very much a "soldiers' battle", and 8000 British troops helped by 6000 French, had held the heights of Inkerman against a Russian force four times as great.

Sebastopol still held out, and the Allies settled down to a siege. A Russian attack on Eupatoria in February 1855 failed. At last on 8 September the earthworks around Sebastopol were forced, the French capturing the Malakoff Tower while a British storming party siezed the Redan. The Allies then penetrated into Sebastopol itself, and the Russians withdrew to the northern part of the town which they continued to hold until the Peace Treaty was signed in March 1856.

Among British units taking part was the 4th Regiment of Foot. It was later designated as The King's Own Royal Regiment (Lancaster), and exists today, as the result of amalgamation, as The King's Own Royal Border Regiment (4th, 34th, and 55th). For the part it played in the Crimea the regiment was awarded the battle honours "Alma", "Inkerman", and "Sevastopol".

I am indebted to Dr T. R. Davies of Llanelli for his public spiritedness in depositing in the County Record Office, a series of interesting letters written by a Carmarthenshire soldier who served in the 4th Foot. There are altogether twenty-one documents, covering the years 1851—1856. Dr Davies has placed the Local History Society, and particular military historians, in his debt by ensuring the preservation of these interesting missives. We are familiar with Crimean despatches compiled by military commanders, with several books written by competent staff officers, with reports of the distinguished Dr William Russell, special correspondent of the *Times*, whose descriptions of the campaign place him in the front rank of military narrators, and with numerous letters written by officers who took part in the fighting. However, very few diaries and letters written by Other Ranks have survived, and this gives an additional interest to the letters printed below, since they illustrate the attitude and experiences of a member of the brave and largely inarticulate soldiery whose devotion to the Colours has resulted in so many acts of heroism.

Not that the writer of these letters was in any way inarticulate. From William Davies's handwriting, his lively style, and gift for vivid description, it is abundantly clear that he had received a far better education than was usual among Other Ranks of those days. He was certainly a Carmarthenshire man, possibly from the county town where he had many kinsfolk and friends. He held his native land in high affection as his way of sometimes describing his unit as the 4th "Welsh" Regiment, indicates. It is not known when he enlisted. The letters reveal that he was a Corporal in 1851, Lance-Serjeant in 1852, Serjeant in 1854-55, Colour Serjeant in 1856. From his last letters we learn that he intended to purchase his discharge in August 1856, and that is the last we hear of him. Colonel

H. J. Darlington, O.B.E., D.L., very kindly helped me by consulting the archives of The King's Own Royal Regiment, but unfortunately no record of Serjeant Davies seems to have survived. Should any readers possess information about Serjeant Davies, as civilian or soldier, I would be grateful if they would communicate with me.

I wish to thank my Assistant Mr Tudor Barnes, B.A., for helping me to transcribe the originals and to check the proofs; also Mr. V. G. Lodwick, B.Sc., for preparing the maps.

Smallpox on Board

Argostoli, Cephalonia. 30th March 1851.

My dear Brother, After encountering many exploits since you last heard from me I now take up my pen to write those (*sic*) few lines with a view of giving you in the best manner I possibly can a routine of my late travels and the many dangers and difficulties that we had to contend with during our time of seafaring according as I told you in my last we embarked on board H.M.S. the Hercules on the 11th of February but owing to contrary winds and the Harbour being rather dangerous we could not set sail until the 15th. We had thanks be to God very good weather and a very fine passage any more than we were very much crowded only think for a moment a whole regiment on board of one vessel. 600 men besides her own Ships Crew the consequence was that we had not left many days until one of our Serjeants took bad with the smallpox he lingered for a few days until the morning we came into Gibraltar where he died he was the only case among the Soldiers but there was afterwards 3 or 4 cases among the Ships Crew in consequence of which we had to remain in Quarantine for 7 days after arriving at Corfu which we thought worse of them all the remainder of the voyage. We arrived at Corfu on the 17th of March (knowing in Ireland as Patrick's Day). I liked the looks of Gibraltar very much but Corfu is still better in appearance but as I had not the pleasure of landing in either places I cannot give you a satisfactory idea of what they are but by what we seen of Corfu it is a very nice place and everything very cheap and as for Argostoli I like it pretty well everything is very cheap especially Wine, Brandy, Rum; and Fruit is also very very cheap and Tobacco and cigars is also cheap but we get very bad Bread.

In consequence of the other 2 Regiments arriving at Corfu before us we got orders to proceed in Detachments sending the Head Quarters to an Island called Tante. My Company the Light left in a Steamer from the vessel on the 26th instant to proceed to Argostoli on Detachment where we are at present along with Captain Edward's Regiment the 30th but its rumoured that we will leave this

very shortly to go Elsewhere. I have been with my friend Captain Edwards several times and he has been very kind to me indeed and has been heretofore. I am sorry to say that I am greatly afraid that a great many of our Soldiers will fly in the face of our Great Maker by indulging too much in intemperance which is so often the case among soldiers in this part the drink being so very cheap but I hope that the Lord will still give me that strength and good sense of feeling to guard against all those temptations that He has been pleased to do as He knows that I am now many hundred miles from my kindred and my Home in a Foreign Land but as I have still that confidence in the Great God that I have always enjoyed heretofore that He will guide guard and protect me through all dangers that I may have to surmount. I shall now conclude hoping that those (*sic*) few lines will meet you and all enjoying good health and accept of my heartfelt wishes and prayers for your welfare and happiness and believe me to remain your affectionate Brother till Death. Direct as follows, To Corporal William Davies, Light Company 4th Regiment, Argostoli Cephalonia Ionian Island. (Write back as soon as ever you can).

Beautiful Damsels, Treacherous Men

Argostoli. 2nd June 1851.

My dear Brother, Your kind and affectionate letter came quite safely to hand this morning and very happy to find that it left you and all my old friends in the enjoyment of good health as this leaves me at present thanks be to our Heavenly Father for His infinite goodness and mercy to us at all times. Dear Brother the first time I put my foot on the sunny shores of the Grecian Isles I thought it a very romantic country the people appeared to be black enough to be called Moors but now since I am accustomed to look at them so frequently I think they are quite fair, in fact I am as brown as any Greek myself. As you enter the beautiful Harbour of Cephalonia from the deck of the vessel the mountains views to the eye a most splendid sight from the very side of the water to a great height so that hot as it is the snow is constantly to be seen on the top of those Hills the sides of them are also covered with every description of Trees of the Fruit kind the Orange, Lemon, Fig, Grape, and currants in abundance but if you only saw the natives sorting them with their bare feet you would not use your money for pudding on a Christmas did I say Christmas—excuse me I don't know what I am doing this moment there are two beautiful young damsels looking out of a window and this I don't know whether they have any feet or not but they have fine eyes and hair and you must know they are locked up except on Sundays for fear we should see them they are greatly afraid of us however they can be seen on Sundays walking

out under the protection of an elderly person who walks behind them until they return to their houses. The generality of the men are very treacherous they carry knives about them which they would use upon one of us without much ceremony if we should displease them in the least and if they should be found out all that's done to them is to give them viz 8 months imprisonment or perhaps less than that there has been a very treacherous case in Tante where our Headquarters are stationed one of our men was found dead in the road side with his head cut very near clean off and stabbed in several other places about his body and now there is no more about it as if there had nothing of the sort ever happened. The climate is very healthy and warm its principle products are Fruit and Oil which are to be had in great abundance and very cheap and all of every kind. Brandy and Rum can be purchased very cheap the Wine is sold at the rate of 2d. per Quart, Brandy 1s 6d per Quart and Rum 1/- per Quart. Bread is 2½d per 4 lb loaf beef 2d per pound in fact everything is very cheap. The inhabitants eat but very little meat their chief subsistence is bread and wine which they take in the same manner as you take Tea at home for Dinner they make use of beans and oil of olive. I must not forget to tell you that I have the pleasure of seeing my Friend Captain Edwards mostly every day and he is very kind to me indeed. His Regiment lays at one end of the Town and my *Company* the other both close to the water side so that we have a most splendid view of the whole country about and to mend the matter we can go on boating excursions for the most part of the day by paying but very little indeed. I cannot give you a decided answer about my going to the 30th Regiment I might be able to let you know in my next letter. Let me impress upon your memory that whenever you write to me let the letter or letters be posted on 15th of the month as the mail steamer only leaves Southampton but once



a month for those Islands and that on the 19th of every month—I shall now come to a conclusion hoping that those (*sic*) few lines will meet yours all in the enjoyment of good health and happiness. Please to give my kind love to my sisters and brothers William, Stephen and Eliza and to your Mother and Brother and my most intimate Friends not forgetting yourself. Wishing you and your little Family all prosperity in this life and everlasting life hereafter and Believe me to remain your truly beloved Brother William Davies, Corporal Light Company 4th Welsh Regiment of Foot, Argostoli, Cephalonia, Ionian Island Mediterranean.

Lower Bulgaria, Yuksakova Plains, 28th July 1851

My dear Brother & Sister. With pleasure I sit down on the ground to write these few lines hoping and trusting they will reach *you all* enjoying good health and happiness.

We are still lying (The 2nd Division) on the same spot as when I wrote to you last in Lower Bulgaria on the Plains of Yuksakova 14 miles from Varna. The also on the and 12 . . . alongside of a The Light Division has up the country leaving the miles from Varna. The was owing to sickness. The 3rd have lost a great number of men during the last week from sickness, & the French are also losing good many men & all of the one complaint—cramp, I believe in the inside. My Division (the 2nd) have been very lucky as regards sickness. We have lost but very few men since we have been up here. The 4th or as we are style "Old travelling tinkers" have not lost a man since we have been in Turkey. What lucky dogs we are to—on the march or at I often see number of men falling [writes about the rainy weather and thunder of the past few days. He is in Field Marching Order with accoutrements, & knapsack on his back]. I remain your true & affectionate (Brother). William Davies, Sergeant, Light Company 4th Regt. 2nd Brigade 2nd Division, British Forces, Turkey.

A Narrow Escape

Argostoli Cephalonia. 6th May 1852.

My Dear Brother, Your very kind letter came quite safe to hand on the 2nd inst, and very proud I am to observe in its contents, that it left you, Maryann, and the little children, enjoying good health; as this leaves me, enjoying the same great blessing; Thanks be to God.

You tell me that you would like to hear a little account of the manners and customs of this part of the World. So I shall just give you a brief description of the Island of Cephalonia together with the manners and customs of its Inhabitants. The Island it is said to be about one hundred miles in circumference—very mountainous. There is but one Town on the Island which is called Argostoli but there are numerous Villages on the sides of the Hills scattered about here and there but very thinly inhabited chiefly by Greeks. The Town of Argostoli is exceedingly clean but badly built with one narrow street containing several neat Shops and Coffee houses. It has two moscks whose white minarets are seen at some distance from the distant Villages and from the Sea. The number of its Inhabitants may be about 6 or 7 hundred Chiefly Greeks, Maltese, Italians, and Jews. There is a most splendid Fort on the top of one of the Hills built by the Venitians in the Year 1790 and well constructed being a hollow square of massive walls with Towers at the angles protected at the back by a single *moat*. The battery ranges along the northern and western walls and the embrasures with the mouths of their enormous cannons look like the entrance of small caverns to the eyes of those sailing by. At one end of the Town there is a splendid Bridge Crossing the River with 20 arches and $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile long and on the centre of it is a monument erected to the memory of Sir Charles Napier (then Commandant and Resident of the Island) and glory of the British Action. The other side of the Bridge for about 2 miles in nearly a straight line to the south leads up through a beautiful Valley of Thymbre so called from the stream that runs through its whole length. The southern bank of the Valley is formed by another root of the mountain which spreads in successive chains from the south east to the north west over the whole of the eastern portion. Nothing can be more agreeable than frequent rambles along the banks of the beautiful stream that runs here. The Peasants of the numerous Villages whome we frequently encounter ploughing with their mules or driving their creaking wicker cars laden with faggots from the mountains or driving their flocks of broad tailed Sheep and long horned Goats which swarm over the neighbouring Hills. The People are very distant they cannot a bare the sight of an Englishman especially the male sex who always keep their women pretty close they will not even allow them out of doors by themselves for fear they should take a fancy to an Englishman. They therefore when they go out to walk have 3 or 4 old maids walking at the distance of 4 yards behind them so you can plainly see what little chance I have towards having a few words with my fancy "*Mot*" the external appearance of them does not promise any personal beauty their form is unwidely (*sic*) and flaccid but their large black eyes surmounted with an arched brow on the forehead of dazzling darkness. The other parts of their faces are of a regular make and of polished smoothness. They Celebrate

their Marriages and Chapelfeasts with loud merriment discordant music and songs night after night is kept awake by the Pipes, Tabors, and Fiddles of their moonlight dances. On any particular day they walk in procession through the Town carrying with them the Images of all the Saints and our blessed Saviour nailed on the Cross with the Virgin Mary at his feet lighted wax candles are likewise carried as if it was night and all the Papa's singing at the same time and every now and again stop and bless themselves by going through all kinds of motions. I don't suppose you know what I mean by Papas. They are Priests dressed in a long black gown with long hair and beards. If You were only here for about a month or so you would be either amused or annoyed at them I am quite sure you would be deaf for the past few days with the ringing of the Chapel bells which are so numerous and make such a dreadful noise. I think I told you before that the low class of People were very treacherous carrying with them knives or some instruments of the like. I had a very narrow escape with them for my life about a month or 2 back when I was in the act of coming home from Town rather late in the evening when 2 or more of those ruffans came in the rear of me and struck me down quite senseless with sticks and stones when I recovered myself the brutes were gone too far to catch them. The worst blow they gave me was on the side of my face and made my eye quite black but now I am allright again enjoying capital good health Thanks be to God. I have been informed there has been an awful murder taken place on an Island called Dengo where 30 of our men are on Detachment. You are well aware that Soldiers are fond of Drink and equally fond of kicking up a row no matter what part of the World they are in and so by all accounts it has been the case here no less than 3 poor Soldiers were murdered. Yes stuck in several places in their bowels with knives or some other instruments of the like but Thanks be to God the murderers were taken and put in Gaol until they take their trial which I am longing for hard and fast—They say that the murderers are people thats transported from some of the other Islands, a comical way of transporting, I believe that the Funeral was attended by all the more respectable people of the Island and the Soldiers wore black crape and a bunch of white Ribbon on their arms etc. I think I have told you all about Cephalonia so I shall come to a conclusion hoping those few lines will meet one and all of you enjoying good health give kindest love to Maryann and the little Children and my particular friends and accept the same yourself give a kiss for me to the little Children and tell them that I very often think of them when I am rambling over the sunny shores of the Grecian Isles which is many hundreds of miles from them and my native land but I must put my whole trust in the Lord and no doubt but he will carry me safe through all difficulties and dangers that I may have to go through and bring me back safe again to my own native land that I may pass the remainder

of my life happy with those that cherished my early days—You must excuse this as indeed I am on Guard and it is rather late and I am a little tired; writing these last 2 or 3 hours. So good night and God bless you's all. I Remain Your truly beloved Brother, William Davies, Corporal Light Company 4th Regiment of Foot, Argostoli Cephalonia Ionian Islands Mediteranean. Write back by the next "mail".

The Ruin of Soldiers

Cephalonia. 5th July 1852.

My Dear Brother, Your very kind letter came quite safe to hand on the 2nd Inst. and very proud I was to observe in its contents that it left you, Maryann, and the little children, enjoying good health and this leaves me enjoying the same great blessing thanks be to God.

I have nothing strange to inform you this time as I told you all I knew in my last concerning the Island.

So what can I say but that the hot weather has set in and has caused a number of my Company to go to Hospital with the Greek Fever owing to our quarters being on the top of a Hill of considerable height and the rays of the Summer's Sun reflects more upon us than what it did when we lazed at the Barracks in Town—My opinion is that the most men that gets sickness here are they that indulges themselves too much in drinking this confounded Wine which is so cheap that Soldiers really make beasts of themselves and get horrified and sent to Hospital and no doubt is the ruin of nine Soldiers out of ten.—I witnessed a scene on Guard a few days ago—a drunken man was brought prisoner to me in that state that I thought he was mad—he pulled off every attom of his clothes and commenced to eat paper and wood as fast as if he was eating plum pudding and had he not being stoped he would of done himself harm.

You must know that we are not allowed out of Barracks during the heat of the day which is exceedingly hot that I often say to myself if I ever live to go Home (which I hope and trust I will) my friends will not know me being so black, they will say he is not an Englishman or a Welshman he cannot be just look at his colour. Why he must be a Greek, or a Turk or a Spaniard, but no matter I will be every bit as good as them that are as white as snow and perhaps better than numbers of them and will be able to relate about different parts of the World and show sceneries of Foreign Countries which I am daily drawing and put them in my scrap book and shall carry them with me to every part of the World that I may chance to go to and no doubt that they will be very pleasing to some of my Country to cast an eye upon. I shall now conclude as I have nothing more to say at present but I hope those few lines will

reach one and all of you enjoying perfect good health and happiness and may God bless you all—give my kind love to Maryann and the little children (and a kiss) and all Relations and accept the same yourself—from your affectionate Brother William Davies, Corporal, Light Company, 4th Regiment, Argostoli, Cephalonia, Ionian Islands, Mediterranean.

Tante, 6th December 1852.

My Dear Brother, Your very kind letter of the 14th October came quite safe to hand but not until it was too late to write an answer by return of post—you must know that my Company left Cephalonia on the 11th October for Tante to join the Headquarters of our Regt. there stationed—indeed I was very sorry for leaving Cephalonia on account of Captain Edwards whose kindness to me is beyond expression. I like Tante much better than Cephalonia was it not for the *Duties* and *Fatigues* been so very hard particularly on non-commissioned officers. Its nothing but mounting Guards and Piquets besides doing a variety of fatigues that we have not scarcely a moment to ourselves indeed if you believe me I am sick and tired of soldiering and wish to God I could leave and try some other calling as you say in a civil life. You must know that I have 17 years and 8 months more to serve although I am 7 years and 4 months listed 4 of them years are boy's service which do not count.

Pitch Wells

Tante is one of the most beautiful and fertile of the Ionian Islands. It retains the epithet of woody bestowed upon it by the ancients from the earliest time presenting to a stranger a rich scenery of leafy verdure. It lies opposite the ancient Town of Elis in Peloponnesus and is about 14 miles long and 8 broad. Its climate is exceeding mild and balmy—flowers are in bloom all the year and trees twice bear ripe fruit in April and November. The imports of the Island is wheat and other grains (chiefly from Odessa on the Black Sea) with manufactured articles, cured fish, British hardware and colonial produce. The exports consists of olive oil, currants, Wine, Valonia,* cotton, soap, salt and woven fabrics. The Trade carried on is principally with Greece, Great Britain, Austria, Russia and on the Italian States. Silk shawls, coarse linen and woollen goods and goatshair carpets and sacking are manufactured on a limited scale. The town lies on the east side of the Island and is a most flourishing and industrious Town. It has a large population amounting to 22000. It had been occupied at various times by various people—Greeks, Romans, Turks, Venetians, Russians, French and finally in 1809 by the English but having been possessed for so

* Acorn-cups used in tanning, dyeing and making ink.

long a period by the polished Greeks and Romans and lying between them both few objects of art have ever been discovered, and still fewer remain at the present day, but among its natural curiosities there still exists one that has been noted from the earliest times, viz: the pitch wells. In a valley near the sea is a vast depression shallow and circular resembling the extinct volcano. Scattered through this are various wells from the bottoms of which there is a continuous ebullition of petroleum a substance exactly resembling vegetable pitch and use for all the same purposes. The pitch is collected with large spoons into a pit adjoining the wells and then thrown into barrels the best time for collecting it is Summer when it is exuded in the greatest quantities a circumstance connected with the natural history of the Island has given to these wells a singular interest. Tradition says that the site which they occupy had been a volcano but the Sea having burst through one of the sides had extinguished the fire—before that period this and the neighbouring Island had been free from convulsions the (elastic?) gases generated by the inflammable matter having escaped through the aperture of the crater as through a safety tube but since that time they have been pent up under the superincumbering mass till acquiring an expansive power which became irresistible they forced their way through every obstruction rending open for themselves various spiracula or breathing apertures and in their potent progress shaking the Island to its very centre. Of these passages the pitch wells were the permanent indications and the petroleum and other inflammable substances were formations of the volcanic matter still existing in the interior and their communications with it was ascertained by the singular fact that every shock of an Earthquake was preceded by the more violent ebullition of these wells which always indicated to the inhabitants like natural barometers the rise and fall of those dangerous gases and warned them of the Earthquake. This was the case the inhabitants say in the violent concussion which shook the Island in 1514 which was so terrible that it split the mountain at the back of the town on which the Fortress was built from top to bottom. Since that time there have been besides minor shocks seven great Earthquakes and at such intervals as to form something like regular periodical events so that the (Tantistes?) affirm that they expect the return of a violent earthquake about every forty or fifty years which period it takes for the explosive gases to accumulate. The recorded periods of the violent earthquakes in Tante are as follows:— 1514, 1593, 1664, 1710, 1742, 1767, 1791, 1809. The aspect of the country is very beautiful. Olive groves and currant vineyards clothes the smiling valleys while . . . full flower though the Winter begins to cover all the hills and makes a very . . . and flowery scene. We are often attracted by a large and glittering mass which shines resplendent at a great distance we find it to consist of agglomerated fragments of selenite or sulphate of lime forming into very brilliant

crystal . . . forming a rich metallic lustre. This fossil abounds in the island. The valley inland is the segment of a circle surrounded on three sides by abrupt and rugged ridges of hills, on the fourth the remainder of the circle can be traced by rocks rising above the water as if the sea had at some period burst in and destroyed the continuity leaving at intervals the larger and stronger masses and carrying away those which had made less resistance. Within this circle the ground is nearly level consisting of a marshy soil abounding in aquatic and palustic (*sic*) plants but appearing to be stained and dark as if from some mineral exhalations or impregnated waters. In this marsh are several wells or pits of which we often examine as we pass by. It is about 9 feet in diameter and surrounded by a dwarf well. The water is about 2 feet below and one foot deep, the surface covered with a scum which reflects various iridescent colours of which the blue and green are very vivid. A dark blue substance is continually forcing its way from the bottom and boiling up in large globules which as they ascend enlarge till near the surface they burst liberating a quantity of gas which the peasantry often inform us is highly inflammable, but we have not the means of trying. Sometimes the globules are transparent and assumes a singular brilliancy ascending to the surface and bursting while a coating of dark bituminous matter in which they are invested is thrown off. This dark substance was the petroleum or rock pitch which being specifically heavier than the water remain below covering the sides and part of the bottom. The brilliant globules disengage from it is pure naphtha or rock oil which forms a light oleaginous stratum above reflecting beautiful various colours. The intervening water is sweet and fit for use but strongly impregnated with a taste like tar water and is prescribed in various dyspeptic complaints. A circumstance which marks the extensive ramifications of those wells and that their course is not confined within what remains of the present water is that on the surface of the sea at some distance the same substances are found within a circumscribed space as if they had issued from a similar well at the bottom of the sea or had a communication with those on the land by subterraneous passages. The ground on which we stand sometimes does not appear firm but when we stamp upon it the whole surface seems to shake and tremble for a considerable distance. I think I have told you all I know about Tante perhaps I might be able to tell you something about *Malta* in course of a short time as we fully expect to be going there about the beginning of March or sooner. I shall now conclude by wishing you one and all my Dear Relations a Merry Christmas and a happy new year and may God bless you all for that is the constant prayer of your Affectionate Brother, William Davies Lance Sergeant, Light Company 4th "Welsh" Regiment, Tante, Ionian Island, Mediterranean. Give a kiss for me to the little children and God bless them.

Longing for Home

MALTA. 21st September 1853.

My Dear Brother, Your obliging letter is a fresh proof of your friendship and esteem for me; permit me to tell you as well as I am able how truly sensible I am of all your favours, and that I will endeavour by my conduct to ensure the continuance of them. My prayers are offered up to Heaven for you and my dear friends preservation, nor are you any day, absent from my thoughts. May God preserve you all, and grant you everything you can wish for. How often do I wish, that the views of our friends, had permitted us to continue, as we began our journey through life hand in hand. I long for the coming of the days, when I shall (with the help of God) return to my native land, on no account more than to meet you, to revisit our old haunts, to see our old friends, to talk over old stories, and compare notes of our more recent adventures. I feel more attachment for you than I did before our separation; and notwithstanding the difference of our destinations in life, I assure you I have no idea of pleasure, or hope of advantage, in which I do not wish you a joint partaker with. I have nothing of any consequence to inform you at present as everything in Malta seems quite dull ever since the Fleet went out—So I shall conclude trusting that the good sense with which Heaven has been pleased to befriend you, ever promote peace and harmony in your dear family and may that Divine Protection whose care I implore keep you steadfast in the faith of Christianity and guide your steps in the straightest paths of virtue. Give my kind love to *all* my relations and my respects to old acquaintances. I remain your affectionate Brother Wm Davies, Lce Sergt Light Company, 4th Regt. Malta. Write back as soon as you can.

[At the head of this letter is a coloured picture of "Malta Harbour 24 May 1853", showing the ships Albion, Vengeance, Arethusa, Trafalgar, Retribution, Rodney, Britannia, and Bellerophon, dressed over-all in review order].

Scutari Hospital. 24th January 1854.

My Dear Brother and Sister, Your most welcome letter bearing date 19th December has just come to my hand. I am happy to see by its contents you are all keeping well. Health is the greatest blessing we can have bestowed upon us poor unworthy Sinners. I trust you have ere this reaches you received the box containing my little presents. I told you before what they are.

I have to inform you that I have written to my Regiment for to get me up to join my Regt on the Crimea so I expect an answer very soon to go up. I am tired of staying down at Scutari amongst so many sick and wounded and would rather share the dangers and difficulties with my brave Companions in Arms on the Field of Battle. I hope sincerely that the present year will bring comfort and happiness to all. Our hopes of ever meeting on this side of the Grave is very dim at present but nothing is impossible with our Heavenly Father. We may meet to be a comfort to each other through life yet should this be denied to us let us ever look forward to a happy meeting in the world beyond the Tomb. This thought alone carries me through the weary trials that is to be met with. The past year 1854 (*sic*) has been a year of sorrow and sadness to thousands and will long be remembered by all living. It has hurried thousands to an untimely Grave. May it please God to change the heart of that vile wretch who has been the cause of it. I have nothing of any consequence to inform you at present so I shall draw my little letter to an end hoping and trusting those few little lines will meet you and all our relations enjoying perfect good health and happiness as I am happy to say they leave me enjoying the very best of health at present thanks be to God. Give my love to all relations and my kind remembrance to all old acquaintances too numerous to mention. My kindest love and kisses to Maria and likewise kisses to the children. I remain your most affectionate brother, William Davies, Sergt. Lt. Co. 4th Regiment.



The Light Brigade

Camp Scutari (Asia), Opposite Constantinople. 12th June 1854.

My Dear Brother and Sister, Your very kind letter dated 8th May, came safely to hand on the 9th instant, and it is with pleasure I take my pen in hand to inform you what has taken place since I wrote to you last. In the first place we have shifted from Bks. to Camp which is by far superior to the dirty, filthy, Barracks that we had to put up with. In the next place the light Division has left here for Varna with a portion of Cavalry and Artillery. The 3rd Division are still at Gallipoli and there are 2 Divisions stationed here, together with the Cavalry and Artillery. The 2 Divisions are as follows, viz.—3 Battalions of Guards, 42nd, 79th and 93rd Highlanders, 41st, 47th and 49th, 30th 55th and 95th Regts. We are encamped together in one field, the Artillery in another and the Cavalry are some miles from here. We don't know the day or hour we will leave either for Varna or the Storming of Sebastopol. The vessels are in harbour here waiting for to take us away at the shortest notice. All the Troops here have been served out with the Minie Muskets a weapon far superior to the Common Musket. Our provisions are very cheap. They consist of 2lbs of Bread, 1lb of Meat, 1 pint of Porter, 1 pint of Tea for breakfast and another for supper (daily), the whole amounting to the sum of 7d. a man only. I have to inform you that the Light Company of each Regt. are formed into one Brigade called "Light Brigade", to be employed in the field in skirmishing and storming. So you see there is nothing before us but real hardships, but I don't care so long as I continue in health as heretofore and I have not the least doubt, but I will so long as I put my whole trust in God. It is He alone that is able to carry me safe through all dangers and difficulties that I may have to surmount. The weather here of late has been very fine but very warm at mid-days. Our parades are at an early hour and when we have a field day we parade at 4 o'clock and march out to the country, the Light Brigade being in front in skirmishing order, followed by the Artillery, Infantry and Cavalry and mind you in marching order too—we are home then by 10 o'clock (what a catch to be in the Light Company). We really astonish the Turks (we call them "John Turko"), especially when a Regiment is at the charge cheering making their voices ring in John Turko's ears. When all is over you can hear John Turko saying "Bono", "Bono", "Calo", "Calo", English, which means good. The Turkish women are very fond of us. I think if they could talk English they would run away with us. I went over to Constantinople the other day and one of them followed me through several streets laughing at me the whole time until I went into a Coffee House where she stoped at the door until forced away by a Turk, what a pity we could not

understand each other. We had a grand Review the other day for His Imperial Majesty the Sultan of Turkey. The troops were formed in line of Regiments at 1/4 distance column, Colours and officers in front of their respective Regiments, Bands playing "God Save the Queen" and colours lowered as His Majesty passed down the front of the line—we then marched past at 1/4 distance column in quick time. Artillery in front, Infantry in the centre and the Cavalry last—Colours flying in the breeze and the Bands playing "We are off to Russia"—we then marched home to quarters. My dear friends I must now come to a conclusion (as time, paper pens are so very scarce), hoping and trusting those few lines will reach you one and all in the enjoyment of health, wealth and happiness, as I am happy to say this leaves me enjoying the very best of health, thanks be to God. Kiss the little children for me and remember me to all acquaintances and to everyone whom you think has any kindness for me and God Bless You. I remain your affectionate Brother Wm Davies, Sergt. Light Company, 4th Regt., Constantinople.

Defying The Mighty Czar

Camp, Varna 25th June 1854.

My Dear Brother & Sister, In haste I take my pen in hand to scribble these few lines to inform you that we embarked on board the Steamer Medway at Constantinople on the 17th Inst & sailed up the Bosphorous at 4½ p.m. the same for Varna. I said before that it was beautiful to gaze on the shores of Europe & Asia as we sailed up between them coming up through the Hellespont, but it was doubly beautiful to gaze on them as we sailed up the Bosphorous—The sun gilding on the numerous Castles, glass houses, & private dwellings, the doors & windows of which were crowded with John Turko's & Miss & Mrs Turko's astonished as it were at our haste in sailing up between their shores to tramp upon tyranny under our feet. The fortifications which are situated on the River's banks are certainly numerous & very strong. Some of the guns cannot be seen until you come quite close but those on the Castles especially those at the mouth of the River entering the Black Sea are visible, their muzzles pointing towards the deep black waters seeming as it were to defy an invasion from the Mighty Czar of all the Russians. At sunset we happened to be at the mouth of the River entering the black sea when two guns fired a shot, each one from a Castle on the right in Asia, and another from a Castle on the left in . . . the place echo with their noise & our B . . . save our Little Queen (long may . . . and fell fast so I can say nothing . . . the Country which lay on our left as . . . at Sunrise next morning the woods . . . resounded through every part of the . . . nearly every body to see it and certain . . .

most miserable looking place that ever I put my . . . into, & worst than all inhabited by some of the most miserable looking beings that every I saw in my life. They say "The English are fine looking soldiers. What a pity they are Christians". The next day, Monday the 17th we landed & marched to Camp on a large plain where a great battle was fought between the Russians & Turks. On this great plain the . . . French are encamped amounting to the . . . seventy thousand. The very best of . . . between the English and French soldiers . . . together & their first conversation is . . . France will be the World (& so they will) . . . the hour we will leave this place to . . . the enemy—it ought to be before I finish . . . it is rumoured that the Russians have . . . the principalities of Turkey and are likely to . . . the interior of Russia. The Russian prisoners taken by our navy say that they would rather cut their throats than go back to fight for their own Country. Our troops are in very good health and all anxious for to have a slap at the Russians & return to their native lands to tell their martial story. Our necessaries of life are very poor, not half as good as they were at Constantinople probably owing to the number being together. The French soldiers are much better off than us for when they want any thing they go boldly & take it from the inhabitants & without payment for the same. The English soldiers on the other hand if they take anything they are severely punished. There is an order issued that no British Soldier is allowed to enter the Town except on duty. For my part I should be long sorry before I enter it again for I saw nothing in it but dirty Coffee . . . streets infested with dogs . . . my eye in it was some French . . . taking their goods. French . . . with them so that . . . of them. I have nothing . . . to tell you so I shall draw my letter to a conclusion hoping & trusting in our Heavenly Father that we shall have the pleasure of seeing each other again & that ere long in our native land. & may He bless each one of us to the end of this life & throughout eternity, so prays your true and faithful Brother. Give my love to all our relatives & my dutiful remembrance to old friends both at Carmarthen & the Commons. Kiss the little Children for me & tell them I am quite well & that I often think of them although in a foreign land thousands of miles from dear little Wales. My Cousin Sergt. Morgan is quite well & desires me to send his kind love to all our relations. I remain your true & faithful Brother, Wm Davies, Sergeant, Light Company, 4th Regt. Turkey.

Write back the day you receive any letter from me—Via Marseilles— I have only had one letter from you since leaving Malta. P.S. Excuse the bad writing & the many blunders for I have nothing to put under the paper but the ground.

A Village Called Balaklava

Before Sebastopol. 27th October 1854.

My Dear Brother and Sister, I hardly know how to begin informing you what little news I have to give you—however I shall begin with saying on the 17th inst our Light Batteries opened fire upon Sebastopol and the outworks (mud batteries) and have up to this date continued firing and happy I am to say that we have nearly silenced the whole of the enemy's batteries, blow up several magazines and set the Town on fire many times but the people inside have managed to put it out in a very short time. On the morning of the 25th the enemy about 25,000 attacked our rear close to a small village called Balaklava where our Store Ships, Provisions and General Hospital are guarded only by a few weakly men—intending off course to make a fine bob as they thought but they were greatly taken in—but will it be believed when I am telling a real fact that the Turks (our Allies) ran away from their guns (a Siege battery) which were taken by the enemy but they did not keep them long before our Cavalry retook the guns and made a most daring charge upon the enemy's Cavalry ten times their number (and under a cross fire from the enemy) but with great loss of life. It was a most splendid sight that ever a man saw to see our brave fellows dashing through the enemy's ranks fighting 10 to 1 and driving them like dust before the wind—we could see the enemy falling in hundreds. It is a great pity that we have not more Cavalry for we should do much more execution. I am afraid that I shall not be able to say much more as our time is so very precious—we never take off our clothing and accoutrements and as for washing and clean clothes is a thing entirely out of the question. We are one night throwing up intrenchments another night on outlying piquet and very often surprised by the enemy. They come upon us one night as French Patrols but we soon found them out—we gave them a volley and took many prisoners. I wish to God it was all over for I am sick and tired of such work. It is expected daily that we are to storm Sebastopol, the hour we know not—some say tonight.

I am sorry to say that I cannot write any more at present as the mail is off directly, so goodbye all, may God bless you all. Give my love to all our relations and my kind remembrance to all old friends, and tell Mr Thomas of the Royal Oak that I can't write to him by this mail as she is off now in 10 minutes. Kiss the little children for me and give my love to Maria. I cannot say that I am quite but am much better than I was a few months back. W.D. Sergt. Light Company 4th Regt.

Address. Via Marseilles, To Mr. John Roberts (mason) near the Magazine Row, Lamma Street, Carmarthen, Carmarthenshire, South Wales, England.

Scutari, Constantinople. 24/11/54.

My Dear Brother & Sister, Many thanks for your very kind letter bearing date 13/10/54 which only came to my hands a few days ago containing the good news of your being all well at Home. I wrote to you all about 8 or 9 days ago informing you that I had taken bad the second time (owing to my going to my duty too soon) and had been sent down to Scutari Constantinople for the recovery of my health where I am at present writing those few lines hoping and trusting they will reach you all quite well.

I cannot say that I am now on the Battle Field as I did some time back when I laid down my weary head to rest amongst the dying and wounded of many nations and no shelter over me save the Canopy of Heaven which I must say was the cause of many a poor fellow's death—but I have to say that I am still in Hospital (with the *Diarrhoea*) but I am getting round now exceedingly well. It leaves for a few days and then all of a sudden it comes on as bad as ever and I am obliged to keep in bed. I believe that my Regt. have been greatly reduced since I left, we have lost our Colonel and 4 other officers killed and 5 or 6 wounded and about 200 men killed and wounded besides the great number that are sick and not able to move.

I have nothing more of any consequence to inform you at present more (*sic*) give my kindest love to all our relations and my best respects to all old acquaintances. Cousin William is here in Hospital very ill poor fellow. He desires his kind to you all. I remain, your Affectionate Brother William Davies Sergt. Light Company 4th Regiment, Scutari Constantinople.

My kisses to the children which are much larger than this [here follows drawings of four lips] Don't laugh too much or you will hurt yourself. Give my kind love to Maria.

Shared Dangers at Alma

Scutari Hospital, 4th December 1854.

My Dear Brother and Sister, Many thanks for your very kind letter dated 1/11/54 which I got quite safe a few days ago informing me of your all being quite well in dear Little Home. How delighted I am to hear such good news from you and may that news be *always* the same until called to the World unseen towards which we are hastening fast.

I am happy to inform you dear Brother that I am getting round all right again and expect to be out of Hospital in a few days more and go up and join my brave Companions in arms on the Crimea where once I shared their dangers on the Field of Battle—Yes and under the Colours of my Regiment. I omitted telling you before that I was one of the Sergts of the Colours Division of my Regiment at the Great Battle on the heights of Alma that everlasting renowned place so that I can boast of having fought under the Colours of my Regiment at a Glorious victory over the enemy.

I have no news to give you more than what you can learn by the newspapers so I shall wish you all good night and goodbye but I hope not for ever.

Give my love to all our dear relations and my kind remembrance to all old friends too numerous to mention. Cousin William is getting round pretty fair too—he sends his love to you all.

I remain, Your affectionate Brother, William Davies, Sergt, Light Company, 4th Regt.

Direct to Scutari.

Oh by the by don't forget my love to Maria and kisses to the children and big ones. Write back as soon as you can. W.D.

Scutari, Constantinople, 31st December 1854.

My Dear Brother and Sister, Yours dated 30th ult came safe to my hands yesterday morning. It gladdened my very heart to hear it left you all enjoying good health and I am happy to say those few lines leaves me enjoying the same great blessing thanks be to our Heavenly Father for His tender mercies to us at all times. I quite forget whether I told you in my last that I was out of Hospital and doing very well—all that is the matter with me now is a slight touch of the Diarrhoea—our Cousin William is much better and has gone on board of Ship (yesterday) to proceed to England for the recovery of his lost health. I have the little box with the articles I before mentioned ready for starting by the next Steam packet that leaves for dear old England—So you must be on the look for it. I don't know by what conveyance it will reach Carmarthen I suppose by the Train I shall pay all expenses for its carriage before leaving here—all I dread is that you won't get it—I would rather than £5 you would. The box contains the following articles, viz—Two pairs of Turkish Slippers—the largest size for Sister Achsah—the other for one of your little Children—Two caps the Red one for my Uncle Davies the blue one embroidered for little Stephen. Two Shawls

fastened to paper—one for Sister Achsah the other for Maryann—Two or 3 Handkerchiefs for my Grandmother and Aunt—a Tobacco bag for you and 2 pipes one for brother John the other for you and lastly a knife that I took from a Russian Officer in the midst of Battle on the heights of Alma where thunder cannon spoke aloud—keep the knife for my sake—You can say it's a knife a brother of mine took from an enemy of his upon an eastern land fighting for the land and flag of liberty that flag that has waved a thousand years—What I am going to say now is a subject I wish not to be made known to anyone. Previous to my coming out of Hospital to do duty the General Doctor detained me and made me Ward Master of the Hospital with the allowance of 1/6d per day, making my daily pay 5/4d. I have a neat little place to myself with a bed, table and chair in fact I have everything that I require. I may say I am quite comfortable but how long this comfort may continue I can't tell—I am very well liked by all the Medical Officers who are above me. I know that Sister Achsah will be delighted to hear this good news—don't you think so to? I have nothing more to say at present more than I hope we shall meet in dear little Wales before the end of 1855. Give my kindest love to all our Relations and friends and God bless you all. I beg of you to write as soon as you can to let me know whether you have received the box with the sundry little articles. I received the Newspaper all right a day before I received your letters. You really make me laugh about my dear Maria. Give her my warmest love.

I remain, Your affectionate Brother, William Davies. Sergt. Light Company 4th Regiment, Scutari.

I open this to say that I have put the box containing the afore-said articles in the Packet Office and received a certificate for the same which is enclosed in this letter. If you don't get it very soon you better apply to Mr E. Jones, 60 South Castle Street, Liverpool and get him to forward it to you—He is the agent to Mr Grace, Constantinople.

AMERICAN EXPRESS' IN CONNEXION WITH
CHASE & CO. NEW YORK.

EDWARD JONES
Customs and
Forwarding
Agent

68, South Castle Street
Liverpool.

30th Jany 1855

In reply to your favour of the 21st inst. I beg to state upon your forwarding me the receipt for the Box from Sergeant Davies, I will forward the same to you, upon the arrival of the Steamer.

John Roberts, Esq., Stone Mason, St David's Church, Carmarthen,
South Wales.

I remain, Yours &c, (Sgd.) Edwd Jones

—:—

[Written on back.] "No 2 Duplicate (Original sent to Mr. Jones)
Constantinople Jany 4th 1855.

Received from Sergt Wm Davies for Shipment on board the Steamer
"British Queen" for Liverpool, viz one small box said to contain
Turkish Slippers.

Addressed. Mr John Roberts, Carmarthen, South Wales. care of
Mr E. Jones, 68 South Castle Street, Liverpool. To be forwarded
for Ctr E. Grace, Agent, W. Davies. William Rees.

In The Advance Trenches

Camp before Sebastopol. 4th March 1855.

My Dear Brother and Sister, Since my last to you circumstances are entirely changed. I have left Scutari and have arrived safe at my Regiment in Camp before Sebastopol. There is a sensation I think felt by any Soldier who has been absent for a period from his Regiment that is not so easily described as might be imagined. He feels as it were returning to intermix with a large circle of friends whose merry society has been a long time estranged and such were my feelings on my arrival at my Regiment although I knew that my duty would be more severe than that which I had lately been performing—however duty must be done no matter how hard it may seem. My Regiment furnished the Piquet last night in the advance Trenches. I was one of the number—it seemed rather unpleasant for it snowed the greater part of the night so you may imagine he who walked in a Ditch at night and the snow constantly falling on him cannot feel very comfortable but thanks be to the good people of England they have not forgot that it is cold here. I wish they had thought of it a little sooner, it would have saved the lives of many brave men who died through nothing else but want of warm clothing; however we have no cause to complain now. I am this moment enveloped in a large Sheepskin Coat together with great Cowhide boots that reaches to my knees besides an oilcloth (overall) the whole surmounted by a fine Saleskin Cap that covers my ears and neck leaving me in a manner proof against any weather. I have just returned after been as near Sebastopol as I could with safety venture for the purpose of taking a long look at a Town that the world is talking about and certainly I must say it is a very pretty Town and very large and its numerous fortifications in position and strength exceed anything I ever saw so

astonishingly beautiful is the whole Town and situation that were it not for the Cruel Despot who rules its inhabitants surely humanity could not doom such a place to destruction but such is *war*. I cannot help reflecting when I walk a hundred yards from my Camp and find myself in the midst of a Russian burrying ground with as many as one hundred and fifty in one grave all who have fallen by the sword since we pitched our Tents on these heights. It is melancholly indeed when you consider that those people were fighting the cause of a Cruel Monster and blind to every precept of truth were easily led to do wrong. Now our works are as far advanced as [remainder of letter missing].

Enemy Came In Thousands

Camp Before Sebastopol, 27th April 1855.

My Dear Brother & Sister, Yours dated 29th Ult came to my hands quite safe a few days ago. I have nothing of any consequence to inform you at present. I think I told you in my last that the Siege had reopened on the 7th Inst and is continued up to the 22nd Inst. We are losing many lives daily in those Trenches of ours through stealing our way nearer to the Town by making new Trenches & Capturing huts from the enemy and I fear we shall lose many more before we complete our work which is the Capture of Sebastopol. I think I told you before that our very advance trenches in front of our Batteries are not more than 20 yards from the Russian Sharp Shooters who are hidden in Stone huts annoying us every minuete (*sic*) with volleys of Musketry. I should rather call those huts little fortresses for such are they when you come to examine them more closely being bum [bomb] proof as we call them.

On the Night of the 19th Inst our Light Divison were on duty in the Trenches—the night was rather dark and windy. Some time about the hour of 11 o'clock our few but brave and daring fellows crept on their hands and feet and succeeded in putting the enemy out of 2 of their huts or fortresses by the point of the bayonet and in a very short time our Sappers & Miners made a Trench from ours to the captured huts. The enemy done all they could to put our men out of the huts or retake them as they *have* done to our Allies the French, but the British Motto is Death before dishonoured, (*sic*) and I am proud to say we keep the huts in spite of all the forces they bring against us. The loss in this affair on our side was 6 officers and 40 non comd officers & Privates killed & wounded, but I have no idea what the loss on the side of the enemy must have been. I know it was greater than ours. The following night my Division relieved the Lt Dn in the Trenches. We had hardly

relieved them when the enemy came upon us in Columns of thousands intending to drive us before them like a flock of Sheep, but as I said before we would have died covered over with glory with victory's seal on each brow rather than yield an inch of the ground that our Comrades had won & fought for a night previous. We received them with a volley from our Musketry bringing Death through their thronged ranks—their loss must have been very great as they were greatly exposed to our fire and the loss on our side was but trifling. My Regiment's loss was 2 killed one of which in my own Company, & 19 wounded 4 of which in my Company.

Duty is much harder upon us now than what it has been, in consequence of having so many trenches to defend. We are on duty in the trenches every alternately 24 hours and it takes us nearly 2 hours to go & 2 more when we come home—making 28 hours on duty under arms, and all the time we are in the trenches we keep up a brisk fire from our Musketry through small port holes made by sand bags placed on the top of the Gabions annoying the enemy as much as possible.

Dear Brother, I must draw to a close as my time is getting very scarce—it is now after Tatoo and nearly Lights Out as we call it. I have made enquiries about your Cousin C. Wilson of the 34th Regiment. They tell me he never came with the Regt to the Crimea, but left behind Sick. I am told he is now with the Depot. I am glad you like the contents of the 1 Box so wel, but I am sorry to find that there were but one handkerchief out of the 3 in the box. I placed 2 of those handkerchiefs in the largest size Slippers (one in each slipper) and the 3rd was in some other part of the Box. However dont go to any pother about it. You pay the money & I shall make it good to you very shortly. When I paid the money for the carriage of the 1 Box at Constantinople I was told there would be nothing to be paid when it would reach you. *However don't mind it.*

I can say nothing more only accept of my affection love—You and all our relations, & my kind remembrance to all old acquaintances and may we all live long & happy. I remain Your affectionate Brother, William Davies Sergt. Light Company 4th Regt. Crimea. Good night & God bless you all. Write as soon as possible—W.D.

Gunfire Lit The Night

Camp before Sebastopol. 4th May 1855.

Beloved Brother and Sister, Yours of the 17th ult came safe to my hands yesterday evening—I am glad to find by it that it left you all still enjoying good health as I am most happy to say I am enjoying excellent health thanks be to God. By your last it appears you

never received the letter I sent with the little account of the sortie made on the night of the 22nd of March—however you seem to know what happened without my saying any more upon the subject. Since my last the Siege has ceased but I have no idea why—and another thing I cannot conceive what object our authorities can have in view in sparing anything belonging to the enemy—why if I had anything to do in it I would blow their Shipping out of the water and make ashes of the Town—why if such work as this continues we shall be here for ever wearying—wearing—yet miserable life. It is strongly reported that my Division with some French Divisions are going to Eupatoria. (The Highland Brigade are gone under Sir George Brown, late in command of the Light Division) embark at Balaklava landing at Eupatoria and fighting our way up to the hills on the northern side of Sebastopol so as to cut off all communication between Sebastopol and the interior part of the Country thus starving the defenders of Sebastopol or the doomed City and not till then do I believe shall we put our feet within the walls of the Town that the world is talking about so. On the night of the 2nd inst. the French made a Sortie upon the Russians on our left that is on the left of our Batteries and came off victorious after capturing the Flag Staff Battery. The French were repulsed once but made another attack and succeeded in being Masters of the Battery (and are now). It is stated the French lost 200 killed and wounded and the loss on the side of the enemy much greater. My Regiment was on Piquet the same night—it happened not many hundred yards from us. The firing was most terrible on both sides and although it being a dark night we could see the movements of both French and Russians by the Flash of the Guns. The clouds even appeared as on fire all in a blaze. You would be astonished really astonished if you were but to come up and take a walk through our Batteries and trenches—they are that numerous that you would lose yourself for hours—much more numerous than the streets of Carmarthen—then our Camps would actually remind you of a large City in England and a stranger to stand on the top of one of those hills could look around and behold the Sons of England and France, Soldiers whose courage needs no description, would I fancy never lose the sight of the beautiful yet splendid sight to the eyes of man. The weather still continues beautiful and the men enjoying very good health. I have nothing more of any consequence to tell you at present so I shall conclude with best love to you all—and many kisses for the Children.

Dread of Winter

Camp before Sebastopol. 1st August 1855.

My Dear Brother & Sister, In reply to your very kind and affectionate letter of the 3rd Ult. I am most happy to hear it

left you all all right and I am also most happy to tell you that I am (as the old saying goes) toll-lol. I dare say you have read all the particulars about the 18th June in the Papers, so it is not worth detailing, let it suffice to say that we could not win—however, since then we have done nothing worth detailing but advance our works nearer to the Russians, so we have only two things to think about which is to attack Sebastopol at once or invest the north side which would cut off the communication with the interior Russia and thus compel them to surrender through want of food or provisions. I must tell you that we all dread the approaching of winter although we are much better prepared than we were for the last, yet the very thought of it brings fresh to our memories the dear friends that died through sickness brought on by the inclemency of the season or actually perished in the snow on the heights of Inkerman. True, it is that such was the melancholly effect last winter had on our brave Soldiers and such must occur again if we are to be here another winter. It may not be as it was but there is no doubt but it will thin our ranks considerably.

The Railroad from Balaklava is now completed as far as the front of our position, so when supplies of provisions or ammunition are required they may be conveyed in a much shorter time and with less fatigue to men and horses than last winter's fatal mode of conveyance caused.

I am sorry to find you have but a small share of earth from the Quarries in front of the Redan, so I enclose in this a little earth from the heights of Inkerman where the hottest or sharpest work took place between the Russians and British. I am at a loss what I can tell you in this as everything seems very dull.

Give my best and warmest love to all our dear friends too numerous to mention and accept of the same yourself, and God be with you and protect you all is my fervent prayers. I Remain your affectionate Brother William Davies.

Direct To Colour Sergt. William Davies Light Company, 4th Regt., 2nd Division Crimea.

'My Wound Is Healed'

Camp, Sebastopol, 8th December 1855.

My dear Brother and Sister, Your very kind letter came safe to my hands a few days ago. I am glad to find by it that it left you all well and I am also happy to tell you that I enjoy the same great blessing thanks be to God my wound is quite healed up and

I am able to write a little but not quite so well as I used to. Everything is so very quiet here now since we have left off fighting that I scarcely know what to say except I commence talking about road making what we are constantly employed at herein. We have all become Engineers on a small scale but not quite perfect yet. Our wooden huts also require a vast deal of repairs which they are daily undergoing. The explosions on the 15th Ult. which by this time you have read all about shook the huts of our Division considerably in fact there are none of them now waterproof except those that have undergone repairs. One of the shells during the explosion fell through the roof of one of our huts and exploded inside blowing the hut to pieces and killing one of the Band who was inside at the time with many others but did not succeed in getting out of the way quick enough. We are quite differently situated to what we were 12 months ago in every respect. The wooden huts are much better than the Tents we had to live in last winter on the heights of Inkerman with the enemy close to our Camp. We feel the comfort I assure you of our present situation having a pretty good supply of warm clothing and not very hard duty to perform. The enemy still continue to send an occasional shell from the north side of the harbour to the Town for which they are always paid back threefold and on . . . I shall send in this many a small Russian relic got [torn] Sebastopol. I dare say you will have many . . . at it, coming from a place where many brave . . . have fallen. I have nothing more to say at present, I shall conclude with my affectionate love to you all. I remain Your affectionate Brother Col. Sergt. Wm. Davies. Light Company 4th Regt. Crimea.

Addressed to. Via Marseilles To Mr. John Roberts mason near The Magazine Row, Lammas Street, Carmarthen, Carmarthenshire, South Wales.

Among The Distinguished

Camp near Sebastopol, 7th April 1856.

My Dear Brother and Sister, Doubtless you are as proud as many more like myself, of Peace having been at last proclaimed; and possess the fond hope of seeing each other once more, in dear little Wales, and that soon, soon.

By your last I find you have seen my father, and Uncle. I am glad to hear, they were quite well. I suppose my father has not given up his old corrupt habits that of *Drinking*. He seems to have quite forgotten me; but thanks I have a Father in Heaven, who has been with me, on the Battlefield, in sickness and in sorrow.

I am told that something is to be given to all those mentioned, as having highly distinguished themselves at the Assault of the Redan, the 8th September last, where my name is amongst that number.

I intend leaving the Army as soon as the Regiment arrives home. I have sufficient money in the Regimental Savings Bank to purchase my discharge—speaking truly I would rather humble myself to the life of a beggar than lead the life of a Soldier. I have had a long trial of it and ought to know the difference.

I don't know how soon my Regt. may leave the Crimea but for what Station we are going to I can't tell. I hope its straight home.

The Allies and the Russians are allowed to visit each other's Camp by means of papers. Two Russians sang a song in my hut a few days ago after cracking a few bottles with the men. They seem to be perfectly satisfied with Peace and say there's nothing like peace. Some of the Russian women visiting Sebastopol have cried most bitterly, and even some of their men—seeing their once dear homes, now in complete mass of ruins.

I have nothing more to say at present—My love to you all and may God bless *you*.

I remain, Your affectionate Brother William Davies, Col Sergt., Light Company, 4th Regt., Crimea.

Home And Rags

Aldershot Camp, 19th July 1856.

My Dear Brother and Sister, I would have written to you before this were it not that we have been much knocked about. I wrote to Sister Achsah the first day we landed giving her a brief description of my voyage which I dare say you have read so its no use of me writing the same over again—suffice it to say that we are safe at Aldershot Camp after being reviewed by the Queen. We are also under orders for to embark at Liverpool for Dublin at the shortest notice.

I am going to purchase my Discharge next month but what I am going to do I don't know—Perhaps you could do something towards getting me into the police or any some other situation even selling *Rags* in the Streets.

I have nothing more to say at present so I shall conclude with my kindest love to you all and God Bless you. I remain, Your affectionate Brother William Davies, Colr. Sergt., Light Company, 4th Regt.

Miss Nightingale Grieves to Say . . .

Among the soldiers who took part in the Crimean War was Howell Evans, the son of one of the tenants of the Glaspant estate in northwest Carmarthenshire. The date of his enlistment is not known, but the letter printed below shows that he was a Gunner and Driver in Number 1 Company, 12th Battalion, Royal Artillery. In June 1855 he was posted as "missing". His parents were alarmed at receiving no news of their son and finally asked their landlady, Mrs Howell of Glaspant, to assist them. Accordingly, Mrs Howell wrote direct to Florence Nightingale as it was possible that Howell was in a hospital, or had come to her attention in some way. It is clear that Miss Nightingale went to some trouble in the matter and her reply, written in her own hand, indicates the extent of her humanity and concern. I am grateful to Mr Harry Howell, J.P., of Glaspant, Newcastle Emllyn, for permission to reproduce the letter.—Francis Jones, County Archivist.

General Hospital,
Baleclava.
May 20/56

Madam,

It is with very sincere sorrow that I am obliged to confirm the fears of the father of the late Howell Evans about his poor son.

I grieve to say that Gunner & Driver Howell Evans, of No 1 Company, 12th Battalion, Royal Artillery, was struck off the strength of this Army, June 29/55, as having been "missing since February 6/55".

His Company was in the Siege Train and went home in February/56. It is now at Woolwich. His father had better apply at the Office of the 12th Battalion. No trace of the missing man being obtainable here.

To you, Madam, I will say that, after the most diligent inquiry, it appears to the Commanding Officer of the unfortunate man & to myself, from the evidence, to be feared that Howell Evans is a deserter.

To the father, I would say, (*if* on enquiry at the above address it appears that *nothing more is to be learnt*.) that I regret very much that I am unable to send him any of those particulars concerning his

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To the father, I would say, (*if on enquiry at the above address it appears that nothing more is to be learnt,*) that I regret very much that I am unable to send him any of those particulars concerning his

son which it is natural that he should wish to hear, but though I have made every enquiry in my power, I am unable to do more than send him the sad certainty of his death. (for I would fain put it so.)

Although it be impossible to us to retain particulars of the deaths of all those brave soldiers, who have died in the service of their country, during that fearful winter, it is a comfort to me, who have seen so much of their patient suffering, to remember that no one is forgotten by the Father of us all. I trust it will be a comfort to the father to remember that all are in His hands. I doubt not he has suffered much from painful uncertainty concerning his poor son. Let him, (*if* no farther news is to be obtained, know that he now is at rest from all cares & sorrows of this world. May he be supported to bear them, till it please God that those who have been separated by death shall meet again in the better life to come.

I have never had so painful & unsatisfactory a letter to write.

I beg to remain, Madam,

Your obedt servt

Florence Nightingale.

Alcwyn Caryni Evans 1828-1902

by E. VERNON JONES

ON Friday afternoon 14 March 1902 blinds were drawn and shutters raised throughout the town and rain fell incessantly while a funeral cortege made its way along Water Street to Carmarthen cemetery. Even so there were in the large procession a fair number of representatives of the public bodies of the district; defying the weather, they had come to bury one who had been possessed by an insatiable curiosity about his native town and county of Carmarthien in a life of almost seventy-four years, during which he had done much industrious research and assembled a vast amount of knowledge. In the coffin was the body of Alcwyn Caryni Evans, teacher, antiquary, genealogist and tavern-keeper.

About Alcwyn Evans there is not an abundance of biographical information; certainly nothing that can match the voluminous writings on local history that he left behind. He was born on 14 May 1828 the son of Evan Donard Evans¹ (1796—1877), being the second of seven children. Of these children the first, a son, survived only a few weeks; the others were four daughters and a son. Two of the daughters married schoolmasters, one at Morriston and the other at Dalston, London. The father, whose forbears sprang from Cellan, Cardiganshire before moving to Llanegwad and then to Brechfa in Carmarthenshire, received a good education, for he went to school at Taunton and proceeded to Manchester College, York. Widely known as Evans of York, he first opened a school at Pontantwn in the parish of Llangendeirne in 1822, but soon moved it to Carmarthen, first in Wood's Row and later at the old Quaker meeting house in Llamas Street. He acquired more than a strictly local fame as a schoolmaster, for if it was not possible to send a boy to school at Bristol the next best thing in those days was to commit him to the care of Evans of York.

Alcwyn Evans married firstly Elizabeth Amelia Rees, daughter of John Morgan and widow of an innkeeper who kept the Castle Inn, Priory Street, Carmarthen; she died in 1867,² leaving no issue.

¹ G. Eyre Evans gives Edward Donnard Evans; see *Trans. Carm. Ant. Soc.*, Vol. iv (1908) p.15. But in a holograph of his own pedigree Alcwyn Evans has it thus: Evan "Donard" Evans; see National Library of Wales MS. 12356E.

² *The Dictionary of Welsh Biography* gives 1847 in error.

Secondly, he married in 1870 Mary (d. 1884), daughter of William Thomas, a Llandovery ropemaker; she was related to a Carmarthen ropemaker, Mr Charles, and claimed descent from Thomas Charles of Bala. Of this marriage there were two daughters, Marian Sophia and Eleonora Imogen. The former married Ernest Waters, a Carmarthen printer, who like his father, William Waters, was devoutly interested in local history, father and son having published histories relating to Llanstephan and district. Thus Alcwyn Evans's family circle was made up of teachers, ropemakers and local historians, plus an innkeeper, his marriage to whom perhaps accounts for the fact



THE BIRD IN HAND

The corner entrance and adjoining window are alterations of recent years.

that he took up this trade himself, having kept for a while the Castle, Priory Street and afterwards, for some years, the Bird in Hand, John Street. Precisely when he relinquished the licence of the latter is not known, but at the time of his death it was recorded that "many people who are not yet past middle age will remember him as the landlord of the Bird in Hand".³ It is therefore possible that he gave up the house in consequence of his inheritance after his father's death in 1877. The Bird in Hand ceased to be a public house over fifty years ago, but the building, now a fish restaurant,

³ *The Welshman* 14 March 1902.

still stands in an off-shoot south of the Market gates, though it will not survive much longer, for it is due to be demolished along with other properties to make way for the town-centre redevelopment scheme. The gilded carved sign that identified the house was removed to the County Museum.

Although he was buried by the Rev. T. R. Walters, vicar of St. David's, Carmarthen, Alcwyn Evans had been a Unitarian and there had been an intimate association with the profession of that doctrine in the town.⁴ In 1831 his father purchased the old Quaker meeting house in Lammas Street, which had been briefly used as a school during the preceding few years, first by one Marks and afterwards by William Johns. The building had been erected by the Quakers in 1746-8, largely through the exertions of Thomas Morgan, malster. Regular meetings there seem to have ceased by about 1820, after which it was used under lease for a few years by the Welsh Wesleyans while work was being done on their own premises. In the meantime, the Unitarian congregation got possession of the Chapel of the Dark Gate⁵ when the Baptists left in 1812 for their new chapel, Tabernacle, in Waterloo Terrace. But in 1832 their minister, John Palmer, a Radical who advocated parliamentary reform and founded *The Welshman*, had to flee the town and the Unitarians lost their chapel. From 1834 to 1849, by which year they had built themselves a chapel at Park y Velvet, the home of Evan Evans was the meeting place of the Unitarians. A record of 1793 tells us that this building was a "neat, pretty Meeting House";⁶ at the time of Alcwyn Evans's death it was to be described as the "quaint old Quaker meeting-house" and a "curiously constructed building".⁷

Flourishing School

In his pedigree Alcwyn Evans gives no information about his own formal education, but that he was a pupil at his father's school might be a proper conclusion. His father, who was reputed to have wielded a heavy birch, had kept a flourishing school and it is not surprising that the son should have taken up the same profession to achieve, as it turned out, equal success and, additionally, win for himself a considerable reputation as a local historian in his native county. That his contemporaries held him in high regard for a profound knowledge of the academic disciplines which appealed to him is evident and most certainly he was much better qualified for his calling than the average private schoolmaster of his time. For

⁴ Although Alcwyn Evans and his father were Unitarians, strangely there seems to have been a leaning towards the Church of England. *Ibid.*

⁵ For picture see *The Carmarthenshire Historian*, Vol. v, p.90.

⁶ *A History of Carmarthenshire*, edited by Sir John E. Lloyd, Vol. ii, p.187.

⁷ *Carmarthen Journal* 14 March 1902.

very many years he kept a grammar school which was known as the Carmarthen Academy, a lot of his pupils being drawn from the farming community, though this was by no means the only field of recruitment. His first school was in a house that stood on the site now occupied by Llamas Street Congregational Chapel schoolroom, but after his father's death he transferred to the old Quaker house.⁸

As a teacher he was conscientious and ruled his class with firm, perhaps harsh, discipline; his partially withered arm, an insensitive baton which he could let fly unsuspected, was greatly feared as an instrument of chastisement. Refusing to suffer indifferent effort, he demanded and usually got the best from his pupils and many were grateful for the thorough tuition they received from him; not a few won success for themselves. One likes to think that his academy was in some way the successor to the grammar school that for a century and a half before its closure in 1845 had been attached to the old Carmarthen Academy that was to become known as the Presbyterian College. Until 1840 this latter academy, too, had been closely associated with the Llamas Street Chapel site and had been much influenced by the Unitarian doctrine.

Proficient in Latin and Greek, he also had command of Norman-French and was familiar with other languages, but his ability in this direction was excelled by that of his younger brother Bleddyn, who became master of eight languages and proficient in five others before he died at the age of twenty-two while still a student at Carmarthen Presbyterian College. Even so, Alwyn Evans was linguistically well equipped to pursue inquiry into the field of study dear to his heart. When a medieval effigy bearing a defaced and abbreviated inscription was uncovered in St Peter's Church, Carmarthen during the last century it was he who was at hand to identify and decipher the Norman-French.

Interest in local history must have commanded his attention from boyhood, for in his early twenties he had already made transcripts of records from the original 'Book of Ordinances' preserved in the common coffer of the borough of Carmarthen. The records

⁸ There are unrecorded reports that he kept school elsewhere in Carmarthen. For example, Mrs E. Lewis of Carmarthen informs the writer that her father, the late Peter Hughes of the Red Cow, Bridge Street, Carmarthen, went to Alwyn Evans's school at the eastern end of Little Bridge Street, now demolished, below the Red Cow; he walked from Pontantwn and later Llandyfaelog to attend this school. According to Malcolm and Edith Lodwick, the Quaker meeting house was used as a school until 1887; see *The Story of Carmarthen*, p.49. But *The Welshman*, 14 March 1902, states that he retired from school-mastering eight to ten years before his death. There is thus a lacuna of five to seven years during which Alwyn Evans might have kept a school in Little Bridge Street.

date from 1590 to 1765 and the transcripts are contained in a bound volume now along with others in the National Library of Wales. The cover bears the title 'The Records of the Corporate Borough of Carmarthen, during the reigns of Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, Oliver Cromwell, Charles II, James II, William & Mary, Anne, George I, and George II. Ad verbum et literam transcripta, ex tabulis publicis ab Alcuino C. Evans'. By the time he was thirty he was well versed in the history of the town and county, as his personal and specially bound copy of Spurrell's *The History of Carmarthen and Its Neighbourhood* indicates. In this volume, too, a note in his own hand suggests his disappointment over the failure to acknowledge his provision of the list of Carmarthen's Recordors (incomplete, it is true) for that work. That he could be irascible is again confirmed by a note he made in his own leather-bound copy of Daniel-Thyssen's *Royal Charters and Historical Documents relating to the Town and County of Carmarthen*, which he edited and annotated. The note concerns Patent Roll 5th Edward III. A.D. 1331 Part 3 memb. 2 relating to the Abbot and convent of Talley and states: I find this charter's translation, and even the notes, has been plagiarized, and transferred bodily by Long Price, Solr. of Talley, into his paper on Talley, and printed without acknowledgment by name in the pages of *Archaeologia Cambrensis*. Anno, 1879.

Gold Medallist

From the first he had undoubtedly dedicated himself to the collection of material concerning his native town and county. William Spurrell's *History of Carmarthen and Its Neighbourhood* had appeared in 1860 and Alwyn Evans's annotated copy of that book tempts one to suspect that he had it in mind to write his own. The spur that urged him to give form to his collected material was the projected visit of the National Eisteddfod to Carmarthen in 1867. He decided to compete for the prize offered for the best History of Carmarthenshire and was successful, although his triumph was not indisputably complete. There was a rival whose entry was considered sufficiently meritorious to persuade the adjudicators, Archdeacon David Archard Williams and William Spurrell, to deduct five pounds from the prize money and award it to the next best candidate. This seems to have been contrary to the original intention of the adjudicators, who by way of compensation allowed his manuscript to be returned to Alwyn Evans. But he got the gold medal, which, with its blue ribbon, he is shown wearing in a portrait of himself and his wife painted in 1874 by Gwilym Rosa.⁹

⁹ This painting, well executed and presenting what are probably very good likenesses, is in the possession of his grandson, Mr Bleddyn Waters of Llanstephan, who in response to a request has given the medal to the National Museum of Wales.

Although it cannot be regarded as a history of the county, the manuscript, now in the National Library of Wales, is voluminous, having been supplemented and brought up to date during the remainder of his life. Regrettably, it was never published; in his late years he was to explain that it would not have sufficiently compensated him for the labour and expense involved. A few years after his death the manuscript was deposited with the printer with a view to publication,¹⁰ but the project never materialised.

It is safe to assume that many of the objects of historical interest that came to light in the town and district during the second half of the nineteenth century ultimately found their way into the possession of Alwyn Evans, with the result that he assembled what must have been almost a private museum. Prized among his possessions was a considerable collection of coins, though these were not all of local antiquarian interest; among them were contemporary coins, including, it is known, American gold dollars. In the bound volumes of papers which he left is one containing facsimiles of the autographs of the mayors of Carmarthen from the year 1400, the signatures of those who had held office during the last thirty years or so of his life being originals. Another of his possessions was a silk ribbon used by Sir Richard Steele to tie his wig. This relic was recovered from Steele's tomb in St. Peter's Church, Carmarthen when it was opened in 1865 and was acquired by him some time afterwards. To a favoured few he would show a small bone which he used to say was nothing less than a bone from the body of Sir Rhys ap Thomas.¹¹

His collections were dispersed after his death and only the bound volumes of manuscripts and papers survive as an entity, but some Carmarthen borough charter translations found their way into the County Museum, Carmarthen. The beautiful and, in many cases, carefully indexed volumes passed into the library of Sir Evan Davies Jones, Bart., of Pentower, Fishguard and in July 1939 they were purchased at Sotheby's of London on behalf of Alderman R. J. R. Loxdale, Castle Hill, Cardiganshire, who presented them to the National Library of Wales.¹² His collected material on the Rebecca Riots was used by H. Tobit Evans in compiling a work on that subject. Coveted was his set of *Archaeologia Cambrensis*, complete from the beginning and containing copious notes of his own; a few

¹⁰ *Trans. Carm. Ant. Soc.*, Vol. ii, p.153.

¹¹ The bone was given to the County Museum, Carmarthen by Alwyn Evans's grand-daughter, Mrs R. C. Ford of Ealing, in 1956 and was labelled by Evans thus: The Atlas Bone which once supported the skull of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, Knight Banneret, Knight of the Garter, Privy Councillor, Temp. Hen. VII, VIII. From his sarcophagus in Saint Peter's Church, Carmarthen. *Carmarthen Journal* 9 March 1956.

¹² *Handlist of Manuscripts in the National Library of Wales*, Part xxv, p.162. A description of the manuscripts takes almost nine pages in the Handlist.



ALCWYN CARYNI EVANS

An inscription on the back of the photograph, afterwards coloured, says it was taken when he was 31 years old and painted by his old pupil (Mr. David Jones, Cardigan Arms, Carmarthen).

years after his death these volumes were secured for the Carmarthen-shire Antiquarian Society, purchase being made possible by the response of a number of persons to an appeal for the necessary money.¹³ But, sadly, many other miscellaneous papers have not survived.

Ready Tongue and Trenchant Pen

Alcwyn Evans was a man of medium height—about five feet eight or nine inches—well-built and physically strong. He seems to have possessed a formidable dignity appropriate to a Victorian schoolmaster. His defective arm has already been referred to; one who remembers him describes it as a dead arm, but how this came about is not known. Yet it is clear that he was capable of wielding it in a swinging movement with menacing effect. Undoubtedly he was a tippler, but he does not emerge as a character the worse for drink and the habit does not appear to have seriously impaired his energy, as his manifest industry testifies. He could be cantankerous, even tyrannical, which he sometimes certainly was in his domestic domain, and he was not without his eccentricities. On the other hand, he was full of sociable instincts and in company he was always an attractive and genial personality, whose alert intellect, capacious memory and ready tongue were sure stimulants in any conversation he shared. Whatever the truth about his character, there can be no doubt that he stood out among his fellows as a considerable figure of devoted energy within the context of his special interests.

His political outlook in one respect has a peculiar relevance to our own time. In his later years he was an uncompromising Liberal Unionist who refused to support any claim to home rule for Wales or Ireland; neither could he identify himself with the pan-Celtic movement of his time. For all that he was a Celt and nobody could deny his patriotism.¹⁴

An assessment of his work and scholarship will not be attempted here, but it can be said that during the second half of the nineteenth century he probably did more than any other to inquire into the antiquities of the town and county of Carmarthen. "The elaborate, exhaustive and most beautifully written MS. Books which he left behind him are marvels of skill and scholarship," was one verdict by a Carmarthen antiquary four years after his death. Said the same admirer, "Mr Evans was undoubtedly one of the few authorities to consult on pedigrees, ancient wills, documents and other references to the past history of the county."¹⁵ Nobody displeased him more than the slovenly student of the past and amateurish attempts to record historical data in the press or elsewhere were

sure to invite a corrective response from his trenchant pen; yet nobody could be kinder towards the genuine seeker after truth or more generous in his readiness to recognise ability in others.

Caer, 'a fortified city'—'a stronghold' &c may be derived from *Caer*, 'to shut up'—'to enclose'. In this county, a churchyard wall is called *Caer-y-fynwent*. HEB. *קדר* i.e. *Qader*, 'ma'-'aria'—'murus' *קדר* 'paries murus'. CHALD. *קרי*. ARAB. *Karia*, THARGUM. *קרי*, from which *Kartago*, in Africa; in Heb. *קרתא*. The town in which Abraham dwelt was called *Chanan*, now *Heren*.

MUR, 'a wall',—so in ARM. Lat. *Murus*, Fr. *Mur*, GERM. *Mauer*.

Din or *Din*. [IRISH. *Dun* 'a fort'; *Dunam* 'to enclose' 'surrounded'.] [HEB. *Medinah*, 'wks'. ARABIC *Medinalon*] From *Din* are derived—*dirum*,—*dirium*,—*dunum*, the frequent terminations of the names of cities in Britain and Gaul:—also the old English *tere*, now *don*, *ton*, *town*, & our W. *Dinas* 'a city'.

A holograph note by Alcwyn Evans in his copy of Spurrell's *History of Carmarthen*.

Alcwyn Evans wrote extensively and tirelessly; pen and paper were indispensable to his life. He never failed to record the smallest scrap of information, however remotely connected with the county. This was perhaps his greatest merit, for he was a collector, annotator and investigator, an eclectic annalist rather than an analytical and interpretive historian. He wrote notes and comments everywhere; transcripts and translations abound in his works; and any worthwhile book that lacked an index was given one by Alcwyn Evans in his own careful hand. Little wonder that the Carmarthen Literary and Scientific Institution, of which he was sometime secretary, found in him a most useful member, for he it was who catalogued the books in its library and the contents of its museum. This compelling urge to seek and find, to trace and retrace, to follow the broad rivers to their concealed sources led him into the field of genealogy and heraldry; he delighted in compiling pedigrees and he worked out those of many of the ancient families of West Wales. Even so, almost nothing of his work was ever published. The only printed volume is *The Royal Charters of Carmarthen*,

¹³ *Trans. Carm. Ant. Soc.*, Vol ii, p.143.

¹⁴ *South Wales Daily News* 12 March 1902 and *The Welshman* loc. cit.

¹⁵ Rev M. H. Jones, *T.C.A.S.*, Vol. ii, pp.110 and 119.

itself a collected reprint of a serialised version in *Haul*; the rest remains in his own hand, at its best as pleasing to read as anything a printer could devise, which is perhaps one reason why he prepared the rate-books of Carmarthen borough for some years.

The old Quaker meeting house where Alcwyn Evans and his father had kept school for fifty or sixty years lay within the angle of Lammas Street and the east side of Water Street. The place is approached through an alley leading into an area that seems remote from the commerce of the high street but a short distance away. Here he ended his days in seclusion, but still industriously devoted to his chosen task; after two years of uncertain health following an attack of jaundice he passed away quietly in the presence of his daughters and a few friends on Tuesday afternoon 11 March 1902. No one will now recognise the " quaint " and " curiously constructed " cottage; it has been much altered, if not rebuilt, and for many years the present building has been known to Carmarthen folk as The Retreat. The house now has a conventional appearance with a central door flanked by windows, but until Alcwyn Evans's death it remained for over a hundred and fifty years much as it had been built, except that the walls had been pierced to receive a few windows and a tiled roof constructed in place of the original thatch.

Acknowledgment

I wish to thank Mr Bleddyn Waters of Llanstephan for permission to reproduce the picture of his grandfather and for allowing me the use of Alcwyn Evans's personal copies of *The Royal Charters of Carmarthen* and Spurrell's *History of Carmarthen*. I am further indebted to Mr Waters and his wife for their kindness to me while investigating the life of Alcwyn Evans. My thanks are also due to the editor, Mr D. F. Edmunds, for placing at my disposal the files of the *Carmarthen Journal* and *The Welshman*, from the obituary notices in which I have freely drawn; to Mr D. Emrys Williams, Assistant Keeper, Department of Manuscripts and Records, National Library of Wales for his help in extracting genealogical information; and to a number of older Carmarthen people with whom I have had helpful conversations.

Mystery In The Valley of Legend

A Quest For Cadifor's Court

By Major FRANCIS JONES, C.V.O., T.D., D.L.

Wales Herald Extraordinary
County Archivist of Carmarthenshire

"In solitary uplands far away
Betwixt the blossoms of a rosy spray,
Dreaming upon the wonderful sweet face
Of Nature, in a wild and pathless place."

THESE lines from Frederick Tennyson's sonnet came to mind one autumn afternoon as I stood on the heights of Cefen Trelech, just above Blaen Cych, source of the river whose course for over eight wooded meandering miles forms the boundary between Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire. There must be few rivers in Wales which are unspoilt from source to estuary. This we can truly say of the Cych, for throughout its course, until it pours into the Teifi at Abercych, no work by the hand of man has intruded a single blemish to mar the beauty of the gorge through which it flows, while the "wonderful sweet face" of the flanking uplands remains equally free of any such intrusions.

The "romantic mountain stream" as Fenton calls the Cych, flows northwards through a deep vale, while a dozen headlong brooks contribute to its depth and power. From the Carmarthenshire side pour the Sylgen, Ymerson, Barddu, Mamog, Dwrog, Nant Lwyd; from Pembrokeshire side, the Pibydd, Pedran, Cncifa, Dulas, Seli and Morw. History-laden names along the shoulders of the glen contain echoes which set the fancy aglow—Cnwc y beili, Ffwrn Cadifor, Ffynnon Wenflwch, Plas yr hafod, Morlogws, Pant Lleucu, Hendre Cymry, Park Nest, Llwyn Einion, Llain Wallter, and Babiog; some remind us of early religious life—Capel Tanglwst, Capel Iwan, Cil Frychan, Cnwc y lleian, Cnwc y bettws, Park y bettws on Glas-pant, Llannerch y Meudwy, Clyn Mynach, Gwar y clas, and Parc y person gwyn, and Eglwys Cilrhedyn which keeps tranquil guard over the rolling acres; others resound with clash of battle and skirmish—Parc y fyddin on Penbryn Caradog, Parc y frwydr, Penrhiw'r cyrff, Castell Gilfach Gam, Hen Gaerau, Dan y gaer, Rhiw castell, while Pant yr heddwch marks the place where a truce was made between contending warriors; and from the high places at Crug Iwan, Crug Ieuan, Crug Llwyd, and Crug y gorllwyn, Celtic chieftains still watch us from their graves.

Land of Enchantment

The vale of Cych is a splendid dream, a haunted glen, a land of enchantment, spell-weaving. We owe a debt to Dyfed for the gift of Glyn Cych, for out of it sprang the tale of Pwyll Pendefig, lord of the Seven Cantrefs, one of the most enduring romances of the early literature of the Welsh. Here Pwyll "let loose the hounds in the woods, sounded the horn, and began the chase". Having lost his companions he came to a glade where a strange pack—"brilliant shining white and their ears were red"—had brought a stag to bay. He whipped them off and set his own hounds on the quarry. Then Arawn, owner of the balked pack arrived, justly aggrieved, resentful, and to atone for his conduct Pwyll undertook to impersonate Arawn for a year, and in that guise to slay one Hafgan. At the end of the term, his mission accomplished, he returned to Glyn Cych and all was well. And so opens the first branch of the *Mabinogion*. The *Triads* inform us further that Pwyll's young son, Pryderi, also wandered through this magic vale, guarding an immense herd of swine belonging to his foster-father Pendaran Dyfed.

But the history is not confined to poetry and romance. The river has been a political boundary from early times. It divided the comote of Emlyn into Uwch Cych (on the eastern or Carmarthen-shire side) and Is Cych (on the western or Pembrokeshire side). The comote formed part of the old kingdom of Dyfed, whose heiress, Elen, brought it early in the tenth century to her husband Hywel Dda ruler of Deheubarth. Shortly after their appearance in west Wales, the Normans built a motte and bailey castle at Cenarth Mawr, a mile or so to the east of Cych, which became the scene of an exciting affair in the year 1109, namely the abduction of the alluring Nest, wife of the Norman Gerald de Windsor, by Cadwgan a younger son of the royal house of Powys. During the next century and a half, Emlyn was held at different times by Welsh princes and Norman barons, until finally in 1284 Uwch Cych became a Crown possession and Is Cych was incorporated into the feudal lordship of Cilgerran. The arrangement lasted until the Act of Union in 1536 by which Wales was divided into shire ground following the English pattern. The river continued to serve as a political boundary, the riparian parishes of Cenarth, and East Cilrhedyn remaining in Carmarthen-shire, and those of West Cilrhedyn, Clydey, and Manordeifi, in Pembrokeshire. These territorial divisions remained undisturbed until 1935 when the parish of East Cilrhedyn was absorbed into Cenarth.

On Cefen Trelech, over 800 feet above sea-level, the eye dwells with long delight on a panorama of undulating uplands. We gaze upon a purely rural landscape dotted with whitewashed farm buildings among groves on broad-bosomed hills, lone cots crouched among the

heather, farmlets and tiny homesteads encompassed by hayfields and stone enclosures, evidences of the determination of generations of hill-farmers to wrest the soil from encroaching gorse and bracken. It is a land of scattered dwellings, and we are reminded of Giraldus' words when he wrote of the Welsh in 1188, "They neither inhabit towns, villages, nor castles, but lead a solitary life in the woods . . ." The woodlands have long been tamed but the old way of life survives. The people may be solitary, but are not lonely. When I asked a farmer's wife who lived in a secluded nook near the river's source, whether she felt lonely, she replied, "Never. Apart from the farm work, I fish a great deal and my husband and I often go out with the gun; we are sheltered from the winter storms, and in summer the air is full of song and the fields and hedgerows ablaze with flowers." No sane person could be unhappy in these sylvan solitudes. Practically every farm shelters Welsh-speaking families, mostly freeholders, people with a lively sense of lineage, sturdy, independent, courteous, heirs of age-old traditions and legends that enwreath people and places in these remote parts. Here is a society of upland folk, their national identity belonging to a rural, pre-industrial past, as unchanged as their beautiful surroundings.

Notable Men

The parishes bordering on the Cych contained a large number of gentle families of high antiquity, whose ancestors were local leaders in the days of the Welsh princes, and who survived the vicissitudes of the medieval centuries and the political and economic changes of Tudor and post-Tudor times. Generally, their estates were small, and the families owe their survival largely to the fact that they were resident squires who personally administered their estates, participated in farming and other productive activities, living on an easy footing among their tenants, often in a sort of patriarchal simplicity. Among those on the Carmarthen-shire side, all in Cenarth parish, were Lewes of Gellidywyll, descended from Ednywain ap Bradwen; Morgan of Pengwern, descended from Cadifor Fawr of Blaen Cych, followed there by the James family descended from Gwynfardd Dyfed; Howell of Glaspart, descended matrilineally from the Lloyds of Bronwydd; Lloyd and Morgan of Cenarth; and Saunders of Clynfelin fawr who established a woollen manufactory on the banks of Cych, the last of whom, William Saunders, died in 1799 at the advanced age of 89 and was buried in Cilrhedyn church. On the Pembrokeshire side, in Clydey parish, were Lloyd of Dole Llannerch and Penalltyllyn; Morgan of Blaenbylan and Coedllwyd; Morris of Nantylladron; Harries of Werngoy; Lloyd and, later, Lewis-Bowen of Clynfiew, and Davies of Lancych followed there by Jones-Lloyd matrilineally descended from the family of Castell Hywel.

Of this network of gentry families, all connected by common ancestry or intermarriage, only a few remain today—Jones-Lloyd of Lancych, Lewis-Bowen of Clyfiew, and Howell of Glaspart.

Notable men have been reared in these parishes, twenty-nine of them sufficiently important to be included in *The Dictionary of Welsh Biography*—parsons, ministers of the gospel, musicians, surgeons, poets, authors, antiquaries, a sculptor, and an admiral.

Among these notables are David Marks (1788—1871) of Cilrhedyn, musician; Revd Erasmus Saunders, D.D. (1670—1724) of the Clywefelin family, an eminent divine, author of *The State of Religion in the Diocese of St Davids* (1721), and father of Dr Erasmus Saunders, Canon of Windsor; James Morgan Gibbon of Pontseli (1855—1932), Independent Minister; John Milo Griffith (1843—1897) of Pontseli, sculptor; Dr Thomas Rocyn Jones (1822—1877) of Manordeifi, surgeon; John Jones, "Mathetes", (1821—1878) of Cilrhedyn, Baptist Minister and author of literary works; Maurice Morgan of Blaenbylan (1725—1802) Shakespearean commentator and political writer, who became an Under-Secretary of State in 1782.

Not included in that 'Golden Book', but equally worthy of remembrance, are Josiah and Jonah Evans of Pontseli, famous nineteenth century smiths, inventors and manufacturers of an improved plough, "arad Pontseli", and old Dafydd Hywel of Morlogws, a versewright of the homely kind, grandfather of the Reverend George Enoch, sometime vicar of Clydey, and of Captain John Enoch of the 23rd Foot who fought at Waterloo.

I might add that the forebears of Sir Ben Bowen Thomas, sometime Permanent Secretary to the Welsh Department, Ministry of Education, and happily still with us, came from the parish of Clydey.

Lord of the Seven Royal Courts

But it was another and much earlier worthy that had drawn me to the district, one whose actions were sufficiently significant for inclusion in the historical chronicles of medieval Wales. To the compiler of the *bruts* he was Cadifor ap Gollwyn, to the genealogists and bards he was Cadifor Fawr, Lord of Blaen Cych and of the Seven Royal Courts of Dyfed. His memory lives after the passage of over eight centuries, while his name is commemorated in Ffwrn Cadifor, a mysterious construction set in an overhanging cliff in the defile a few hundred yards from Blaen Cych itself.

The source of the Cych is hidden in a heavily wooded ravine. A few steep yards above it stands a tiny roadside chapel belonging to the Independents, built at the end of the last century as a branch of the flourishing Capel y Graig, Trelech. About a quarter of a mile westwards along the road is the farm formerly called Plas Llwyni—still so called by the people of the district—but christened Cadifor (Hall in the latter part of Victoria's reign, which remains its "official" designation to this day. I have been unable to discover who was responsible for the introduction of the later name, but I suspect it to have been inspired by antiquarian considerations, for the memory of Cadifor has always lingered hereabouts. Religious meetings were held in the parlour of Plas Llwyni before the little chapel was built.

No traces of early human settlement exist in the immediate vicinity of the source of the Cych, but there can be no doubt that Cadifor lived somewhere in this area of which he was overlord. A few hundred yards to the northwest is the farmhouse of Gilfach Gam alongside the remains of a once powerful fort.

Originally, the farmhouse stood on the eastern side of the old castell. An inscribed stone in the courtyard wall states that an earlier Gilfach Gam had been built in 1769 by one William Jones, and a tablet set high in the front wall of the house describes its fate—"The old house which was built about 200 feet to the northeast from this spot took fire from the back parlour flue and burnt down at night on August the 8th 1831". Would that all householders raised such memorials so that he who reads might be instructed.

In the field below the farmyard I came upon castell Gilfach Gam, a green arrow-head of land above the junction of the Pibydd and the Cych. The ground falls abruptly about 50 to 60 feet to the bed of the ravine, providing a natural defence against attacks from the north, east, and west. Traces of two ramparts raised to protect the vulnerable south side, are still to be seen, one of which now does duty as a hedge; these ramparts run along the "neck" of the promontary, something over 200 feet long, the enclosed area containing about half an acre. The fairly even surface slopes gently towards the point of the promontary, and there are traces of defences at the top of the steep sides. The entrance was near the ruins of the old farmhouse of Gilfach Gam.

According to Mr Thomas, the owner-occupier of the farm, here was the castell of Cadifor Fawr whose pages lived at Gilfach y Gweision, another farmhouse about a hundred yards away, and the

local people speak of cellars and dungeons below the fort, connected by a secret tunnel to Gilfach y Gweision. Not far from the last named farm is Gilfach Ymerson (rendered as Ymryson on O.S. maps), also associated with the lord of the castell. Tradition states that Cadifor's dwelling was in the ravine itself, a massive structure built in the form of a bridge across the stream, sufficiently near to the fort to which he could retire when danger threatened. Cadifor and twelve of his warriors, clad in full armour, are said to lie sleeping in a cavern in the glen below, awaiting the call to return to "liberate" their fellow-countrymen.

Trek to an Oven

I was anxious to see Ffwrn Cadifor, and Mrs Thomas very kindly offered to lead me there. She led the way down the break-neck side of the promontory, at the foot of which the brawling Pibydd meets the Cych. We crossed the water and wound our way along the floor of the deep dank ravine, clambering over fallen trees, hacking our way through thicket, fern, and bramble, the stream dancing merrily below us. At one time a cart track ran parallel to the bank leading from Gilfach y Gweision towards a corn-mill beyond Morlogws, but this had been strangled by brambles and undergrowth, although parts of it are clearly defined. The trees enclosed us like a guard of honour of tall guardsmen, and through the leafy canopy I could occasionally catch glimpses of the blue sky above. We lost all trace and sound of human life, the workaday world seemed far away, and I felt a sense of guilt that I was trespassing on a secret place of age-old peace, where the vixen and her brood gambol, where the badger rolls at ease, and the otter glides gaily beneath the sheltering bank.

Eventually we arrived. Ffwrn Cadifor is near the bank of the Cych, in the parish of West Citrhedyn. Here, say the cognoscenti was the oven of Cadifor, "where bread was baked for his household". The site is not easily found, and I doubt whether I would have come across it without the good offices of my guide. It lies in a natural declivity in the rocky side of the glen, on the 400 foot contour line, about a hundred yards south of the confluence of the Cych and the Sylgen.¹

The Ffwrn consists of a curved stone bench, around the back of which are well-preserved remains of a stone wall, curved in such a way as to suggest that it originally formed a cell about six feet high, something like a beehive in appearance. Above, hangs a cliff of shale and rock, capped by trees and bushes. It was high noon when I saw the place, and spots of sunlight filtered through the branches, falling like little golden dimples on the bench.

¹ Its grid reference is 293335 (O.S. Map SN 23).

Across the river, opposite the Ffwrn, are traces of an old water-trench—"pownd-dwr" as Mrs Thomas called it—to carry water to a mill further down the valley. This seemed hardly feasible to me, but the indisputable fact remains that a man-made conduit has certainly existed there.

What was Ffwrn Cadifor? The chieftain's oven I was told, and to support the assertion my attention was directed to reddish marks on the stones, alleged to have been caused by fire, but on examination I could see quite clearly that the discolouring had resulted from the action of water percolating through the side of the bank. One finds it difficult to believe that a domestic arrangement of any kind should have been constructed in so remote a spot, far from human habitation, and particularly difficult, indeed often dangerous to approach, unless, of course, some building had stood alongside, but it is topographically impossible for a house to have been built near the Ffwrn, for the valley is narrow and steep at this spot. However, there is an earlier tradition, which if true, provides an example of the ingenuity of our ancestors, and supports the view that the Ffwrn could have formed part of a dwelling.

The earliest written reference to Ffwrn Cadifor occurs in the *Historical Tour of Pembrokeshire* by Richard Fenton who visited it about the year 1800. The Ordnance Survey map of 1831, prepared by a local man, Thomas Colby, then a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, shows a cottage called Ffwrn Cadifor above this spot, whose ruins are to be seen in the field, now part of Blaen Pibydd farm. Neither the Ffwrn nor the cottage is included on the 25-inch map of 1890, but on the 6-inch map published in the following year the little nook is marked as "The Oven".

Let us turn to what Richard Fenton had to say. Having crossed the Pibydd, he entered the valley, and recorded his impressions in these words:

"Here the channel of the river occupies the whole of the narrow space from one hill to the other, admitting only of a dangerous path worn through the rock on one side, and difficult for foot passengers, so that I was forced to ride along the rocky bed of the river, and follow its windings till I came to an interruption of its course by the fall of another stream into it from the left, when I found myself in sight of the spot I was in quest of, shewn me by my guide, and called by the country people Ffwrn Cadifor, the Oven (figuratively, *pars pro toto*, for the whole house) of Cadifor Vawr, or the great. At the mouth of the continuation of the vale through which the Cych is poured, tradition says, that this powerful chieftain had his palace

built across this barrier river on arches from hill to hill, with the roots of its foundation in both the counties of Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire, over which a great part of his possessions extended . . . From what here appears, it required a very creative imagination to furnish an idea of the structures said to have occupied so singular a site, for there is no trace to assist conjecture, except what is called the Oven, a slight excavation in the rock on one side, scarcely deep enough to shelter the shepherd from a shower, and a small channel in the slaty rock; on the other an old aqueduct, which seemingly, must have been for conveying water to the level of such a building, whatever it might have been that was perched above the narrow pass. Cadivor Vawr is always styled Lord of Blaen Cych, that is of the region round the source, and probably might have had his abode somewhere hereabouts at the head of his territories in the midst of fastnesses where enemies could not easily attack him, and in a spot highly favourable to the chase, and the predatory sort of warfare which characterized that barbarous age".

Riddle of the Pass

If this has a basis of truth, then it might well explain the existence of the Ffwrn and of the water trench. That no trace of such a structure has been found may be due to the fact that it was made of wood, for we know that the Welsh of those days did build their dwellings of that material. When the house was abandoned, decay would have set in, and it is not unlikely that the materials were removed by local people. We know too that Cadivor Fawr left this district to settle at his wife's home, Gilsant, some six miles to the south, which became the chief residence of his descendants.

What can we make of these traditions? The story of the chieftain and his warriors sleeping in a cavern awaiting a summons to lead his countrymen to victory is common form throughout Europe, the best known example being the tale concerning Frederick Barbarossa. That it was applied at all to Cadivor is evidence of the impression he had made on his countrymen, which is in harmony with the testimony of the historical chronicles. The story of the house bridging the pass is more individual and I have not found another example of it in Wales. However I did find an extension of it further down the valley. Just above Pont Cych where the road from Cilrhedyn church enters into Cwm Cych, is a steep bluff called Castell on which stands a promontory fort similar to that of Giffach Gam. I was told by a cottager that it was the the castell of Pwyll of the Mabinogion who had a great hall built in the form of a bridge across the Cych; this I consider to be an adaptation of the Cadivor tradition. Of course both this castell and that of Giffach Gam, are clearly much older than Cadivor's time, perhaps dating from the

Iron Age, but there are numerous examples of such forts being used many centuries later by those who lived in their vicinity. It is by no means impossible that Cadivor did in fact dwell in such a structure, hidden from marauders and enemies, and sufficiently near to a castell to which he could retire as and when prudence dictated.

Such are the traditions and legends about the home of Cadivor. What about the man himself? Fortunately we have a reputable source of information to enable us to form a reliable picture of him, also providing us with reliable milestones in the form of dates.

According to the various genealogies, Cadivor came of royal stock, and they agree on the lineage back to his great-great-grandfather as follows—Cadivor ap Gollwyn ap Gwyn ap Rhydderch ap Elgan Weflhwch. As Cadivor died in 1091, it is reasonable to assume that the great-great-grandfather lived in the first half of the tenth century, in the reign of Hywel Dda. The name Elgan was known in west Carmarthenshire—Keven Legh Elgan near Whitland (1199—1216) and Trallwn Elgan in Talylychau (1327—1377). The soubriquet 'weflhwch' means 'sow-lip' and may refer to some physical attribute. Several manuscripts take the pedigree back far beyond Elgan Weflhwch to Owain Fraig, a king of the royal family of Dyfed who lived in the fifth century, but these lack chronological stability and it is impossible to accept the lineage in the form it has been recorded. However, the ancestry may be accepted with confidence so far back as Elgan, and an ancestor who lived in the first half of the tenth century should satisfy the most pedigree-proud amongst us.

Founder of a Clan

Without doubt, Cadivor is the most important figure in the family tree. He is the real founder of the clan, the hero-ancestor. The Golden Grove MS devotes nearly a hundred folios to his descendants and the compiler found it sufficient to start the series with "Kadivor Vawr of Blaenkych, Lord of Dyvett". His stature was such that it was considered unnecessary to look beyond him. Apparently there were no heroes before this Agamemnon.

The historical chronicles contain several references to him and his family, and he is described as having been the ruler of the whole of Dyfed at one time.² The age in which he lived was one of great turbulence, particularly in West Wales, and it is quite possible that Cadivor had been able to acquire sovereignty during those confused years. He was sufficiently important for his obituary to

² *Brut y Tywysogion*, Peniarth MS, 20. ed. Prof Thomas Jones. pp 256, 75a

be recorded in the *Brut* under the year 1089 (1091)—“ac y bu varw Kedivor vab Gollwyn”. Even after his death the family was powerful enough to attempt a coup d'état in the kingdom of Deheubarth. Dissatisfied with the rule of Rhys ap Tewdwr of Dynevor, the sons of Cadifor invited Gruffydd ap Maredudd ap Owain, an exiled prince of Deheubarth (who had lived in Herefordshire since 1072 on estates bestowed on him by William the Conqueror) to join them in ousting the ruling sovereign. Gruffydd accepted their embassy, and arrived with a force in west Wales where he was joined by the sons of Cadifor and their warbands. The challengers met Rhys near St Dogmaels where a severe battle resulted in the death of Gruffydd and the total overthrow of his army. Llywelyn ap Cadifor and his brothers managed to escape, and returned to their mountain fastness to lick their wounds. And so, Sir John Lloyd says, “the attempt to set up a puppet king under the protection of a powerful clan came to nothing”.³ Rhys ap Tewdwr did not live long after his victory, and during Easter Week of the following year fell in battle against the Normans in Breconshire.

Despite the setback at St Dogmaels the sons of Cadifor were able to retain an enormous territory in west Carmarthenshire, probably due to the preoccupation of Rhys with the Norman pressure that threatened his eastern borders.

Another member of the family also became involved with royalty but in less disastrous manner. The *Brut* records that one of Cadifor's daughters married prince Cadwgan of Powys (died 1111) son of the great Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, by whom he had a daughter named Eiliw (“Oellyl o verch gedivor ap gollwyn y gwr a vu bendevic ar holl dyfed”—Eiliw by a daughter of Cadifor ap Gollwyn the man who was overlord of all Dyfed).⁴ This union with a prince of the dominant house of Powys indicates the status of Cadifor and shows that he was known far beyond the confines of his native Dyfed.

Cadifor Fawr married Elen daughter and heiress of Llwhc Llawen Fawr, lord of Cilsant, “o lin y brenhinoedd”, of the lineage of kings, according to the deputy-herald Lewys Dwnn. After the marriage, Cadifor left his stronghold in the vale of Cych and settled at his wife's home which was sited more or less in the centre of his vast possessions. Cilsant in the parish of Llanwinio, stands on a promontary hill-fort on a steep bluff above the river Cynnin.

³ *History of Carmarthenshire*, ed. J. E. Lloyd, i, 218.

⁴ *Brut y Tywysogion*, cited above.

Black Lion and White Boar

Although Cadifor lived in pre-heraldic days, later genealogists credited him with having borne as his ensigns “the black lion, and in right of the old castle of Dyfed, the white boar”,⁵ the latter animal being the arms assigned to his father-in-law. The reference to the boar is obscure, but it may be connected with the legend that Llwhc hunted a monstrous red-headed boar that had long terrorised the land, finally cornered it, and tied it to a tree at Llain y badd (“The Slang of the Boar”) on the hills to the east of Cilsant.

We do not know where Cadifor was buried. Perhaps at Cilrhedyn, for he is said to have founded and endowed that church.⁶ As we have seen, his name is commemorated in Ffwrn Cadifor near his old main fastness, and it occurs in several places in Dyfed, such as Craig Cydifor in Ciffig parish, Llodre Cadevor somewhere in west Carmarthenshire, and Tre Cadifor near Dinas in Pembrokeshire. It is interesting to find that in the parish of Llanwinio, where Cilsant is situated, there was a Crug Cadifor (The Sepulchre of Cadifor) mentioned in a deed dated 14 September 1854, which states that the farm of Penyrallt “formerly comprised three several messuages, tenements, farms, and lands called respectively Pantycirew, Crugcadivor, and Gwilod y Cyrn”.⁷ Crugcadivor is now called Crug, half a mile to the north of Penyrallt. In 1331 a stream flowing into the Teifi from the Cardiganshire side, between the Cerdin and Clettwr, was called Nant Kedivor. I do not suggest that all these places were named after our hero, but it seems significant that the name was popular in the area where he had lived. Not only has his name survived but his family, the wide-branching house of Philipps, remained for centuries one of the leading stocks in west Wales, and is represented today by the owners of Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire and Cwmgwili in Carmarthenshire.

As I returned along the labyrinthine way from the Ffwrn, ghosts of earlier wayfarers whirled around me—eager, grey-clad Pwyll and his questing hounds, golden-torqued Cadifor Fawr with his bodyguard of light-armed youths, warrior-farmers bearing bow, bill, and lance, Caradog of Penbryn, Einion of Llwyn, Iwan of Capel, Gwallter of Llain, and Gwilym of the Hendre. We exchanged no words, for the way was hard, the climb steep and arduous. I laboured up the slope, the murmur of the Cych still in my ears, till

⁵ “Kydivor o vlaen kych, y llew dy, ag o hen gastell dyfed y baedd gwyn”—Llanstephan MS 12. fo 99. Cadifor's arms are usually blazoned *argent* a lion rampant guardant *sable*; those of Llwhc Llawen Fawr (Happy Llwhc the Great) *argent* a boar statant proper, head *gules*, standing beneath an oak tree also proper.

⁶ Fenton, *Tour*, p 267.

⁷ Deeds in Carmarthenshire County Record Office.

suddenly I stood on open ground. I had left the Middle Ages and the magic of the glen. Pwyll and his pack, Idris and his retinue, all melted away into the woodland twilight of Glyn Cych. Before me stood Mr and Mrs Thomas. Together we crossed the green sward of the castell and came to the farmyard of Gilfach Gam to be greeted by an old sheepdog barking with frantic joy at the return of his master.

(Postscript. I wrote this account shortly after my visit in 1964. Since then, alas, my hospitable host Mr Thomas has passed on, and a new family now lives at Gilfach Gam).

St Clears in the Middle Ages

1100 - 1500

by D. ARWYN THOMAS, B.A.
Ysgol Gruffydd Jones, St. Clears.

ST. Clears makes only a brief but nevertheless dramatic appearance in history books on the Middle Ages. The date was 1188, and the occasion was the itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin of Canterbury and Gerald the Welshman through Wales to preach the Third Crusade. The progress moved impressively from one important church or monastery to the next; out of Carmarthen towards Whitland's thriving Cistercian Monastery. Gerald, in his *Itinerary*, would probably have not written a word about the small village of St. Clears, but a sensational incident halted the company and commanded their full attention.

"On our journey," he says, "from Carmarthen to the Cistercian Abbey of Alba Domus, the Archbishop was informed of the murder of a young Welshman, who was devoutly hastening to meet him, when turning out of the road he ordered the corpse to be covered with the cloak of his almoner, and with a pious supplication commended the soul of the murdered youth to heaven. Twelve archers of the adjacent castle of St. Clare who had assassinated the young man were, on the following day, signed with the cross at the Alba Domus, as a punishment for their crime".¹

Whether the culprit or culprits served in the Third Crusade we are not told. We are equally ignorant of their motives for committing such a crime during the Archbishop's presence in the area. But there is more to the history of St. Clears during the Middle Ages than that brief mention by Gerald. In many ways it reflects the struggles and influences which made up the quilt work pattern of medieval Wales, and in some ways it has certain claims to uniqueness.

Before proceeding further it is essential to be clear regarding the location of medieval St. Clears. The modern village can be divided roughly into three parts; firstly, Lower St. Clears, extending from the bridge over the Tâf to the main east-west highway; secondly, the shopping and market area, centred along the main London-Fishguard road; finally, Station Road, which is still growing.

¹ *The Itinerary through Wales*, Giraldus Cambrensis.

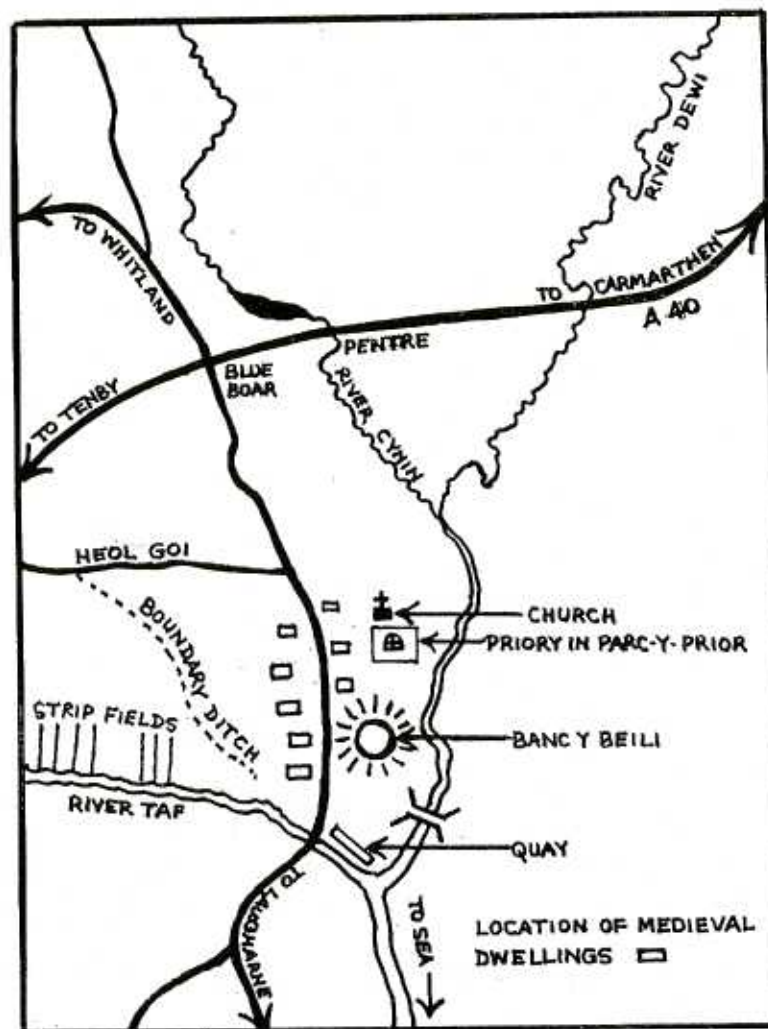
The second and third parts grew as a result of modern road and rail developments, and were during the whole of the Middle Ages merely land areas in the parish of Llanfihangel Abercywyn. In search of medieval St. Clears one has to go to Lower St. Clears, where many of its features, notably the church and castle mound, are immediately apparent.

Proof is lacking for the theory that there existed a pre-Norman settlement at St. Clears. It is true that the Normans often built their castles on or near the settlements of their conquered foes. The site, well protected by the confluence of the Cynin and Tâf, must have appeared attractive to the Welsh of Cwmwd Peuliniog, but the name of St. Clears does not appear till the 12th century. Could there have been a *tref* here called by some other name, now long forgotten? This is possible, though one must also note that there is no evidence of a Celtic church at St. Clears, which invariably accompanied a Celtic settlement, and that during the Age of the Saints, Llangynin seems to have been the hub of Christian activity in the area. Near the river-bridge over the Cynin on the A40 trunk road lies an area named Pentre. This has been conjectured to refer to a place lying at the extremity of the *Tref*, (*Pen*—end, extremity; *Tre*—settlement) thus implying the existence of a *Tref* towards Lower St. Clears. This argument proves nothing, because the name Pentre may well have come into use during the Middle Ages, and could have been the Welshman's way of describing a tiny hamlet situated at the northern extremity of the Norman borough of St. Clears. But perhaps the pick and trowel will one day contribute more to the settlement of this argument than pen and paper have achieved so far.

The Norman Invasion

To return to facts, a brief examination of the church, castle site, houses and certain fields reveal distinct Norman characteristics, leaving one in no doubt that it was the Norman invader who built medieval St. Clears. To ask when he built it is a question not so easy to answer.

Encroachment into West Wales was undertaken by the Norman barons under the encouraging eye of the crown; they were soon attracted by the fertile lands of the area and used the sea and river estuaries to penetrate far inland. The attacks on Carmarthenshire, which began in 1093, have been well documented in *A History of Carmarthenshire* (J. E. Lloyd, ed) vol i, where it is related how in that year the Normans, led by William FitzBaldwin, built a castle at Rhydygors. During the early years of the 20th century a vicar



of St. Clears and local historian, the Rev Fred Owen,² argued that Rhydygors was an earlier name for St. Clears. But the weight of opinion declares Rhydygors to be on the Tywi (not on the Tâf), a mile or so below Carmarthen Castle, for which site it was later abandoned. There seems to have been no connection between Rhydygors and St. Clears. Evidence for dating St. Clears is very scant. Only one Pipe Roll survives for the reigns of Kings prior to Henry II (1154): that is the Pipe Roll for the year 1130. It contains accounts for Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire, thus illustrating those areas in Norman hands; but St. Clears is not directly mentioned. According to Lloyd "St. Clears by this time would have become the head of a lordship comprising the commotes of Amgoed and Peuliniog". From *Brut y Tywysogion* we learn that in 1146 William Fitzhay (Lord of St. Clears) moved against Hywel ap Owain who had taken Carmarthen and that in 1154 Rhys ap Gruffydd and a large force ravaged the castle of Ystrad Cyngen. J. E. Lloyd quotes³ Mrs Armitage as believing this latter to be the castle of St. Clears. Was this the pre-Norman name for St. Clears?

The Norman invasion of St. Clears would have come up the Tâf estuary from Carmarthen Bay. A castle was built at Laugharne, but there is no date for this either. Further up-river, almost midway between Laugharne and St. Clears and on the eastern bank of the Tâf, lies the present-day farm of Treventy. In a field near the ruined church of Llanfihangel Abercywyn, the eye can discern a definite shape, classed by the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments, as the remains of what was a Norman motte and bailey castle. It is almost certain that this is Castell Abercofwy (the Cowyn enters the Tâf here), mentioned in *Brut y Tywysogion* as being entrusted to Bleddri ap Cydifor, to hold for the Normans against the exiled Gruffydd (son of Rhys ap Tewdwr).

In 1116 Gruffydd returned from Ireland to fight for his inheritance. He destroyed Narberth castle, moved to Ystrad Tywi and attacked Llandovery. There is no mention of St. Clears in this saga. Is this an omission on the part of the chronicler? Did Gruffydd ignore it? Or is it possible that there was no castle at St. Clears in 1116, and that Castell Abercofwy represented the furthest Norman penetration up the Tâf? The evidence on dating is brittle and no definite conclusions can be drawn from it. Being cautious one could date St. Clears castle between 1100 and 1146: being adventurous one could attempt to place it between 1116 and 1130.

² He was editor of the Parish Magazine for the Deanery of St. Clears for a number of years at the turn of century, to which he contributed some notes on local history.

³ Op. cit.

There has been surprising indecision amongst some local historians regarding the site of the castle at St. Clears. Gildas writes: "The site of the old castle has been the subject of controversy between historians, but in our opinion the point is clear enough; the old farmhouse called Ostrey stood on the site occupied now by Davies' shop and the old Ostrey was simply the old jail or part of it turned into a dwelling house: and the old jail was nothing but the old castle, or part of it adapted to that purpose. Some years ago in digging foundations for some new buildings at the back of the shop, now occupied by Mr. Davies, old foundations were discovered formed of huge stones, some of which are to be seen there now. Also a gigantic key was found there which was for years afterwards preserved at a neighbouring Smithy, but has disappeared. These facts prove beyond doubt that the old castle was located at The Blue Boar".⁴

The discovery of "huge stones" and a "key" is also recorded by Mary Curtis in her book *Antiquities of Laugharne and Pendine*, a work to be read with care. Yet another St. Clears historian, Tâf,⁵ repeats the story. But it is quite obvious that the remains of the Norman castle at St. Clears lie at Banc y Beili—a name which clearly echoes the words Motte and Bailey. The castle was a wooden one; it was never built in stone like Carmarthen, Llansteffan, Kidwelly or Laugharne. This may help to explain why local historians like Gildas had difficulty in recognising the site, and why so many fanciful stories regarding the origin of the Motte were repeated.⁶

As to the Blue Boar, some other structure stood there: a jail, as suggested, or perhaps a manor house during the later Middle Ages—but definitely not a castle. The site lies in a hollow; the Normans always built castles using the land advantage; they would never afford the enemy the luxury of a downhill attack. The Blue Boar story gained publicity because successive historians copied each other without checking sources. It seems that the initial mistake was made by a W. Thomas of Whitland writing in *Y Beirniad* after misreading a reference in Lewis' *Topographical Dictionary of Wales*. Had any of them consulted earlier sources, they would have discovered that Leland and later Edward Llyud (1698), on their respective 'Tours', both correctly identified Banc-y-beili as the site of the Norman castle at St. Clears. Anyone who visits the place today,

⁴ *Saint Clears: Past and Present*, Gildas.

⁵ 'An Essay on the history of St. Clears during the past 100 years', by Tâf.

⁶ One story claimed that the motte had been erected so that a beacon could be placed on the top in order to guide shipping. But it could well have been put to such use in later centuries.

can appreciate how carefully chosen was this site. Wedged in between the confluence of the Cynin and Taf, it enjoys maximum water protection; and from the summit of its 40ft high motte, there is a fine view in all directions—both factors of vital importance to the defenders. The Royal Commission on 'Ancient Monuments'⁷ described Banc-y-beili as a fine surviving example of what a wooden Norman motte and bailey castle would have looked like.

As a castle however, it experienced a chequered and undistinguished history. St. Clears lay right in the cockpit of the 12th century struggle between Norman and Welshman for the fertile lands of West Wales. Its small wooden castle suffered frequent attacks and sometimes changed hands, as the following table of events shows:

- 1154—Ravaged by Rhys ap Gruffydd
- 1172—In Norman hands (when Arglwydd Rhys met Henry II at Laugharne).
- 1188—Still in Norman hands (according to Giraldus Cambrensis).
- 1189—Captured by Arglwydd Rhys—custody given to his son Hywel Sais (so called on account of having spent so many years in captivity in England).
- 1195—William de Breose recaptured St. Clears from Hywel with a large force.
- 1215—Llywelyn Fawr suprised all by sweeping down upon the Normans of West Wales during a particularly mild December. Carmarthen was attacked on the 8th December and in turn Llansteffan, Laugharne and St. Clears fell to him.

On this last occasion the castle at St. Clears was burnt and utterly destroyed; as far as is known it was never fortified after its destruction at the hands of one of the greatest of the Welsh princes. But Llewelyn had not quite finished with St. Clears: in 1230 he hanged William de Breose for treason (an incident dramatised in Saunders Lewis' powerful play, *Siwan*). This had a profound effect upon the future history of the lordship of St. Clears.

The Lordship of St. Clears would have included all those lands ruled directly from St. Clears castle. It is quite probable that the castle site was used as an administrative centre for some time after the castle itself was destroyed. In 1240 the lordship was divided into three parts amongst the co-heiresses of William de Breose:

Maud m. Roger Mortimor; Eve m. William de Cantalupe;
Eleanor m. Humphrey de Bohun.

After 1330 these 'thirds' became known as *Tranes*: *Traney Morgan*: Llandysilio Parish; Egremont Parish; Henllan Parish. *Traney March*: Llanboidy Parish; Llanfallteg Parish; Cilmaenllwyd Parish; St. Clears Parish. *Traney Clinton*: Llangynin Parish; Yr Hên Dy Eglwys Llandre.

Owners of the manorial lands included, at different times, William Herbert and Rhys ap Thomas. On the attainder of Rhys ap Gruffydd the lands of the lordship of St. Clears passed into the eager hands of King Henry VIII.

The Borough and The Priory

Near the Norman castle there usually grew up a number of houses, in which lived the people who served the needs of the castle. These tradesmen and craftsmen also farmed small strips of land rented from the lord. Out of this nucleus grew the Borough of St. Clears and in the early days nearly all its people were foreigners: few Welshmen would serve the Norman master. But gradually, as the Middle Ages wore on, many Welshmen found it lucrative to live in the Borough of St. Clears. No doubt some of the Flemish settled by Henry I along south Pembrokeshire found their way to Laugharne and St. Clears, and it is possible that some of the present day inhabitants of Lower St. Clears have Flemish blood in their veins.

Those who served the Norman lords would expect special privileges and rights: exemption from tolls, the right to hold markets and control trade. Such privileges were granted by the lord or in the form of royal charters. St. Clears received its royal charter from Richard II. The original copy was lost, but charters to Boroughs were usually confirmed at the beginning of each new reign; a copy of the one renewed on the succession of Henry VI was obtained from the Public Record Office and reproduced by Gildas in *St. Clears Past and Present*. Under it, the burgesses of the borough of St. Clears were granted the following liberty: "Neither they themselves nor any dwelling within the said town shall be counceled or adjudged by any Welshman in any appeals, indictments of treason, felony, conspiracies etc., nor in any pleas, plaints real or personal actions at the suit of any party or any matter touching the said town or any of the burgesses . . . but only by English burgesses and true Englishmen". Herein is confirmation of what was happening in 14th century Wales. The influx of a growing number of Welsh people into the boroughs led to discriminatory laws being passed against them in an attempt to discourage the tendency.

The granting of a charter entailed the setting up of a Corporation to collect the tolls, administer lands, control markets and generally keep the terms of the charter. This institution has surprisingly survived to this day: though the Corporation was trimmed in the

⁷ R.A.C.M.: *Inventory for Carmarthenshire*, 1911.

late 19th century the St. Clears Town Trust lives on. The history of the Corporation, which at one time boasted three Portreeves in office concurrently, has been written by T. I. Jeffries Jones.⁸

The pattern of settlement in the borough is clearly visible on the 1838 tithe map of St. Clears parish. The modern houses built on both sides of the road from the church towards the quay stand on the sites of the medieval dwellings. The same map highlights the strip of land owned by the burgesses on the southern-facing slopes above the Tâf beyond Cliff Cottage; they are not now apparent, but in Laugharne the strips can be seen to this day.

The most distinctive feature of St. Clears during the Middle Ages was the Cluniac Priory. The Cluniac Order were originally a group of devout monks who wished to reform the Benedictine Order, and in 910 they established their own monastery at Cluny in Normandy. From here it was to spread elsewhere. At first the movement adhered to strict monastic rules, the monks leading austere and frugal lives; but degeneration followed and eventually the Cluniac Order became guilty of the very evils it had set itself out to remedy. It was the Normans who first brought the movement to Britain, the first establishment being set up in England at Lewes during the year 1077. The strict discipline of the Cluniac Order meant that each daughter-house was ruled directly from the parent-house; the Priory at St. Clears was the daughter-house of that famous Abbey near Paris, St. Martin-des-Champs, and was therefore in close contact with France. There were only two Cluniac foundations in the whole of Wales, the other one being at Malpas near Newport.

Where was this Cluniac Priory situated in St. Clears? Here the evidence of place and field names, often of vital importance to the local historian, provide invaluable clues. A field named Parc y Prior and a road called Lôn Prior inform us that we need not look far from the church for the site of the old Priory. Confirmation is forthcoming from Edward Llyud's visit in 1698, when, he relates, he talked to men in St. Clears who could remember a wall in Parc y Prior which, it was claimed, represented the remains of the old Priory building. There can be no doubt that the Cluniac Priory of St. Clears stood in this field adjoining the church. It was never a very large building because at no time did it house more than two or three monks.

J. E. Lloyd dates the Priory as early 12th century, and others have assumed that it was established soon after the castle was built. It now seems probable that it was founded later than was at first

⁸ *Bulletin of the Board of Celtic Studies*, 1948.

imagined. Writing on St. Martin-des-Champs and its dependencies Rose Graham states: "The Priory of St. Clears in Carmarthenshire was not founded until the middle of the 12th century, and the founder is unknown. It was included in the possessions of St. Martin-des-Champs, which were conferred by Pope Eugenius III in 1184; it was not in the Bull of Pope Lucius II 1147 in which Barnstaple and St. James by Exeter were noted".⁹

Since William Fitzhay was Lord of St. Clears in 1146, and very much on the offensive against the Welsh, the Priory is unlikely to have been in Welsh hands by 1147, which would account for its omission from the Bull had it then existed. As it was, the Norman was well in control of St. Clears, but there is no record of the Priory being in existence. Thus it can be established that a substantial time lapse occurred between the erection of the castle and the establishment of a Cluniac priory at St. Clears.

Initially the Priory served the needs of the castle, but later, when the parish church came to be built, the whole parish came within its orbit. It must be admitted however that the Priory had an undistinguished and sometimes disreputable career. Its influence upon the area was negligible, this being in striking contrast to the large and influential Cistercian monastery at Whitland.

Three main reasons help to explain its apparent failure. Firstly, the Priory was too small to be effective. Usually it housed only two monks (the Prior and one other), and the small number often led to a relaxation of discipline. This was a charge laid by the visiting inspectors of St. Martin-des-Champs in 1297: "The Prior and his companion were living evil lives and the property was in a bad state". It seems that they had appropriated church funds to their own use. Another, John Soyer, is said to have led a dissolute life. One cannot help feeling sorry, nevertheless, for these monks, isolated in a strange, damp land amongst an alien people who showed little interest in them.

The second cause of failure was due to the fact that the Priory was ruled directly from France. The Prior was nominated by the Prior of St. Martin-des-Champs: thus on the death of a Prior messengers would hurry towards the Quay at St. Clears bound for Paris, taking with them the pallfrey, cope and breviary of the late Prior. Each year the Prior of St. Clears attended the general chapter at St. Martin on July 4th (the feast of St. Martin); it is recorded that sometimes they stayed too long and spent too much money. This extreme centralisation did not help the little Priory

⁹ *Journal of the Br. Arch. Assoc.* vol xi 1948. Article by Rose Graham on "The Cluniac Priory of St. Martin-des-Champs, Paris and its dependent Priors in England and Wales".

to make any headway in far distant Wales. True, the Cistercian movement likewise began in France, but once in Wales its members identified themselves closely with the people, and as a result became extremely thriving and popular.

Finally, frequent warfare between England and France disrupted the life of the alien priories, *i.e.* those which paid taxes to mother priories on the continent. As soon as war broke out the King would seize the revenues of these alien priories, as he had no wish to see money leave the country destined for enemy pockets. In 1337 the Hundred Years' War began; consequently the Cluniac priories found themselves in frequent and increasing difficulties, *e.g.* in 1393 "Thomas de Tetford is charged £7 for the rent of St. Clears Priory payable to the crown during the war with France". Previously this money would have arrived at St. Martin-des-Champs. In addition the rent was increased. The Prior must therefore have been a very unhappy man at a time when the burgesses of St. Clears were celebrating the granting of their charter. Furthermore, suspicion of spying hung over the monks whenever there was war; any letter innocent or otherwise, to or from St. Martin would be regarded with grave misgivings. How could they flourish under such circumstances?

The Priory's unhappy history came to an end in 1444 when Henry VI dissolved it. Its possessions, which included Llanglydwen and Llangynin churches, were granted to the warden of All Souls College, Oxford. Thus was finally severed a three hundred year old link between St. Clears and France.

But if the Priory disappeared, the church, dedicated to Mary Magdalen, continued to serve the needs of the parish. To this day it bears many features characteristic of Norman Cluniac churches. Its fine chancel arch is the one unmistakable piece of Norman architecture in Carmarthenshire. As with the Cluniac church at Malpas, the capitals are a striking example of the Romanesque. During its earlier period the church would have terminated at the west end with a flat wall and gable, but in the 13th century a massive unbuttressed military type tower was added. Upon entering the church one feature strikes the visitor—the north and south walls slope outwards at an appreciable angle. Some have blamed the weight of the roof and subsidence for this, whilst others claim it to represent a definite style of building during the Middle Ages.

Port of Long Tradition

There is no mention of the port of St. Clears in A. G. Prys Jones' *The Story of Carmarthenshire*, though Carmarthen, Kidwelly and Laugharne all appear. But St. Clears has a longer maritime

tradition than Laugharne; ships were still docking at St. Clears Quay (near Manordâf) well into the 20th century. The Normans, unlike the Welsh, made the fullest use of seapower: having arrived by water at St. Clears, they immediately set about developing it as an inland port. In times of danger it might well prove to be their one and only escape route.

There is ample documentary evidence of shipping activity at St. Clears during the Middle Ages. In wartime ships were frequently commandeered by the king for carrying troops and supplies to the continent. Thus Close Roll Ed. I 1297 commanded all ships of St. Clears (40 ton and upward) to report to the king April 27th at Plymouth. Again Close Roll Ed. II 1326 informed the bailiffs and community of St. Clears that all ships of 50 ton and upward must report to Portsmouth on the Sunday after the Recollection of John the Baptist, to prepare for an attack upon the French. Since all ships under 50 tons were also to remain in port in readiness, the fishermen of St. Clears were probably annoyed by this interference with their livelihood.

But the records of military campaigns do not tell the whole story, because St. Clears developed as a trading port: indeed this was the only reliable way in which vital supplies reached the borough. The little ships traded with Bristol, Ireland, France and the ports of Carmarthen bay, whilst Flemish merchants would land at St. Clears and rest temporarily before trekking off inland to sell their wares. After the granting of a charter, harbour dues and tolls were payable to the Corporation run by the burgesses. What type of goods were imported? The Welsh Rolls of Edward I for 1282 shed light on this question. This was the year when Llywelyn the Last was fighting for his life and Edward was moving in to finish the conquest. One of the king's weapons was the economic blockade of ports in order to prevent vital supplies reaching the Welsh and in the case of St. Clears the bailiffs and merchants were ordered to see that no-one was to carry inland the following goods—corn, wine (red and white), honey, salt, iron and armour. During the following year the merchants of St. Clears were directed to depart to the coast of Merioneth and to expose their goods for sale "for the convenience of the king and his subjects". Was the royal army encamped there? Or had the building of Harlech castle already begun? In any event, there was considerable maritime activity on the Tâf during the Middle Ages; it was after all the easiest means of transport because roads to and from St. Clears hardly existed.

Quite obviously the burgesses of St. Clears had no sympathy for the Welsh princes and their aspiration towards independence, because they fully realised that they owed their charter to the king

of England, the last person they would wish to alienate. By 1400 however many Welshmen had managed to shoulder their way into the boroughs, attracted by the easier life and increased prospects of material gain. But the national uprising of Owain Glyndwr placed them on the horns of an agonising dilemma and those who rushed to his banner were taking a calculated risk, many of them living to suffer the full impact of English vengeance. William Gwynn lost 30 acres in St. Clears, and the lands of Llywelyn ap Morgan were given to Thomas Carneve on account of Morgan's "rebellion".¹⁰ Another, David Gwilym, likewise lost his lands, which went to Richard Ludlow prior of St. Clears (Pat Roll Henry IV 1403); for once, the little Cluniac Priory got something out of the king. Not many years later, in 1415, four St. Clears archers fought for the king at the Battle of Agincourt.

Why St. Clears?

The most intriguing puzzle remains. How did St. Clears acquire such an unexpected name? When the Normans came to Laugharne they merely adapted the Welsh name for the Commotte—Talacharn—Laugharne. Not so with St. Clears; the surrounding Commottes are Amgoed, Peuliniog, Ystwyll and Penrhyn, but none of these names were used. This has proved to be a peculiarly negative search; it is relatively easy to disprove or cast doubts upon various theories, without necessarily getting any nearer to the truth. To attempt to argue a case on the grounds of spelling is futile, because medieval clerks were highly individual spellers, depending sometimes on whether they were more acquainted with Latin or French. The following versions have all appeared in different historical documents: Clear, Clere, Cleer, Claire, Clara, Cler. Writing in the Deanery of St. Clears magazine 1906, the Rev. Fred Owen argued that 'Clare' was used in St. Clears not as a noun but as an adjective meaning pure and undefiled. Thus St. Clears was the church of the pure and undefiled saint—the Virgin Mary. Quite apart from the question of grammar, both the church and the holy well (Pffynnon Fair) at St. Clears are dedicated to Mary Magdalen, a fact which invalidates Owen's whole argument.

The oldest explanation relates the misty tale of a pious lady who founded the town in the 6th century, she being the Lady Santa Clara. No evidence is produced and the whole story can be dismissed because the name St. Clears does not appear in the chronicles until the 12th century and references to 'pious lady' and 'town in the 6th century' bear a distinct folk lore tint. Another explanation makes use of the castle motte; it is said that bards met on the twmp (mound) to hold poetry and music competitions, and since the Irish

¹⁰ Pat. Roll, Henry IV 1404.

word for 'minstrel' was 'clair' this conveniently explained the meaning of the village's name. The tale earns full marks for ingenuity but little else.

St. Clare, founder of the Poor Clares order, the famous female saint of Assisi, has many dedications throughout the world. Her renown was widespread during the Middle Ages, and there seems to be a reasonable case for assuming that the little Welsh village represented another St. Clare dedication; reasonable that is, until dates are checked and it is discovered that the place-name was in use long before she was born in 1194. Volume iv of the *Catholic Encyclopaedia* contains two other Saints of the name: Clare of Rimini (b. 1282) and Clare of Montefalco (b. 1268). A glance at the dates reveals that these are even more unlikely candidates than Clare of Assisi.

Kenneth Watkins, another St. Clears historian, identifies St. Clear as a male Benedictine Monk who founded the Priory,¹¹ but St. Clears Priory was a Cluniac not a Benedictine foundation. Spurrell in his *History of Carmarthen* mentions a St. Clare being martyred in Normandy in 981, but gives no reference. This saint does not appear in the *Catholic Register*; perhaps she was guilty of some heresy. Or was she a local saint whom the Norman invaders of St. Clears revered? The mystery remains. Finally, one amusing item: after attending St. Stevens Auction Rooms, London, on Tuesday 22nd November 1910 and witnessing the sale of "a portion of a bone of Santa Clara" for eight shillings, a Mr John Lewis wrote to the Carmarthen Antiquarian Society, hoping that the natives of St. Clears would be interested in the fate of the town's founder.

The story of St. Clears in the Middle Ages is not as scintillating or dramatic as that of some other places, but it is interesting. It was a lonely inland borough, whose wooden castle soon crumbled to be superseded by a stone structure near the sea at Laugharne. Ten miles away to the east lay Carmarthen, the royal headquarters in South Wales, a staple town and an important maritime port; a little less distant to the West lay the large Cisterian abbey of Whitland, the home of over a hundred monks, and one of the most famous abbeys in the whole of Wales; hemmed in like this St. Clears was a little overshadowed. But it is not only the big and the great which matter in history; to be fully understood life must be studied in detail, and for detailed study the smaller units can be very illuminating. In many ways, what went on in St. Clears between 1100 and 1500 is a microcosm of life in the Middle Ages, and to study it is to subscribe to the belief that an appreciation of national history rests upon a proper understanding of local history.

¹¹ *Some remarks on the District we live in*, Kenneth Watkins.

Crumbling Home of Ironmasters

A familiar Carmarthen building that may disappear is Furnace House in St Peter's Street, which in recent years has been used as a community centre. Because it is structurally in a very poor state it became unsafe for public use and was closed in January of this year.

Built about 1760, it is a good example of a Georgian town house and has considerable charm. The building is faced in stucco and has long and short quoins; there are three storeys, each of the upper ones having five sash windows and the whole is surmounted by a parapet. The Corinthian porch is elevated above a forecourt, which has enclosing walls at each end enriched with pineapple finials. Inside is an eighteenth century staircase with twisted balusters.



The house was associated with the Morgan family, leading ironmasters in eighteenth century Carmarthenshire. Robert Morgan (d. 1777) who succeeded his father at Kidwelly Forge, also owned ironworks at Carmarthen, Cwmdwyfran, Llandyfan, Whitland and Stackpole, Pembrokeshire. In 1748 he extended his interests to Carmarthen, where he built ironworks on a site below the eastern end of present-day Priory Street. In time the extensive works included a furnace, forge, rolling mills and tin mills and his products, bearing the stamp M.C. (Morgan, Carmarthen), became famous in many parts of Europe.

He was succeeded by his son, John Morgan, senior, who became equally famous as an ironmaster and managed the business with great success until 1800, when he leased the works to his nephew, John Morgan, junior, but in the few years the latter was in charge they fell into a ruinous state before passing to Morris Morgan. The family established a bank which issued notes and coin tokens, the latter bearing representations of their works.



The Morgans were succeeded by Reynolds and Smith, who were kept busy exporting tinplates to Glasgow and London, but they moved to Aberavon in 1826, taking their workmen with them. This departure caused grave alarm lest the industry die out in Carmarthen altogether and there were complaints that the M.C. brand-mark, which had brought such fame to the town, continued to be used at Aberavon. A contemporary bewailed that if the industry ceased "hundreds will be on the parish, and Carmarthen as a trading and manufacturing town will sink into insignificance".

Coal for the works came from Kidwelly—in barrels—and from Llanelly in three small sloops, the *William*, the *Dragon* and the *Mary Ann*. Lead ore was transported from the works of John Campbell, Stackpole on his estate in the Llandovery area and was smelted for use in the making of tinplates.

Furnace House was probably built by Robert Morgan. An additional feature is the ironwork consisting of hand-rails to the porch and entrance gates and railings dividing the forecourt from the street. These gates and railings were cast at Robert Morgan's works. The gateway has an arch provided with a housing for a lantern, and incised in the iron of one of the pillars is: M. BUSTEED FECIT 1761. The house is included in the list of buildings of architectural or historic interest, but because it has been found impracticable to carry out restoration works which would preserve it authority for its demolition is being reluctantly sought. Only the facade has architectural merit and for technical reasons it is not possible to rebuild behind it. Around the turn of the century it was used as the judge's lodgings and between the wars it was the home of Dr. Harries, a well-known practitioner in the town.

Before It's Forgotten

Tuppence to Spend

The old order changeth and the customs and currency of Carmarthenshire childhood changes with the speeding decades. The sweet shop, the sweet stall in market and fair and even the sweet-maker must ever remain among the fragrant memories of youth to many.

Not so very long ago, the little sweet shop was there, tucked in a curve of the steep road that led from the church square to the market of the small town that still drew its life-blood from the feudal system.

A little shop it was. We seldom passed without flattening our noses against one of the three tall arched panels of glass that separated us from the three long shelves within, laden with sweets, plain and fancy.

So near and yet so far! We knew the poignancy of those words as we peered into Miss James' window!

But sometimes Fortune turned a kindly cheek. With pennies warmly clasped or rattling riotously in a pinafore pocket, we ran helter-skelter, past the sweet shop window and into the porch. There we had to linger, however great our haste, for the door of the sweet shop was, by tradition, locked.

Up three steps, worn to a semi-circle in the middle—knock, knock, knock, on the glass panels of the inner door. Knock, knock—knock again, waiting for the echo to meander through the shop and down cavernous corridors to the very kitchen itself. Knock, knock, knock; rattle the pennies; knock, knock, dance on our toes. *Knock, knock, knock*, rattle the door. Would the Châtelaine Of Good Things never come to lower the drawbridge?

But even at this very moment Miss James has padded into the shop. Opening the door adroitly with her elbows, her hands and arms encased in dough, she stands aside and lets us pass into her Hall of Delights.

For my part, I had forgotten. This is baking day. Besides sweets, Miss James sells bread, and cakes and tarts; she also serves teas, plain and fancy, for market folk on Saturday.

"I've tuppence to spend, Miss James. Hooray!"

With hands pressed hard on the well-scrubbed counter, I stiffen my elbows and swing myself upward in ecstasy. I am nearer now to the rows and rows of glass bottles on the shelves that line the walls. I sigh with pleasure; there is so much to see, so much to choose from. Here indeed is deliberate agony of choice. Here in truth, is pleasure mixed with pain. What, oh what shall be my choice?

There is no harm of course in letting my eyes linger over those big boxes of chocolate. There are those white boxes with photographs of members of the royal family wreathed in gold. There is a box with a red rose in rich glory on its lid. Nearby there is a golden casket, but surely that must be ten shillings or more.

"What about some bull's eyes, my dear? Four a penny."

Miss James' tall form, her blue and white apron, with wide winged shoulders protecting an amplitude of skirts, stands behind the counter. The stock exchange wavers and then drops headlong. Miss James understands high finance. She trundles a tall glass jar, greeny-hued along the counter.

"These have just come in. Better than the old black and white. These change colour when you suck them."

"Er—mm—mm—yes. I was thinking, *just thinking*, Miss James, of some cokernut chips; you know the toasted kind."

"There are plenty here." Miss James reaches out to an oblong box where they lie, honoured with a shroud of white corrugated paper.

"Think again," she counsels. "The coloured eyes will last much longer—eight hours or more, if you're careful not to swallow them. But take your time, my dear, take your time. You've tuppence to spend!"

That was one of the grandest things about Miss James. No matter though you were only a child, she paid you due respect.

What—oh what shall it be? Jelly Babies, black, red or green. Nine a penny! A bargain here and a cannibal delight in biting off their luscious heads.

Lemon Caley—small, oval chip boxes, brimful of magic powder, food for the gods themselves. A little silver spoon peeps out brightly from the drawer of each box—pleasant to possess it is true, but inferior to one's own red tongue, dipping deep and yet deeper into the acrid effervescent powder.

I part the green curtains and peep into the shop window. Miss James has no patience for window dressing. It seems as though some benevolent, sweet-toothed god has shot out the contents of his horn of plenty in rich confusion into this window. There are toffee apples with coloured sticks, huge cakes of cokernut ice balancing dizzily on mounds of sun-blighted melting rock; there are vast slabs of treachy home-made toffee, nutty or plain; brown sticks of paregoric, soothing if not so nice; everlasting liquorice pipes; sherbert and lucky packets, green, puce and magenta, containing a ring *and*, some children maintained loudly, a whole half crown! Then in a far corner in a shallow wooden box lies Marmaduke, Miss James' own cat, somnolent and mysterious

I view the counter again. Heaped up in a box on my right is a whole menagerie. Mice and horses and elephants and even fish, all made of some sickly-sweet spongy stuff. High up on a little ornamental shelf, all on its own is a pretty curved glass bottle with a pink ribbon bow; inside are scented crescent-shaped cachoux, labelled Cupid's Kisses. Once, not long ago, I asked Miss James, "Who is Cupid?" She had flapped her loose-fitting false teeth and said I'd meet him soon enough. An unsatisfactory answer! Far better now examine my old friends, Fry's Five Boys in their sailor suits—Desperation, Expectation, Acclamation, Pacification and Realisation.

The Five Sailor Boys stand sentinel over a long closed wooden box. Once it held bars of chocolate but now it has another purpose. The lid has been nailed down and a slot cut in the centre. On the surface Miss James has printed in big, uneven letters FOR THE BLIND. My eyes turn to the roller blind above the window panes. Some day—*some* day when the long flat wooden box is full of pennies, Miss James will surely have a *new* blind. It will fit securely on its roller above the window panes where the wasps and flies are even now ascending, upward, ever upward—they *never* seem to come down.

"Well, *calon fach*, what is it to be?"

Miss James rolls the bull's eye bottle temptingly along the counter again. I take yet another look at the shining straps of bootlace liquorice, nibble, nibble to the very last bite. Ah! that last half-inch of shiny black strip, like the last lick of an ice-cream wafer, the nicest morsel of all.

Someone said that Miss James was a Pembrokeshire woman; but that must have been long, long ago for she was unmistakably "one of us", part and parcel of our childhood lives.

"Two pennyworth of bull's eyes, Miss James, please."

Miss James screws into a cone a page of exercise book adorned with sums.

"There, *calon fach*!"

Her own arithmetic was calculated in her heart. Four a penny bulls' eyes, but I got twelve with just tuppence to spend!

EIRWEN JONES,
Llandeilo.

God Bless The Prince of Wales

by Major FRANCIS JONES

(Carmarthenshire Community Council, 7s. 6d.)

The Investiture is now a vivacious memory some months old, but no apology is offered for noticing these votive essays at this late stage, for Major Francis Jones's book, written in celebration of the Prince's moment of dedication, is more than a souvenir of the occasion that inspired it. *God Bless The Prince of Wales* is a book of incalculable value that deserves to be read—one feels that it will—for a long time to come.

Once again the author has made an important contribution to the study of local history; in it Carmarthenshire looms significantly but not exclusively, for the chosen canvas is much larger than that required for the purely local scene. To those for whom history is but dust Major Francis Jones brings lively stories, but never at the expense of the resolute research which is the unfailing mark of his work. To the students of history he brings scholarship which they will welcome on subjects that have not been abundantly treated. Both schools will derive pleasure according to their needs.

The first of the essays, from which the book receives its title, presents what surely must be all the known facts about the composition of the 'second National Anthem' by Brinley Richards to the words of Ceiriog after a chance meeting in a Caernarvon newspaper office over a century ago. But although the two worked in harmony, this story of a brilliant success is not without its unpleasant side. Triumph is a bandwagon that has to be defended against resourceful opportunism and this is demonstrated by the unseemly jealousy which blemished a worthy accomplishment, for after the entry of an English librettist, Ceiriog became the forgotten author sadly forced into the final indignity of striving to retrieve his rightful place in the limelight of public recognition. Ceiriog's original Welsh words are reprinted, but who uses them now? A reminder to sing 'Ar D'wysog Gwlad y Bryniau' next time.

In the two essays concerning Prince Charles's Welsh lineage, Major Jones is able to give full rein to his prodigious knowledge as a genealogist. Englishmen boast of the Queen's long descent from Cerdic, the sixth century king of Wessex, but Major Francis Jones, being a Welshman who proclaims the genealogical triumph of Llewelyn the Great, can do better by tracing descent through fifteen

hundred years from Cunedda, who founded his kingdom in north Wales in the fifth century. With the aid of many charts that contain a rich store of information the author shows the Prince's descent from all the main royal families that ruled in Wales, as well as from numerous other Welsh worthies.

Of special interest to Carmarthenshire people is the essay on the Prince's descent from the Dwnns, whose domain was in the south-east of the county, a lineage he can claim through the Queen Mother. But the genealogical essays are not tedious recitals of ancestral connexions; to read them is to be enchanted and to learn, among many other things, about the earliest known portrait of a Welshman, now in the National Gallery and commissioned five centuries ago by a Carmarthenshire man who accompanied an embassy to the court of the Duke of Burgundy.

In the last of the essays, Wales Herald applies himself to the task of redistributing credit for the holding of the 1911 investiture at Caernarvon and thus setting the precedent for the 1969 ceremony in the Royal Borough. Much detail is brought together to give a new interest to a captivating narrative in which Lloyd George's role is shown to be secondary to that of a Merionethshire man who became warden of Llandovery College and vicar of St Peter's, Carmarthen before achieving the ultimate eminence in the Church in Wales.

A well-produced book with a colourful heraldic cover, this is a work of commanding interest that will also serve as a source of constant and invaluable reference within its specialised fields. Far-away friends and relatives will welcome it as a gift to remind them of Wales while giving them enduring pleasure.

E.V.J.

Forgotten Author's Centenary

After a life of little more than forty years, a Carmarthen man died in London a hundred years ago. His life and work were to earn a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, yet there is no mention of him in the *Dictionary of Welsh Biography*. His name was Evan Lewis.

Born in Carmarthen in 1828, the son of an architect, he studied at Airedale College and graduated as a Bachelor of Arts from the University of London. He seems to have spent all his adult life in England, serving in many places as an Independent minister. But this restless and sick man remained nowhere for long and never anywhere for more than five years.

He first ministered at Barton-on-Humber, from 1853 to 1858. Thereafter he moved to Rothwell, Northamptonshire (1858-63), Oak Street Chapel, Accrington, Lancashire (1863-6), Grimshaw Street Chapel, Preston (1866-8) and finally to Offord Street Chapel, Islington, where his brief ministry lasted from October 1868 until his death on 19 February 1869. Whatever the reasons for these wanderings, his later moves were undoubtedly influenced by his search for health, a vain quest in the face of the tuberculosis which overcame him.

Evan Lewis made a reputation for himself as a writer and lecturer. He formed a day-school in connection with his chapel at Preston and there as well as at Accrington he was a frequent lecturer on literary and scientific topics. He became a member of the Royal Geographical Society and of the Ethnological Society.

His published writings, mostly of a religious nature, included *A Plea for the People, or The Force and Fate of England's Juggernaut*, London (1857), a work in verse called *The Two Twilights, or The Saint and the Sinner in Life and Death*, London (1860) and *Independency, a Deduction from the Laws of the Universe*, London (1862).