

THE
GLAMORGAN OBSERVER

AND

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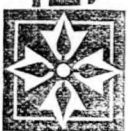
CONTENTS:

County and Local News. Quotations from County Newspapers. Original Tales. Poetry. History. Travels and Adventures. Literary Extracts. The Garden. Obituary Notices. Agriculture. Byegones, etc., etc.

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Contributions in prose or verse, Letters to the Editor on topics of local or general interest are cordially invited; short, terse, and to the point, who knows what diamonds may be unearthed! In all cases the name and the address of the writer must be given, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

NOTES, QUERIES, and REPLIES, on subjects of *Antiquity, History, Tradition, Annals, Customs, etc., etc.*, interesting to South Wales and the Borders, must be addressed to "BYE-GONES," Glamorgan Observer Office, High Street, Cowbridge. Real Names and address must be sent in confidence; old Newspapers, Books, M.S.S., etc., carefully used and promptly returned.

Church Bells.—Copies of inscriptions on Church Bells, directions to Ringers, etc., connected with Churches in Wales will be furnished as space admits, and the Editor would be greatly obliged for any assistance. Also for lists of *Corporation Plate, Communion Services, etc.*

LEGENDS, Traditions, Folk-Lore, Biography, Ballads, Sayings, etc., etc., will always be acceptable.

As much space as possible will be devoted, but should our columns be over-crowded, correspondents must kindly pardon occasional delay in the insertion of their communications.

BOOKS FOR REVIEW should be sent to the Editor under cover, addressed to the EDITOR "Glamorgan Observer" Office, High Street, Cowbridge.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers of One Shilling in advance will have the *Glamorgan Observer* delivered regularly at their residence for twelve months.

It is our intention to appear during the first week in each month, the present issue having been unavoidably delayed by sundry mishaps and railway delays.

ADVERTISEMENTS.--The terms for advertising may be known on application.

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NOTICE.

Through the overcrowding of our pages this Month with a full Report of the Cowbridge Eisteddfod, we are compelled to leave out the Tale "OSWY."

"The day's work is over, the reapers rest,
They unpack their wallets with joy in each breast;
Beneath the brown hedges their supper they eat,
And the sun sets all red while each other they greet.
They sit there and sing till amid the dim skies,
They see the great harvest moon roundly arise!"

THE EISTEDDFOD.

To record the very successful Meeting of the Cowbridge Grand Annual Eisteddfod, Art, Industrial, and Floral Exhibition, which was held on the 14th inst., in our pages affords us infinite gratification, more especially as this is the first of the annual series of similar gatherings to be held at Cowbridge, so exceedingly suitable, as our able contemporaries state,

for such Literary Festivals, from its natural attractions, historic interest, and its indisputable claims to the privilege to hold an Eisteddfod Gadeiriol according to the rights and usages of Bards of the Isle of Britain.

After the most eloquent speech upon Eisteddfodau, delivered by J. W. N. Carne, Esq., D.C.L., St. Donats' Castle, the able Chairman of the Eisteddfod and President for the year, we can but make a few passing remarks upon the same subject, avoiding repetition as far as practicable.

In 1451 a great Eisteddfod was held at Carmarthen, under the patronage of Gruffydd ap Nicholas, Lord of Dinevor, who, turning to the assemblage of Bards and Literati present, asked,

"WHAT IS THE MEANING AND INTENTION OF AN EISTEDDFOD?"

No one replied. Then he addressed Dafydd ap Edmwnd, "Thou, little man with the gray dress answer thou me," who then uttered these immortal words:

"*Remembrance of the past,—Study of the present,—Judgment of the future.*" "Very good," remarked the patron," but a further explanation give me," when Dafydd replied, "*What is passed cannot be mended,—What is, must be as it is,—What is to be, may be improved,—What is passed, is present in the Memory,—The present is before our eyes and we can only conjecture the future,—It is too late to improve the past, but it might have been better; it is too late to improve the present, but it might have been better; and as to the future, we should endeavour to make it better,*" very good, replied Gruffydd ap Nicholas.

"*Nothing is good if it can be made better.*"

"Here is the Silver Medal, and he who sings best,

was won by Mis M. J. Williams, of Cowbridge, (Eos Fain), Mr. Gwilym Williams, Miskin Manor presented Mrs. Jones, Maesteg, (Eos Afan), who was considered equal, with a similar amount.

- 7.—A prize of 7s. 6. for the best reciter of "Hiraeth Cymro am ei Wad," was awarded to "Arthur."
- 8.—A prize of £2 to the best performer on the Harp was awarded to William Pearce, Pentreystrad,—he was to have given his services at the Concert in the evening, but was not to be found.
- 9.—A prize of £1 to the party of four, that render best "any piec at sight," for this prize there were eleven entries, three only came forward, causing considerable amusement to the company, the prize was awarded to four from Treorky.

For prizes 10 and 11, no competition.

- 12.—A prize of 5s. for the best Impromptu Speech, (in Welsh), three competed, and the prize was awarded to "Hratio."
- 13.—A prize of 3 guineas for the best rendering of "O Memory," seven entries, two only competing R. Elliott and party, and Eos Afan and friends, the greatest attention was evinced by the audience and that most deservedly to the rendering of this piece, each party so ably acquitting themselves, that if it were possible the unsuccessful one deserved a second prize or acknowledgement. The prize was awarded to R. Elliott and party—the High Sheriff as co-adjudicator, spoke very highly of each party, stating that the success of the "Cardiff party," was principally due to the admirable manner in which the contralto parts were sustained, their rendering was as though they "Breathed upon us their magic spell."
- 14.—A prize of 3 guineas for the best poem (Pryddest) on, "The Welsh farmer, his habits and customs," this was won by Ir. O. M. Davies, (Eos Afan),

"Un cyfansoddiad a ddeyniais dan y ffugenwau "Leoline Law-Land." Pryddest dda, dreus, a chwaethus ar y cwbl, yw y bryddest hon. Dyry dsgriafiad bywiog, dyddorol, a lied awenyddol o fywyd ac arion cyffredin Amaethwyr Cymru. Dengys gryn lawer o aabyddiaeth o fywyd teuleniol, ac arferion cymdeithasol, Ffmwyr y Dywysogaeth; ond gallasai osod y cwbl mewn llac lai o le. Gwell yw dysglaid o hufen na phadellaid o lth gläs. Er hysy y mae Leoline Law-Land yn llawn deilw; o'r wobr."

- 15.—A prize of £20 to the first and £10 to the second best (not less than 30 in number) that renders best "Y Gwanwy" gan Gwilym Gwent; for this prize there were nine entries, and what was considered very remarkable, they all competed,

it was freely stated that the oldest Eisteddfodian present could not remember a similar occurrence; so eager was the competitive spirit, that some appealed for places: it was then suggested by some of the leaders that they draw lots, this was done and the choirs competed in the following order—"Côr Brythoniad," Cowbridge; "Côr Tabernacle," Treorky; Côr Aberkenfig; Côr Pontypridd; "Salem Sol-fa Class," Cardiff; Côr Cymmer; "Côr Ogwy," Bridgend; Côr Carmel, a "Côr Saron," Maesteg. (The adjudication will be given in full in our next issue on all musical competition). The first prize was won by the Pontypridd Choir,—Conductor, Mr. T. Williams; this choir as well as its contemporaries Cor Ogwy and Cor Brythoniad we are credibly informed, date their formation after the announcement of the above prize.

The Second Prize was awarded to the Saron Choir, Maesteg. The adjudicator in reviewing the performance of Cowbridge Choir, said much that must have been very encouraging both to the conductor and his choir, still his sweeping criticism on weak and faulty points could not otherwise than teach them that they have a long and trying probation ere they acquire the proficiency displayed by some of their compeers. Côr Ogwy was deemed worthy of some especial notice on the part of the adjudicator, their chief fault being a want of unity; still, he said, there is something very remarkable about the choir, altho' defective, we say to our neighbours as to our choir, prepare a banner, write thereon "Unity," et "Excelsior," such high and flattering commendation from so able a judge supports the resolution.

16, 17, and 20, no entries.

- 19.—A prize of £5 and a medal for the best Essay on "Exercise," for this prize there were three competitors, two of them were equal, viz: W. H. Dyer, (Vindex), and G. Jones, (Ap Huw), Tongwynlais, the prize was divided.

"Derbyniais dri chyfansoddiad, dan y ffugenwau "Llai na'r Lleiaf," Vindex ac "Ap Huw," Y mae "Llai na'r Lleiaf," wedi camgymeryd arferiad am "Ymarferiad," mewn amryw fanau, ac felly wedi colli y ffordd dra chefn a thrachefn. Dau draethawd galluog iawn ydynt eiddo "Vindex," ac "Ap Huw," llawn o synwyr addfed symiadau coeth, ac athronyddiaeth fanol a dyfnddysg. Wyf wedi eu darllen drosodd a throsodd gyda manyldra, ac yr wyf yn eu cael yn hynod gydbwys o ran teilyngdol. Wedi hir betruso, ac ail-dafoli, nis gallaf ond eu dyfarnu yn gyd-fuddugol. Sef "Vindex" ac "Ap Huw."

and displays the greatest knowledge in the arts and sciences shall have it."

In the past, as well as the present time, Eisteddfodau were numerous. Ivor Hael held an Eisteddfod at Gwern y Gloppa, where Dafydd ap Gwilym won the honour of the Bardic Chair of Glamorgan in the 14th century. From the remotest periods these re-unions have greatly tended to elevate the moral, intellectual and religious status of the Cymry. Not only have these Congresses increased the religious fervour, but have unquestionably toned down the rustic roughness, promoted kindness, disseminated that pure gentleness of manner and honourable bearings so often noticed by travellers amongst the comparatively uncouth and illiterate portions of the Welsh population.

Matthew Arnold, professor of poetry in the university of Oxford, whose lectures from the Chair of Poetry were first printed in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and afterwards in a brilliant and ingenious book called "*The Study of Celtic Literature*," says—"An Eisteddfod, is no doubt a kind of Olympic meeting, and that the common people of Wales should care for such a thing shows something Greek in them, something spiritual, something humane, something (I am afraid one must add, he says), which in the English common people is not to be found."

Repeatedly have we argued through various mediums in defence of our noble, ancient Institution, quoting the cultivation of music as one of its many humanizing influences upon a Nation.

We believe that these unrivalled results are by this time universally admitted. At the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, who rapturously speaks of the proficiency and most brilliant execution even at his early period, what then would he say if he lived at the present time, when the immortal "Harmonious Blacksmith" marched with Cambria's five hundred upon the Metropolis of the Refinement of the World, and with his crowd of Welsh miners (as the *Telegraph* called them), accomplished his memorable triumphant march, invaded London, in a musical sense, did battle with Proudman's trained men,—

"Music they heard thy name,
Out from the mine they came,
Out from the furnace flame,
Where the forge thundered.
Out from the mountains and vales,
Out from the hills and dales,
Came the great choir of Wales—
Cambria's Five Hundred.
"Music hath won the cause,"
Hark to the world's applause,
Splendid the triumph was—
Cambria's Five Hundred."

What would "Llewellyn" ein Llyw ola say to this victory!—

We shall renew the consideration of Eisteddfodau and give the Chairman's speech in *extenso* in a future number; let us now turn briefly to the day and meeting. From an early hour the town wore a festive garb, gay banners streaming in arches at intervals across the street, greeting the hundreds as they emerged from train after train, so large an assemblage rarely visiting our little town at one time. The morn- wore a doubtful aspect, which, as the day advanced, cleared away and the sun shone out brilliantly, height- ening the festive appearance.

Very few of the county gentry were present, attributed to a grand archery meeting at Merthyr Mawr, the following with many others whose names we were unable to obtain were present, J. W. N. Carne, Esq., Mrs. Carne, and the Misses Carne, St. Donat's Castle, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Stacey, Landough Castle; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Nicholl, the Ham; Mr. Gwilym Williams and sons; Mrs. Blandy Jenkins, Llanharran-house; Rev. T. and Miss Edmondes, Mr. Tyndal, Temple, London; Capt. Traherne, Bridgend, &c. The appearance of Caradog was the signal for an enthusiastic outburst of applause.

The Band of the 18th Glamorgan Rifle Volunteers opened the meeting by playing a selection of Welsh airs.

After the address of the Chairman, Rev. Kilsby Jones, (Conductor), commenced the day's proceedings.

The following are the Prizes awarded:

- 1.—For the best six Stanzas (in Welsh) on "The View from Mount Ida or Llanblethian Hill," prize, 1£.—Awarded to "St. Quintins," Mr. O. M. Davies, (Eos Afan), Nat. Pro. Bank, Cowbridge.
"Dau gyfansoddiad, dan y ffigenwan "Tremydd," a "St. Quintins," lled gyffredin ydynt heb fod yn gwbl ddiwall.—ac heb ddim yn taragori yn un o honynt ond, wedi eu hir dafoli tueddir fi i ddyfarna y wobri ni "St. Quintins," fel yn hwy lleol a tharawiadol nai gydyngaisydd." (*Beirniadaeth Llawdden.*)
- 2.—A prize of £1, only one entry received, "Beginner" who did not put in an appearance.
- 3.—No competitors.
- 4.—A prize of 10s 6d. for the best "Bass Solo" in Welsh was popular, no less than fourteen entries were sent in, three only responding,—the prize being carried away by Mr. D. Howell, (Gwynalaw) Aberaman.
- 5.—A prize of £1, no competitors.
- 6.—A prize of 10s. 6d. to the Female that renders best "Codiad yr Ehedydd," there were sixteen entries, six of whom contested for the prize, --it

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“Undeb, cariad a chydweithrediad” “Cymry, Cymro, Cymraeg”
“Goreu arf arf dysg” “Calon wrth galon.”

CYNNELIR

E I S T E D D F O D,

YN NHREGOLWYN, GER PONTFAEN,

AR Y 30 AIN O EBRILL, 1873,

Beirniad y Farddoniaeth, ar oll ond Rhif 1 & 2
O. M. DAVIES, Yswain, (Eos Afan), y Traithodau
Mr. DAVID LEWIS.

Pryd y gwobrwyir yr ymgeiswyr buddygol ar y testynau canlynol;—

RHYDDIAETH.

- 1.—Am y Traethawd goreu ar “Esgeuluswyr yr Ysgol Sul,” y buddygol i’w ddarllen yn y Cyfarfod (ddim i gymeryd dros 10 munyd)
- 2.—Am y Traethawd goreu ar “Hanes Matthew yr Efengylwr,” (ar yr un telerau a’r uchod)

BARDDONIAETH.

- 3.—Am y Pennillion goreu ar “Rinweddau gwraig dda”

CERDDORIAETH.

- 4.—I’r gwrryw dros 40 ain oed a gano’n oreu “Meirionydd” o Lyfr Tonau Cynnulleidfaol gan Ieuan Gwyllt
- 5.—I’r gwrryw dros 18eg oed a gano’n oreu, “Pan oeddwn blentyn bach, o’r Delyn Gymreig.....

DARLLENIAETH.

- 6.—I’r un dros 15eg, oed a ddarlleno’n oreu Psalm 137
- 7.—I’r un a ddarlleno’n oreu unrhyw ddarn a rodder ar y pryd

ADRODDIAETH.

- 8.—I’r hwn dros 18eg oed a adroddo’n oreu, araeth Caradawg o flaen Caisar
- 9.—I’r ferch a adroddo’n oreu “The Nightingale.” gan Eos Afan

AREITHYDDIAETH.

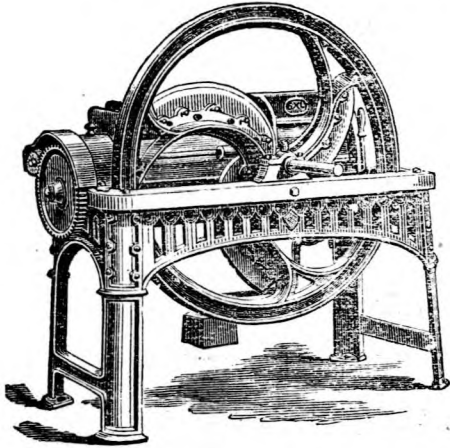
- 10.—Am yr araeth ddiifyr oreu 5 munyd i bob un..

Gweler y *programmes* am yr adroddiadau, yr amodau a’r gwobrwyon.

Cenir amryw ddarnau gan y Cŵr a’r Denodau “Beth ddw’ed y tonau brochus,” “Ch na chwawn farw yn yr haf,” “Mae’n hên-iaith yn fyw,” etc., gan Ioan Mere ag Eos Afan, etc., etc.

Llywydd y Cyfarfod—Eos AFAN; *Cadeirydd*—MR. DAVID LEWIS; *Arweinydd y Cor*—MR. J. D. EVANS, (Ioan Mere.) *Ysgrifenydd Mygedol*,—MR. DAVID LEWIS, Lantrithyd, Cow-bridge.

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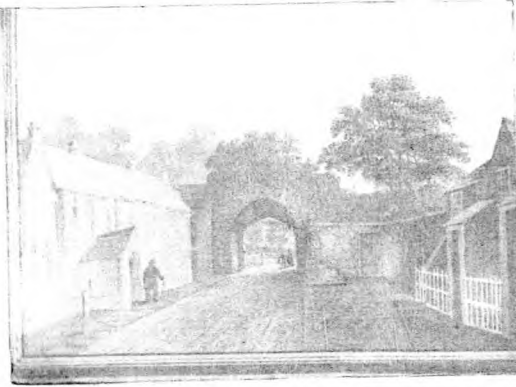
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THE OLD FREE SCHOOL COWBRIDGE.

The above Photograph was taken from an Oil Painting by "Mark Anthony," the property of the present Head Master; there are many living around us who can well remember the old familiar place, and who will feel proud to possess such a truthful sketch. A considerable doubt exists among some writers as to this School being originally a foundation of the College at Llantwit, but of this we have no authority. The first benefactors mentioned are the Stradlings of St. Donats Castle, from one of them it took its early name of "Sir Edward Stradling's School," little or no records exist of the School, for a greater part of a century, falling into rapid decay, it found a second benefactor in the person of Sir Leoline Jenkins, who purchased the property, and at that time munificently endowed it for the welfare of the institution, as it is the only endowment. It is to be regretted that the same was allowed to remain stationary the revenues having increased so greatly. Under a succession of able masters it has flourished, and now holds its position as the first school in the principality

Eminent Welshmen.

SIR LEOLINE JENKINS,

Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, and Pregogative Court of Chancery, etc., Ambassador and Plenipotentiary for the general peace at Cologne and Minegwen, and Secretary of State to King CHARLES II.

According to Wynne, his biographer, was born in the year 1625, in the parish of Llanblethian, (by another in 1623 at Llantrissant, and by oral tradition at Ystradowen) in the County of Glamorgan, and was the son of Leoline Jenkins, or Jenkins Lluellin, a man of about £40 a year, and who left behind him the character of a very honest, prudent, and industrious man, (there have been those who have insinuated a much meaner extraction, but without any other reason than as one of the usual artifices, some men take to render a great man despicable, when nothing more likely can be invented), who by his frugal and prudent mode of living, was capable of, and also well understood the value of that liberal education, which he bestowed on his son; local tradition gives him an humbler origin than his biographer is disposed to allow, many are the tales told of him that found ready acceptance by the past generation. We vividly recall one repeated to us some

years ago by an old townsman, who on one occasion made a special journey to Talygarn, to see and converse with the author—William Hopkins, then 89 years of age; drawing near to the house he came across him in one of his fields, closing a gap in a hedge and entered into conversation with him—How are you to-day? How are you? Are you William Hopkins? "Yes," was the reply, and who are you? I am so and so, of Cowbridge. I cannot say that I know you, but I have heard of your people, etc. Do you remember hearing of a person who lived near here who became a very great man in London in the time of Charles? "Yes," you mean Lluellin Jenkins, come with me, I will shew you the spot where the house stood that his father and mother lived in—a heap of stones overgrown with nettles. I have heard my parents speak of the family many times, there were two brothers—Lluellin and Evan, and they walked barefooted to school to Cowbridge, carrying their shoes slung carefully across their shoulders (with a view to their preservation), until they arrived near the East Gate, where they would wash their feet and put them on to come into town, and their dress that of the children of the humbler class, plain home-spun cloth (Brethyn Llywyd) very much worn, bearing evidence of the thrifty care of their mother, it is as well here to mention that this conversation was carried on in Welsh. This is not the only instance we have recorded of knowledge being sought for under extreme difficulties by former scholars of Cowbridge School; the sons of John Stirling walked barefooted daily from the house where their father lived at Llanblethian, there are many instances of the kind with which the old inhabitants are familiar.

Judge Jenkins, of Hensol Castle, (that famous old champion of the Royal cause), treated him, if not as a relation of his ancient and honourable family, yet, as a person worthy of his care, and under that character, very early recommended him to the protection of Dr. Wilkins, at that time Warden of Wadham College, and afterwards Bishop of Chester, as appears by a *letter of Judge Jenkins from Wallingford Castle, where he was detained a prisoner for his loyalty in 1651.

True, he was more beholden to his virtue, merit, and industry, than to the credit of his name or family, and he seems to have been of this opinion himself, when he selected his motto "*Vigiliis et Virtute.*" The motto is carved on freestone over the porch entering the present School-room, rebuilt by the Principal and Fellows of Jesus College, Oxon, the trustees, from the funds left by his liberal bequests as a grateful acknowledgement for early helps received there. Here it was that he laid the foundation of that knowledge and accuracy in the Latin and Greek tongues to which he afterwards arrived; and by his great industry and proficiency in all branches of learning which that institution afforded, gave early proofs to his friends of their excellent fruits, which were so abundantly brought out in later years.

In 1641, when only 16 years of age, he was sent to the University of Oxford, and admitted into Jesus College, Oxford, here he made rapid progress altho' during a very troubled period, in which he took an active part, his regular and decent behaviour won for him golden opinions, his learning and diligence, not unmixed with adversities, being the best of preparations for the succeeding varieties of his life. It is not improbable altho' we have no historic

THE OLD HOSTELRIES OF COWBRIDGE.

It was during a long vacation when I was studying in Oxford in the year 1837, that I found myself one evening on the box seat of the old Cymro coach, driving along the dusty road to Cowbridge, where under the kind tuition of the Rev. D. Williams I had imbibed those sound principles of theology, divinity, philosophy and logic, which formed the foundation of a scholar's education before I repaired to the University. In those days there were no railways. As we travelled along we passed an old hotel, or rather roadside tavern, known then as now, by the name of the "Old post inn," and here we stopped for refreshments. Alighting from the box seat I was only too glad to avail myself of the goodly provision made by the worthy landlord. Those refreshments included a foaming jug of nut-brown ale, bread and cheese, and cold meat, *ad. lib.*, and the Welsh welcome which is so dear to those who having lived in England for a time, return once more to their native hills and mountains. It was singular that in my love for my native language, the "Old Cymraeg" I should so far have forgotten myself as to neglect the summons of the sounding post-horn, and consequently losing my seat the "Cymro" then the only means of travelling on the main road, was winding its way along at full gallop over the summit of the Stalling Down, when I stepped out from the "Old Post" to resume my place thereon. It is hard to be left alone in a strange place without any visible means of transit therefrom. It adds to one's misery if the "Exchequer" is low; but under the present circumstances I have mentioned, I felt not the least disheartened. I knew where I was, and I knew that although there was no mail coach to convey me, I could trust to what is facetiously called "Walker's Omnibus," or "Shanks' Pony," to carry me over the few intervening miles between the "Old Post" and Cowbridge. So I took one more glass of the "nut brown" and started on my pilgrimage. "Hallo," cried a cheery voice in my rear, and turning round I found the honest landlord of the "Post" with his greyhounds in leash behind me. "Do not hurry," said he, and we will combine business with pleasure. It was evident that he alluded to the noble recreation of coursing, and now, as both hounds and master are things of the past, I will give one line of praise in this narrative to both sportsman and dogs. We coursed the hare and we caught her. The whole of the proceedings being, according to my notion of coursing, conducted in a manner which reflected the utmost credit on both of us. Taking leave of Mr. Johnson I returned to the road. The falling leaves of autumn were thickening

on the ground, the bright morning sun twinkled merrily thro' the leafless sprays, and falling into a whistling mood; I thus soliloquised as I hastened my steps to Pontfaen. Which is the better of the two,—to ride in or on a mail coach, or to take such a brisk, inspiring walk before breakfast as that which I am now enjoying. Better! Better than a coach? A rare strong, hearty, healthy walk, four statute miles an hour, preferable to that rumbling, tumbling, jolting, shaking, scraping, creaking old coach? Why, the two things will not admit of comparison. It is an insult to the walk to put them side by side! Better than the coach!
(*To be continued.*)

PAPA, WHAT ARE NEWSPAPERS?

ORGANS that gentlemen play, my boy,
To answer the taste of the day, my boy;
 Whate'er it may be,
 They hit on the key,
And pipe in full concert away, my boy.
News from all countries and climes, my boy,
Advertisements, essays, and rhymes, my boy,
 Mixed up with all sorts
 Of flying reports,
And published at regular times, my boy.
Articles able and wise, my boy,
At least in the editor's eyes, my boy;
 And logic so grand
 That few understand
To what in the world it applies, my boy.
Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy,
Little scraps, to instruct and amuse, my boy,
 A lengthy debate
 Upon matters of state,
For wise-headed folks to peruse, my boy.
The funds as they were and they are, my boy,
The quibbles and quirks of the bar, my boy,
 And every week
 A clever critique,
On some theatrical star, my boy.
The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy,
 The state of the crops,
 The style of the fops,
And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy.
List of all physical ills, my boy,
Banished by somebody's pills, my boy,
 Till you ask with surprise,
 Why any one dies?
Or what's the disorder that kills? my boy.
Who has got married, and to whom, my boy,
Who were cut off in their bloom, my boy,
 Who has had birth
 On this sorrow-stained earth,
And who totters fast to the tomb, my boy.
The price of cattle and grain, my boy,
Directions to dig and drain, my boy,
 But 'twould take me too long
 To tell you in song
A quarter of all they contain, my boy.

fruits, wine & dessert, toys and presents in abundance, warm clothing and such like creature comforts. Paterfamilias needs loosen the strings of his purse to the demands made thereon.

The weather, so far, has not been such as to enhance the attractions of the season, and we fear will prove a source of disappointment to very many. Our Christmas Market was not certainly this year up to its standard, scarcity of attendance must be attributed to the wet weather.

May we all aim to impart that life, elasticity, and gaiety, so necessary to the enjoyment of the season: May ties that have long been severed, be united; and those that are loosened, strengthened by reconciliation; where trials, losses, and bereavements have come, may they seek and find that solace and support so immediately present in Him whose death and atonement we commemorate. May Christmas come to each and all of our readers, passing away and heralding "A Bright and Happy New Year."

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace,
good will toward men."—*Luke ii. 14.*

THE OLD HOSTELRIES OF COWBRIDGE.

"GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN."—*Old Song.*

(Continued.)

The intelligent and gentle reader cannot fail to have observed, that during our previous lucubrations, however disconnected the parts of the history may have been, we have never for once lost the thread of our narrative; nor do we mean to do so, although pressed by our Editor to hasten quickly, we reply *festina lente*, and invite him to join us at the hostelry we mentioned in our last, to sit in the corner and consider things impartially as we did. But to resume,—picking up the thread of our narrative of days gone bye, and introducing it into the complicated mechanism of the modern sewing machine of the literary world, let us turn the imaginative handle and contemplate the result.

"The Old Hostelries of Cowbridge" said our host to us as we filled our glasses from the foaming flagon of nut-brown. "Well, Gentlemen, if time would allow that is a subject upon which I could speak volumes. I could tell you all about the old times of the old town, when the old coaching days were on, and the old big Hotels were in their glory. Ay! gentlemen, the Old Eagle Hotel, the Green Dragon, the Grey-

hound, White Hart, Horse and Jockey, Druids, Coach and Horses, (opposite the Town Hall), and the old Bear Hotel, where the carved mantelpiece still gives to antiquaries a text to preach upon. "My good man," said my companion, "I know but little of Cowbridge itself, but as a cosmopolitan antiquarian, I protest I feel some interest in what you refer to, and if you will consent to accompany us to the town itself I will feel more gratified than by your mere words, which, albeit they promise much, may yet for aught we know, be like the wind from an empty bellows."

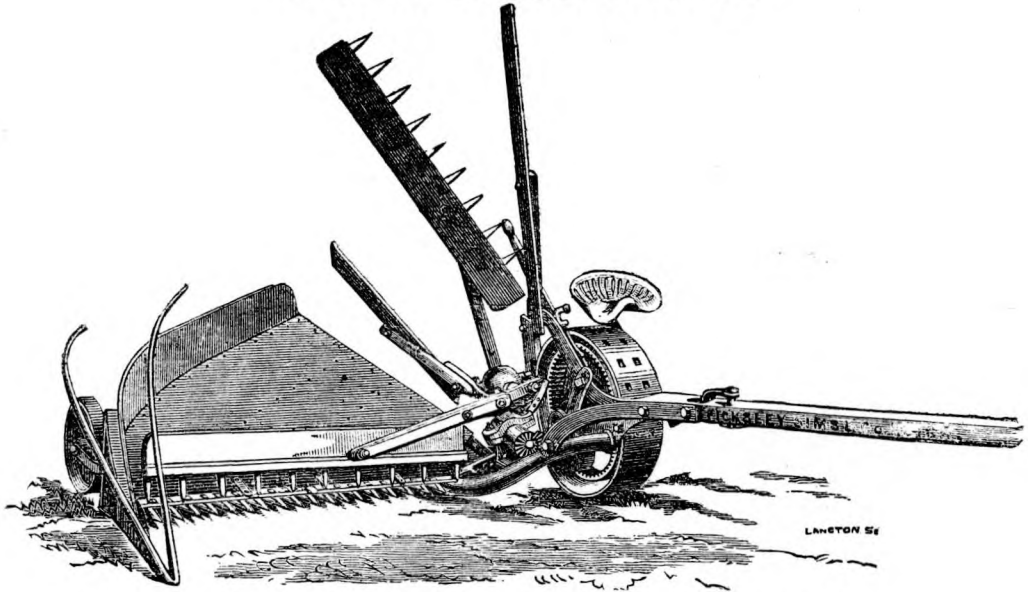
"Hold! Hold!" I cried, seeing that high words would follow, "Let us gentlemen proceed in a body to the ancient taverns in question, and taking them in regular rotation from East to West as is the direction in which the main or High-street of Cowbridge is built; let us there and then taste the respective specimens of ale which the Bonifaces provide for travellers, and discuss antiquities at the same time.

Our host having arrayed himself and the procession being formed, our committee of investigation commenced their researches by calling at the first hostelry of notability in the line of *route*. Now here we pause to reflect. To give the name of this hostelry would be totally useless, for it has long been pulled down and forgotten, but in the snug front parlour, with a brisk young waitress and a jug of the best home brewed, we fell into consideration of a good many things, commencing with the particular characteristics which should distinguish the qualities and relative superiority of ale in general, and also the manners and customs of hosts and hostesses, and hostelries in former days in comparison with what then awaited the reception of the tired traveller by the road. But when we reflect how we change from times past to times present, and when we consider that in those days no brisk young brewery traveller with a clay-coloured gig and a vixenish mare with a fast trotting pace bounced in with a rude, but, business-like invitation to "drink up" and be regaled at his own philanthropic expense; and when we recollect what chequered sign boards meant in those days, and how hostelries in those days were, particularly at the festive time of Christmas, the ornaments of the town, we feel naturally proud of the few relics of genuine taverns which will be treated of separately in the following chapters.

THE KING AND THE BALLET GIRLS.

There was a queer KING OF BAVARIA,
Who played on his fiddle an *aria*;
He sent for his valet,
And ordered a Ballet,
This Lunatic KING OF BAVARIA.

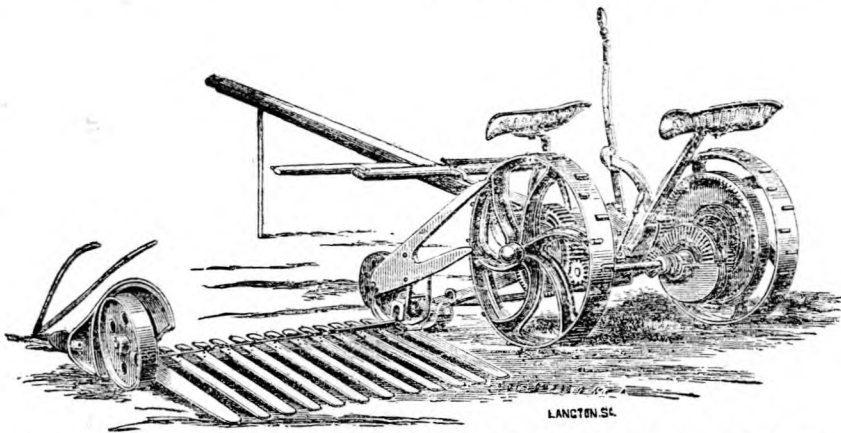
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