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sweep. Drawing near to Builth, the view of Aberedw rocks, the scite of the old castle and the thickly wooded glen, may strike the modern tourist, but the Cambrian sighs when he recalls to his recollection the days of old and the fate of the unfortunate Llywelyn ab Gruffydd.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

I EUAN,

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### LETTER III.

*Builth—Mineral Waters—Rev. Theophilus Evans—Celebrated Characters—Llywelyn last Prince of Wales.*

SIR,—The approach to the little town of Builth is rather striking, and the place itself, contrasted with the generality of small places in the midst of an upland region, has rather a smart and lightsome appearance. Here is a good bridge over the Wye, which forms an addition to the landscape of the country, and gives a kind of dignity to the scenery, which is pleasingly diversified, but cannot boast of the fertility of some other parts of the county, though superior to the soil at the northern extremity, where barren mountains and russet plains continually meet the eye interspersed with a few spots more pleasant.

In the vicinity of Builth are the Park-wells, which afford a mineral water in three different springs, serviceable for internal complaints, and frequented by various invalids in the summer months. In the parish of Llanwrtid there is a spring running over a rich bed of sulphur, first discovered, in the year 1732, by the Rev. Theophilus Evans, author of *Drych y Prif Oesocdd*, and maternal grandfather of the Historian of Brecknockshire.

As this part of Brecknockshire does not possess the most fertile, or the best cultivated, soil, it is pleasing to speak of its intellectual productions. In the parish of Llangammarch lived and died the gentleman just alluded to, and, out of respect to his memory, his ingenious grandson wished his remains to be conveyed there after his decease, (in which his friends complied with his request), and at the same time took care to erect a neat monument to commemorate his worth in the College Church at Brecon. In contemplating the approach of the ensuing *Eisteddfod*, his surviving friends, with regret, think of

him, who, if now living, would be the foremost in the cause; but at present we must break off from these reflections. The ancestors of Lord Cadogan were from this parish. Dr. Thomas Howel, Bishop of Bristol, in the time of Charles I., and his brother Thomas Howel, the historian, sprang from the same soil. *Ym mhob gwlad y megir glew*, says our ancient adage, or, to tell our English friends the secret,—The poorest soil may sometimes produce great characters. With this remark we should leave the Hundred of Builth, to find our way over an alpine region to the county town; but we cannot quit that portion of the country, without adverting to an important topic of ancient history,—The Fall of Llywelyn.

The spot in the parish of Langanten, near Builth, where the Prince was slain, is called Cwm Llywelyn, and the place of his interment in common earth is known by the name of *Cewn y Bedd*, and *Cewn Bedd Llywelyn*, to this day. An old man affirms, that he has heard a tradition of the prince's horse having broken his leg, whereby he was dismounted, and, consequently, exposed to his enemy at a time when flight alone could have secured his life. Mr. Theophilus Jones has, in his second volume, discussed the subject at large; but still there is a degree of obscurity hanging over it. The unfortunate prince, seeing Edward in possession of Carnarvonshire, retreated towards the south; but Cardiganshire was garrisoned by the English, and the principal chiefs of Carmarthenshire were in the same interest. Radnorshire was under the controul of Mortimer, and the garrisons of Builth, and other contiguous places, were over-awed by him. Expecting to be reinforced by some great men in the Hundred of Builth, while he thus confided in those who either were prevented from assisting him, or were not disposed to render him any help, there is no difficulty in accounting for his discomfiture and fall, though we cannot adjust all the circumstances.

That the last of our native princes did not fall in Caernarvonshire, as some of the chronicles have asserted, is the uniform tradition of the Principality. I should be glad to see this subject taken up by an able hand; but, perhaps, this has been done by the learned and ingenious bard, the author of the Gwyneddigion Prize Poem of last year, a production not yet made known to us in this part of the Principality. Such

a composition will form a monument more durable than marble or brass, in commemoration of a chieftain, to whom no want of heroism can be attributed; but he fell, forsaken and betrayed, a victim to hostile force\*.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

IEUAN.

#### LETTER IV.

*Castell Madoc—Charles Powel, Esq.—Brothwel Ysgythrog—  
Sir David Gam—Owain Glyndwr.*

STR.—I shall not detain you with many remarks on the dreary Eppynt hills, which lie between the Wye and the vale of Brecon. Leaving the mountains, and passing the chapel of ease, called the Upper Chapel, you descend into a country, which appears pleasant to the traveller after descending from these Pyrennean heights, and particularly in winter, when snow renders the road dangerous, though neither wolves nor robbers infest the country. Passing by an old mansion, called Baili Brith, so named from a neighbouring hill, you come to Castell Madoc, once a place of some consideration, but, like some other residences, forsaken by the proprietor. The late Charles Powel, Esq., a former owner, had much of the appearance of a Cambrian Chief of former days: he was a dignified magistrate and a good officer. This family bore the arms of Bleddyn ab Maenarch, the field azure, 2. Brychan, 3. Elystan Glodrydd, 4. Crest Rhys Goch, the wyvern's head argent. Mr. Jones's remark on the family is worth transcribing. "Their characteristic, for several generations, was that of plain unaffected country gentlemen, hospitable to strangers, neighbours, and friends, and charitable to the poor; but the last Charles Powel was a man of more than common talents, improved by an intercourse and correspondence with several of the learned of his day, and by great reading and much experience during the progress of a long life."

Near to Castell Madoc House is the Lower Chapel, and, about two miles farther, on the left side of the road, Llandevilog church, close to the wall of which is a very ancient monument, supposed to commemorate Brochwel Ysgythrog; but

\* Two short English poems on this subject, with some notices, have appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON. See vol. ii. p. 39, and the last Number, p. 378.—ED.