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Cujus et abscissum caput abscissosque lacertos,
 Et tribus affixos palis pendere cruentos
Penda jubet: per quod reliquis exempta relinquat
 Terroris manifesta sui, Regemque beatum
 Esse probet miserum; sed causam fallit utramque,
 Ultor enim fratris minimè timet Oswinsillum,
 Immo timere facit, nec rex miser, immo beatus
 Est, qui fonte boni fruitur semel et sine fine.

Thus the place was called *Oswaldstre*, or Oswald's Town*,
 and subsequently Oswestry. ©.

[To be continued.]

ANTHOLOGIANA.—No. I.

UNDER this title we design occasionally to introduce a selection of poetical phrases out of the works of our early bards, for the purpose of presenting to the reader, not so much passages of general poetical merit, as those detached and isolated beauties of expression, which are found, more or less, to characterize the poetry of all countries; and that of Wales possesses many peculiarities in this point of view. If, indeed, it does not glow with all the richness of oriental imagery, it still

within the parish of Oswestrie, whereon one of king Oswald's arms hung, say the neighbours by tradition."

* *Tre*, or *trev*, in Welsh, signifies a *town*. [Our Correspondent appears to be under a slight mistake in considering the terminal syllable of *Oswaldstre* to be a corruption of the Welsh *trev*: the fact is, that the place is traditionally presumed to derive its name from the event alluded to in the preceding note, and was therefore called *Oswald's Tree*, of which the Welsh name, *Croes Oswallt*, is a literal version, with reference to the purpose for which the tree in question is said to have been used. But it is here proper to mention, that the Welsh accounts are at variance with this tradition; for, according to them, Oswestry owed its original name to *Oswael*, one of the sons of *Cunedda Wledig*, a Cumbrian prince of the fourth century, to whom, upon the flight of his family from the North, a considerable territory was allotted in this neighbourhood. And, with respect to the death of Oswald, above mentioned, it is recorded by Bede and other writers, to have taken place at *Maserfeld*, in Northumberland, and not near Oswestry, according to our correspondent's statement, which, however, is supported by other authorities. How to reconcile these conflicting accounts we know not, and can only, with all due humility, observe with the poet—*non nostrum tantas componere lites*.—ED.]

possesses many charms of phraseology, that are emphatically its own. Occasional energy of feeling, conveyed in a peculiar conciseness and depth of expression, is its most prominent feature, and is, no doubt, the cause that it carries to persons, unacquainted with the language, an air of considerable obscurity. We may hope, however, that even these will not find their attention fatigued by the extracts, which may, from time to time, compose our ANTHOLOGIANA, which, as the term implies, will embrace rather some of the scattered flowers of the AWEN than the charms of its luxuriant foliage in all their fulness and variety*.

From the same desire of ingratiating ourselves, as much as possible, with the English reader, we have refrained from prefixing to this article a Welsh title, to which the language presents so many temptations. In fact, there is no characteristic of the Welsh tongue more remarkable than its aptitude for diversifying its expressions to an almost endless variety, a quality, which has already been partially noticed in the CAMBRO-BRITON †, and of which we propose hereafter to take a more comprehensive view. Among the many beautiful terms, that might have been adopted on this occasion, as synonymous with *Anthologiana*, are *Ceinion Awen*, Jewels of the Muse, *Teleidion Barddas*, or *Tlysau Barddoni*, Beauties of Bardism, to say nothing of the numerous combinations, that might be formed of such words as *blodionos*, *eirianion*, *eirion*, *mireinion*, *mygrion*, or *thysi*,—all of them not merely particularly expressive, but, in the highest manner, poetical. We have been induced to notice this circumstance, as it happens to be intimately associated with our subject, since it is to the taste and genius of our bards, and especially the more ancient, that this delicate and fertile variety of diction is, in an eminent degree, to be ascribed.

In the prosecution of this subject, the translations will, in all cases, be as literal as possible, leaving the reader to imagine corresponding elegancies of expression in the English; for,

* The reader must not imagine, that there is any thing in this observation at variance with the general character of Welsh poetry, given in our last Number, p. 43, *et seq.* What we have now remarked has still reference more to the diction, than to the thoughts, of the Welsh muse.

† See particularly an Essay on the Ornamental Properties of the Welsh Tongue, at the beginning of the second volume.

otherwise, he will form no true conception of the original phraseology.

We shall begin with Taliesin, who, celebrating the bravery of Owain ab Urien, says—

Oedd val rhwysg tanwydin dros elvydd—

He was like the course of a meteor over the land.

The same bard describes an army on the march :

—Eu cleddyvawr

Glesynt esgyll gwawr.

Their sword-blades

Tinged with blue the wings of the dawn.

Aneurin begins a stanza of the Gododin thus—

Gwyr á aeth Gattræth gân wawr ;

Digymyrus eu hoed i eu hangawr :

Medd ymynt, melyn, melys, maylawr.

Men went to Cattræth with the dawn ;

Unconsoling their absence to those to whom they are necessary :

Mead they drank, yellow, sweet, ensnaring.

Thus, further on—

Crau cyrchynt, cynmullynt reiaur,

Yn gynvan, màl taran twro aesaur.

To blood they resorted, they collected together spears,

Loud in front, like thunder, the storm of shields.

The same bard thus describes one of his heroes—

Pan grysiâi Cydywal, cynnwyrâi

Awr gân wyrdd wawr cyn y dodai ;

Aesawr dellt am bellt á adawai,

Parau ryn rwygiad dygymynai

Yn nghad—

When Cydywal hastened onward, simultaneously rose

The shout with the green dawn ere he laid on ;

Splintered shields about the outskirts he would leave,

Shafts of fearful tearing he would cleave

In conflict.

In bewailing the fallen warriors he speaks thus—

Byr en hoedl, hir eu hoed âr eu carant,

Llawer mam á deigr âr ei hanrânt.

Short their lives, long mourn'd their loss by those who lov'd them :

Many a mother is there with a tear upon her eye-lash.

Merddin thus sings to the apple-trees given him by Gwcnddolau, in the woods of Caledonia—

*Avallen beren, burwen o vlodau,
I a'i hys melys ei havalau.*

Delicious apple-tree, supremely white with blossoms,
To those, who eat them, sweet *are* its apples.

Merddin thus speaks of himself—

*Yn ngwaith Arderydd oedd aur ry ngorthorch,
Cyn i bwy aelaw gàn cilw eleirch.*

In the battle of Arderydd gold was my wreath of pre-eminence,
Ere I became slighted by her in hue like swans :

But the most beautiful of all the strains of Merddin is the following couplet, in Trochaics, out of his Hoianau—

*Cafant bawb eu teithi, llawen vi Brython,
Ceintor corn elwch cathl heddwch a hinon.*

Every body shall obtain his rights, the Brython will be glad,
The horn of triumph is sounding the hymn of peace and serenity.

ADVEDDIANT GWYNVA.

WE now fulfil our promise, by offering two more specimens of Mr. Harris's Translation of PARADISE REGAINED; and, in order to enable our readers the more readily to appreciate its merits, we shall also transcribe the corresponding passages in the original. The first extract represents the conduct of Satan, after having addressed his " gloomy consistory," at the beginning of the first Book :—

“ He ended: and his words impression left
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprize
To him their great dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,