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ADDRESS TO THE HISTORICAL SECTION OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INSTITUTE HELD AT CARDIFF.

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I AM well pleased that my first appearance in any official character before a body with which I have so long had to do as the Archæological Institute takes place in a district of which I have already some degree of knowledge, and one than which no part of the kingdom offers a wider field to the historical student. The section of our body over which I have been called on to preside is called more especially the Historical Section, but I conceive that all our researches, in whatever department, have the advancement of historical knowledge for their end. We call our studies antiquarian or archæological; but I conceive that the distinction between the higher and the lower, the profitable and the unprofitable, forms of antiquarian pursuit consists mainly in this. There are men who busy themselves with buildings or primæval monuments or actual objects and relics of early times, be they works of art or implements of peace or weapons of war, be they documents or inscriptions or ancient remains of any other kind, but whose interest ends in the objects themselves which they delight to examine and to gather together. There are others who also devote themselves to the study of some one or more of these classes of objects, but whose interest does not end in the objects themselves, but goes on to their higher value as forming parts of a greater whole. One man may be mainly drawn to one branch of these pursuits, and another to another, but all, if they follow up their studies as they should do, are really fellow-workers, all are making their several contributions to one higher study, the general history of man. Unless it be followed

with higher views of this kind, antiquarian study is a mere matter of curiosity ; it cannot be allowed to claim the rank of a science. A man who collects antiquarian objects simply for the sake of collecting them is simply a collector, and nothing else ; his pursuit hardly takes so high an intellectual rank as the collection of postage-stamps, for the collection of postage-stamps does directly tend to a knowledge of the actual political state of the world. But the man who examines and collects the very same objects, looking on them all the while as contributions to this or that branch of man's history, is no mere collector, but a genuine student, a man who plays his part in the general advancement of human knowledge. Not only do our pursuits fail of their truest interest and value unless they are carried on with these higher aims, but I believe that, unless we keep these higher aims steadily in view, we shall gain but a very imperfect knowledge of the objects themselves which we profess to study. For one branch of antiquarian study at least I can answer. Architectural study is a very lame and profitless employment, and one not likely to be followed out with any accurate or profitable result, unless it be studied directly as a branch of history, with constant reference to the creeds, the feelings, and the laws of the times and places where successive architectural styles arose. I hold then that the pursuits of the other two sections of our body are in truth no less historical than our own. Our own section is specially historical only in this, that, while the other sections throw light on man's history through his abiding works, through his tombs, his temples, and his houses, through his tools, his weapons, and his ornaments, our contributions to historical knowledge lead us rather among the outward events of history, among the documents in which those events are recorded, among the traces of other kinds, in language, nomenclature, law, and custom, which those events have left behind them. There are, in fact, few things which do not come within the compass of our section. I believe that we are ready to welcome anything which can throw any light on man's history, and which does not manifestly come within the range of either of the other sections. If any man wishes to announce his discoveries in the way of cromlechs or flint arrow-heads, if he is provided with a monograph of some church or castle, we must hand him

over to our friends in the Section of Antiquities or of Architecture; but well nigh everything else is welcome. Is any man fresh from the examination either of a battle-field or of a newly discovered charter or other manuscript? Has he anything to tell us illustrating local speech or local customs? Has he any peculiarities to mark in the way of tenures or descents, or, above all, of municipal institutions? All will be welcome. Nay, we can even spread out our arms to receive the votaries of heraldry and genealogy, provided we are not asked to believe that any coat dates from an earlier time than the twelfth century, and provided the pedigrees contain at least some stages which historical criticism does not show to be absolutely impossible.

Our object then is history in the widest sense of the word, and nothing which in any way leads to the illustration of history comes amiss to us. But our object is in a special manner local history. Now the value of local history is the way in which it illustrates general history. This truth is, I think, somewhat apt to be forgotten at both ends. We constantly come across local antiquaries, worthy men enough in their way, but whose thoughts seem never to get beyond the range of the town or county or other district which forms the sphere of their labours. They have got together a vast array of facts belonging to one particular place, but it has never come into their heads to compare the facts belonging to that place with the kindred facts belonging to other places. By so doing they not only fail to make the most of the knowledge which they have really gained, but that knowledge itself remains very narrow and imperfect. It is quite impossible really to understand the antiquities of any place or district without constantly comparing them with the antiquities of other places and districts. Men who confine themselves to so narrow a range never get beyond a very lame kind of knowledge even within that range. They are led into crude and hasty theories, into utter misconceptions of the objects with which they believe themselves to be most familiar. On the other hand, historians of greater pretensions, men who write the history of whole kingdoms, and who theorize upon the history of the whole world, are constantly led astray through neglect of local history. They forget that, as history is largely made up of the personal history of particular men, so it is largely made up of the

local history of particular places. They think it beneath them to master the topographical details, the architectural monuments, the peculiarities of ecclesiastical or municipal foundations, of the places where the great events of their history happened. By their so doing half the life, and truth, and vigour of their narrative is lost. I do not mean that the general historian who comes across the mention of any particular place need describe that place with the minuteness of the writer of a local monograph; but I do mean that he should have himself mastered them in such detail that he can set their main features before the eyes of his readers. I mean that, if he has to record one event which happened at Lincoln and another which happened at Winchester, his readers may carry away a clear impression that the site, the general aspect, the ecclesiastical and civil history, of Lincoln and of Winchester are things which differ not a little from one another. It is one of the many merits of Lord Macaulay's History that the place where each event happened is brought up clearly before the eyes of the reader. The same skill which paints the personal portrait of the actors in the story paints also the local landscape of the spot where the action took place. On the other hand, it would be easy to point out fashionable narratives which have no local colouring whatever, where the peculiarities of the town or district spoken of are ruthlessly blurred over, and where the simplest truths of English geography are trampled under foot with lofty contempt. The local historian who does not raise his eyes to general history is undoubtedly a very poor creature. But I venture to think that the general historian who thinks himself too great to cast an eye downwards on local history is a poorer creature still. The facts gathered together by the local antiquary may at least be put to some use by those who know better than himself how to array them in their due place and order. To the romantic or philosophical historian it is less easy to render such a service. He does his best to disqualify himself for gathering together any facts at all.

We thus come, step by step, towards the perfect definition of our object. Our business is history, and that specially local history, but it is local history viewed in direct relation to history on a wider scale. The direct discussion of the fate of empires hardly comes within our province; but we have to deal with

those special histories of the fate of cities and provinces which go far to make up the fate of empires. As we meet each year in some particular place, our special business for that year is the history of that place and its neighbourhood. But, as we meet year after year in one place after another, we have the best of opportunities for carrying out the comparative method of study, and for marking the points of likeness and unlikeness between the buildings, the institutions, the antiquities of every kind, to be found in the several places which we visit. And in the seven and twenty years which have passed since our Society first came into being, we have indeed visited famous cities and trod on ground hallowed by the deeds of famous men. We had our birth in the land which witnessed the birth of the English realm and the English Church; we started on our path from that illustrious corner of our island which was the first prize alike of Cæsar, of Hengest, and of Augustine; we drew our first corporate breath in the old metropolis of Canterbury, beneath the walls of the mother church of England. Since then, year after year, we have gone from city to city, spying out the minsters and castles and fields of battle where the history of England has been wrought. From the old minster and the royal hall of Winchester, the home alike of Ælfred and of William, we have looked up to the hills hallowed to English hearts as the scene of the martyrdom of Waltheof. From the awful ruins of Glastonbury, the common sanctuary of contending races, the one tie which binds the church of the conqueror to the church of the conquered, we have looked up from beside the rifled graves of Arthur and the Eadmunds to the prouder Tor of the Archangel, hallowed wherever truth and right are held in honour as the scene of the martyrdom of Whiting. As at Winchester and at Glastonbury so also at Waltham and Crowland and Evesham we have mused over the spots where the dust of the noblest heroes of England has been scattered to the winds at bidding of the destroyer. We have stood on the hill of the elder Salisbury, within the mighty ditches which have formed the bulwarks of so many successive races, and we have looked on the plain where Cynric overthrew the Briton, where William mustered his host after the overthrow of England, and where now the most graceful of West-Saxon minsters covers the ground which was once the chosen

meeting-place alike of armies and of councils. At Silchester, at Wroxeter, at either Dorchester, we have traced the works alike of the Briton and the Roman, and we have seen the relics which bear witness to the wasting havoc wrought by Englishmen in the days of their first conquests. At Warwick we have looked on the mound of Æthelflæd; at London and Rochester and Newcastle and Norwich we have looked on the mighty towers reared by the Conqueror, his companions, and his successors. At Oxford and Cambridge we have seen how our ancient Universities seem but institutions of yesterday within the walls of boroughs which had played their part in English history before a single scholar had come to learn Christian theology at the feet of Puleyn, or to hear Vacarius expound the mighty volume of the Imperial Law. Time would fail to tell of all that we have seen; but we cannot forget how, within the ramparts of old Eboracum, the minster of Paullinus and Thomas of Bayeux seemed young in the home of Severus and of Constantine; nor can we forget how, where the Ouse flows between the two castles of the Conqueror, we thought how often Scandinavian fleets had sailed up those waters to ravage or to deliver England. And we may deem perhaps that York itself taught us less than the sight of the ancient City of the Legions, where the monks of Bangor fell beneath the sword of Æthelfrith, where the forsaken walls stood for three hundred years to record the havoc of his victory, and where the Lady of the Mercians bade the city rise once more to life, to stand forth in English history as the last of English cities to own the Norman as her lord. And York and Chester themselves may yield to the charm of the long history of the height crowned by the Colony of Lindum, the home of Briton, Roman, Englishman, Dane and Norman; its walls, its houses, its castle, and its minster bearing the living impress of its successive conquerors; where on the height we call up the memory of those ancient Lawmen, those proud patricians who once bade fair to place Lincoln alongside of Bern and Venice, and where, in the plain below, a higher interest is kindled by the stern yet graceful towers which tell us how Englishmen, in the days of England's bondage, could still go on, with the Norman minster and castle rising above their heads, building according to the ruder models of the days of England's freedom. Such are the spots which we have seen and mused

on in the twenty-seven years of our corporate life, spots whose history makes up the history of England, and the older history of the land before it bore the English name. And in spots where there has been so much to learn we have seldom lacked worthy interpreters. We have had minsters expounded by the unerring acuteness of a Willis, and castles called up to their first life by the massive vigour of a Clark. And below the ditches of Salisbury, beside the boundary streams of Avon and of Severn, we have heard the great master—I would rather say the great discoverer—of early English history, bring together the combined witness of records and monuments and nomenclature to call forth the true tale of Saxon and Anglian conquest out of what, in other hands, had seemed but a chaos of myth and legend. One spot still remains: we have not yet gone over all the cities of England. Some strange freak of destiny, some mysterious cause too deep for common intellects to fathom, has during all these years kept us out of the great city of the West. Damnonia is still untrodden ground to us; we have caught a kind of Pisgah view out of neighbouring shires, but Exeter, the city which beat back Swegen and all but beat back William, is still a place which we know by the hearing of the ear, but on which our eyes have not yet rested. Some day surely the ban will be removed; some day surely we may hear from the lips of Dr. Guest how the process of conquest, which he has traced to the Axe and the Parret, went on further to the Tamar and the Land's End; some day surely we may be allowed to listen while our other guides set forth all that is to be said of the city where walls which at least represent the walls of Æthelstan still fence in the Red Mount of Baldwin of Moeles and the twin minster towers of William of Warelwast.

But while we are thus shut out from that part of our island which was anciently known as West-Wales, I must congratulate our body on the choice of a place for its meeting, now that the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland has for the first time assembled beyond the bounds of England. I hear a murmur, but I speak advisedly. That the Institute has visited the extreme north of England I fully admit; that it has met beyond its northern border I deny. I can listen to no geography which tells me that the Earldom of Lothian and the Borough

of Eadwine are other than English ground. Edinburgh then I claim as English; Dublin, like Exeter, is a place which we have heard of but never seen; but now we have at last crossed the border. Whether we place that border at the Wye, the Usk, or the Rumney, there is no doubt that here, on the banks of the Taff, we are met together on genuine British ground. I say genuine British, I do not venture to say purely British; for one of the advantages of this district for historical study is that it is preeminently not purely British nor purely anything; that there is no part of the island where all the successive races which have occupied it or overrun it have left more speaking signs of their presence. We are here emphatically in a border district, and a border district is always specially rich in materials for history. A glance at the map, a glance at any list of local names, shows how many races and tongues have had their share or their turn in the occupation or the superiority of the district. In the greater part of England well nigh every name is English or Danish, according to the district; if here or there a river or a great city keeps its British name, that is all. Even in districts like Somerset and Devonshire, which keep somewhat of a border character, districts where the Briton was subdued and assimilated, but not utterly wiped out, though British names are found in comparative abundance, they are still, after all, but a small minority. There are large districts of Wales, on the other hand, where every local name is British; where, if a stray English name is found by any chance, it is at once felt to be a modern intruder. In districts like these we see that the Briton is still in full possession; it is a mere political change, and not any real disturbance of the population, which cuts him off from the days of Howell the Good and Roderick the Great. The land in which we are now met, the land of Gwent and Morganwg, presents phænomena different from any of these. Cast your eye at random over the map of this county of Glamorgan, and it may haply light on the name of a place called Welsh Saint Donats. Such a name is enough to set one thinking. In what state of things is it needful to mark out a place as Welsh, to distinguish Welsh Saint Donats from another Saint Donats which is not Welsh? If you are in Cardiganshire, you have no need to distinguish this or that place as Welsh Llanfihangel; if you are in

Kent, you have no need to distinguish a place as English Dartford or English Sevenoaks. Such a name as Welsh Saint Donats implies that you are in a district partly, perhaps chiefly, but not wholly Welsh. Look on more carefully through the list of names; it is easy to see that the mass of them are purely Welsh, Llandaff, Llantrissaint, and a crowd of others. But some, like Cowbridge and Newton, are purely English; others are English translations of Welsh names, as where English Michaelston has supplanted Welsh Llanfihangel. But here and there we stumble on a name like Beaupre, which is neither Welsh nor English, but good French. And here and there we have a name like Flemingston, which not only points by inference to the presence of other races, but tells us on the face of it what those races were. A district which has such a local nomenclature as this, where so many nations and languages have left their abiding traces, is shown, without further proof, to be a district specially rich in materials for historical study. We see a district in which the old British race is still the prevailing element, but into which intruders of more than one nation have made their way, not simply as visitors or plunderers or momentary conquerors, but as men who have settled down in the land, who have given their own names to its fields and houses, and who have made themselves essential elements in the population of the district alongside of its earlier possessors.

We have here then, on the face of it, a district of paramount interest to the historical inquirer. We have in the nomenclature of the district signs of the presence of several successive races; but those signs alone could not tell us at what time or by what means those successive races made their way into the land. The general course of history will tell us that the Welsh names are older than the English; but, without taking in other special means of information, we could hardly get beyond that. Let us try and see, in a vague and general way, what more special research will tell us, what points for further inquiry it will suggest to us, as to the history of a district whose phænomena show themselves, at the first blush, as so remarkable.

We may begin with the old question of all, who were the first inhabitants of the country? As far as recorded history goes, as far as spoken language goes, we have nothing to

suggest the presence of any inhabitants earlier than those who still form the bulk of the population, the Britons, Cymry, or Welsh. But on points of this kind it is often needful to go beyond the teaching either of recorded history or of spoken language. Two views, each of which has been maintained with no small ingenuity, suggest the presence of races older than the oldest now existing in the country. Were the Britons the earliest wave of Aryan migration in these lands, or were they preceded by an earlier Aryan and Celtic race, that namely which consists of the Scots both of Britain and Ireland, and which, on the lips of the Cymry as on their own, still bears, in various forms, the name of Gael or Gwyddyl? That is to say, is the wide distinction between the two branches of the Celtic race in these islands, between the Scots or Gael and the Welsh or Britons, a distinction which arose after they settled in these islands, or do they represent two successive waves of Aryan migration? In this last case there can be no doubt as to putting the Gael as the earlier settlers of the two. The evidence, as far as there can be any direct evidence on a præhistoric matter, consists mainly of certain spots in various parts of Wales which still bear the name of the Gwyddyl. Many of them are wild headlands; a few are inland spots equally wild, such as Nant-y-Gwyddyl in the heart of the Black Mountains, in the upper part of the deep dale where stands the elder Priory of Llanthony. Are these simply spots occupied by rovers from Ireland who undoubtedly harried these coasts in later times, or are they spots where the older Gaelic population made their last desperate stand against the British invader? Is *Nant-y-Gwyddyl* in Gwent a name analogous to *Wallcombe* in Somerset, a name which records the former presence of the Gael in the land of the Briton, as its possible fellow certainly records the former presence of the Briton in the land of the West Saxon? And again, can either branch of the Celtic race, Gael or Briton, claim to be the first inhabitants of the land? The Celt, in some shape, was undoubtedly the first Aryan inhabitant, but was he the first human inhabitant of any kind? No one doubts that a large part of Western Europe was over-spread by non-Aryan races, relics of which, in the extreme North and again in one stubborn corner of Gaul and Spain, still retain their primæval languages. Was the same the case in

Britain, and was our island also once inhabited by Turanian races, kinsfolk of the Fins and Laps of the North, and of the Basques of the Pyrenees? Have we existing monuments of their workmanship among us? We are here in a land not poor in primæval antiquities; this county contains one of the largest cromlechs in Britain, and it is as well to remember that one theory at least attributes these gigantic graves—I suppose there is no one here so behind the world as to dream about Druid altars—not to Celts, British or Gaelic, not to Aryans of any race, but to the Turanian inhabitants of the old times before them. And this question has been still more strongly pressed upon our minds by a very modern controversy. It has been held, not only that Britain was occupied by a non-Aryan race before either Gael or Briton made their way into it, but that this same non-Aryan race still survives and forms a main element in the population of some parts of the island, especially of that part in which we are now come together. It has been held by two writers, both of great name, but with a long interval of ages between them—by Tacitus and Professor Huxley—that the Silurians of South Wales and the neighbouring districts were really a people closely akin to the Iberians of Spain, and therefore not Celtic, not Aryan at all. I do not know how this doctrine sounds in the ears of men of British blood. Speaking myself as a Saxon, I can only say that it fairly took my breath away. I know not whether Britons will be ready to give up Caradoc as a British brother; I should certainly be unwilling to give him up as at least an Aryan cousin. Still we have here a doctrine which is supported by great names, and which at least deserves to be thoroughly gone into from all points of view. One thing is plain, that if the people of South Wales are really of a Turanian stock, the process of Aryan assimilation has been very thoroughly carried out. The British tongue, I need not say, is still a living thing in these parts; but if Basque, or any other non-Aryan speech, is now spoken in any part of Morganwg, we must, I think, look for it, not among the native inhabitants of either the vale or the mountains, but among the strangers whom commerce has brought from all corners of the earth to the busy haven of Cardiff.

Here, then, are questions as to the præ-historic state of the district well worthy of being tested in every way. We

will pass on to the more certain facts of history. Whether the people of this district are genuine Britons or Iberians who have somehow changed into Britons, it is certain that, as far as either recorded history or local nomenclature can carry us back, the land has been a British land, and its prevailing tongue the British tongue. But the people and the language are to a great extent their own monument. It is a point of marked contrast between the archæology of Wales and that of Ireland, that, while in Ireland the land is full of buildings of very early date, I never saw in Wales any building—I mean buildings strictly so called, works of masonry—which I felt any inclination to assign to a date earlier than the Norman invasion. There are, I believe, in Anglesey, in the Priory of Penmon, remains which seem to be of an earlier date; but these I have not myself seen, and I certainly know of nothing of the kind anywhere between the Wye and Saint David's Head. The land was full of churches, and especially full of saints, for the churches of Wales commonly bear the name, not of the deceased and canonized heroes of the Church, but of the local worthies who were their own founders. They have left behind them their names, their memory, and their foundations; but their actual works have, as far as I know, given way, in every case, to later buildings. Still less is it needful to show that all the great military structures of the country, the castles, great and small, which form such a characteristic feature in its landscape and in its history, are all of later date than the coming of the Norman. If then the primæval sepulchres belong to an earlier race, and the ecclesiastical and military structures to a later, for British antiquities, in the strictest sense, we must look to the lesser remains of the country. For British remains of heathen times we must look among ruder defensive works, camps and earthworks like those of Caerau, and in Christian times we must seek them among a most interesting class of minor ecclesiastical antiquities, the sculptural crosses and inscribed stones, which have attracted deserved attention at the hands of several inquirers, and several of which will be found within our present district. I commend this point to the consideration of Celtic antiquaries—why it is that Ireland has a marked national style of ecclesiastical buildings, beginning long before, and continued long after, the

English Conquest, while in the Celtic parts of Scotland we have only a few analogous structures, like the round Towers of Brechin and Abernethy, and in Wales nothing of this class finds any counterpart. The ecclesiastical buildings of South Wales have much of deep interest, they have much of local character, but there is absolutely nothing which reminds us of Glendalough, of Clonmacnoise, and of Monasterboice; their connexion with the days of early British Christianity is, even at places like St. David's and Llandaff, like Llantwit and Llancarfan, a connexion wholly of history and association; it in no case extends to the actual stones.

I have been carried on too far at the expense of chronological order, for the first conqueror of the Briton has not failed to leave important traces behind him. Two famous seats of Roman occupation stand forth among the chief antiquarian attractions, if not of Morganwg, at least of Gwent. On the banks of the Usk the Roman fixed an Isca, a City of the Legions, which once was a rival of the other City of the Legions by the Dee and of the other Isca by the Damnonian Exe. Not far off too are the remains of the Silurian Venta, which once needed to be so distinguished from the other Venta which became the royal city of the West-Saxons, and from the third Venta in the east, which has fallen the most utterly of the three, but which is in some sort represented by a greater city than any of those of which I have spoken. The Silurian and the Belgian Venta still remain as habitations of man, but the Icenian Venta lives only in the rime which tells how

> "Caistor was a city when Norwich was none,
> But Norwich was built of Caistor stone."

The Briton then remains in his speech and in his own presence; the Roman and his speech have vanished utterly, but his works remain. The relations of the Briton to his next invader supply a more instructive subject of study. The results of the English conquest were widely different in various parts of Britain. In the greater part of the land the fate of the Celtic inhabitants was utter extirpation; in a considerable, but far smaller, district it was assimilation. Men of British blood submitted to the English conquerors, and they gradually adopted the language and feelings of Englishmen. How slow the process sometimes was we see in the long

endurance of the British tongue in Cornwall. Now I need not show that neither of these processes has taken place to any great extent in this district. English does advance, but, except in great centres of population, like that where we are now met, it advances very slowly. English has taken far longer to advance from the Wye to the Usk than it took to advance from the German Ocean to the Wye. Except in the great towns, the land is essentially British, so far British that anything else is exceptional. But it is not purely British, like large parts of central and northern Wales, which were conquered under Edward the First, but which never received any large amount of English settlers. In this district we see something more than the mere political conquest of Cardigan or Merioneth, something less than the extermination of Kent or the assimilation of Devonshire. Strangers have conquered and settled in the land, but, except in small districts here and there, they have neither driven out nor assimilated the earlier inhabitants. The cause of this difference was doubtless the time when the conquest of this country took place. The old wars of extermination, when the heathen English swept away everything Roman, British, or Christian before them, had ceased before Gwent and Morganwg had any dealings with the English in peace or in war. The West-Saxon Kings, from Ecgberht onwards, were satisfied with an external supremacy, nominal or real, according to the degree of power which the overlord had to enforce it. It was not till the time of Eadward the Confessor that anything like real conquest was even attempted. Then we find a Bishop of Llandaff receiving his see from the King and Witan of England, In the last years of Eadward's reign, after the overthrow of Gruffydd ap Llywelyn, I have no doubt that, along with certain districts in northern and central Wales, the land of Gwent, between the Wye and the Usk, was formally annexed to England. The hunting-seat which Harold raised for the king at Portskewet, and which was presently swept away by Caradoc ap Gruffydd ap Rhydderch, was no doubt meant to be a solemn taking of seizin, a speaking sign that, within these limits at least, the King of the English was to be no mere overlord, but an immediate ruler. The events which immediately followed hindered any plans of English settlement from being carried out; they even hindered the

deed of Caradoc from meeting with any punishment. Nor did William himself at the outside do more than pass through the district on his way to the shrine of Saint David, receiving its submission in a general way, and providing for the liberation of English or Norman captives. I ask those who know the local history better than myself, how far we can trust the entry in the Welsh Chronicles which places the beginnings of the castle of Cardiff in the days of the Conqueror. He may have taken some such precaution to secure the fidelity of his new vassals, but further than this I see no signs of anything strictly to be called a conquest in his time. The real conquest came in the next reign, and it is to its peculiar nature that the characteristic phænomena of the district are owing. Gwent and Morganwg were not conquered by heathen invaders, spreading mere slaughter and havoc before them; neither were they conquered, as a political conquest, by a Duke of Normandy or a King of England, at the head of a national Norman or English army. The conquest was more like the conquest of Ireland a generation or two later than it was like either the English conquest of Britain or the Norman conquest of England. The scramble for lands and dwellings, which some people seem to fancy took place under the strict civil police, the stern military discipline, of William the Great, really did take place when a crowd of Norman knights and their followers swept down on the devoted districts, each man seeking to carve out a lordship for himself. The land was won by the sword, but it was by the sword of private adventurers, not by the armies of a regular government. The land was conquered, the land was divided, to a large extent it was settled, but its former inhabitants were neither destroyed, expelled, nor assimilated. Each chief came with a motley following. Normans and other Frenchmen pressed on from the conquest of England to complete the conquest of the rest of Britain. Englishmen, conquered in their own land, could, alike in Maine and in Morganwg, appear as conquerors out of it; and Normans and English forgot their mutual hatred when carrying on a common aggression under a common banner. And along with Normans and English came the near kinsman of the Englishman, the keen-witted and hardy Fleming, equally ready and skilful in the pursuit of gain, whether war, commerce,

or manufacture offered itself as the means of its pursuit. To this peculiar character of the invasion we owe the peculiar character of the antiquities of the district. Castles arose far thicker on the ground than in England itself, for every leader among the invaders needed a stronghold for the safety of himself and his followers. A Norman knight, who in England would have been satisfied with a manor, made perhaps in some slight degree defensible, here needed a fortress, smaller and less splendid, but as strictly a military work as the Towers of London or Rochester. The Norman too was essentially devout; wherever he dwelt, wherever he conquered, he founded monasteries and parish churches; but in such a land as this a monastery could not fail to be a fortress; a church was driven to be on occasion a house of warfare. Of the fortified monastery no better example can be seen than the Priory of Ewenny; as to the smaller churches, the real necessities of one age became the mere tradition of a later, and something of a military character was impressed on the church towers of South Wales down to the very end of mediæval architecture. And, besides castles and churches, the new settlers soon began to seek at once strength and enrichment by the foundations of chartered towns, whose privileged burgesses would consist of a motley assemblage of French, English, Flemings, anything in short but Britons. Every castle, every town, was thus a foreign settlement, a settlement of men with arms in their hands, who had to keep what they had won against the enmity of those who had lost it. Wherever it was convenient and possible, the natives would be utterly driven out, and the result would be such a purely English-speaking district as that of Llantwit and Saint Donats. The land remained a scene of predatory warfare, of a truly national strife, long after men of all races and all tongues within England itself had sat down side by side in common obedience to a common law.

A district with such a history as this is rich above most districts alike in antiquarian interest and in picturesque incident. The student of language, of ecclesiastical or military architecture, of ecclesiastical or municipal foundations, all find a rich store of the objects of their several studies, a store all the richer because it contains many objects of all classes which are at once small in scale and eccentric in character. And I believe that a field equally wide is opened

to the lover of genealogy and family history, pursuits which, in a district of this kind, certainly connect themselves more closely with real history than elsewhere. I trust that on many of these various points much information may come to light during the present meeting; I trust that, when the present meeting is over, some of our body may be led to work out in detail some of the many questions which are started by an examination of South-Welsh antiquities in general. On one point at least they are well off. Among all the various remains in this district the castles stand out the foremost, and the man who knows more about castles than any other man dwells in the midst of them.

I will touch on only one point of detail. I mentioned the Flemings among the settlers in South Wales. Now about the Flemish settlement in Pembrokeshire there is no kind of doubt. It is a matter of history, recorded by contemporary writers. But the alleged Flemish settlements in Glamorganshire, in Gower and about Llantwit, do not, as far as I know, rest on any such certain evidence as this. They seem to rest only on inference and tradition, though, as it seems to me, highly probable inference and tradition. Here then is a special point, to be thoroughly worked out by some one who has the opportunity. I will only say that with many people there seems to be some needless wonder and puzzledom about these Flemings. The sign of a Flemish district is the exclusive speaking of English. People seem to wonder at this, and to ask how they come to speak English *although* they are Flemings. The answer is that they speak English *because* they are Flemings. Flemish and English are simply two dialects of the same Low-Dutch speech, which in the time of Henry the First can hardly have differed more widely from each other than the speech of Lothian differed from the speech of Hampshire. The Flemings would be simply another English tribe, like Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, only coming some centuries later. At the same time the language of the alleged Flemish districts of Glamorganshire should be carefully compared with the language of the known Flemish districts of Pembrokeshire, with the spoken language of Flanders, and with the dialect of the opposite coast of Somerset. But such an inquiry must be made in a thoroughly scientific way. Local inquirers into local dialects constantly mark as local every

word which has gone out of use in high-polite English. A word is thus perhaps set down as characteristic of Kent which is equally characteristic of Northumberland or Cornwall. Points of likeness between Gower and Somerset, between Gower and any other district, prove nothing, unless it can be shown that they are also points of unlikeness to other districts.

I give this as an example of the kind of questions, suggested by local phænomena, but having an interest far more than local, which are brought before us by the varied antiquities of the land in which we are met. It is a land in which men of all the races which have occupied this island may alike feel at home, for each and all may trace out the memorials of their own forefathers. Briton, Englishman, Norman, Fleming, have all contributed to the population, to the speech, to the existing antiquities, of the district. Our Danish friends in the North and East have perhaps less part and lot in the matter, but it may comfort them to remember that Wiking fleets were often seen in the Bristol Channel, and that down to the end of the eleventh century, the Black Heathens were ready to destroy whatever men of the other races were ready to rear up. On spots where our fathers met in arms, we, living men of those various races, can meet in friendship to trace out their deeds. The castles which were once badges of bondage of which men loathed the sight and the name, are now the witnesses of a time which has happily passed away, witnesses whose silent teaching we can listen to with curiosity and even with reverence. And, if the castles remind us of the old separation, the old hostility, of contending races, another class of buildings reminds us of their union. The ecclesiastical history of Wales is certainly no pleasant page in the history of England. One reads with a feeling of shame of the revenues of ancient Welsh churches swept away, in the twelfth century and in the sixteenth, to enrich English foundations at Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Bristol. Yet, in the days of war and tumults, it was something that men of contending races could at least worship together, that they could agree to look with reverence on spots like the holy places of Saint Teilo and Saint Iltyd. And it is something on the other side that, in one point at least, the nineteenth century may hold up its head alongside of any of its forerunners. No

church of its rank in South Britain had ever fallen so low, few have now risen so high, as the cathedral church of the diocese in which we are met. If there were nothing else to draw us hither, it would be goal enough for our pilgrimage to see the ancient minster of Llandaff, not so many years back a ruin and worse than a ruin, stand forth, as it now does, among the model churches of our land.