

## **Robert Southey's original Madoc : a transcript of the 1797-99 manuscript, with a detailed analysis of its development and sources**

Jarman, Paul

The copyright of this thesis rests with the author and no quotation from it or information derived from it may be published without the prior written consent of the author

For additional information about this publication click this link.

<http://qmro.qmul.ac.uk/jspui/handle/123456789/1273>

Information about this research object was correct at the time of download; we occasionally make corrections to records, please therefore check the published record when citing. For more information contact [scholarlycommunications@qmul.ac.uk](mailto:scholarlycommunications@qmul.ac.uk)

**Robert Southey's Original *Madoc*:  
a Transcript of the 1797-99 Manuscript, with a  
Detailed Analysis of its Development and Sources**

**Paul Jarman**

**A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy  
in the School of English and Modern Drama**

**Queen Mary, University of London**

**January 2010**

**Volume 1 of 2**

## Abstract

When Robert Southey published his second epic, *Madoc*, in 1805, he had already been working on the poem in various stages for a decade. His first complete draft of the poem was composed between February 1797 and July 1799, and this version differs *substantially* from that which Southey was to publish six years later. In this thesis I have published, for the first time, what I call MS.2A in full, complete with all its deletions and emendations, transcribed from the original in the Keswick Museum in Cumbria. In my Appendix I have also provided detailed explanatory notes to each of the fifteen books. These not only elucidate textual references but trace many of Southey's ideas, descriptions, etc. to the numerous sources that he had consulted for the composition of MS.2A, several of which he was never to acknowledge in the notes to the published poem.

My introductory chapter examines the critical problem which commentators have encountered (and in many ways exacerbated) by paradoxically recognising *Madoc's* accretive compositional process while refusing to engage with any of the earlier manuscripts. The chapters which follow recontextualise Southey's long-held interest in the *Madoc* legend, from his latter years at Westminster School to the publication of the poem in 1805, within the wider Southeyan biographical framework. Particular attention has been paid to that period when he was composing MS.2A—a period which he himself was to recollect as being the happiest and most productive of his life, and during which he produced many of his most enduring shorter poems.

My penultimate chapter examines some of the political and religious issues arising out of MS.2A, while arguing that a true critical understanding of these issues can only be achieved by our willingness to engage with, rather than — as has traditionally been the case hitherto — merely dismissing Southey's selection (and even rejection) of source material. My final chapter explores in depth ten of Southey's major sources for the writing of MS.2A, and provides the reader with information relating to their origin and make-up, details concerning the editions which Southey might have used, and a feeling for their authors' wider aims and ideological tenor. A number of minor sources are also discussed, so that this chapter paves the way for a fuller understanding of Southey's borrowings.

## **Declaration**

I confirm that the thesis which follows is all my own work, and that in any instances where I have borrowed material from other persons and sources I have duly provided full acknowledgements. I also confirm that, given that this thesis incorporates a complete transcript of an original manuscript, as well as a considerable corpus of original source material relating to that manuscript (in the Appendix), I have obtained prior permission from the relevant University authorities to exceed the prescribed word limit for a thesis of this kind.

I have also had permission to lay out the manuscript on facing pages, given that a presentation of comparative texts facilitates comprehension.

## Contents

Acknowledgements	6
Abbreviations	8
A Note on Note, Book and Line References	12
A Note on the Use of Southey's Letters	13
Introduction	
1: <i>Madoc</i> : the Problem	15
Part I	
The Biography of a Poem	
2: In Search of an Epic Theme ( <i>Madoc</i> , 1789-93)	29
3: MS.1: the Misdated Manuscript ( <i>Madoc</i> , 1794-95)	34
3.1: Setting the Trend: Kenneth Curry's Published Manuscript	34
3.2: Evidence from Southey's Correspondence	35
3.3: Southey's own Dating and <i>Joan of Arc</i>	37
3.4: The Death of Edmund Seward	40
3.5: A Bristol Library Borrowing	44
3.6: Conclusion: the Importance of Redating MS.1	47
4: The Poem Sleeps ( <i>Madoc</i> , 1795-97)	50
5: MS.2A: The Completed Epic ( <i>Madoc</i> , 1797-99)	53
5.1: Phase 1, February 1797-June 1798	53
5.2: Phase 2, July 1798-July 1799	61
6: The Question of MS.2B, the Fair Copy	74
7: <i>Madoc</i> After 1799: a Note	77
Part II	
From Aberffraw to Aztlan: the Sources	
8: Southey's Use of Sources: some New Perspectives	79
8.1: Southey and Politicised Historiography	79
8.2: MS.2A and Politics	85
8.3: MS.2A and Religion	115
8.4: Southey and the 'Socialisation' of the Epic	132
9: The Sources in Chronological Order	144
9.1: Gerald of Wales (c. 1145-1223)	144

9.2: David Powel (c. 1552-1598)	149
9.3: Samuel Purchas (1577-1626)	155
9.4: Bernard Picart (1673-1733)	164
9.5: Thomas Pennant (1726-1798)	167
9.6: Francesco Saverio Clavigero (1731-1787)	169
9.7: William Warrington	174
9.8: John Williams (1727-1798)	175
9.9: Iolo Morganwg (Edward Williams) (1747-1826)	183
9.10: William Owen (Pughe) (1759-1835)	190
9.11: Minor and Conjectural Sources	196
Notes to Part I	213
Notes to Part II	224
Part III	
The Transcript of MS.2A	
A Note on the Transcript of MS.2A	246
A Note on the 'Reading Text'	251
Book I	253
Book II	263
Book III	276
Book IV	292
Book V	302
Book VI	311
Book VII	319
Book VIII	332
Book IX	342
Book X	353
Book XI	363
Book XII	372
Book XIII	382
Book XIV	392
Book XV	401
Part IV	
Appendix: Explanatory Notes	
A Note on the Explanatory Notes	410
Table of Contents for Explanatory Notes	410
Explanatory Notes to Books I-XV	411
Bibliography	527

## Acknowledgements

For anyone with a visual impairment who is attempting to carry out a research project of this kind, the first acknowledgement of gratitude *must* always be to the readers who have made the material available, be it from manuscript, printed book or the internet, and it is, first and foremost, due solely to the dedication of these readers, all of whom voluntarily gave up so many hours of their time, that this thesis has come into being. I therefore wish to thank: Jane Ades, Valery Barnish, Thomas Birrell, Hazel Brothers, Peggy Ducker, Charlotte Grave-Taylor, Shirley Hase, Mary Hurworth, Tony Ives, Paddy Parnaby, Anita Platner, Mary Shakeshaft, Margaret Stewartson and Shirley Toulson. In addition, there are three readers to whom I owe a very particular debt of gratitude: To Robin Acland, who sat with me for so many weeks in the Keswick Museum and Art Gallery, assisting with the transcription of the 261 folios of Southey's MS.2A, and who scurried back to the museum for so many months thereafter to check out my endless queries, record his findings onto (ultimately 15) cassette tapes and post them back to me. I am also indebted to him and his wife Patricia for their Lakeland hospitality during the period of transcribing the MS. To Christiana Clemence, who must have spent more hours with me in various libraries than anyone, and who somehow put up with the very worst of my frustration at times. And to Rosemary Middleton, who read and hospitably lunched me at her flat so frequently that I have more recordings of her wonderful readings than of anyone. Finally, there are two readers whose contributions to this thesis were enormous, but who did not live to see it completed. Audrey Laski (1931-2003) spent more hours with me than anyone deciphering Southey's manuscript letters and notebooks, both from the originals and from the 'dreaded microfilm', and her warmth and terrific sense of humour made it fun and not just an arduous task. Neil Scott (1947-2008) also assisted in my transcription of Southey's letters at the Brotherton Library in Leeds (during which time he and his wife Dorothy kindly housed and entertained me), but, most of all, he read vast amounts of printed material onto cassette for me (often fighting valiantly with multi-syllabic Mexican names), and subsequently dictated lengthy passages down the telephone which I needed to copy out exactly for citation purposes.

In a thesis that has made use of so much manuscript material, I obviously owe a large debt of gratitude to many libraries and other repositories. First among these, of course, is Keswick Museum, to whom my thanks are due for permission to reproduce the manuscript at the core of this thesis. I am also grateful to all the libraries and

repositories mentioned in my list of abbreviations, and to many of the librarians and curators therein I owe a debt for helping me to seek out material and, in many cases, making it available through photocopies and microfilms. To one librarian above all others, however, I owe my deepest debt: to Eileen Nazha, Librarian at my own University (Queen Mary), for never tiring of my telephoned or emailed questions and for never failing to astound me by coming up with answers on all historical and literary topics from the Classical world to family history in Georgian Sussex. In spite of using so much of what she found for me, I can honestly say, like a good film-maker, that the best bits were still left on the cutting-room floor!

I am deeply indebted to my Supervisor, Dr. Andrew Lincoln, for many hours of debate, for all his feedback over the years and for his suggested changes to the final version of the thesis. I would also like to thank my examiners, Dr. Michael Baron of Birkbeck, University of London, and Dr. Carol Bolton of Loughborough University, for a relaxed but thought-provoking viva and for their post-viva assistance in the implementation of suggested alterations. I am also indebted to several colleagues working in my field for sending me copies of their own material: Jane Aaron, Glenda Carr, Caroline Franklin and especially Mary-Ann Constantine, with whom my correspondence concerning Iolo and his circle over recent months has been both illuminating and entertaining.

I owe so much to so many friends for their continued support (especially during the most difficult periods) with this thesis that it would be unfair to single out any one of them for my particular thanks. I trust that they all know the different ways in which each of them has helped me.

Finally, by far my biggest obligation is to my parents, my pre-eminent fount of encouragement and ever-dependable bedrock of support during some of the toughest periods (especially in 2003). It is to them and all that they have done for me that this thesis is dedicated:

No need to ask where other roads might have led,  
Since they led elsewhere;  
For nowhere but this here and now  
Is my true destination.  
The river is gentle in the soft evening,  
And all the steps of my life have brought me home.

(Ruth Bidgood, *Roads*)



## Abbreviations

- AA Robert Southey, ed., *The Annual Anthology*, 2 vols. (Bristol and London, 1799 and 1800).
- AC R.R. Davies, *The Age of Conquest: Wales 1063-1415* (Oxford, 1987; rpt. 2000)
- AOG Paul Barbier, *The Age of Owain Gwynedd* (London, 1908; rpt. Lampeter, 1990)
- Austin University of Austin Library at Texas
- BCL Bristol Central Library
- BL British Library
- BLB George Whalley, 'The Bristol Library Borrowings of Southey and Coleridge, 1793-8', *The Library*, IV (Sept. 1949), 114-32
- Bod Bodleian Library, Oxford
- Carnall Geoffrey Carnall, *Robert Southey and his Age: the Development of a Conservative Mind* (London, 1960)
- CB William Owen, ed., *The Cambrian Biography: or, Historical Notices of celebrated men among the Ancient Britons* (London, 1803)
- CLC E.L. Griggs, ed., *Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 6 vols. (Oxford, 1956-71)
- CMP Robert Southey, *The Contributions of Robert Southey to the Morning Post*, ed. Kenneth Curry (Alabama, 1984)
- Coll. Robert Southey, *Sir Thomas More; or, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, 2 vols. (London, 1829)
- Columbia Columbia University Library
- Cornell Cornell University Library
- CR William Owen, ed., *The Cambrian Register*, 3 vols. (London, 1796, 1797 and 1818)
- CWI López de Gómara, *The Pleasant Historie of the Conquest of the Weast India ... by ... Hernando Cortes*, tr. by T.[homas] N.[ichols] (London, 1578)
- CWP Paul R. Davis, *Castles of the Welsh Princes* (Swansea, 1988)
- DLC Richard Price, *A Discourse on the Love of our Country, Delivered on Nov. 4, 1789, at the Meeting-House in the Old Jewry, to the Society for Commemorating the Revolution in Great Britain ...* (London, 1789)
- Duke Duke University Library, N. Carolina
- EBK Ernst Bernhardt-Kabisch, *Robert Southey* (Boston, 1977)
- ECR Prys Morgan, *The Eighteenth Century Renaissance* (Llandybie, 1981)
- EIINW Colin Steele, *English Interpreters of the Iberian New World from Purchas to Stevens: a Bibliographical Study, 1603-1726* (Oxford, 1975)
- ELAHC Barbara A. Tenenbaum, ed., *Encyclopedia of Latin American History and Culture*, 5 vols. (New York, 1996)
- Evans Evan Evans, *Some Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh Bards, translated into English, with explanatory notes on the historical passages ...*, By the Rev. Mr. Evan Evans (London, 1764)

- FA David A. Brading, *The First America: the Spanish Monarchy, Creole Patriots, and the Liberal State, 1492-1867* (Cambridge, 1991)
- Gerald Gerald of Wales, *The Journey through Wales; and, The Description of Wales*, ed. and trans. Lewis Thorpe (London, 1978)
- Gough Richard Gough, ed., *Camden's Britannia, translated and enlarged by R. Gough*, 3 vols. (London, 1789)
- GWL Branwen Jarvis, ed., *A Guide to Welsh Literature, c. 1700-1800* (Cardiff, 2000)
- Haller William Haller, *The Early Life of Robert Southey, 1774-1803* (New York, 1917)
- HA William Robertson, *The History of America*, 3 vols. (Dublin, 1777)
- HB Robert Southey, *History of Brazil*, 3 vols. (London, 1810, 1817 and 1819)
- HC David Powel, *The Historie of Cambria, now called Wales ... written in the Brytish language aboue two hundreth yeares past; translated into English by H. Lhoyd ... corrected, augmented, and continued out of records and best approued authors, by David Powel ...* (London, 1584; rpt. Amsterdam and New York, 1969)
- HE William Owen, *The Heroic Elegies and other Pieces of Llywarch Hen, Prince of the Cumbrian Britons, with a literal translation by William Owen* (London, 1792)
- HGF Sir John Wynn, *The History of the Gwedir Family*, ed. Daines Barrington (London, 1770)
- HM Abbé D. Francesco Saverio Clavigero, *The History of Mexico: collected from Spanish and Mexican Historians, from manuscripts, and ancient paintings of the Indians ... Translated from the original Italian, by Charles Cullen, Esq.*, 2 vols. (London, 1787).
- HNW Jorge Canizares-Esguerra, *How to Write the History of the New World: Histories, Epistemologies, and Identities in the Eighteenth-Century* (Stanford, 2001)
- Houghton Houghton Library, Harvard University
- Huntington Henry E. Huntington Library, California
- HW William Warrington, *The History of Wales, in Nine Books* (London, 1786)
- Joan.96 Robert Southey, *Joan of Arc, an Epic Poem* (Bristol, 1796)
- Joan.98 Robert Southey, *Joan of Arc, an Epic Poem*, 2 vols. (Bristol and London, 1798)
- JW.91 John Williams, *An Enquiry into the Truth of the Tradition, concerning the Discovery of America, by Prince Madog ab Owen Gwynedd, about the Year, 1170 ...* (London, 1791).
- JW.92 John Williams, *Farther Observations, on the Discovery of America, by Prince Madog ab Owen Gwynedd, about the Year, 1170 ...* London, 1792).
- K/B.N Robert Southey, Manuscript notebook, written between 2 January 1797 and 16 August 1798. (Though originally one notebook, two separate portions are extant: one in the Keswick Museum and Art Gallery, MS. KESMG213 (cited parenthetically within the text as KMG with folio numbers) and another in the Bristol Central Library, MS. B19689 (cited parenthetically within the text as BCL with folio numbers).)

- KMG Keswick Museum and Art Gallery, Cumbria
- LC Charles Cuthbert Southey, ed., *The Life and Correspondence of the Late Robert Southey*, 6 vols. (London, 1849-50)
- Lets.MB Robert G. Kirkpatrick, ed., 'The Letters of Robert Southey to Mary Barker From 1800 to 1826' (unpublished Harvard University Thesis, 1967)
- Lets.S&P.97 Robert Southey, *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Spain and Portugal*, 2 vols. (Bristol and London, 1797)
- Lets.S&P.99 Robert Southey, *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Spain and Portugal*, 2nd edition (Bristol and London, 1799)
- Lloyd J.E. Lloyd, *A History of Wales from the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest*, 2 vols. (London, 1911; rpt. 1954)
- Lyt. George Lyttelton, *The History of the Life of King Henry the Second, and of the Age in which he lived*, 4 vols. (London, 1767-71)
- Madoc Robert Southey, *Madoc* (London and Edinburgh, 1805)
- MCAM Irene Nicholson, *Mexican and Central American Mythology* (Feltham, 1983)
- MMM Gwyn A. Williams, *Madoc: the Making of a Myth* (London, 1979)
- MS.1 Robert Southey, the manuscript of *Madoc*, 1795 (British Library, Add.MS.47,883)
- MS.2A Robert Southey, the manuscript of *Madoc*, 1797-99, the working copy (Keswick Museum and Art Gallery, KESMG187)
- MS.2B Robert Southey, the manuscript of *Madoc*, 1797-99, the fair copy (Beinecke Library, Yale University, Tinker MS.1938)
- MWT J.W. Robberds, ed., *A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the Late William Taylor of Norwich*, 2 vols. (London, 1843)
- N. & Q. *Notes and Queries*
- NL Kenneth Curry, ed., *New Letters of Robert Southey*, 2 vols. (New York, 1965)
- NLS National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh
- NLW National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth
- Picart Bernard Picart, *The Ceremonies and Religious Customs of the Various Nations of the known World ... , Written originally in French, and ... translated into English*, 7 vols. (London, 1733-39)
- PLP Edward Williams, *Poems, Lyric and Pastoral*, 2 vols. (London, 1794)
- Pms.97 Robert Southey, *Poems* (Bristol and London, 1797)
- Pms.99 Robert Southey, *Poems*, 2 vols. (Bristol and London, 1799). (This abbreviation refers to the second volume only, the first being a reprint of *Poems* (1797))
- PPe Samuel Purchas, *Purchas His Pilgrimage; or, relations of the world and of the religions obserued in all ages and places discovered, from the creation vnto this present ...*, 4th edition (London, 1626)
- PPs Samuel Purchas, *Hakluytus Posthumus; or, Purchas His Pilgrimes: contayning a history of the world in sea voyages and lande travells by Englishmen and others*, 4 vols. (London, 1625; rpt. 20 vols., Glasgow, 1905-07)

- PQ *Philological Quarterly*
- PW Robert Southey, ed., *The Poetical Works of Southey, Collected by Himself*, 10 vols. (London, 1837-38)
- Raimond Jean Raimond, *Robert Southey: L'homme et son temps* (Paris, 1968)
- RCP Garcilaso de la Vega, *The Royal Commentaries of Peru, in Two Parts, Written Originally in Spanish, by the Inca Garcilasso de la Vega, and Rendred into English, by Sir Paul Rycaut, Kt.*, 2 vols (London, 1688)
- RES *Review of English Studies*
- RG Geraint H. Jenkins, ed., *A Rattleskull Genius: the Many Faces of Iolo Morganwg* (Cardiff, 2005)
- RIL Royal Institution Library, London
- RS Robert Southey
- RSPW.2 *Madoc*, ed. Lynda Pratt, Carol Bolton and Paul Jarman, in *Robert Southey: Poetical Works, 1793-1810*, vol. 2 (London, 2004)
- S. Southey
- SCB John W. Warter, ed., *Southey's Common-place Book*, 4 vols. (London, 1849-51)
- Senior Michael Senior, *Did Prince Madoc Discover America?: an Investigation* (Llanrwst, 2004)
- Simmons Jack Simmons, *Southey* (London and New Haven, 1945)
- SL John W. Warter, ed., *Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, 4 vols. (London, 1856)
- Smith Christopher J.P. Smith, *A Quest for Home: Reading Robert Southey* (Liverpool, 1997)
- Storey Mark Storey, *Robert Southey: a Life* (Oxford, 1997)
- SW.N Robert Southey, Manuscript notebook, commenced on 10 August 1798 (Saffron Walden Museum, MSS.41501)
- Thalaba* Robert Southey, *Thalaba the Destroyer*, 2 vols. (London, 1801)
- TPP D. Myrddyn Lloyd, 'The Poets of the Princes', in *A Guide to Welsh Literature*, ed. A.O.H. Jarman and G.R. Hughes, 2 vols. (Swansea, 1976), I, 157-88
- TW Thomas Pennant, *A Tour in Wales*, 2 vols. (London, 1784)
- WC Adrian Pettifer, *Welsh castles: a guide by counties* (Woodbridge, 2000)
- WE Carol Bolton, *Writing the Empire: Robert Southey and Romantic Colonialism* (London, 2007)
- WK Kari Maund, *The Welsh Kings: the Medieval Rulers of Wales* (Stroud, 2002)
- WWMW William Wordsworth, *the Major Works, Including the Prelude*, ed. Stephen Gill (Oxford, 1984; rpt. 2000)
- Yale Beinecke Library, Yale University

## A Note on Note, Book and Line References

This thesis contains three forms of annotation. After the first nine chapters come the conventional end-notes to parts I and II, numbered consecutively and containing references to material in the chapters. Any references which I wish to make to these end-notes will be through the use of the word 'note'. Thus, 'see note 25' will always refer to one of these end-notes.

Then begins my transcript of Southey's manuscript, which contains textual foot-notes. The function of these textual notes is twofold: 1. to clarify any anomalies in the written manuscript, and 2. to accommodate any material appearing in the manuscript which is extraneous to the poetry itself; i.e. Southey's marginal comments, etc. Whenever I refer to any of these textual notes in any part of this thesis, I shall always call them 'textual notes'.

Finally, after my transcript of Southey's manuscript, the Appendix consists of explanatory notes to each book of the manuscript. These elucidate words or passages in the text, provide detailed information about and quotation from Southey's source material and, where relevant, examine both diction and ideas in relation to Southey's other writings of the period. All references in this thesis to these explanatory notes will be denoted by the letter n.

Throughout this thesis, all references to book numbers in the transcribed manuscript are in Roman numerals, and all references to line numbers are in Arabic. When cited in conjunction, they will be separated by a period, thus: III.100 for book III, line 100. (If I thus wished to direct the reader's attention to the explanatory note to that same line, I would simply write 'see n. to III.100'.) In addition, in the manuscript, I have used bracketed and subscripted letters <sup>(a)</sup> and <sup>(b)</sup> to enumerate the first and second halves of those lines which, while they remain as one poetry line in scansion terms, are divided into two for narrative purposes. Thus the first half of line 21 in book I (the first line in the poem to be divided into two) would be referenced as 21<sup>(a)</sup>, and the second half as 21<sup>(b)</sup>. For other conventions used in line numbering which are specific to the manuscript and to the textual and explanatory notes, see the *Note on the Text of MS.2A* on p.243.

## A Note on the Use of Southey's Letters

To any reader of this thesis, one thing will be immediately obvious: the crucial role played by Southey's letters. I have therefore deemed it necessary to add this note on my use of original manuscripts and published editions of Southey's correspondence.

Within 13 years of Southey's death, 10 volumes of his letters had appeared: the six-volume *Life and Correspondence of the Late Robert Southey*, edited by his son, Charles Cuthbert Southey, in 1849-50, and the four-volume *Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, edited by his son-in-law, John Wood Warter, in 1856. Both publications should only be used as a last resort, mainly where a particular letter no longer appears to be extant in manuscript form. While it contains some useful information, Joseph Cottle's *Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey*, first published in 1847, is even less reliable as a source for Southey's letters, since Cottle frequently misdates letters or deliberately paraphrases Southey's originals and often condenses several letters into one. Southey's most reliable Victorian editor was J.W. Robberds, who published the majority of the correspondence between Southey and William Taylor in his two-volume *A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the Late William Taylor of Norwich* (1843). When citing from Southey's letters to Taylor therefore, I have provided page references to Robberds, though, in all cases, I have still returned to the original manuscripts, all of which have survived.

In short, with the exception of two printed editions of Southey's letters, I have cited on all occasions from original manuscripts if they still exist. The exceptions to this are Kenneth Curry's 1965 two-volume *New Letters of Robert Southey* and Robert Kirkpatrick's unpublished 1967 Harvard University dissertation 'The Letters of Robert Southey to Mary Barker From 1800 to 1826'. While Curry made some editorial decisions and changes which would not meet the rigours of modern editorial practice, he was, for the most part, an accurate transcriber of Southey's letters, which is why I have been prepared to make use of his edition. The reader will nevertheless find instances where I have corrected Curry's misreadings. Since the appearance of Kirkpatrick's dissertation, all trace of the original letters to Mary Barker seems to have disappeared, which is why I have been forced to rely upon Kirkpatrick's version.

Finally, I should point out that there are two further modern editions of Southey's correspondence which I have not used. The first is Charles Ramos's *The Letters of Robert Southey to John May, 1797 to 1838* (Austin, 1976), which, though well annotated and largely accurate, still contains enough errors for me to prefer to use the original manuscripts at the University of Austin at Texas. The second is the largest and most important edition of Southey's letters to date: the Romantic Circles online edition of Southey's *Collected Letters*, published by the University of Maryland at: < [http://www.rc.umd.edu/editions/southey\\_letters/Part\\_One/index\\_part1.html](http://www.rc.umd.edu/editions/southey_letters/Part_One/index_part1.html) >. My reason for not making any use of this edition was, quite simply, that it appeared too late, most of my thesis and all of my own transcriptions of Southey's letters being completed long before this edition went live. At the time of the final printing of this thesis, the *Collected Letters* has reached the year 1797, so that the majority of letters which I have consulted have yet to be published.

---

## Chapter 1

### Introduction: *Madoc*, the Problem

Although Robert Southey's second epic *Madoc* was not published until 1805, it was a work whose compositional origins could be traced back to a fragment which had been written a decade earlier, and whose inceptive designs had even predated this by some years. Southey had actually composed the first full draft of the poem over a two-and-a-half-year period between February 1797 and July 1799, and both this draft and the earlier 1795 fragment have survived in manuscript. And yet, in spite of the fact that the completed 1797-99 draft in particular constitutes one of the most important (and certainly perennial) of Southey's compositions during the formative years of his career, the early manuscripts of *Madoc* have been largely ignored by Southey scholars. This is unfortunate given that, by Southey's own admission, the published poem of 1805 differed *substantially* from the version which he had completed six years earlier. The published *Madoc* was, in fact, primarily the product of revisions made by Southey after 1802, when many of his opinions and biographical circumstances had undergone a significant change from what they had been in the late 1790s. The main purpose of this thesis therefore is to publish, for the first time, the original 1797-99 manuscript of *Madoc*, that it might (like the 1805 *Prelude*) receive critical attention as a complete and independent epic. In addition, by presenting the first comprehensive discussion of the sources which Southey used for the composition of this manuscript, along with (in the explanatory notes) extensive material from those sources, I have sought to entirely divorce it from any critical preconceptions about the poem published in 1805, by relocating it firmly within the political and cultural climate (and the Southeyan-biographical circumstances) of the later 1790s.

On Midsummer Day 1799, Robert Southey and his wife Edith moved out of Martin Hall, their residence for exactly one year, in the village of Westbury near Bristol. In 1838, looking back at the Westbury year, Southey wrote that 'This was one of the happiest portions of my life. I never before or since produced so much poetry in the same space of time' (*PW*, IV, ix), a fact which several critics have acknowledged.<sup>1</sup> For the month which followed their departure from Westbury, the Southseys resided with their friend, the Bristol wine merchant Charles Danvers,<sup>2</sup> from where, on 25 July, they set out with the intention of exploring the North Devonshire coast. At Minehead



however, Edith fell ill, and it was decided that she should remove to her sister Sarah Coleridge at Nether Stowey, while Southey, partly in quest of a temporary summer residence, should continue the journey alone. It was also at Minehead that Southey received a letter from Coleridge, written on 29 July, urging a reparation of their former friendship;<sup>3</sup> and this was followed by a second letter, written on 8 August, the same day on which Southey left Minehead to begin his exploration of Ilfracombe and the country around Lynmouth. The latter was also bolstered by one from Thomas Poole, affirming Coleridge's assertion that 'I have ever thought & spoken of you with respect & affection, never charging you with aught else than your restless enmity to me, & attributing even that to delusion'.<sup>4</sup>

Southey must have collected these letters somewhere en route, and his immediate response was to visit Stowey himself (arriving on 12 August), where he 'remained a fortnight [...] & where with walking & talking I was compleatly occupied'.<sup>5</sup> This was the first sustained period of contact between the two poets since the collapse of Pantisocracy in the summer of 1795, and the reconciliation was probably made easier by the gradual recognition on both sides that much of their enmity over the previous two years had been fuelled by the fabricated incriminations of Charles Lloyd. As Southey explained to Danvers in a letter written from Stowey on 20 August:

Lloyd reported as many unfavourable accounts of me to Coleridge — as he did of Coleridge to me — & manufactured conversations & speeches wholly out of his brain. for this I have the authority of Poole — & his own Letters. they believe him mad — I wonder & learn to be sceptical.<sup>6</sup>

The Southey's sojourn at Stowey ended on 27 August, following which, as Southey later told his brother Tom, 'we all set sail together, the Coleridges for Ottery to his brothers — we for Sidmouth'. The Southey's actually stayed for a few days with Coleridge's family at Ottery, before unsuccessfully seeking lodgings 'at Seaton[,] Sidmouth or along that coast', and eventually opting for, as Southey put it, 'Hobsons Choice at Exeter',<sup>7</sup> where they arrived on 2 September. By the 10th, Coleridge, writing from Southey's rooms at Exeter, could tell Poole that 'tomorrow I set off for a little tour of three or four days with Southey',<sup>8</sup> proof that this particular period of close contact extended beyond Stowey, lasting, in fact, into early October, when the Southey's removed to their new cottage at Burton in Hampshire; in all, a period of some seven or eight weeks.

For the first time since they had shared lodgings in Bristol in the spring of 1795, the two poets began once again to exchange ideas about composition. They collaborated on 'The Devil's Thoughts' (published in *The Morning Post* on 6 September), and on a poem in hexameters, which was never completed, on the life of Mohammed.<sup>9</sup> They also began to exchange some of their most recent work, Coleridge showing Southey the earliest fragments of 'Christabel', along with several poems which Southey was later to include in the second volume of *The Annual Anthology*.<sup>10</sup> In return, Southey showed Coleridge a poem which, for the next six years until its publication in 1805, he continued to exalt as his magnum opus: *Madoc*, the first full draft of which it had taken him almost two and a half years to complete, though the bulk of the work (eleven of the fifteen books in fact) had actually been composed during the productive Westbury year. Coleridge was deeply impressed, and almost forty years later Southey recalled that 'When *Madoc* was brought to a close in the summer of 1799, Mr. Coleridge advised me to publish it at once, and to defer making any material alterations, if any should suggest themselves, till a second edition' (*PW* V, xi). This recollection is borne out by the enthusiastic letter which Coleridge wrote to Southey from Keswick on 10 November:

my dear Southey! it goes grievously against the Grain with me, that *you* should be editing anthologies. I would to Heaven, that you could afford to write nothing, or at least, to publish nothing till the completion & publication of the *Madoc*. I feel as certain, as my mind dare feel on any subject, that it would lift you with a spring into a reputation that would give immediate sale to your after Compositions, & a license of writing more at ease. [...] Do, do, my dear Southey! publish the *Madoc* quam citissime.<sup>11</sup>

While we have no way of knowing what manuscript Coleridge might have seen in August-September 1799, or even how much of the poem he actually read, the version of *Madoc* which he so earnestly pressed Southey to publish was that which I have reproduced for this thesis. Hitherto unpublished in its original first draft, the 1797-99 version of *Madoc* remains extant in two manuscripts: Southey's original working copy (that which I have called MS.2A), now in the Keswick Museum and Art Gallery, Cumbria, and the fair copy (MS.2B) in the Beinecke Library at Yale.<sup>12</sup>

As several critics have recognised, the eventual publication date of 1805 has tended to obscure the fact that *Madoc* was one of the most important — and certainly the most time-consuming — compositions to occupy Southey during the latter part of the 1790s. In 1968, for example, Jean Raimond opened his chapter on *Madoc* — a chapter which

is still one of the most thorough and original critiques of the poem — with a succinct account of its development:

Publié en 1805 [...] *Madoc* a été conçu, dans ses grandes lignes, dès 1794. [...] C'est en 1797 qu'il se mit véritablement en devoir de rédiger son *Madoc*, dont la première version fut achevée en 1799. Initialement, le poème se composait de quinze chants. Au cours de l'année 1804, Southey remania cette première version de *Madoc*, qui fut notablement élargie.<sup>13</sup>

In other words, as Ernst Bernhardt-Kabisch has pointed out, 'the genesis of the poem spanned Southey's entire formative period', while Christopher Smith has argued that 'In *Madoc*, we can still perceive the typical interests of the poet expanded upon an epic stage, which may be interpreted as comments upon the backdrop of revolution and war, and indeed, the spectre of personal longings, over the period 1794-1805'.<sup>14</sup> Thus all three critics draw attention to the fact that the 1805 poem came into being as the result of a lengthy but traceable process of accretion, a fact which Southey himself openly acknowledged when voicing his doubts about the final version of the poem as its publication drew near. 'You expect too much from this said poem of mine', he told John Rickman on 15 October 1804, 'It has been too long in hand, and the patchwork of different years is but too visible'.<sup>15</sup> Four days earlier, he had given Charles Danvers a clearer idea as to the fabric of that 'patchwork' in a description which most forcibly illustrates the extent to which the published *Madoc* differed from that which Coleridge saw in the summer of 1799. 'In all there are about 2500 lines of story added in this revision', he told Danvers, adding that 'On the whole however it would have been easier to have written a new poem than to have altered this, and after all I am not in the best humour with it myself'.<sup>16</sup>

And yet, in spite of an awareness of the complex, stratified nature of its composition, the very existence of the 1797-99 version has been completely ignored by most critics who have written about *Madoc* — an absence which seems particularly incongruous when weighed against the kind of conclusions which are often reached concerning the published poem. Over three decades ago, for example, Ernst Bernhardt-Kabisch inaugurated one critical stance which has prevailed until the present day: that *Madoc* underwent a metamorphosis from a poem which, in its earliest state, championed a pantisocratic form of polity-free, co-operative settlement, to a published poem which openly advocated European and Christian (perhaps even Anglican) imperialism. Bernhardt-Kabisch summed up his reading (in a passage also cited by Christopher

Smith) as follows:

The celestial gleam of Pantisocracy, after first retreating from America to Wales, not only faded into the light of common domesticity and the bourgeois symbiosis of Greta Hall but gradually turned into the glare of an unabashed colonialism. [...] What began as a Utopian gesture of revolt eventually became a nationalistic and imperialistic millennialism that identified missionary ideals with colonial interests and preached a pax Britannica of 'making the world English.'<sup>17</sup>

Having put forward this kind of reading however, both Bernhardt-Kabisch and Smith move on to quote solely from the 1805 published text; a fact that necessarily weakens their account of the developmental — or (if we have decided to deplore Southey's 'imperialism') degenerative — process on which such a reading depends. Given the existence of a *complete* and substantially different version of the poem, written between 1797-99, as well as an even earlier two-book fragment from 1795 (that which I shall refer to throughout this thesis as MS.1),<sup>18</sup> the equivalence of this approach would be an essay on the development of *The Prelude* which only quoted from the 1850 text.

This refusal to engage with Southey's manuscripts while simultaneously recognising that, like Wordsworth and many of his other contemporaries, Southey frequently reworked and recycled material over lengthy periods, is somewhat indicative of the state of Southey scholarship for much of the twentieth century. The single exception to this was the pioneering and persevering work of the late Kenneth Curry, to whose work any present-day critic working in the field of Southey studies still ought to feel him/herself indebted. In 1943 Curry published MS.1 when it was still in private hands,<sup>19</sup> but over 50 years were to pass before any critic was to make mention of either this manuscript or Curry's transcription again. Since I have discussed Curry's published manuscript in chapter 3.1 below, I shall not deal with it further here.

As we shall see in the chapters which follow, *Madoc*, a poem which was a decade in the making, is the foremost example in Southey's own work of Romanticist protracted redrafting, and this very fact, spelled out again and again by Southey himself, may account for the scant critical attention which, until very recently, even the published poem has received. That the composition of *Madoc* should span a period of Southey's life which commences prior to the publication of *Joan of Arc* and concludes with his having been resident at Keswick for almost two years, and that there are vestiges of the various drafts scattered throughout the published poem, inevitably presents a particular

problem for those critics who have detected any form of schematisation in Southey's longer poems; critics who, in different ways, have supported Northrop Frye's conjecture that 'surely Southey intended his complete scheme to be a unity, an epic-romance of a scope even broader than Spenser's'.<sup>20</sup> In 1965, for example, Brian Wilkie was one of the earliest writers to discover in Southey's work a steady belief in a providentially progressive theory of history. While it should be pointed out that Wilkie was (almost certainly unconsciously) echoing the ideas of John W. McCullough here,<sup>21</sup> he actually went further than McCullough by suggesting that one might discern Southey's 'progressivism' not merely in the content of his writings, but also in his theories of literature:

Except in his youth, in such upstart manifestoes as the Preface to *Joan of Arc*, his literary theorizing is generally moderate, but also distinctly progressive. He continued to believe, though somewhat equivocally, in the general progress of the world, even after he had become in politics and religion a pillar of the reactionary Establishment. [...] homely proto-Victorian idealist that he was, Southey could see the world as going to the dogs and at the same time really believe that God and history were in beneficent league with each other.

When attempting to reconcile this 'progressivism' with a gradual move towards a more conservative attitude to the writing of epic however, Wilkie was quick to recognise the chronological problem which the protracted composition of *Madoc* posed:

In *Joan of Arc*, Southey preaches radical political values and reinforces them with an iconoclastic attitude toward the epic and its tradition. In his later epics, *Madoc* and *Roderick*, the political radicalism largely disappears, and in general the approach to epic mellows toward conservatism [...] There are exceptions, however, especially in *Madoc*, the composition of which spans both the years of Southey's youthful radicalism and the first years of his retreat from that position. *Madoc* is thus a transitional work in Southey's career as an author of epics.<sup>22</sup>

In order to deflect the problem which this 'transitional work' creates, Wilkie largely restricts his analysis to *Joan of Arc* (Southey's first epic) and *Roderick* (his last).

Fourteen years later, Edward Meachen also followed Northrop Frye's lead. Including within his 'loose definition' of epic Southey's two Romances *Thalaba the Destroyer* (1801) and *The Curse of Kehama* (1810), Meachen believed that Southey 'enunciated in his epic poetry the advent of a new faith in man's apotheosis, a new form of nationalism, and a commitment to historical transcendence'. In an otherwise interesting study however — though one occasionally marred by an over-dependence upon critical jargon — Meachen does little more with *Madoc* than summarise the plot of the published poem, and, once again, we might explain this less-engaging section of the

article by his recognition of the poem's compositionally phasic nature. Such an explanation is surely supported by Meachen's exclusion of *Joan of Arc* from his schematisation because it 'lacks the unity of purpose which marks [... Southey's] last four completed epics', and his partial attribution of this to the fact that 'it was written in the midst of disillusionment with political revolution and reaction'.<sup>23</sup> The extent to which this 'unity of purpose' is made (potentially) problematic by a *Madoc* of which fragments were also 'written in the midst of disillusionment with political revolution and reaction', is, however, not a question which Meachen chooses to tackle.

In his 1992 study *British Romantic Writers and the East*, Nigel Leask argued that 'Southey poeticized the pantisocracy scheme in his epic *Madoc*, published after an extensive reworking of its original text in 1805', thus recognising the phasic development of the poem, but apparently differing from Bernhardt-Kabisch in his belief that significant vestiges of the Pantisocratic scheme were still visible in the 1805 text. Leask also drew attention to the existence of a 1797-99 manuscript by commenting that 'in the original version, the poem's Welsh émigrés formed an egalitarian republic amongst the noble savages of Peru, but in the later, published version the scene was shifted to tyrannical and priest ridden Aztlan in North America'. A note seems to suggest that Leask obtained such information from an unpublished paper by Marilyn Butler, and no actual manuscripts are mentioned. Leask made no further allusions to any previous versions of the poem, save to suggest that 'The transformation of *Madoc* [...] reveals how easily a poem initially conceived as a critique of "old" imperialism could become an apologue for the new liberal imperialism', a fact which is certainly true, but one which is surely not so easily squared with Leask's initial statement concerning the published poem's representations of Pantisocracy.<sup>24</sup>

In two important mid-1990s' articles, Lynda Pratt not only drew attention to both MS.1 (by then in the British Library) and to Curry's published transcript, but also — as far as I am aware — became the first critic to make use of the two extant manuscripts of the 1797-99 poem (MS.2A and MS.2B).<sup>25</sup> In the second of these articles in particular, 'Revising the National Epic', Pratt sought to demonstrate the importance of recognising the contribution which the 1797-99 manuscripts made to our understanding of Southey's work during his most radical political period, while also stressing that the differences

between the earlier manuscripts and the poem which was finally given to the public in 1805 were such that the former deserved to receive critical attention in its own right. This article is still the most comprehensive attempt to trace the pre-publication development of *Madoc* prior to this thesis.

We might cite 1997 as the year in which Southey's critical fortunes first began to revive, witnessing, as it did, the first biography — Mark Storey's *Robert Southey: a Life* — since Geoffrey Carnall's 1960 *Robert Southey and his Age* and the first critical study — Christopher Smith's *A Quest for Home* — since Bernhardt-Kabisch's *Robert Southey* in 1977. While both works offered some interesting critical perspectives on the published poem however, neither offered any new insights into the lengthy history of the poem's development, and there was no mention in either work of the 1797-99 manuscripts. Storey even considered that 'the fact that the poem had such a long period of gestation is of crucial importance',<sup>26</sup> but, in spite of this promising observation, he did not go on to explain why he believed this to be the case.

In her excellent 'The Welsh American Dream: Iolo Morganwg, Robert Southey and the Madoc Legend' (2003), Caroline Franklin was the first critic to attempt a serious examination of Southey's poem within the context of the Madoc fever which was raging among 'a group of autodidact Welsh artisans dedicated to the preservation of the Welsh language, literature and culture now seemingly on the verge of extinction with the onset of industrialisation and consequent anglicisation',<sup>27</sup> and, thus, to approach more nearly to my own aims in this thesis. As her title suggests, Franklin's primary concentration was on the interest taken in, and the promulgation of, the Madoc legend by the Glamorgan poet, political and religious radical, antiquary, forger, stone mason and much else besides, Iolo Morganwg, though she also discussed the nationalist significance of the regenerated Madoc myth for a new generation of radical Welsh intellectuals whose views had, like their English counterparts, been shaped by the climate of the French Revolution. While suggesting — incorrectly as I shall show in chapter 3 below — that Southey 'set to work on his new poem in 1794', Franklin pointed out that 'between 1797 and 1799 he had completely revised the poem and extended it' and 'eventually, he made further substantial revisions in 1803-4'.<sup>28</sup> While recognising these facts however, Franklin only analysed the 1805 published poem, the

primary consequence of which was that her otherwise interesting (and in many ways still unrivalled) discussion of Southey's use of contemporary Welsh source material was somewhat distanced from that period in the mid-late 1790s when he was most steeped in Welsh history and composing not only the first complete draft of *Madoc* but other political poems motivated by themes from Welsh history which had arisen directly out of his research for MS.2A.<sup>29</sup>

In 2004, I played my part in focussing critical attention on two of the original *Madoc* manuscripts. In the June edition of the *Review of English Studies*, my article 'Madoc, 1795: Robert Southey's Misdated Manuscript' sought to correct the dating of MS.1 away from the summer-autumn of 1794 to its rightful period of composition in the spring of 1795. This article now forms the essence of chapter 3 below. That year also saw the publication of the five-volume *Robert Southey: Poetical Works, 1793-1810*, under the general editorship of Lynda Pratt, the most important contribution to the furthering of Southey studies hitherto. Co-edited by Lynda Pratt, Carol Bolton and myself, the second volume of this series was devoted to *Madoc*, and not only contained a reprinting of the 1805 published poem, but also the second printing of MS.1, with corrections to Kenneth Curry's 1943 transcription,<sup>30</sup> and the first ever printing of MS.2B, Southey's fair copy made from MS.2A (see chapter 6 below).<sup>31</sup>

In his 2006 *Robert Southey: Entire Man of Letters*, Southey's most recent biographer, William Speck, argues that 'Madoc, even though it had been on the stocks since 1789, can be seen as a significant indication of Southey's conversion from the anti-war sentiments of *Joan of Arc* and other poems of the 1790s, to his advocacy of what he considered to be a just war against the tyrant Napoleon'.<sup>32</sup> In other words, while Speck places himself among the school of critics who recognise in the published poem a significant departure from the views which Southey held during the mid-late 1790s, and while he is by no means the first critic to lay especial emphasis upon Southey's attitudinal shift with regard to the question of war, he is, I think, the only critic to have read the 1805 poem as an explicit contribution to Southey's anti-Napoleon stance. Since Speck offers no further critique of the poem beyond this single sentence however, one is left feeling that his observation, though perhaps true in part, requires clarification. Once again, the problem lies in the fact that, as the opening clause of



Speck's statement acknowledges, and as he has pointed out in several relevant passages earlier in the biography, the completed *Madoc* is a periodic hybrid retaining compositional vestiges even from MS.1 written a decade earlier. Could it not be argued, for example, that, whatever the dénouement of the 1805 text, the foundations of Southey's plot still lie in his hero's decision to leave his homeland rather than countenance war by lending his support to either faction?

In his 2007 Royal Historical Society Monograph *Robert Southey and Romantic Apostasy*, David Craig provided an innovative and thought-provoking discussion of *Madoc* in his chapter 'Civilizing Peoples'.<sup>33</sup> Craig relates Southey's views concerning the civilizing process to enlightenment ideas about progress, and, as such, he touches upon several areas — notably Southey's views on the rights of individual nations and imperialist practices, his reaction against theories of climatic determinism and his opinions concerning religious toleration — which I have discussed in chapters 8.2 and 8.3. In all cases however, Craig cites solely from the published poem, thus taking no account of any earlier manuscripts to explore what changes may have taken place in Southey's views since the mid-late 1790s. This is a pity because, as I have shown on pp.121-24 for example, it is possible to discern some fascinating developments in Southey's ideas concerning freedom of individual religious practice by examining changes which have taken place between the 1797-99 manuscript and the published text.

The most recent commentator to have written upon *Madoc* is Carol Bolton in her *Writing the Empire* (2007). While her discussion teases out more complexities in the poem than that of Bernhardt-Kabisch, like him she argues that 'the plot [of *Madoc*] has obvious parallels with Southey's own dissatisfaction with British politics and his desire to emigrate to the banks of the Susquehannah River', and that 'much of the interest in reading *Madoc* comes from tracing the faint outline of Southey's egalitarian society behind the imperialist project that Madoc institutes'.<sup>34</sup> Bolton not only recognises that 'in order to link his personal politics to those in his poem it is necessary to examine the manuscript fragment he wrote in 1794-5', but refreshingly engages with that original, one-and-a-half-book manuscript fragment to argue that 'even this early draft contains instabilities that are magnified in the 1805 text'.<sup>35</sup> While commenting that Southey began what was to be the first full draft of the poem in 1797 however, Bolton does not

discuss the manuscript which is at the core of this thesis.<sup>36</sup>

An inattention to earlier drafts of *Madoc* has also led some critics into various chronological pitfalls. In 1960, for example, Geoffrey Carnall suggested that Southey had partially borrowed one of the lines in the published poem, 'The last green light that lingers in the west' (*Madoc*, 425), from Coleridge's *Dejection Ode*. As Lynda Pratt has pointed out however:

The surviving drafts of *Madoc* (1797-9), written at a time when the two poets were estranged and before 'Dejection' had even been thought of, provide incontrovertible evidence of Coleridge's borrowing from Southey.<sup>37</sup>

Pratt is correct, since the line in question appears in book XIV of MS.2A (XIV.260) which, as my discussion of the poem's development will show, was written between 4 June and 9 July 1799.

The above comments are intended merely as a glimpse into the kind of problems which the polymorphous nature of *Madoc*'s composition has produced. I shall touch upon such problems once more in chapter 8, where, in 8.2, I examine some of the predominant political elements in MS.2a, in 8.3, I explore the extent to which MS.2A reflects Southey's religious views of the late 1790s, and, in 8.4, I discuss what I see as Southey's attempt in MS.2A to bring about a 'socialisation' of the epic. It is important to stress at the outset, however, that, while it inevitably highlights some differences between MS.2A and the published text, chapter 8 is intended to be a critique of the former in its own right.

In part III of this thesis I will be producing the first full transcript of MS.2A. This transcript is followed by Part IV, the explanatory notes, the purpose of which is threefold: to highlight occasional linguistic or thematic parallels between a passage in the manuscript and other passages in Southey's work (particularly that which was contemporary with the composition of MS.2A); to elucidate Southey's references (historical, topographical, literary, etc.); and, most importantly, to provide the fullest possible details of sources for passages or references in Southey's text.

In order to facilitate the best possible engagement with parts III and IV, it is intended that parts I and II of the thesis should complement the transcription of the manuscript

and the explanatory notes respectively. In addition to making MS.2A available to the reader for the first time, the other prevalent theme of this thesis is that a thorough understanding of Southey's epics can never be achieved unless we are prepared to engage fully with his source material. I believe this to be *crucial* because *Madoc*, more than any other of Southey's epics, embodies a fascinating composite of late-eighteenth-century intellectual trends and debates, such as the rights of nations and the freedom of individuals within society, the growing Europe-wide interest in non-European ethnology and mythology, the Celtic revival, and that extraordinary cultic phenomena which sprang up around the Madoc legend in the early-mid 1790s. And yet, the recognition of this panoptic hybridity has been swamped by a body of criticism (a) obsessed with the political apostasy immanent in the poem's maturation and (b) intent upon viewing Southey's fascination with his sources as nothing more than literary squirrelling, which probably accounts for why no previous attempt has been made at a detailed discussion of these constituent influences. Part II, 'From Aberffraw to Aztlan: the Sources', opens with chapter 8.1, which, given that the majority of Sources with which Southey was working during the composition of MS.2A were historical, is a brief exploration of his 'Politics of Historiography'. Then follow chapters 8.2, 8.3 and 8.4, as already discussed. Finally, chapter 9 not only represents the first attempt at a coalescence of the diverse sources which Southey used for the writing of MS.2A, but also provides (a) a brief description of those sources and of their authors/compilers, (b) a discussion of the particular edition(s) which Southey used or might have used, and (c) an exploration of the ways in which a given text and/or author might have exerted an influence upon Southey which exceeded that of the mere repository of factual information.

To begin with however, in part I of this thesis, 'The Biography of a Poem', I wish to trace the development of Southey's poem from its ur-history in the early 1790s to the completion of the first full draft in the summer of 1799. This kind of survey is made possible by paying close attention to two primary sources: firstly, the numerous comments concerning the progress of *Madoc* which appear in Southey's letters of the period (by far the majority of which, at the time when I wrote part I were unpublished, so that I have returned to the original manuscripts wherever possible), and secondly, the dates of composition which Southey has incorporated into MS.2A itself (from the completion of book IV on 30 September 1798 to the conclusion of the entire poem on

11 July 1799). In tracing the later stages of the poem's development in particular, a careful correlation of these two sources can be especially fruitful — though the very nature of this exercise may well account for the fact that this kind of survey has not been previously attempted. As to the second source, I have already discussed the lack of attention which has been paid to the early *Madoc* manuscripts, and with regard to the first, as Mark Storey pointed out, while 'the material is available in massive quantities in libraries and repositories', any detailed survey of Southey's life and work is made extremely difficult by the fact that 'the two-thousand odd unpublished letters [... are] scattered here, there and everywhere between Keswick and Kentucky'.<sup>38</sup> Finally, while seeking never to digress too far from my chronological survey of the development of *Madoc*, I have simultaneously sought to construct that survey around both the major events of Southey's life and the other literary projects on which he was working during the period of the poem's composition. I firmly believe that such an exercise is *fundamental* to a thorough understanding of the *Madoc* that Southey composed in the late 1790s. My reasons for this belief have been excellently summed up by David Simpson:

The biographical approach has all too often been assumed to provide evidence for a creative personality that is outside or beyond material determination; but it is in fact in the small details of everyday life, as well as in its major tragedies and epiphanies, that the individual orientation toward the intersubjective world must also appear. It matters to know that Wordsworth was staying on the Beaumonts' estate when he wrote 'Gipsies', and living at Alfoxden when he composed 'Simon Lee'. These are not incidental details; they are essential to an understanding of how the general features of a historical moment register upon a particular consciousness, and form its language. Without such an understanding, we will be left with some vague model of the *Zeitgeist* as somehow able to inscribe itself upon the mind. We need to know what Wordsworth might have read in the newspapers, indeed; but also where he was when he read them.<sup>39</sup>

The period of four years that elapsed between Southey's setting down of the first lines of *Madoc* MS.1 in the spring of 1795 and his writing of the closing lines of *Madoc* MS.2A in the summer of 1799 was the most transitional and formative of his life. At the time of the former he was still unmarried, unpublished (save for one small volume of largely-derivative *Poems* written jointly with Robert Lovell), and the recent collapse of the Pantisocracy scheme (his absorption with which, though it has often been overlooked, had also alienated him from several of his pre-Coleridge friends), coupled with his decision to leave Oxford without taking his degree, had left his future looking decidedly uncertain. By the latter period, however, he was happily married, was at the centre of a Bristol circle which included some of the leading intellectuals of the period

in both the arts and sciences, was already corresponding regularly with several of the long-distance friends that were to remain lifelong, and even if he could still not be absolutely certain of a career in authorship, behind him lay three volumes of published *Poems*, one epic, one prose work and a fairly substantial body of material (verse and prose) contributed to several of the age's foremost periodicals. The years between were often financially precarious, emotionally traumatic and unsettlingly nomadic as Southey searched for a steady career, a peaceful and permanent home, and a balance between the two. A knowledge of these facts, of what Simpson calls 'the small details of everyday life' and 'its major tragedies and epiphanies', will, in the final analysis, provide a more comprehensive understanding of the *Madoc* that Southey composed between 1797-99 than any grandiose critical commentaries.

---

Part I  
**The Biography of a Poem**

Chapter 2

**In Search of an Epic Theme (*Madoc*, 1789-93)**

So long ago as the year 1789 the adventures of Prince Madoc impressed me deeply as forming a fit groundwork for some fictitious narrative. a rude & indistinct outline was soon traced, & it became the subject of conversation & correspondance [*sic*] with the school-fellow, to whom the finished poem is now after 15 years inscribed. Twice the story was begun, & tho the immediate prosecution was abandoned, it still remained a settled purpose which induced me to seek & peruse with diligence whatever books bore any relation to the subject. in 1794 having acquird [*sic*] a facility of versification by much practice I once more began & advanced to the middle of the second book. but the progress was interrupted by the necessity of attending to Joan of Arc which went to press in the spring of the ensuing year. in 97 it was resumed & in 99 compleated.

It was with these words that, in 1804, Southey commenced a preface for *Madoc* which, when the poem was published in the following year, he decided not to use. This decision was probably prompted by the advice of that same 'school-fellow' with whom Southey had conversed and corresponded on the subject of *Madoc* for some 15 years: his lifelong friend and correspondent, the Welsh aristocrat Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, whose own comments also appear on the extant manuscript of the rejected preface. Below the above-quoted lines for example, Wynn has written:

all this seems to me superfluous & to enter into more detail than can be pleasing to the reader who has no particular motive for taking interest in the author or at what periods & intervals the poem was written.<sup>40</sup>

This rejected preface is one of three similar accounts left by Southey which outline the phasic development of *Madoc*; and since these accounts will feature prominently in the discussion which follows, it is worth quoting all three of them in their entirety at the outset. The earliest account appears in a letter to Charles Danvers of October 1803, and was thus written less than two months after Southey's first arrival at Greta Hall in Keswick. At the end of August, the Southey's first child Margaret had died at the age of one, and they had immediately left Bristol for what was originally intended to be only a *visit* to the Coleridges at their new Lakeland home. Characteristically, Southey had thrown himself furiously into his work in order to try and counteract 'the heaviest blow that has ever fallen upon me',<sup>41</sup> and part of that work included what was to prove the final revision of *Madoc*. The Southey's arrived at Keswick on 7 September, and Southey told Danvers on the following day that 'I believe I shall stay here and give up

my main mind to the completion of *Madoc*'.<sup>42</sup> True to this resolution, he could tell Danvers in his October letter that 'I am hot upon *Madoc* — quite in my full gallop mood', and then followed the account of the poem's early development:

The poem has hung so long upon my hands and during so many ups and downs of life that I had almost become superstitious about it and could hurry thro it with a sort of fear. Projected in 1789 and begun in prose at that time, then it slept till 1794 when I wrote a book and a half — another interval till 97 when it was corrected and carried on to the beginning of the fourth book and then a gap again till the autumn of 1798. From that time it went fairly on till it was finished in your poor mothers parlour on her little table. Book by book I had read it to her and passage by passage as they were written to my mother and to Peggy. This was done in July 99 — four years! I will not trust it longer least more changes befall and I should learn to dislike it as a melancholy memento.<sup>43</sup>

Southey's third account was written over three decades later, forming part of the preface to *Thalaba* in his *Poetical Works*:

It was said, in the original Preface to *Joan of Arc*, that the Author would not be in England to witness its reception, but that he would attend to liberal criticism, and hoped to profit by it in the composition of a poem upon the discovery of America by the Welsh prince *Madoc*.

That subject I had fixed upon when a schoolboy, and had often conversed upon the probabilities of the story with the schoolfellow to whom, sixteen years afterwards, I had the satisfaction of inscribing the poem. It was commenced at Bath in the autumn of 1794; but, upon putting *Joan of Arc* to the press, its progress was necessarily suspended, and it was not resumed till the second edition of that work had been completed. Then it became my chief occupation during twelve months that I resided in the village of Westbury, near Bristol. [...]

When we removed from Westbury at Midsummer 1799, I had reached the penultimate book of *Madoc*. That poem was finished on the 12th of July following, at Kingsdown, Bristol, in the house of an old lady,<sup>44</sup> whose portrait hangs, with that of my own mother, in the room wherein I am now writing. (*PW*, IV, ix-xi)

We thus have three separate accounts of the development of *Madoc* between 1789 and 99, and though, as we shall see later, there is strong evidence to contradict one of the recurrent assertions in these accounts, they severally provide two important facts about the history of the poem before Southey actually commenced work on MS.1: firstly, that Southey's initial interest in *Madoc* dated back as far as his schooldays at Westminster — mainly as a result of his communication with Wynn — and secondly, that he originally planned a work in prose rather than in verse.

An understandable dearth of letters should make us cautious of any absolute assertions concerning Southey's literary interests and aspirations during this Westminster-schoolboy period, and we must not allow our retrospective knowledge, either that a

Romantic revitalisation of the epic was imminent, or that we are dealing with a writer who produced a voluminous amount of poetry — included among which were three epics — to colour our assumptions about his inchoate predilections. There can be little doubt that Ernst Bernhardt-Kabisch was correct in his observation that 'For all their devotion to the lyric, they [the Romantics] continued to regard the long poem and the epic in particular as the queen of poetic genres and wrote, or dreamed of writing, epic poems',<sup>45</sup> and this is certainly borne out in Southey's own 1837 recollection that:

Young poets are, or at least used to be, as ambitious of producing an epic poem, as stage-stricken youths of figuring in Romeo or Hamlet. It had been the earliest of my day-dreams. (*PW*, I, xvii)

On the other hand, A.D. Harvey has provided a crucial reminder that 'The vogue of the epic after 1800 was not the tail-end of a too long established fashion',<sup>46</sup> and while we do not have any actual extant prose manuscripts, Southey's recollection that *Madoc* had been 'Projected in 1789 and begun in *prose* at that time' would not be so entirely at odds with what we know of his youthful writings as that epic *idée fixe* might lead us to imagine. There are, after all, two extant examples of lengthy prose works dating from the close of the Westminster period: the 24-book 'Prose Romance', *Harold, or the Castle of Morford* (1791), and the 20-book *An Improbable Tale* (1792).<sup>47</sup> What we can say for certain is that Southey's craving for epic composition was given full vent in that famous summer of 1793 when he wrote most of *Joan of Arc* in six weeks, and given his already considerable interest in the Madoc legend, it seems likely that it was as a direct result of this that Southey now began to view the subject of Madoc as potential epic material.

The events of this period are easily summarised. Southey's first year at Balliol College, Oxford — a year which had actually commenced in January 1793 — came to an end in July, and he returned to the family home at Bristol, from where, in a letter begun on the 14th to another former Westminster schoolfellow and his then closest friend Grosvenor Charles Bedford, he described himself as 'the most insulated being existing with the most unbounded continental views'.<sup>48</sup> The same letter also bore the first 'sketch' of *Joan of Arc*, and the hope that 'probably by the end of this month you will see part of the first book, with me' — a reference to the fact that Southey shortly intended to visit the Bedford family at their home in Brixton. By the 31st, his familial duties had carried him to the Hereford home of the Rev. Herbert Hill (the uncle



responsible for financing all of Southey's education),<sup>49</sup> but not before he had been `tramping it to Worcester [...] peripateticating to Cambridge [...] traversing the shores of the Wye and riding listlessly over the spot where once Uriconium stood', all of which, not surprisingly, meant that `Poor Joan has stood still' at almost the end of the first book.<sup>50</sup> On Tuesday 6 August, Southey could tell Bedford that `at last all is settled and on Thursday evening I get into the mail coach. On Friday morning I get out, step into the first hack and hope to breakfast at Brixton';<sup>51</sup> plans which we can confirm he executed from a letter sent from Brixton on 27 September to a Balliol College friend, Nicholas Lightfoot.<sup>52</sup> Over 40 years later, in the *Poetical Works* Preface to *Joan of Arc*, Southey recollected that he resumed the poem on `the day after completing my nineteenth year' (13 August), and that, `in six weeks from that day', he `finished what I called an Epic Poem in twelve books' (*PW*, I, xv).

Southey left Brixton on 15 October,<sup>53</sup> and, for many years, he was to look back nostalgically on the two months which he had spent with the Bedfords as one of the seminal periods of his youth.<sup>54</sup> For reasons which are not apparent, he chose not to keep the Michaelmas term at Balliol, but returned instead to Bristol in spirits acutely depressed by the loss of Brixton company. By 3 November, in spite of the fact that he was now transcribing a fair copy of *Joan*, he could tell Bedford's brother Horace that `I read & write till my eyes ache & still have Time hanging as heavy as a stone round the neck of a drowning dog'.<sup>55</sup> Then came the latest news from France, firstly of the death of Marie Antoinette, followed closely by that of the execution of Brissot and 21 other members of the Girondin party. `I am sick of this world', he told Bedford on 14 November:

the murder of Brissot has completely harrowed up my faculties & I begin to believe that virtue can only aspire to content in obscurity — for happiness is out of the question. I look round the world & every where find the same mournful spectacle. the strong tyrannize over the weak man & beast [...] oppression is triumphant every where & the only difference is that it acts in Turkey thro the organ of a Grand Seigneur in France of a Revolutionary Tribunal & in England of a prime minister. there is no place for virtue. [...] I am ready to quarrel with my friends for not making me a carpenter — & with myself for devoting my time to pursuits certainly unimportant & of no real utility either to myself or to others. I have still three years to waste in the same shameful manner [...].<sup>56</sup>

Then, at the end of December, comes the interesting comment that:

another epic poem must soon ease me from listlessness — on what subject I am much divided. Brutus Cassibelan Arthur Egbert Alfred & Odin are all fighting for preeminence.<sup>57</sup>

Given this newly-whetted appetite for epic composition, The assertion which, in various forms, appears in all three of the above-quoted accounts which Southey left of the development of *Madoc*, that the first one-and-a-half-book fragment of the poem had been written early in 1794, would now seem to fit neatly into place. As the next chapter will demonstrate however, this is not the case.

---

## Chapter 3

### MS.1: The Misdated Manuscript (*Madoc*, 1794-95)<sup>58</sup>

#### 3.1: Setting the Trend: Kenneth Curry's Published Manuscript

It was in 1943 that Kenneth Curry, in his paper 'Southey's *Madoc*: the Manuscript of 1794', published the earliest fragmentary draft of *Madoc* (that which I have called MS.1), along with an introduction which briefly sketched out the poem's development. Not surprisingly, Curry's primary sources of information for this were two of the three accounts from which I have drawn above: the *Poetical Works* preface to *Thalaba*, and the letter of October 1803 to Charles Danvers — which Curry went on to publish in his *New Letters*. (At the time of writing the paper, Curry was evidently unaware of the aborted 1804 preface, and of both the working and the fair copies of the 1797-99 manuscripts, MS.2A and MS.2B.)<sup>59</sup> From these accounts, Curry quite reasonably deduced that the manuscript fragment which he was publishing had indeed been written in the summer of 1794, a fact which would appear to have been further confirmed by the comment which Southey had added — evidently retrospectively — to the front of the manuscript:

This portion of *Madoc* was written in the summer of 1794. — After Joan of Arc had been transcribed, & some months before that poem was sent to press, & recomposed. (MS.1, f.2 r.)

At the time when Curry published his paper, the *Madoc* manuscript was still in private hands, but one decade later it passed into the possession of the British Library, where, once again, the dating remained unchallenged when the manuscript was catalogued.<sup>60</sup> In this chapter however, I will show that the date suggested in Curry's article, in the British Library catalogue, in the 1995 *Location Register of English Literary Manuscripts and Letters*,<sup>61</sup> and in the several studies in which the manuscript has been discussed since Curry, is incorrect. Even though such a conclusion necessitates the contradiction of Southey's own dating, there are four individual areas of evidence which, taken together, strongly plead against the summer of 1794, and in favour of the late spring of 1795, as the time when Southey first began to concretise in verse those ideas about *Madoc* which, as I have shown above, he had actually been cogitating since 1789. I shall deal with these individual areas in order of the weight which they carry in support of my argument, commencing with a further examination of Southey's correspondence from the period at which I left off above.

### 3.2: Evidence from Southey's Correspondence

As my second chapter will already have illustrated, ever since his expulsion from Westminster School early in 1792, by far the bulk of Southey's letters had been written to the Bedford brothers at Brixton. Not surprisingly, Southey's other main correspondents of this period were also old Westminsters: C.W.W. Wynn (already mentioned), Charles Collins and Thomas Davis Lamb (as well as his father, Thomas Phillips Lamb),<sup>62</sup> all of whom matriculated at Christ Church, the college where Southey had been refused admission following the intervention of William Vincent, the headmaster at Westminster.<sup>63</sup> In October 1792, as the time approached when he would commence his own studies at Oxford, Southey told G.C. Bedford that:

There is only one motive which makes me regret my rejection at Christ Church. At Balliol I have no acquaintance and I conceive the different Colleges much like different boarding houses.<sup>64</sup>

By May of the following year however, he could tell Bedford that:

Christ Church would not have suited me. I should have been a grave owl amongst a set of chattering jays — here at Balliol I am as happy as I ever can be at Oxford [...]<sup>65</sup>

At Balliol Southey had formed a new circle of friends, including George Burnett, Nicholas Lightfoot and, most of all, Edmund Seward,<sup>66</sup> whose death in June 1795 was, as we shall see below, to be a crucial factor in the dating of MS.1. It is little wonder therefore that, following that period of depression at Bristol in the autumn of 1793, Southey could report to Horace Bedford on 24 January 1794 that:

Once more am I settled in Balliol, once more among my friends, alternately studying and philosophizing, railing at collegiate folly, and enjoying rational society.<sup>67</sup>

He continued to see Wynn 'most days', but his intimacy with Collins was already distinctly cooling ('perhaps for the reason in Lucan — he can bear no equal'),<sup>68</sup> and Lamb, as he recollected three years later, only 'mixt with other society', being 'drunk every night'.<sup>69</sup> Seward had graduated in June 1793, but Southey had added Robert Allen to his circle, 'an excellent republican'<sup>70</sup> and the friend who was to be responsible for introducing him to Coleridge.

The purpose of clarifying Southey's various relationships during this period is to show that, in the months immediately following his return to Balliol in January 1794, the Bedfords became, more than ever, his sole friends and correspondents outside the confines of Oxford. Southey might plead 'the various occupations and amusements of

a University' as 'my excuse'<sup>71</sup> for delaying a letter to Horace, but, as always, he *needed* to write, and a steady stream of letters, frequently packed with both discussions about, and samples of, his latest poetical compositions, continued to flow towards Brixton. In other words, Southey's numerous letters to the Bedfords act as a *thoroughly* dependable monitor of his compositional productivity, and if, at any time up until or during the summer of 1794, he had commenced work on the first draft of *Madoc*, evidence for this fact would unquestionably have manifested itself in these letters.

By the same criterion, we can clarify with a degree of certainty just when Southey did begin work on this first draft of *Madoc* (not until the spring of 1795 in fact), but before demonstrating this, there is one further point to be raised which has always been overlooked when assumptions have been made concerning the dating of MS.1. It was sometime around 17 June 1794 that Southey, through the introductions of Allen, first met Coleridge,<sup>72</sup> and within a few days of that first meeting the Pantisocratic scheme was born. To accept Southey's dating therefore, is also to accept that he began writing the first draft of *Madoc* during that 'summer of Pantisocracy', at what was still an apogean period in his friendship with Coleridge. This is a crucial point, and one to which I shall be returning in chapter 3.6 below.

There are, in fact, no traces of *Madoc* in Southey's correspondence with the Bedfords until the spring of 1795. 'I [shall] have a good poem to send you soon', he told G.C. Bedford on 12 May, 'the 1st book of *Madoc*', and this was followed up a fortnight later with the promise that:

I shall copy out what I have done of *Madoc* & send you ere long. you will find more simplicity in it than in any of my pieces & of course it is the best.<sup>73</sup>

It would appear from these comments that a substantial portion of book I had been completed by the end of May, though, as I shall demonstrate later, there is evidence to suggest that it was not actually concluded until shortly after 15 June. Precisely how soon after that the fragment of book II was written, it is impossible to be certain, but by the time Southey next wrote to Bedford on the subject of *Madoc* (at the end of August), far from carrying the air of a present, on-going composition, his comments rather suggest that the poem had drawn to a halt. By this period, Southey had long-since cut

all ties with Oxford, and thereby rejected any possibility of the clerical career that his family had envisaged. In June Edmund Seward had died at the age of 24, and the state of relations between Southey and Coleridge had finally rendered any notions of the pantisocratic scheme at an end. Southey was now determined to marry Edith Fricker, but totally perplexed as to how his present situation was to render this practicable, and he was unquestionably going through a major personal crisis. '[I]t is now nearly two years since I sojourned at Brixton', he wistfully reminded G.C. Bedford on 12 July:

during this period how strange an alteration is there in all my views of life! I am afraid Grosvenor it is with life as with a days journey. the prospect looks lovely in the morning — every subject glitters in the sun — & the birds sing cheerily. as the traveller advances the rough road wearies him & when the evening mists shadow over the solitary landscape he comforts himself with the reflection that he shall soon be at the journeys end.<sup>74</sup>

At his Uncle Hill's suggestion, he now began to consider a career in the law as a practical solution to this biographical entropy, but, as we have already seen so often, his more heartfelt antidote lay in literary composition. *Madoc* now represented the only possible phoenix that could rise from the ashes of uncertainty as the magnum opus which would bring financial security and literary immortality, and now, for the first time, we begin to hear intimations of that unshakeable confidence that was to accompany any comments concerning the poem over the next decade. 'On seeing my Uncle I shall communicate to him my intentions concerning the law', Southey told Bedford at the end of August:

I shall then be enabled to enter [the Inns of Court] & marry [...] then Grosvenor my first business will be to write to you & request you to procure me lodgings [...] I cannot take a house till my finances will suffer me to furnish it — & for this I depend upon my Madoc — to which after Xmas I shall apply with assiduity.<sup>75</sup>

Southey was prevented from carrying out this promise by his decision to accept his Uncle Hill's invitation to visit Spain and Portugal, and when he did return his attention to *Madoc* in February 1797, he set aside the original one-and-a-half book draft of MS.1 and began afresh.

---

### 3.3: Southey's own Dating and *Joan of Arc*

As I have pointed out above, one of the primary reasons for the accepted misdating of MS.1 is that Southey's retrospectively-added comment on the otherwise-blank second folio of the manuscript has never been fully examined:

This portion of *Madoc* was written in the summer of 1794. — After *Joan of Arc* had been transcribed, & some months before that poem was sent to

press, & recomposed. (MS.1, f.2 r.)

Although it would be impossible to date this annotation, it is clear from the already-cited letter to Charles Danvers that, by October 1803, Southey had mistakenly begun to think of the summer of 1794 as the initial period of composition. As I shall show in this section however, to accept Southey's version of events in the note on MS.1 is also to cast confusion over what we know of his early writing/publishing career.

The problem arises from Southey's coterminous linking of his earliest work on *Madoc* with the events surrounding the publication of *Joan of Arc*, a nexus which, as we have seen above, he repeated in both the aborted 1804 preface to *Madoc* and the *Poetical Works* preface to *Thalaba* (see pp.29-30). As I have also shown above (p.32), Southey composed the first full draft of *Joan of Arc* during his residence with the Bedfords in August-September 1793, though he did not seriously begin to consider publication until July of the following year, motivated by the desperate need of money for the newly-formed Pantisocracy scheme.<sup>76</sup> On 1 August 1794, he told H.W. Bedford that '*Joan of Arc* [...] occupies much of my time', and that 'The poem goes to the press when fifty copies are subscribed for'.<sup>77</sup> In the late autumn, Southey's first collection of poems — published jointly with those of his future brother-in-law, the Bristol Quaker, Robert Lovell — appeared, carrying with it an advertisement for:

*Proposals for publishing by Subscription, JOAN of ARC, An Epic Poem, By Robert Southey, Of Balliol College, to be handsomely printed in one volume quarto, price One Guinea, to be paid on delivery. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. C. Dilly, Poultry, London; By the Booksellers of Oxford, Cambridge, and Bath.*<sup>78</sup>

These various comments have often been seen as proof that Southey — with the possible assistance of Lovell — was working on a comprehensive revision of *Joan of Arc*, with immediate publication in mind, throughout the summer of 1794 (the 'summer of Pantisocracy'). In reality however, Southey *must* have been sceptical of obtaining the necessary subscriptions from the outset, and the eventual failure of the project would have justified his doubts. In her article 'Revising the National Epic', Lynda Pratt has pointed out that three early manuscripts of *Joan of Arc* have survived: that first version, written at Brixton in the summer of 1793; a transcript of the first version, made by Southey during that period of low spirits at Bristol in November and December 1793; and the heavily re-worked version, which was eventually to form the basis of the published text, made by Southey with some help from Coleridge, between

May and October 1795. In other words, the only version for which there is no extant manuscript is this so-called revision of late summer 1794, which is why I entirely agree with Pratt when she says that 'there are some doubts about its existence as a separate, coherent manuscript'.<sup>79</sup>

The truth is that Southey's idea of publishing *Joan* by subscription during the summer of 1794 was just one facet of that larger, quixotic dream. It was not until the commencement of 1795, when Joseph Cottle — introduced to Southey by Lovell in the previous November — made his famously generous offer for the poem, that Southey was realistically in a position to consider publication.<sup>80</sup> Initially, it is clear that Southey envisaged the publication of a version of *Joan* which would have closely resembled that written in 1793, since he informed his brother Tom on 21 March 1795 that 'My *Joan of Arc* goes to the press in about three weeks'.<sup>81</sup> Further proof of this is evinced by a comment which Southey wrote in the preface to the *Poetical Works* edition of the poem:

when the paper arrived, and the printer was ready to commence his operations, nothing had been done toward preparing the poem for the press, except that a few verbal alterations had been made (*PW*, I, xix).

On receiving the first proof-sheets however, Southey began to realise that a total reworking of the poem was necessary. It is difficult to pin-point with accuracy just when this reworking might have commenced, but we are aided here by a comment in a letter which Southey wrote to his brother on 9 May which closely parallels the above-quoted passage from the *Poetical Works* preface:

My *Joan of Arc* goes to the press next week [...] Twill want no luxury of type and paper. The types are new on purpose, and the paper which I have seen is most excellent. Would the poetry were as faultless.<sup>82</sup>

Here, for the first time, we can see Southey beginning to doubt whether the original Brixton version of *Joan of Arc* was good enough for publication, and I think we may safely deduce that it was not long before these doubts grew strong enough to compel him into a virtual rewriting of the poem, a task which 'occupied six months' (*PW*, I, xix) — his last six months in England before departing for Lisbon.

It will now be seen that, to sketch out the compositional history of *Joan of Arc* is simultaneously to clarify Southey's otherwise incomprehensible note on the *Madoc* manuscript. In that note, Southey recollected that the first fragment of *Madoc* was



written 'some months before [*Joan of Arc* ...] was sent to press', while in the *Poetical Works* preface to *Thalaba* he essentially reiterates that 'upon putting Joan of Arc to the press', all 'progress' with *Madoc* 'was necessarily suspended'. From the comments in his correspondence, we have already ascertained for certain that Southey was working on *Madoc* by the middle of May 1795, and this would therefore coincide exactly with the period when he also began the whole-scale revision of *Joan* for the press. It is thus not difficult to understand why he was forced to stop working on *Madoc*, this new composition, probably by the middle of June. He nevertheless continued to think about *Madoc* throughout the summer of 1795, a fact demonstrated by an almost throw-away remark in a letter to G.C. Bedford in early October.

Interestingly, the context of this remark serves, yet again, to affirm that correlation between the on-going revision of *Joan* and the temporary fallowness of *Madoc* which Southey later recollected with such clarity:

damn all wars! I am as much puzzled to carry on mine at Orleans — as our admirable minister [William Pitt] is to devise a plan for the next campaign. it is not possible to express the contempt & abhorrence I feel for that man [...] *Madoc* is to be the pillar of my reputation.<sup>83</sup>

The only question that must remain unanswered is why, when he clearly recollected the simultaneous composition of the two poems, Southey should have re-dated that of *Madoc* to the summer of 1794. That he evidently was confused in his recollections will already have been illustrated by the subtle differences between his note on the *Madoc* manuscript and his comment in the *Thalaba* preface. In the former, he suggests that *Madoc* was 'written in the summer of 1794', while in the latter it was 'commenced at Bath in the autumn of 1794', a small discrepancy, but one which simply reinforces Southey's retrospective uncertainty.

---

### 3.4: The Death of Edmund Seward

At the close of book I in MS.1, Southey adopts the following metaphor to describe Madoc's feelings on sitting once again in the court of his dead father and murdered brothers, listening to the bard recite the songs of former days:

soon the tear gushd forth  
 As on the fate of all his gallant house  
 Mournful & mute he musd. such grief he felt  
 As he who after many a hard years absence  
 Holds to his heart some dear-beloved friend  
 Weeping joy mingled anguish, as the thought  
 Recurs how many a friend since last they met  
 Has sunk to the cold grave (MS.1, f.19 v.)

At first glance, this may appear to be little more than a rather characteristic Southeyan metaphor, but there is good evidence to suggest that its origins actually lie in a material event in Southey's own life which, since it corresponds exactly with the period of composition, serves as further proof that Southey was composing the close of book I in mid June 1795. In fact, I would argue that the very reason for these lines appearing to bear the Southey indicia is that the same event had such a profound effect upon his life that it manifested itself in several of his poems over the next few years.

The event in question was the death of Southey's closest Balliol friend Edmund Seward, which happened on 10 June 1795. Southey first met Seward immediately after his arrival at Oxford, on 30 January 1793, and the two friends spent the first Easter vacation in walking from Oxford to the Seward family home in the village of Lower Sapey on the Worcestershire-Herefordshire border. It is no exaggeration to view this short, three-week tour as one of the most influential events in Southey's formative years, both as a poet and — one might even say — as a 'Romantic'. This was certainly Southey's own view. 'Wynn is welcome to laugh at my walking plan', he told G.C. Bedford on his return to Oxford:

I have no need[,] for were I to fix upon those parts of my life which I would desire to relive it should be my Worcestershire journey. to one who goes for fashion or to a fêt or to a hunting box it may appear ridiculous but to him whose philosophy proceeds from nature & the heart the case is different. I was absent but three weeks — yet three ages in this sink of science [i.e. Oxford] could not erase the ideas resulting from it nor (were that possible) supply the vacancy.<sup>84</sup>

Southey clearly esteemed Seward as a paragon of virtue and sound judgement, and though he rejected G.C. Bedford's accusation that he had learned to pay 'too much deference to his [Seward's] opinions', he frankly admitted that 'in the few months of my acquaintance with him I have learnt more than in the other nineteen years of my life'.<sup>85</sup> Initially, Seward was one of the pantisocrats, a fact which Southey utilised to try and convince Bedford that the scheme was no mere utopian dream.<sup>86</sup> Seward's withdrawal from the scheme at the end of 1794 was, therefore, a source of considerable angst, probably, as much as anything, because it mirrored Southey's own ever-increasing incertitude.

Although this did not cause a rift in their friendship,<sup>87</sup> the fact that Seward had graduated from Balliol in June 1793 necessarily meant that the daily routine of personal

contact which had sprung up between him and Southey had long ceased by the commencement of 1795. Southey clearly had intentions of revisiting the Swards that summer however, plans which were shattered by the news which he received on 15 June. His reaction, expressed in an immediate letter to Bedford, is still powerfully tangible:

Bedford — he is dead! my dear Edmund Seward. after 6 weeks of suffering.

These Grosvenor are the losses that gradually wean us from life. may that man want consolation in his last hour who would rob the survivor of the belief that he shall again behold his friend.

You know not Grosvenor how I loved poor Edmund. he taught me all that I have of good.

When I went with him into Worcestershire I was astonished at the general joy his return occasioned. the very dogs ran out to him. good God in that room where I have so often seen him — he now lies in his coffin.

it is like a dream, the idea that he is dead. that his heart is cold — that he whom but yesterday morning I thought & talked of — as alive as the friend I knew & loved — dead — when these things come home to the heart they palsy it. [...]

There is a strange vacancy in my heart. the sun shines as usual — but there is a blank in existence to me. I have lost a friend — & such a one! [...]

Grosvenor I am a child. & all are children who fix their happiness on such a reptile as man. this great this self-ennobled being called man! the next change of weather may blast him. there is another world where these things will be amended. God help the man who survives all his friends.<sup>88</sup>

It is in these last remarks in particular that we begin to hear the kind of sentiments resulting from Seward's death which soon found their way into Southey's poetry. Nor do we have to rely purely upon conjecture for this. A fortnight after Seward's death Southey wrote Bedford that:

I am hard employed that I may soon visit you in getting forwards with Joan, and as more than three parts of the poem will be entirely rewritten you may suppose this is no light task. As soon as I shall be a fortnight before the press I will absent myself for that time [...] Poor Seward. I thought to have seen him this summer. You know I detest the idea of writing upon a lost friend — yet the frame of mind so occasiond will tinge what we are employed upon. These lines are in the first book, speaking of the old hermit Bizardo

In the full of years he sunk. His eyes grew dim  
And on the bed of leaves his outstretchd limbs  
Lay useless. Patiently did he endure,  
In faith anticipating blessedness,  
Already more than man in that dread hour  
When man is meanest. His were the best joys  
The pious know and his last prayer was praise.  
I saw him die. I saw the dews of Death  
Starting on his cold brow — I heard him then  
Pour out a blessing on me. Son of Orleans  
I would not wish to live to know that hour

When I could think upon a dear friend dead  
And weep not.

I think of him Bedford when alone — methinks a man has no right to gloom  
a company with his own melancholy feelings.<sup>89</sup>

These lines, which appeared in a slightly altered form midway through book I of *Joan of Arc* (*Joan*.96, 22), also serve as another useful measure of Southey's compositional progress, since they must have been written, after Seward's death, in the latter half of June 1795. As a glance at my transcription of the manuscript will show however, Southey mysteriously repeated a version of these very lines in the seventh book of MS.2A (VIII.24-31), where they are spoken by Cadwallon in describing the death of his father Cynetha. As we shall see, Southey was writing this particular book early in October 1798, that is, three years after *Joan of Arc* had gone to press, and there are thus two possible explanations for this extraordinary repetition. The first is that, having axed the entire Bizarro episode from the second edition of *Joan* which had also appeared that October (1798), Southey immediately decided that these particular lines were too good to lose, and he therefore found a convenient way of recycling them in his current poem. The second and most likely scenario is that, in the summer of 1795, Southey wrote these lines with — as he admitted — Seward in mind, and with the initial intention of incorporating them into *Madoc*; but the creation of the Bizarro episode in *Joan of Arc* suddenly offered an equally apposite milieu. In October 1798 however, when he came to write the seventh book of *Madoc*, he simply forgot that the lines had already appeared in the published version of *Joan* three years before. In other words, this oversight acts as yet another useful pointer to the close interrelation between Southey's initial preparations of *Joan of Arc* for the press in June 1795 and his nascent ideas for *Madoc*.

As I have already suggested, these are by no means the only lines to contain palpable images from his friendship with Seward. Also in book I of *Joan of Arc*, when describing Theodore's return to Domrémy, Southey is clearly drawing on those recollections of his visit to the Seward home at Sapey:

When I went with him into Worcestershire I was astonished at the general joy his return occasioned. the very dogs ran out to him [...] I am sick at heart. & if I feel thus acutely what must his sisters feel — what his poor old mother — whose life was wrappt up in Edmund. good God I have seen her look at him till the tears ran down her cheek.<sup>90</sup>

'The watchdog with hoarse bark  
'Announc'd the coming guest; then, wild with joy

'Soon as Remembrance spake his long-lov'd Lord,  
 'Fawn'd on his feet and howl'd with ecstasy.  
 'Twas happiness indeed, one face of bliss  
 'Shines thro' the house: the eager plough-man quits  
 'The labouring team, for Theodore is come.  
 'Fast down his mother's cheek roll'd the warm tear  
 'Of transport, to her breast she claspt her child,  
 'Long wept as one no more... (*Joan*.96, 23).

The episode clearly made a lasting impression on Southey, being heightened, undoubtedly, by its Homeric parallel, the greeting of Odysseus by Argos, one of Southey's lifelong favourite literary passages.<sup>91</sup>

One year later, 24 lines of Southey's *Hymn to the Penates* — the final poem in his *Poems* (1797) — were inspired by his recollections of Seward (*Pms*.97, 214-15), and a complete poem, *The Dead Friend*, appeared in the first volume of *The Annual Anthology* in 1799 (*AA*, I, 258-60). Reminiscences of Seward also continued to appear in Southey's letters for many years to come, especially those to their mutual Balliol friend Nicholas Lightfoot. 'one[,] & he the best of us, is in a better world', he told Lightfoot in October 1797; 'methinks the common friendship of poor Edmund Seward is a tie the which should not be broken'.<sup>92</sup> Even in 1818 he could write that:

His [Seward's] death in the year 1795 was the first severe affliction that I ever experienced; and sometimes even now I dream of him, and wake myself by weeping, because even in my dreams I remember that he is dead. I loved him with my whole heart, and shall remember him with gratitude and affection as one who was my moral father, to the last moment of my life; and to meet him again will at that moment be one of the joys to which I shall look forward in eternity.<sup>93</sup>

As these numerous references will have demonstrated, my conjecture concerning the above-quoted lines from MS.1 is not without strong foundation; and if we therefore accept that they represent yet another response to Seward's death, we have further confirmation that book I of *Madoc* was completed shortly after 15 June 1795.

---

### 3.5: A Bristol Library Borrowing

On New Year's Day 1795, Southey borrowed from the Bristol library a pamphlet by a Welsh Dissenting minister, John Williams, entitled *Farther Observations, on the Discovery of America, by Prince Madog ab Owen Gwynedd, about the Year, 1170 ...* (London, 1792).<sup>94</sup> As the title suggests, this was actually the sequel to Williams's first book on the subject, *An Enquiry into the Truth of the Tradition, concerning the*

*Discovery of America, by Prince Madog ab Owen Gwynedd, about the Year, 1170 ...* (London, 1791). Between them, Williams's two pamphlets formed the most comprehensive exegesis of the Madoc legend during this period of extraordinary 'Madocmania'. In fact, it could be argued that, appearing when they did in the opening years of the decade, they were in no small part responsible for creating that mania. As Gwyn Williams has observed, Williams 'had been working on the Madoc story for years [...] and his book, consciously or unconsciously, was as remarkably well timed as those of his more renowned contemporaries, Edmund Burke and Thomas Paine'.<sup>95</sup>

I shall be discussing the content of Williams's pamphlets, along with the question of the precise nature of their influence upon Southey in chapter 9.8 below. I have deemed it important to include a brief section concerning Southey's library borrowing of Williams's *Farther Observations* within my discussion of the dating of MS.1 however, since I believe that it was as a direct result of this borrowing that Southey finally decided, once and for all, to adopt the subject of Madoc as his next epic theme. While accepting that there is no concrete evidence to confirm that he also read Williams's *Enquiry*, it seems highly unlikely that, even though the Bristol library did not hold a copy, Southey's customary fervour in searching out materials for his poetry would not have procured him access to it elsewhere. As he recollected in that 1804 aborted preface for *Madoc* after all, his early interest in the poem had 'induced me to seek & peruse with diligence whatever books bore any relation to the subject', and it does not seem unreasonable therefore to presume that Southey had read Williams's initial pamphlet before he had borrowed its sequel — possibly as soon as it had first appeared four years earlier. It was not as if Williams's *Enquiry* was a little-known entity in the literary world. To quote Gwyn Williams again:

The book was an immediate success; the world of Welsh, and not only Welsh, letters was fascinated [...] and] once it had appeared, in the spring of 1791, things began to happen.<sup>96</sup>

Put simply, one might say that Williams's *Enquiry* had had two main aims: the gathering together and analysing of all the accounts of the Madoc legend which had appeared since it had first been set down in print by David Powel in his *Historie of Cambria* in 1584 (see chapter 9.2), and a defence of the plausibility of the legend

against the attacks of unbelievers. While Southey was obviously already well acquainted with the nucleus of the *Madoc* legend through numerous sources, he would not have been confronted with so much information on the subject hitherto. The *Farther Observations*, on the other hand, was more concerned with the presentation of the numerous testimonies which were now flooding in of the genuine existence of Welsh-speaking Indians — i.e. the supposed progeny of Madoc and his settlers — in various parts of north America. Precisely how much of all this, or of the Madoc legend in general, Southey ever actually believed, we have no way of knowing. There are, however, two important observations which we can make concerning his borrowing of Williams's *Farther Observations* from the Bristol library in January 1795. The first is that, on pages 24-28 of his work, Williams discussed an idea which, though it ran contrary to most of that which had been previously written concerning the Madoc legend, was starting to gain ground: that Madoc had actually landed in South, rather than North, America. In Peru, perhaps? Was he even Manco Capac, the famous semi-mythical progenitor of the Inca civilisation? This would almost certainly have been the first time that Southey had encountered such ideas, and they were obviously to play a pivotal role in the geographical and anthropological setting of MS.2A. (See my comments in chapter 9.8 below.) The second is that, quite simply, it was the reading of Williams's *Farther Observations* that galvanised Southey into the commencement of MS.2A.

This latter may seem no easy statement to endorse, given that Southey borrowed Williams's pamphlet from 1-21 January and that, as we have seen, he appears to have begun work on MS.2A at some point towards the end of April or in early May. Even leaving aside his work on the rewriting of *Joan of Arc* however, there is a good explanation for this delay. At the beginning of February, Southey took up residence with Coleridge and George Burnett in College Street, Bristol, and on the 9th he admitted to Bedford that while 'America is still the place to which our ultimate views tend [...] it will be years before we can go'.<sup>97</sup> In the meantime, he and Coleridge needed to subsist, and various money-making ventures were discussed. That which was ultimately decided upon was the series of lectures which the two poets were to deliver in Bristol throughout March and April 1795 — the series which was eventually to result in Coleridge's *Conciones ad Populum* and *The Plot Discovered*. Of Southey's lectures,

the prospectus alone has survived, and we learn from this that his topic was 'The History of Europe down to the American Revolution', and that the lectures were delivered between 14 March and 21 April.<sup>98</sup> Southey's research for these lectures is often reflected in his Bristol library borrowings throughout this period,<sup>99</sup> but it was only three weeks after that final lecture that he was able to send that letter of 12 May to G.C. Bedford which contained the first ever reference to *Madoc* (see above, p.36). Equally significant, however, is that the letter which followed this a fortnight later — the letter of 27 May from which I have also quoted above — contained a request to Bedford that 'if you see any of these books in the London catalogues do procure them for me'. He then listed four books, all with a South American travel or history theme, and added that 'When you see the plan of Madoc & know that I make him the same with Mango Capac according to one conjecture you will know why I want these books'.<sup>100</sup> Once again, I have discussed the significance of these books in the rightful place in my chapter on the influence upon Southey of John Williams's works below, but what matters here is that Southey's comments are evidently a direct response to his newly-discovered correlation between Madoc and South America on pages 24-28 of the *Farther Observations*. They thus further help to establish the dating of MS.1 by confirming Southey's Bristol library borrowing of 1-21 January 1795 as the catalyst which stimulated him to commence work upon his new epic in the following spring.

---

### 3.6: Conclusion: the Importance of Redating MS.1

Although no-one has hitherto reached the conclusion that Southey's own dating on MS.1 is simply incorrect, several critics have recognised that there is a contradiction between Southey's manuscript note and the fact that he was clearly working on *Madoc* in the spring-summer of 1795. Both Jack Simmons and Christopher Smith, for example, have explained away the anomaly by concluding that the British Library manuscript *was*, as Southey says, completed in 1794, and that the references to the poem in the letters of the spring and summer of 1795 relate to a — presumably lost — revisal of the first two books.<sup>101</sup> As I have already demonstrated however, this is actually to create more problems than really exist. Firstly, in order to accept this hypothesis, we have to allow that Southey was indeed working on a full-scale revision of *Joan of Arc* in the summer of 1794; this being the only way to account for his recollected concomitance of the two poems. Even this leaves Southey's statement in



the manuscript note looking distinctly problematic. *Madoc*, he says, was written 'some months before' *Joan of Arc* was 'sent to press, & recomposed'. To allow for a commencement date of July or August 1794 therefore, 'some months' would actually have to mean, at the very least, 15 months. Secondly, we return to an even more straightforward question: if Southey was working on *Madoc* at any period whatsoever during 1794, then where is there a single reference in any of his correspondence to verify the fact?

Finally, this version of events also fails to take into account Southey's other retrospectively-added note, which I have not yet discussed. On the final folio of MS.1, directly under the last line of the fragment of book II, Southey wrote:

Thus far in 1794. I began to revise Feby. 22. 1797, & finishd the revisal  
March 9th. (MS.1, f.27 v.)

As we shall see in chapter 5 (see pp.53-54), this note helps to clarify the dates on which Southey both commenced and completed the first two books of MS.2A, but this fact has never been properly understood, primarily owing to Kenneth Curry's incorrect transcription. In his reproduction of MS.1, Curry changed 'March 9th' in Southey's final note into 'March 1799', and, yet again, this has gone unchallenged.<sup>102</sup> It is not difficult to explain this error: Curry evidently interpreted Southey's assertion that he had 'finishd the revisal' as referring to the whole of MS.2A; that is, the first complete draft of the poem. Knowing that this took at least two years however, Curry must have concluded that 'March 9th' made absolutely no sense, and therefore changed it into 'March 1799'. What Southey actually meant was that he began working on MS.2A on 22 February, and by 9 March he had reached the point where he had broken off in MS.1 two years before. Southey's use of the term 'revisal' is a key clue here, given that it was only books I and II of MS.2A that could possibly have been 'revised' from the earlier manuscript. Crucially, these facts also confirm that the British Library manuscript *was* that from which Southey was working — partially copying and partially revising — in the spring of 1797, a highly unlikely scenario if we accept the Simmons and Smith suggestion that his references to *Madoc* in May 1795 were to a second, now lost, manuscript.

Apparently paying little or no attention to the evidence, Southey's biographers have been too eager to discover reasons for locating the composition of MS.1 within that

1794 summer of Pantisocracy. William Speck, for example, though writing post my *Review of English Studies* article redating MS.1, suggests that Southey's proposition to Coleridge that the Pantisocracy scheme might be tried in Wales 'perhaps occurred to him as he had taken up the Welsh epic *Madoc*'. That Speck is clearly referring to MS.1 and not to some seemingly lost manuscript of the kind invented by Simmons or Smith is confirmed by his (Speck's) assertion that Southey completed 'a book and a half' in 1794.<sup>103</sup> As I have already hinted above, the relocating of the commencement of *Madoc* to the spring of 1795 offers a new explanation for Southey's initial confidence in the poem — a confidence which has often been interpreted as mere arrogance. Had Southey truly begun work on MS.1 in that Pantisocracy summer of 1794, when his friendship with Coleridge and his own self-confidence were at their height, there might be some justification for such an interpretation; but by May 1795, any over-stated confidence in a new poem would rather suggest a damage limitation exercise in self-esteem. For the previous nine months, almost everything which Southey had written had been coloured, in one way or another, either by Coleridge or by Pantisocracy.<sup>104</sup> Even his youthful masterpiece *Joan of Arc*, written during those pre-Coleridge Brixton hey-days of 1793 — 'a period I love to think of',<sup>105</sup> as Southey *significantly* recalled in July 1795 — had evolved into a partially shared exercise. On 3 September 1794, as their first sustained period of intimacy at Bristol came to an end, Southey had told H.W. Bedford that 'Coleridge left me yesterday. It was like the losing a limb to part with him'.<sup>106</sup> By the spring of 1795 however, it must have become clear that a voluntary amputation was now necessary, and the commencement of *Madoc* acted as the perfect anaesthetic. This new epic offered an opportunity to re-discover and re-assert an individual voice, which is why, as soon as he had returned from Portugal in June 1796, Southey told G.C. Bedford that 'seriously Grosvenor to go on with *Madoc* is almost necessary to my happiness'.<sup>107</sup> It is only by re-contextualising the first fragment of *Madoc* (MS.1) from the pantisocratic summer to the following spring however, that we can fully appreciate its compositional, and even biographical, genesis.

---

## Chapter 4

### The Poem Sleeps (*Madoc*, 1795-97)

Southey sailed for La Coruña on 8 December 1795, and arrived back in Portsmouth on 14 May 1796.<sup>108</sup> During his absence he did not work on *Madoc*, though the poem remained firmly at the forefront of his future plans. Writing from Lisbon on 24 February, he told G.C. Bedford that:

there is a fine ocean of ideas floating about my brain pan for *Madoc* & a high delight do I feel in sometimes indulging [them] till self forgetfulness follows.<sup>109</sup>

Back in England, Southey set up his first home with Edith (whom he had married secretly and against his family's wishes on 14 November 1795)<sup>110</sup> in their native Bristol, though he knew that this could only be a temporary residence, since he had now resolved to move to London in order to pursue the study of the law. He did not intend that this move should take place until the end of the year at the earliest however, and he thereby gave himself some six months in which to complete his two latest literary ventures: his first solo volume of *Poems* and his *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Spain and Portugal*. *Madoc*, it seemed, would have to remain dormant until after the London move had taken place, even though it continued to feature regularly in his correspondence. 'When I have done with the world I will give *Madoc* to posterity', he informed Bedford on 26 July, adding confidently that 'I shall get the applause of the present generation which I care not for — but I believe that I may benefit the future'.<sup>111</sup> By November, the poem was not so much a ticket to immortality as an investment:

Poor *Madoc*! If he will buy me chairs tables beds linen etc. etc. etc. it will be worth more than an eternity of posthumous credit — is it not damned hard Bedford that the booksellers should make so much of that poem when I am rotten, and that I should make so little? It will be in twenty books — a thirty shilling volume. The sale of one edition would make me happy. Two hundred copies would indemnify the publication and the remaining three put me in possession of about three hundred guineas! which would furnish a house, and leave enough to risk in an octavo edition, a pretty scheme Grosvenor [...]<sup>112</sup>

Characteristically tongue-in-cheek though this was, it appears that even Bedford misunderstood Southey's intentions regarding his masterpiece, since Southey hastened to inform him on 8 December that:

you mistook me about *Madoc*. I had neither the intention or wish of immediate publication. 'twas a forlorn hope for the future.<sup>113</sup>

This is an early example of the kind of comments which Southey succinctly summarised

in February 1799 when he prophetically told C.W.W. Wynn that 'On a great work like *Madoc*, I should think ten years labour well bestowed'.<sup>114</sup> His somewhat circumspect attitude concerning *Madoc* is not difficult to understand. In his preface to the first edition of *Joan of Arc*, Southey had positively invited critical opinion:

Liberal criticism I shall attend to, and I hope profit by, in the execution of my MADOC, an Epic Poem on the discovery of America by that Prince, on which I am at present engaged. (*Joan*.96, IX)

By way of response, the reviewers had been decidedly complimentary towards *Joan*, but they had also been unanimous in their advice concerning the need for a little more self-restraint in the production of his next epic. 'The poetical powers of Mr. Southey are indisputably very superior', was the verdict of *The Critical Review*:

He is at present, he tells his readers, engaged in the execution of *Madoc*, an epic poem, on the discovery of America by that prince. We cannot, therefore, help expressing our wish, that he would not put his future poem to so hazardous an experiment as he has this, by assigning himself so little time for its completion [...]

an opinion shared by the reviewer in *The Monthly Mirror*, who asked:

if such a poem as Joan of Arc could be written during the operation of the press, what may not be expected from a performance, which we should hope will be less precipitately planned, and more diligently executed?<sup>115</sup>

Southey evidently agreed, as he continued to speak of *Madoc* as a project for the future, and one which certainly could not be rushed.

As the prospect of residing in London grew closer, Southey became steadily more repelled by the idea. 'it is strange but I never approach London without feeling my heart sink within me', he told G.C. Bedford on 1 November:

I detest cities — & had rather live in the fens of Lincolnshire or on Salisbury Plain than in the best situation London could furnish [...] it is not talking nonsense when I say that the London air is as bad for the mind as for the body: for the mind is a cameleon [*sic*] that receives its colours from surrounding objects.<sup>116</sup>

The suggestion that city life would be made more pleasurable if he joined Bedford's club was summarily rejected:

Tell me Grosvenor — after nine hours law which will make me happiest — the company of half a dozen men — or the continuing *Madoc*?<sup>117</sup>

The prospect of those hours of legal studies was scarcely more appetising. 'I am to live by the law — & know not even the A B C of it', he had informed Horace Bedford at the end of August, and it is certainly no coincidence that the same letter carried the assertion that 'I have a great desire to write my tragedy & to finish *Madoc*, both of which I could do with great ease in a twelvemonth'.<sup>118</sup> As it turned out, this was a

rather over-optimistic forecast, since, when Southey did recommence work on *Madoc* in February 1797, it actually took him two and a half years to complete.

---

## Chapter 5

### MS.2A: the Completed Epic (*Madoc*, 1797-99)

#### 5.1: Phase 1, February 1797-June 1798

Southey arrived in London (without Edith) at the beginning of February 1797, and enrolled at Gray's Inn on the 7th.<sup>119</sup> Shortly after his arrival, he told Joseph Cottle that:

As to my literary pursuits, after some consideration, I have resolved to postpone every other till I have concluded *Madoc*. this must be the greatest of all my works.

As this chapter will demonstrate however, as Southey became increasingly dependent upon his pen to support himself and his extended family, the luxury of setting aside all other 'literary pursuits' in order to complete this great work was one which Southey was never able to afford. In February 1797 however, he could write with confidence to Cottle concerning *Madoc* and its place within the framework of his new life in London:

The structure is complete in my mind, & my mind is stored likewise with appropriate images. Should I delay it, these images may become fainter — & perhaps age does not improve the poet. thank God, Edith comes on Monday next [...] on Tuesday we shall be settled [&] on Wednesday my legal studies begin in the morning & I shall begin with *Madoc* in the evening.<sup>120</sup>

While Southey does not date this letter himself, it is post-marked 17 February, and thus it forms a crucial part in the jigsaw of clarification for the exact date on which Southey began work on MS.2A. The second part of that jigsaw is also formed from a passage for which I have not been able to locate the original manuscript: a notebook entry, published by J.W. Warter in his edition of *Southey's Common-place Book* (1851), which reads:

WEDNESDAY Feb. 22, 1797. Prospect Place, Newington Butts. This morning I began the study of the law : this evening I began *Madoc*. (SCB, IV, 45)

The connection between these extracts will be immediately apparent, the unidentified 'Wednesday' when 'I shall begin with *Madoc* in the evening' of the first extract being unquestionably confirmed as the 'WEDNESDAY Feb. 22, 1797' when 'this evening I began *Madoc*' in the second. But there is also a third piece of the jigsaw: the note which Southey added on the last folio of MS.1, which I have already briefly discussed in the final section of chapter 4 above (p.48):

Thus far in 1794. I began to revise Feby. 22. 1797, & finishd the revisal March 9th (MS.1, f.27 v.)

This proves conclusively that this was the date on which Southey commenced work on

the manuscript at the centre of this thesis (MS.2A), which is now in the Keswick Museum and Art Gallery (MS.KESMG187). It is made up of blocks of variously-sized folios (as Southey evidently changed from one source of paper to another), which were clearly bound together at a later period than when the manuscript was written. This is confirmed by a note on the first unnumbered folio by Thomas Southey, who might well have been responsible for having the manuscript bound:

This M.S. was given to me at different times and is one of the first rough copies of the Poem before it was corrected for the Press. The greater part I had with me in the West Indies in 1804-5 & 6, where the damp & vermine injured it.

Thos. Southey.  
1812.

There are 261 folios in total, with the main text written on the rectos (each of which is numbered), and with the versos reserved for amendments and additions.<sup>121</sup>

At this stage of course, Southey was still partially revising the text of MS.1, and it is clear from his next progress report, contained in another letter to Cottle of 6 March, that he had virtually completed book I by that date:

Madoc is in a state of rapid progression. I have about thirty lines to conclude the first book, this however must be deferred till I have borrowed certain books, as those thirty lines must center much Bardic & historical knowledge. I shall therefore begin the second book this evening.<sup>122</sup>

The thirty or so lines of composition which Southey was deferring are clearly I.331<sub>(b)</sub>-368, the song of the royal Bard. Within that song is contained Southey's reworking of *The Battle of Tal y Voel*, a poem by the twelfth-century Welsh Bard Gwalchmai, and as my explanatory note to these lines (I.346-359<sub>(a)</sub>) makes clear, Southey's previously-unidentified source for this poem was a prose translation which had appeared in the first volume of *The Cambrian Register* in 1796. We may confidently assume therefore that *The Cambrian Register* was at the forefront of those 'certain books' which Southey needed to borrow, an assumption which is further supported by the knowledge that the journal's editor was William Owen, the Welsh scholar whom, at the end of that same letter, Southey tells Cottle that he is shortly to meet for the first time.

With the closing lines of book I deferred therefore, this letter confirms that Southey began work on the second book of MS.2A on 6 March, and, yet again, this would fit exactly with that final note in MS.1, where Southey tells us that he 'finishd the revisal March 9th'. Within three days of commencing book II therefore, Southey had reached

the point where he had been forced to break off two years earlier; that is, at line 291 in MS.1, the line which read:

And yield my face, & brooded oer the past (MS.1, f.27 v.)

In MS.2A, where it is slightly altered, this is line II.227, but there remains one question which it is impossible to answer: as a glance at my transcription of MS.2A will show, book II underwent more immediate reworking at the time of composition than any other book in the manuscript, primarily because it was not until he had written a substantial portion of the book that Southey decided to introduce the character of Cynetha into the narrative (see my explanatory note to II.75). The question that cannot be answered therefore is whether, by 9 March, the 227 lines which Southey had completed did or did not include the numerous deletions and additions which we now find in book II? On the strength of one interesting piece of evidence from MS.2B however, I would suggest that Southey had not carried out all the amendments to these lines by the time that book II was actually finished. As I have pointed out in my textual note to II.184+1, the five deleted lines which follow in MS.2A also appear (again as deleted lines) in MS.2B, and they thus provide 'a unique instance of deletion in what is otherwise a fair copy'. In other words, this change must have been made even after Southey had transcribed book II into MS.2B, the fair copy.

We have no way of ascertaining precisely when Southey reached the end of book II, since his next two references to *Madoc*, while showing how delighted he was with his progress, offer no concrete evidence as to how much more of the poem he had actually written. They do provide a particularly excellent example, however, of that ultra-methodical Southey whom Thomas De Quincey described with such admiration a decade later:

Southey was at that time (1807), and has continued ever since, the most industrious of all literary men on record. [...] It was perfectly astonishing to men of less methodical habits to find how much he got through of elaborate business by his unvarying system of arrangement in the distribution of his time. [...] It moved the sneers of some people, that even his poetry was composed according to a predetermined rule; that so many lines should be produced, by contract, as it were [...] <sup>123</sup>

On 13 March, Southey told Cottle that:

Robert Southey & Law & Poetry make up an odd kind of triunion. we jog on easily together & I advance with sufficient rapidity in Blackstone & Madoc. I hope to finish my Poem & begin my practise.



Christchurch, Hampshire, where they took a cottage until 15 September. 'You know not how infinitely my happiness is increased by residing in the country', Southey could tell John May on 11 July,<sup>131</sup> and in the same letter he thanked May for a loan of Jean Chapelain's 24-book epic *La Pucelle* (1656); a book for which he had long been searching, and of which he provided a 56-page précis and analysis as a preface to the second edition of *Joan of Arc* the following year (*Joan*. 98, I, 23-79). It was this analysis, along with the *extensive* revisions to the second edition of *Joan* that used up most of the summer at Burton, but neither was he short of visitors to entertain: his mother and brother Tom, Joseph and Amos Cottle, John May, Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd — the latter of whom characteristically long outstayed his welcome, and, as we have already seen, contributed greatly to the rift between Southey and Coleridge.<sup>132</sup> Southey was also passing time with two new friends, Charles Biddlecombe and, most of all, John Rickman, who was to exert an enormous influence over Southey's later political opinions.<sup>133</sup> Finally, he was also busied in two new and typically generous schemes: laying down the initial plans with Cottle for the publication of a volume of Chatterton's poems for the financial benefit of his relatives,<sup>134</sup> and writing letters to the relevant authorities to obtain the release from Plymouth of a French sea captain who had formerly been kind to his brother Tom. It is little wonder therefore that he could tell Tom that 'Madoc *slowly* goes on'.<sup>135</sup>

On 19 July Southey wrote in a half-humorous manner to Wynn concerning his compositional methods for *Madoc*, partially induced by the awfulness of Chapelain:

Did I tell you I had got Chapelain? and how bad he was? I have prohibited in *Madoc* and *Joan* all long speeches, catalogues of armies or navies, geographical descriptions, shield paintings, lists of killed and wounded, prophecies, compliments, lions, wolves, tygers, and all other wild beasts, Auroras, and all the gettings up and goings to bed of Phoebus. Tempests too are forbidden — you will be pleased to see how I have managed one in *Madoc* — item all Devils and Angels — Gods and Goddesses — in brief the whole stock in trade of Chapelain, Blackmore and fifty more. All allegorical personages are included. The subject of *Joan* is miraculous — but I have no miracle in *Madoc*. He is landed now.<sup>136</sup>

Two of the remarks here are extremely useful pointers as to Southey's progress, since they evidently refer to *Madoc*'s retrospective, Odyssean narrative in book III, in which he recounts to the listening court at Aberffraw the story of his initial voyage to America. Having described the tribulations of that voyage — included among which is the 'well-managed' tempest (III.159<sub>(b)</sub>-188<sub>(a)</sub>) — it is at line 242 that *Madoc* and his crew finally 'stood in safety on another world'. On 5 September, Southey informed

Danvers that `Madoc is again at a stand for the new edition [of *Joan of Arc*] occupies me', and a statement in the same letter suggests strongly that he had scarcely made any progress with the poem since writing to Wynn in July:

I have blundered in the third book of *Madoc* for want of books to refer to.  
The Hirlas horn belonged to the chiefs of Powys, not those of  
Gwynedd.<sup>137</sup>

This is a reference to the lines which immediately follow the narrative of Madoc's landing, especially III.251 and 254, where, as my transcription shows, the word `Hirlas' is twice deleted and replaced with `gold-lipt'. But without the relevant reference books — a constant complaint of Southey's while at Burton — how was he informed of his `blunder'? The answer lies in the only extant letter of Southey's to William Owen, the Welsh scholar whom, as we have already seen (p.54 above), he had met for the first time in March. Writing from Burton on 9 August, Southey told Owen that:

I am taking Madoc to the Court of Owain Cyveilioc. will you be kind enough to tell me where that Court was, whether at Mathrafal? & to give me some little sketch of Cyveilioc's history. I shall make Madoc present at a Gorsedd in Powys [...]<sup>138</sup>

Although he had not written it as yet, Southey is clearly thinking forward to book IV here, where Madoc's visit to prince Cyveilioc at Mathrafal and his attendance at the meeting of the Bards was to occupy lines 63<sub>(b)</sub>-342, and within which the `Hirlas horn' was to feature prominently as belonging to the chiefs of Powys (IV.90, 101, 114, 128, 131 and 138). In his reply to Southey's letter therefore, Owen must have provided some information on this matter which immediately led to Southey making the relevant deletions in III.251 and 254, and to his mentioning the error to Danvers (who was probably completely bemused by the statement) in his letter of 5 September.

During the summer at Burton therefore, it appears that Southey only composed one book of *Madoc* (book III), and it is difficult to be certain that he even completed this. There is even less certainty as to when he commenced work on book IV, though we do know that in the ten months following his departure from Burton in mid September 1797, Southey did less work on *Madoc* than at any other period during the two-and-a-half years' composition of MS.2A. This is confirmed by the fact that next to line 63<sub>(b)</sub> of book IV, Southey has written `July 16, 98' — evidently the date on which he commenced work from that particular line. In other words, since his departure from Burton over ten months earlier, Southey had clearly only composed the first 62 and a

half lines of book IV.

One valuable monitor of Southey's progress with MS.2A throughout the entire period which I have discussed so far — the period which I think of as 'phase 1' — is the notebook which he was keeping from 2 January 1797 to 16 August 1798. This notebook is that which I call the 'Keswick/Bristol notebook' (K/B.n) since, while much of it is now in the Keswick Museum and Art Gallery, a number of pages have been torn out and have found their way to the Bristol Central Library.<sup>139</sup> That the K/B.n has been completely overlooked is no surprise, since it shares the fate of most of Southey's notebooks, which have simply been ignored by Southey scholars, in spite of the fact that they frequently provide a great deal of invaluable literary and biographical material. In accord with most of the notebooks which I have examined, ideas for poetry and poems themselves, autobiographical reflections and observations on the natural landscape, and, most of all, extracts from, and occasionally comments upon, his current reading (usually potential source material), follow in quick succession, but there is also a detailed subject index at the back of the notebook (in the Keswick portion). In itself, this index provides an interesting indication of the relatively small proportion of material which Southey was gathering for *Madoc* during this period: of the 252 subject entries, less than 20 bear any relation to *Madoc*, compared, for example, with almost 40 which relate to the revision of *Joan of Arc* — though perhaps some of these were meant for a never-completed work which Southey described to his brother Tom as 'a tragedy to be called "The Martyrdom of Joan of Arc"'.<sup>140</sup> The notebook also reflects Southey's other major work of this period: his preliminary researches for *Thalaba* (then called 'The Destruction of the Dom Daniel'), verses for *The Morning Post*,<sup>141</sup> and the earliest ideas and drafts for some poems which were to appear in the second volume of his *Poems* (1799). In short, the K/B.n corroborates that between February 1797, when Southey commenced work on MS.2A, and July 1798, when he first took up residence at Westbury, his other various literary employments (along with his legal studies) prevented him from bestowing as much time as he might have wished upon *Madoc*.

The Southeys passed the early autumn of 1797 in the West Country, partly with Charles Danvers in Bristol, and partly with Southey's mother at Bath. After the pleasant summer at Burton, this period was less congenial. In the first place, Southey, with the

help of John May, expended much time on searching for a tenant to rent the house at Bath in order to alleviate his mother's financial difficulties. Secondly, the prospect of returning to London and the law was looming large, and he wondered to Tom whether 'the business & the uncertainty of life may prevent me from ever finishing *Madoc*, on which I would wish to build my reputation'.<sup>142</sup> He was also deeply grieved at the news of the death of Mary Wollstonecraft, who he had met for the first time in London in the spring.

The Southey's arrived back in London on 20 November,<sup>143</sup> and Southey immediately began working for *The Critical Review*, thus adding to his long list of employments one which was to prove the bedrock of his financial security for the rest of his life. Research for the second edition of *Joan* was still taking up vast amounts of time, especially now that he had been granted access to the Dr. Williams Library in Redcross Street, where 'a hackney coach horse turned into a field of grass falls not more eagerly to a breakfast which lasts the whole day, than I attacked the poor old folios so respectably covered with dust'.<sup>144</sup> On Christmas Eve he sent Tom a list of his present ventures, from which *Madoc* was conspicuously absent.<sup>145</sup> In fact, there was to be no further mention of *Madoc* until after the Southey's had again left London for the West Country at the end of February 1798, going first to Bath and then to stay with Danvers at Bristol. On 8 March, Southey wrote to Wynn, still the only friend urging him to continue with his law studies, in terms that he could scarcely misconstrue:

My law & my printing go on well. all the latter employments will be off my hands when I get into the Pleaders Office — & then will there be a good poet spoilt. the inclination I never shall lose but if I should ever reach the goal I aim at, the power will perhaps be gone. if I can get tolerable practice [*sic*] as a Special Pleader I certainly think it advisable to rest there [...] I expect to send you my new edition [of *Joan of Arc*] in five weeks. I should be satisfied with it did I not know what I could make of *Madoc*. the poor Welshman however must wait. there is a long lease of me to run, & he has the reversion.<sup>146</sup>

The Southey's divided the spring between Bristol and Bath. Southey's mother and Edith were both ill, the latter 'so declining as to make me somewhat apprehensive for the future'.<sup>147</sup> The news that his brother had narrowly escaped death during a skirmish with a French frigate suddenly brought the war even closer to home. 'I cannot tell you all I think & feel on this occasion', he told Tom on hearing the news:

we hear of these things coldly — & it is not till they come home to us that we are sensible what they are. I have never contemplated them with

indifference — & yet it has been so with me.<sup>148</sup>

Owing to his termly obligations to 'The diabolical Benchers of Grays Inn [who] have made a law that three dinners must be eat to keep a term',<sup>149</sup> Southey was forced to make fleeting visits alone to London. The last of these commenced on 18 May, following which, on the 22nd, he set off for a two-week visit to Norfolk, where he had recently placed his 15-year-old brother Henry under the private tutorship of his former Balliol friend George Burnett at Yarmouth. While his letters of this period reflect his anxiety to return to Edith, the Norfolk visit was a great success for two reasons, as he explained to G.C. Bedford on 27 May:

In the first place I have no law books here. God be praised there is not one in Burnetts library. In the next I had two days conversation with William Taylor, a man whose whole character and conduct has very much interested me. I go to visit him on Wednesday and remain till the Tuesday following [...]<sup>150</sup>

This was Southey's first meeting with Taylor, and its consequence was one of his most interesting literary correspondence.<sup>151</sup> From 'William Taylor, the all-knowing',<sup>152</sup> Southey frankly admitted that he derived a great deal of miscellaneous information, and he frequently consulted Taylor's opinion concerning his literary compositions, especially *Madoc*.

On his return to Bath, Southey now began to look in earnest for a more permanent residence, and one large enough to house his mother and cousin, Margaret Hill, as well. The ten months of nomadic existence which he had undergone since leaving Burton were unquestionably beginning to take their toll on Southey, and he now longed for some domestic stability. This is clearly illustrated in his first letter to his former friend at Rye, Thomas Phillips Lamb, for almost six years, written from Bath on 13 June:

I have been married two years [...] Hitherto we have been obliged to live in lodgings. I have now the prospect of soon enjoying the comforts of a house [...] indeed my prospects are in every direction brightening.<sup>153</sup>

---

## 5.2: Phase 2, July 1798-July 1799

The Southeys moved into 'Martin Hall', Westbury, on 25 June 1798,<sup>154</sup> and Southey's elation with the house is clearly manifested in the letter which he wrote to Tom two days later: .pa

My dear Tom

here we are, & you see have christened the house, properly I assure you as the Martins have colonized all round it, & doubly lucky must the house be on which they so build & bemire. we hesitated between the appropriate names of Rat-hall, Mouse Mansion, Vermin Villa, Cockroach Castle, Cobweb Cottage & Spider Lodge; but as we routed out the spiders, brushed away the cobwebs, stoppt the rat holes, & found no cock-roaches, we bethought us of the animals without & dubbed it Martin-Hall.

I am sorry Tom you could not see us settled. you would like the old house & the view from the drawing room & garden is delightful [...] the rooms are large, the garden well-stocked, we cut our own cabbages, live upon currant puddings & shall soon be comfortably settled.<sup>155</sup>

On the same day he told Wynn that:

we are as busy as you may conceive, but the fatigue of preparing future comfort is itself almost comfortable [...] in a few days I hope all bustle will be over, & I shall quietly settle into regularity.<sup>156</sup>

As Christopher Smith has pointed out 'the Westbury experience [...] had at its core the sense of domestic happiness so vital to Wordsworth and Coleridge',<sup>157</sup> and it is interesting to observe how quickly that 'domestic happiness' was able to translate itself into the kind of creative 'regularity' which Southey had hopefully predicted. Within a month of his arrival at Westbury, Southey could inform John May of his new working régime:

my employments are regular & sedulous. I rise early, now mechanically, waking at ¼ after five as tho I had been wound up for that hour. this time before breakfast I look upon as fairly won from sleep & at my own will & pleasure. it is therefore given to Madoc.<sup>158</sup>

It is no surprise perhaps that we should again find *Madoc* at the centre of things: after a fallowness induced by ten months of nomadic uncertainty, Southey's great epic begins to flourish once more in the soil of domestic stability.

As we have already seen (p.58), Southey recommenced work on MS.2A at line IV.63 on 16 July, and from the letter which he wrote to Wynn on the 21st — in which we find a repetition of the remarks made to John May — it is possible to deduce just how rapidly he had progressed:

I cannot tell you how comfortable I feel the range of a house after living so long in lodgings. It is of considerable advantage also to me, as I can have a room ready to enter at an early hour, and have for this last week woke ½ after five as methodically as if an alarm clock had summoned me. During these hours thus gained, have I been travelling to Mathraval and heard the Hirlas song, and spent some little time with Rhys ap Gryffyd at Dinevawr 'the great palace.'<sup>159</sup>

The narrative of Madoc's visit to Cyveilioc at Mathraval (including his attendance at the 'meeting of the Bards'), occupies lines IV.63<sub>(b)</sub>-342, while the account of his visit to Rhys at Dinevawr is contained in the concluding lines (343-428) of the book. Once

again, a comment in Southey's correspondence correlates exactly with a date which Southey has provided in the manuscript itself, since below the final line of book IV he has written 'July 20'. But Southey must also have been re-reading what he had written in the earlier books — presumably to refresh his memory after so long an interval in composition — , since his letter to Wynn continues:

The company however that has pleased me best has been that of the blind old Cynetha. Madoc has been speaking of his father with high praise to Cynetha, not knowing him.<sup>160</sup>

Southey then quotes lines II.151-177<sub>(a)</sub>, the blinding of Cynetha, and then comments that:

The part where Cynetha makes himself known is perhaps finer than this as the images are not painful.

It is important to point out here that, beginning with the 'July 16, 98', it is at this point that MS.2A begins to act as a diary to its own compositional development, since Southey now began to add dates, and sometimes even place names, at intermittent intervals throughout the manuscript. While Southey tended to insert more of these during those periods when he was travelling (as in the case of his short walking tour to South Wales in October 1798), as a general rule, starting from the conclusion of book VI, these usually take the form of commencement and completion dates for the individual books. Unfortunately, Southey has provided neither for book V, so that our only guide to a date by which it must have been completed is a comment in a letter which Southey wrote to William Taylor on 5 September, by which date the Southseys were three weeks into a month's visit to a friend at Hereford:

I get on with Madoc. the sixth book will soon be finished, & I have the whole plan ready.<sup>161</sup>

Southey did not take the *Madoc* manuscript with him to Hereford, and we can therefore be certain that book V and, apparently, a substantial part of book VI had been completed by the time the Southseys departed from Westbury on 12 August.<sup>162</sup> And this is the point at which another of Southey's notebooks plays a significant role in any attempt to follow the development of MS.2A. While a number of extracts from this notebook were published by J.W. Warter in his edition of *Southey's Common-place Book*, it appears to have lain undiscovered by Southey scholars since it was presented to the Saffron Walden Museum (hence my abbreviation SW.n) in 1910.<sup>163</sup> Southey has signed and dated the verso of the first end-paper 'Robert Southey. August 10. 1798',

that is, two days before his departure for Herefordshire.<sup>164</sup> By the fifth page of the SW.n however, we can actually be certain that he was working with it in the famous 'chained library' of Hereford Cathedral. Pages 5-22 are filled with Latin quotations from the fourteenth-century chronicle *Flores Historiarum*, from where Southey was to derive material for one of his most famous ballads. In the preface to volume VI of his *Poetical Works*, he recollected that, through the auspices of a friend:

I obtained permission to make use of the books in the Cathedral Library, and accordingly I was locked up for several mornings in that part of the Cathedral where the books were kept in chains [...] There [...] I first read the story of the Old Woman of Berkeley, in Matthew of Westminster,<sup>165</sup> and transcribed it into a pocket-book (*PW* VI, xiii).

This 'pocket-book' is evidently that which is now in the Saffron Walden Museum, and it therefore seems likely that it was during that visit to Herefordshire that Southey wrote out a summary of his ideas for the remaining books (VII-XV) of *Madoc*, which J.W. Warter later printed in *Southey's Common-place Book* (*SCB*, IV, 204-05). This summary actually appears on folios 191-94, so that if Southey was adding to the notebook in a strictly chronological order, this scenario would admittedly be unlikely. Prompted by the index which — as usual in Southey's notebooks — appears on the final three pages however, I suspect that this was not the case, and it is this feature which sets the SW.n apart from all other Southey notebooks which I have inspected. Southey's usual practice (as described in the K/B.n above, p.59) is simply to work through a notebook page by page, adding a collage of subject-matter, and to provide an index (in the form of a paginal chronology) on the last few pages. While most of the SW.n does follow this pattern, it is clear that Southey decided in advance to set certain sections apart for the major projects on which he was working during this period. It is possible to be certain of this, since several of these special sections appear *first* in the index (that is, prior to the entry for page 1), thus:

Madoc	— — — — — — — — —	191
Kalendar	— — — — — — — — —	211
Destr. of the Dom danyel	—	231

The *Madoc* summary is thus the first entry in the index, and when we compare how this summary begins — 'The sixth book concludes with their setting sail' (*SCB*, IV, 204) — with Southey's comment to William Taylor that 'the sixth book will soon be finished, & I have the whole plan ready', it seems fairly conclusive that, in the absence of the manuscript itself, Southey wrote out a summary of how he intended to complete the poem in his notebook, beginning quite naturally with the conclusion of book VI, since



this was how far he had proceeded before departing for Hereford.

The SW.n is also an indication of the vast amount of research which Southey was carrying out for *Madoc* during the Westbury year. Like the K/B.n it reflects the wide variety of projects on which Southey was working in this period, but the proportion of *Madoc* material — everything from Welsh history to Mexican religion — is significantly greater, and is thus illustrative of the fact that the completion of the poem remained at or near the top of Southey's compositional agenda throughout the year at Westbury. He could tell John May on 2 September that 'I shall be glad to return to Westbury', and further enhances my conjectures as to his progress up until and during his visit to Hereford by adding that:

I shall have much of *Madoc* to shew you in November as on my return I shall certainly resume my early rising, & early employment. the plan is now compleat & is I think very fine.<sup>166</sup>

The Southeys returned to Westbury in the second week of September, but as the date beneath the final line of book VI in MS.2A shows, Southey did not actually complete this book until the 30th. Once again, other literary projects — and most of them with a more pressing publication date — monopolised his time. It is, in fact, quite astonishing just how many and various were the projects on which Southey was working in the latter half of 1798. A second edition of his *Poems* (1797), with several changes, was shortly to appear, and Southey had now decided to add a second volume to this. The opening 69 pages of this volume would consist of a revised version of the ninth book of the first edition of *Joan of Arc*, now reworked into a three-book poem entitled *The Vision of the Maid of Orleans*, but there were also 17 new poems, including 'The Old Woman of Berkeley'. Mark Storey has observed that 'it is tempting to quote from much of his work of this period, because it shows him in complete control of his material',<sup>167</sup> and those first six or so months at Westbury certainly resulted in some of Southey's most enduring and innovative poems: 'The Battle of Blenheim' and 'The Holly Tree' (published in *MP* on 9 August and 17 December 1798 respectively), and six *English Eclogues* (published in *Pms.* 99, 181-232), derived, according to Southey's notebook entry, 'from what William Taylor has told me of the Idylls of Gessner & Voss' (K/B.n, BCL, f.203 and *SCB*, IV, 95). Southey was also working on a second edition of his *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Spain and Portugal*, while

continuing to contribute regular reviews to *The Critical Review*. Finally, there was the frequently-mentioned 'Kalendar', the second work to be listed at the start of that SW.n index, and one which Southey described as resembling Ovid's *Fasti*. No manuscript appears to have survived for this, in spite of the fact that Southey claimed to have written 1500 lines by 2 September.<sup>168</sup> Southey summarised his progress with several of these projects in his first letter to Tom after returning from Hereford, written on 5 October and, incidentally, enclosing the first draft of 'The Old Woman of Berkeley':

all things go on smoothly at Martin hall. My Letters & Poems will both make their appearance at about Xmas, my Kalendar begins to look respectable in size & I have begun the seventh book of Madoc. as for the Domdaniel, there is not room left in this sheet to explain enough of it to you.<sup>169</sup>

Southey had thus commenced book VII by 5 October, and three days later he was travelling once again, this time on a ten-day walking tour into South Wales with Charles Danvers. On this occasion however, Southey placed MS.2A in his knap-sack, and book VII was completed en route. In fact, the four dates and place names which Southey added to book VII enable us to minutely follow both his geographical and compositional progress. On the day after his departure from Westbury, he signed the second half of line VII.406 'Berkeley Tues. 9 Oct.', and by the following day he had clearly added 17 lines, since he wrote 'Coleford. Wed. 10. Oct.' beneath line 423. Once in Wales however, the scenery of Breconshire evidently provided many pleasant distractions, as Southey explained to Edith in a letter written from Bwlch on Sunday 14th:

What have we seen? woods — mountains & mountain glens & streams. in those words are comprehended all imaginable beauty. sometimes we have been winding up the dingle side & every minute catching the stream below thro the wood that half hid it, always hearing its roar. then over mountains where nothing was to be seen but hill & sky, their sides rent by the winter streams [...] in such scenes there is a simpleness of sublimity fit to feed imagination.<sup>170</sup>

Remembering his literary obligations however, Southey closed the letter by pointing out that 'I must think of Stuart [the editor of *The Morning Post*], & now resume Madoc', and on the same day he wrote 'Bwlch. Sun. 14 Oct.' in the margin before line 436, thus adding only 13 lines since his previous annotation at Coleford. By the following day however, Southey had completed the final 20 lines of book VII, writing 'Longtown. Oct. 15. Monday 98.' beneath the final line of the book.

On his return, Southey remained settled at Westbury for the rest of the year, with the

exception of another fleeting visit to London in order to eat the obligatory dinner at Gray's Inn in the second week of November. According to the annotations in MS.2A, he commenced book VIII on 23 November, soon after his return from London, and had completed it within nine days on 2 December. There is no such annotation for the commencement of book IX, but it must have been immediate since, just one day later on 3 December, Southey could tell John May that:

I have begun the ninth book of *Madoc*, & look on to the completion of the poem. this will be a great thing done, & however pleasant a journey may be, I am always glad to arrive at the end of it.<sup>171</sup>

This fervency is evinced by the fact that Southey had completed book IX within twelve days, signing the close of the book 'December 15. 1798.', but then follows the longest period of compositional inactivity with regard to *Madoc* since the Southseys had taken up residence at Westbury; a cessation of almost two months. Once again, as he explained in his New Year letter to Tom, other literary pursuits, particularly reviewing, together with the necessity of taking more physical exercise — a stricture insisted upon by his newly-found physician at the Bristol Pneumatic Institute, Thomas Beddoes — was using up time that could have been bestowed upon *Madoc*:

Ever since you left us have I been hurried from one job to another. you know I expect[ed] a parcel of books[,] when you went away they came & I had immediately to kill off one detachment. that was but just done when down came a bundle of French books, to be returned with all possible speed. this was not only unexpected work, but double work because all extracts were to be translated. well — that I did — & by that time the end of the month came round — & I am now busy upon English books again. what with this & my weekly communications to Stuart — & my plaguey regimen of exercise, I have actually no time for any voluntary employment. in a few days I hope to breathe a little in leisure.<sup>172</sup>

As if such employments were not enough, Southey was also beginning to gather material for yet another project suggested by William Taylor, which he described to G.C. Bedford as 'a book like the French and German Almanachs of the Muses',<sup>173</sup> and which would eventually result in the two volumes of *The Annual Anthology*. As Mark Storey has pointed out, 'Southey had to have an eye for the market, as he increasingly realised that he would have to live or die by the pen'.<sup>174</sup> *Madoc* continued to occupy his thoughts however, and, writing to Taylor on 4 January 1799, he numbered it among the three great projects which he hoped to complete in the year ahead:

My head has at present the materials for three great works in it, each deserving a whole & undivided attention. The Kalendar of which I hope this year to publish one volume, *Madoc* which I expect to finish this

summer for nine books are done, & the Dom Daniel.<sup>175</sup>

As the annotation in MS.2A shows however, Southey did not actually begin work on the tenth book until 8 February, though it was completed by the 23rd. This was some achievement when one considers not merely Southey's literary endeavours, but also the more practical responsibilities which were forced upon him during this period. Not the least of these was the death, on 10 February, of the Coleridges' second son Berkeley. In Coleridge's absence in Germany, it fell to Southey to organise and finance the funeral arrangements, following which, Sarah Coleridge came to spend a short period at Martin Hall in what was, in many ways, a foreshadowing of life at Keswick.<sup>176</sup> Southey was also feeling unwell, not helped by a severe winter in which 'we have been buried in the snow & deluged with the thaw',<sup>177</sup> and, not surprisingly, he decided not to visit London in February in order to keep the term at Gray's Inn.

Following that two-month break, *Madoc* was apparently progressing rapidly, and once again, the dates provided by Southey in MS.2A correlate exactly with comments in his correspondence regarding the composition of book XI. The MS.2A annotation states that he began work on this book on 26 February, and in his letter to Tom of 1 March he could confirm that 'the eleventh book of Madoc is begun'. The same letter also carried the habitual refrain of this period however, 'this is my reviewing time, & that must be cleared off before any other employment can be pursued with spirit',<sup>178</sup> and this is presumably why the eleventh book was not concluded until 20 March. Southey's eagerness to see the poem completed is perhaps betrayed by an erroneous comment to John May in a letter of that same day:

You will perhaps be pleased to hear that I look forward to the conclusion of Madoc. of the 15 book[s] to which the first copy extends, 12 are finished. I almost expect to show you the whole in May.<sup>179</sup>

Southey may have been led into this error by the fact that he had actually commenced the twelfth book on 20 March, the same day on which he had completed book XI, and on which he was writing to May.

What is also clear from this letter — particularly demonstrated by his use of the phrase 'the *first* copy' — is that Southey was already looking forward to a time when he could begin work on revising and extending the poem, and ideas for that revision were already beginning to shape themselves in his mind. This fact is evinced by the ideas —

set out in the form of brief, individual notes — which follow the above-mentioned summary of *Madoc* in the SW.n. Since we have established that the summary was written while Southey was in Herefordshire in late August-early September 1798, these ideas must have been jotted down at various times in the ensuing months. That such jottings were intended for a future revisal of *Madoc* is proven by the fact that many of them relate to parts of the poem which had long-since been completed in MS.2A. Many of the ideas were never used by Southey, and in several cases he has even negated them within the notebook itself. For example, he evidently toyed with the idea of making the narrative of Madoc's initial voyage (III.1-242) even more harrowing by introducing the effects of scurvy among the crew:

In the third book the scurvy should perhaps be described. there is room for a powerful description.

Two entries later in the notebook however, Southey writes:

The scurvy must not be introduced. one might tilt with Lucretius. but the voyage is too short, & then it is not an inviting circumstance. (SW.n, f.194 and *SCB*, IV, 205)

On the other hand, several of the ideas which first appear in the notebook did find their way into the final version of the poem — a further testimony to its composite construction. Note, for example, how the brief SW.n entry 'the beavers to be described where Madoc walked alone along the Towys winding banks' (SW.n, f.194 and *SCB*, IV, 205), was enlarged into what Ernst Bernhardt-Kabisch describes as one of the most 'suggestive images'<sup>180</sup> in the published text:

Musing on thoughts like these, did Madoc roam  
Alone, along the Towy's winding shore.  
The beavers in its bank had hollowed out  
Their social place of dwelling, and had dammed  
The summer-current, with their perfect art  
Of instinct, erring not in means nor end.  
But as the floods of spring had broken down  
Their barrier, so its breaches unrepaired  
Were left; and round the piles, that deeper driven,  
Still held their place, the eddying waters whirled. (*Madoc*, 118)

The ideas contained in the SW.n are thus an indication that Southey was already looking towards a major revisal of the poem even during the Westbury year, and as the first draft drew towards its completion, we find Southey laying increasing emphasis on the fact that it is just that, a first draft. His comments to Wynn on 30 March for example, mirror those which he had written to John May ten days earlier:

The first sketch of *Madoc*, for I look upon it as not much more, draws to its conclusion, and I may perhaps have the whole outline to show you in May.<sup>181</sup>

Southey's references in both letters to the possibility of showing his friends the completed poem in May refer to the fact that he was to make his termly visit to London during that month. Having completed the whole of book XII within five days (on 25 March), and commenced book XIII by the 27th, Southey must have felt himself to be very much on course to fulfil his prophecy. Yet again however, other employments intervened, and book XII actually took longer to complete than any other book which Southey composed during the Westbury period. For the first time since that summer of 1793, Southey was to pass much of his time in London with the Bedfords at Brixton. 'never did I go to London with the prospect of seeing so many friends', he told G.C. Bedford on 27 April, but he also added the kind of comments which were to become so familiar whenever he was to be uprooted from Keswick, and which show just how easily Martin Hall could have become the Greta Hall of Southey's domestic existence:

yet never did I leave home with more reluctance. exertion, fatigue, alteration are hateful to me. my sensations are such that like certain politicians I think all changes must be needs for the worst [...] I want books & quietness — the less fatigue the better, & the less mental emotion.

While the prospect of visiting London was no more enticing than usual however, Southey could not resist the opportunity for a nostalgic glance back at that immortal summer of 1793:

I shall bring Madoc with me. 12 books are written out of 15. should I be your guest at Brixton it will be the second epic poem that I shall finish there.<sup>182</sup>

While Southey did continue with *Madoc* in London, we can again combine the annotation in MS.2A with a comment in his correspondence to show that his initial progress with the poem at Brixton was rather slow. We know for certain that, by the time Southey left for London at the beginning of May, he had written 194 lines of book XIII, since he has placed the heading 'Brixton. May 5. 99.' above line 195. Writing to Tom on 12 May however, he complained that:

it is only at home that I can be regular in any thing, elsewhere there are a thousand little restraints which dog me & fritter away the hours. I have only written some thing in Madoc to finish the canoe fight [...] <sup>183</sup>

The battle on the lake concludes at line XIII.245, which thus suggests that Southey had only written fifty lines during his week at Brixton. After four weeks in London, Southey arrived back at Westbury on 27 May, and given that he described his stay in London as 'four weeks spent in incessant labour of one kind or other',<sup>184</sup> and that he

could sign the concluding line of book XIII 'Tuesday June 4.', it seems a reasonable assumption that the remaining 103 lines were not actually penned until his return to Martin Hall.

While Southey was delighted to be back at Westbury, it was a delight tempered by his mother's continued illness and the realisation that life at Martin Hall was almost at an end. The lease was to expire on 24 June, and Southey could tell Bedford on the 5th that:

the time of removal is so near at hand that I begin to wish every thing were settled & over. this is a place which I leave with some reluctance, after taking root here for 25 years [...]<sup>185</sup>

While Mark Storey is certainly correct to point out that 'this is not actually a true account of his first quarter century',<sup>186</sup> one could equally argue that Southey's statement betokens the fact that the importance of the year which he spent at Westbury was such that it had already come to be a microcosmic representation of his lifelong association with, and love for, his native Bristol and the West Country. This association, spanning as it did his formative years, is one which is too often forgotten in the retrospective knowledge of his 40-year residence in the Lakes. While Southey continued to find his primary pleasure in his familial role, there can be no doubt that, by the spring of 1799, he had gathered around him a circle of the Bristol intellectual élite. He was particularly taken with one of the newest members of that circle, a young chemist from Cornwall named Humphry Davy, 'a great acquisition to this neighbourhood, & if his future progress be at all answerable to the success with which he has set out, he must rank with the first names of the century'.<sup>187</sup> Davy's company was made even more welcome by the fact that, as Southey told Tom, he had 'invented a new pleasure for which language has no name' in the form of nitrous oxide (laughing gas), which 'makes one strong & so happy! so gloriously happy! & without any after debility but instead of it increased strength & activity of mind & body'.<sup>188</sup>

Whether that 'increased strength & activity of mind' found an outlet in *Madoc* it is difficult to be sure, but, according to the date beneath the heading of book XIV, Southey began work on this book on the same day on which he concluded book XIII (4 June). The latter had taken well over two months to complete, and while we have no way of knowing precisely when book XIV was finished, since Southey did not affix his

usual date to the last line of the book, we do know that book XV was begun on 9 July. In the interim, the Westbury year had drawn to a close, and it was certainly fitting that the first draft of *Madoc*, the work which Southey still prized above all others, should be brought to its conclusion simultaneously with 'one of the happiest portions of my life'. At the beginning of June Southey had received a letter from Charles Biddlecombe, his former neighbour at Burton, informing him that, should he be interested in returning to Hampshire, a suitable residence had been found 'about two hundred yards from our former abode'.<sup>189</sup> Having departed from Westbury on Midsummer Day, the Southneys took up temporary residence with Charles Danvers and his mother in Bristol, and on Friday 28 June Southey set off to inspect the cottage at Burton, walking most of the way in extremely hot weather.<sup>190</sup> He arrived on Sunday and immediately wrote Edith that 'From all I see I think the house will be very convenient & comfortable'. The drawback was that:

we are not likely to get possession before Michaelmas!!! so [...] you & I will take a journey [...] either to Wales or Devonshire.<sup>191</sup>

It was with that journey — to Devonshire, as it turned out — commenced on 25 July, that I began chapter 1 of this thesis: the journey that was to bring about the reconciliation with Coleridge, and when the latter was to see *Madoc* for the first time.

On his return from Burton, as I have already mentioned, Southey began work on the final book of *Madoc* on 9 July, but there is some confusion as to the date on which the poem was finally completed.<sup>192</sup> In the *Poetical Works* preface to *Thalaba*, Southey stated that:

When we removed from Westbury at Midsummer 1799, I had reached the penultimate book of *Madoc*. That poem was finished on the 12th of July following, at Kingsdown, Bristol [...] (*PW*, IV, xi)

A comment in a letter to Wynn of 13 July would also appear to support this: 'You will be pleased to hear that yesterday I finished *Madoc* — & as all poems should it rises in interest till the conclusion'.<sup>193</sup> This is contradicted however by a comment in a letter which Southey wrote to Tom on the 12th itself: 'Yesterday I finished *Madoc*, thank God! & thoroughly to my own satisfaction'.<sup>194</sup> I would argue that this letter actually provides the correct completion date, primarily because of what is surely the most valuable piece of evidence, the annotation which Southey has written beneath the final line of the manuscript itself: 'Thursday. July. 11. 99.'



Thus it was that on 11 July 1799, some two years and four months after he had begun work on MS.2A in February 1797, and over four years since he had set down the inaugural lines of the poem in MS.1 in the spring of 1795, Southey finally brought the first full draft of *Madoc* to an end.

---

## Chapter 6

### The Question of MS.2B, the Fair Copy

MS.2B, the fair copy of MS.2A, is now in the Beinecke Library at Yale University (Tinker MS.1938). It is bound in two volumes, consisting of 158 and 143 unnumbered folios respectively.<sup>195</sup> To describe this manuscript as a 'fair' copy is no exaggeration, since, with very few exceptions, the changes indicated by Southey in MS.2A have been implemented throughout, and with the single exception of the deleted lines 184+1-184+5 in book II (discussed above, p.55), there are no cancelled passages in MS.2B. As in the case of MS.2A, Southey has only used the rectos for the main text of the poem, thus leaving most of the versos blank, save for Southey's own sporadic explanatory notes (see my 'Note on the Explanatory Notes').

The best way of tackling the question as to when Southey transcribed MS.2B is to begin with the problem created by the only date in the manuscript, which appears in the form of a dedication on an otherwise-blank opening folio:

Charles Danvers from Robert Southey. Wednesday. July. 24. 1794.

This is an extraordinary piece of misdating; one which is not open to any misreading, and for which it is simply impossible to account. Leaving aside the fact that Southey was not even acquainted with Danvers in 1794, it will be obvious from what I have discussed hitherto in this thesis that he was in no position to inscribe any manuscript of *Madoc* in July 1794, let alone the fair copy of MS.2A. When cataloguing the recently-donated Tinker collection for the Beinecke Library in 1959, Robert Metzdorf observed the error, but purely from a calendrical perspective, pointing out that 'this is obviously an early draft of the poem', and that 'July 24 fell on a Thursday in 1794'.<sup>196</sup> Clearly unacquainted with the poem's history, Metzdorf reached the only logical conclusion in the circumstances. That Southey might have signed the day and date correctly, but misdated the year by half a decade, seems too incredible, yet this is precisely what happened.

In 1799 the 24th of July did fall on a Wednesday, and, as we have already seen, this was the last day that the Southeys were to spend with Charles Danvers and his mother at their house at Kingsdown Parade in Bristol. Southey knew that he and Edith were to depart for Minehead on the following day, and he believed that, following an excursion

into Devonshire, they would once more take up residence at Burton, and that consequently it would be some considerable time before he would be among Bristol friends again. Of those friends, Charles Danvers, a man whom Southey was later to describe as 'quite my right hand',<sup>197</sup> had steadily become his most intimate, and it is no surprise that Southey should have inscribed to Danvers the manuscript of *Madoc* which, as I shall now show, had been sent (or sometimes given) to him book by book as it was copied from MS.2A.

There are several pieces of evidence to support the theory that MS.2B was created contemporaneously from MS.2A. Lynda Pratt has pointed out the important fact that 'the *Madoc* project was common knowledge in Bristol literary circles of the 1790s', and that 'evidence suggests that a manuscript copy, or copies, of *Madoc* (1797-9), at various stages of its composition, circulated in the city during this period, and that it was kept either at Joseph Cottle's shop, or with Southey's friend, the wine merchant Charles Danvers'.<sup>198</sup> Pratt then draws attention to comments by Southey in two letters to Joseph Cottle published by Kenneth Curry, the first of which, sent from London on 2 May 1797, I have already cited: 'the two first books of *Madoc* now lie on the table packed up to go to Danvers. I have desired him to lend them to you'. The second was sent from Burton on 28 July 1797: 'I wrote to Danvers about your copying *Madoc*'.<sup>199</sup> These comments obviously throw out strong hints that Southey was sending a copy of *Madoc* piecemeal to Danvers, and we can add to these another from an earlier, unpublished letter to Cottle of 6 March 1797 — the letter which I have already used to prove that Southey had almost finished revising the first book of MS.1 into that of MS.2A by that date:

*Madoc* is in a state of rapid progression [...] tell Danvers his copy is completed as far as the work has advanced, but that I shall not send him the first book till I can send the two together, because he is already well acquainted with the old one.<sup>200</sup>

The next piece of useful evidence comes from the diary of James Losh (1763-1833), the lawyer who practised for most of his life at Newcastle, and who, through his long-standing friendship with Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, was frequently given the privilege of seeing their works in manuscript. In a 1962 article on Losh, Paul Kaufman cited a diary entry for 4 September 1800, in which Losh recorded a comment by Coleridge on *Madoc*, and added that 'Southey showed me about two years ago two

books of this poem which I admired'. During the period which Losh is recollecting here, he had been practising the law in Bristol, and had clearly been moving regularly among that circle of Bristol intellectuals of which Southey was a prominent member. It was actually over three years earlier, however, that Losh had seen a manuscript of *Madoc*, as Lynda Pratt has pointed out, 'probably the first and second books of the 1797-9 version, on 25 May 1797'.<sup>201</sup> While this is true, the earliest and most important reference to his having read *Madoc* appears to have gone undiscovered. It was on 4 May 1797 that Losh records 'Reading two books of Southey's *Madoc*',<sup>202</sup> the significance of which will immediately be apparent when we recollect Southey's letter from London on the 2nd informing Cottle that 'the two first books of *Madoc* now lie on the table packed up to go to Danvers'. Thus, within two days of that letter to Cottle, the two first books of MS.2B had been received in Bristol by Danvers, and were being read there by Losh.

There is one final comment by Southey concerning MS.2B which goes some way towards answering Lynda Pratt's question as to whether the manuscript was being kept at Cottle's shop or at the house of Charles Danvers. The other occupant of that house was Danvers's mother, of whom, immediately after her death in April 1803, Southey wrote of as 'my best friend here [at Bristol ...] an old Lady [...] whom I regarded with something like a family affection'.<sup>203</sup> Writing from Lisbon on 18 December 1800, Southey told Danvers that:

*Madoc* is my Army Reserve — after a summer in Wales has been devoted to correcting it, its publication will be a question of prudence, whether like your old wine it will increase in value by keeping or whether I shall publish as soon as possible not to lose the yearly profits that may be expected. It would greatly delight me to give Mrs Danvers her poem in print.<sup>204</sup>

This last comment clearly suggests that Mrs. Danvers had come to think of *Madoc* in its manuscript form as 'her poem'; a fact which can only be explained by accepting that, beginning with that parcel sent from London on 2 May 1797, it had arrived at the Danvers's household book by book as it was copied from the original over a two-and-a-half-year period till it was brought to a conclusion with that wrongly-dated dedication to Charles Danvers on 24 July 1799.

## Chapter 7

### *Madoc* After 1799: a Note

On 20 February 1800 Southey told William Taylor that:

if you should visit me at Hampshire in the summer, as I hope, you shall see the first outline of *Madoc*, which if I live some half dozen years, shall be my monument. all else are the mere efforts of apprenticeship.<sup>205</sup>

Eight months after it had been completed therefore, Southey was still thinking of the poem which now existed in two manuscripts (MS.2A and MS.2B) as the major achievement of his life. He was not to return to it again however until the autumn of 1801. Since this thesis is not concerned with the published poem, the purpose of this chapter is to provide a very brief sketch of its post-MS.2A development.

It was in mid September 1801 that Southey set off with Wynn on a walking tour through North Wales in order to 'survey the country in the line of Madocs journeys'.<sup>206</sup> This tour was cut short however by the sudden offer of a post — procured for him by John Rickman — as secretary to Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, in consequence of which Southey sailed for Dublin on 11 October. He remained a fortnight in Dublin — the only visit he was to make there throughout his year-long service to Corry — during which period he 'did nothing — that is Secretarianly speaking [...] so I got half thro the first book of *Madoc* in correction'.<sup>207</sup> We are thus able to pin-point with some accuracy the commencement period for what was to result in the published poem of 1805, but as the amount of time which elapsed between these two dates indicates, the process of revising proved to be even lengthier than that of the original composition. While we continue to find the occasional mention of *Madoc* in Southey's correspondence over the next year, it is clear from a letter to Wynn at the end of January 1803 that other employments had again prevented him from proceeding far with the revisal:

You will see me again in the *Morning Post* soon: odd as it must needs be thought the most profitable employment I can find. Meantime with some drudgery and sore eyes and a history on hand *Madoc* creeps on, and my head is full of ideas for it.<sup>208</sup>

Full of ideas though Southey might have been, it was not until his arrival in Keswick at the beginning of September that the work of revising *Madoc* seriously began. As I have already discussed above (p.29), the Southseys had left Bristol at the end of August 1803 following the death of their first child, Margaret, and on 8 September, the day

after their arrival at the Coleridges at Greta Hall, Southey told Danvers that:

my sleep is harrassed [*sic*] by dreams, and the moment I cease to be actively employed either in reading or conversation I feel that I am not happy enough to be idle [...] It is now two years since we left this place, and in that time the old Mountains and their Lakes, have not changed as I have done. There is something awful in the unchangeableness and duration of these things of Nature to one who has so lately felt the instability of human existence. I shall be the better for dwelling among them, at least the poet-part of me, which is the best part, will be fed and fostered [...] With very straight-forward intentions my path of life has had so many short-turns in it, that I despair of ever seeing the way plain before me — but as far as my dim eyes can see, I believe I shall stay here and give up my main mind to the completion of *Madoc* [...] <sup>209</sup>

Southey's next report on the poem, in October, indicates just how little progress he had made with the revisal since it had commenced in Dublin two years earlier, but it also illustrates the extent to which the poem had altered and expanded since MS.2A:

There are about 800 new lines of new matter added. I am now in the old fourth book and still travel in [the] open having a clear country before me. There will be about fifty or fourscore lines to add here containing an excommunication scene, and about as many more in the old fifth book about turning Owen Gwyneddh out of his grave in consequence. Except this there is only to alter and ornament till I come to the seventh book. Then I shall have about a thousand lines of new story to insert in the place of that book and inweave with the next. <sup>210</sup>

Thus, the work of revising *Madoc* into its publishable state began in earnest with Southey's arrival at Greta Hall in the autumn of 1803, and by 8 February 1804, he could tell John Rickman that 'the poem will go to press early in the summer', adding that long-held conviction that 'then shall I have performed my opus magnum, for such do I consider it'. <sup>211</sup> Once again, the prediction of a summer publication was to prove too ambitious, and it was not until 16 December that he could tell Joseph Cottle that:

*Madoc*, I trust will find his way to you in about six weeks or two months. The whole of the poem is printed, and the notes will occupy no very long time. You will see a very handsome book and find a full third of the volume altogether new. <sup>212</sup>

The poem appeared early in the following year, thus making it exactly a decade since Southey had set down those initial lines of MS.1 in the spring of 1795.

## PART II

### From Aberffraw to Aztlan: the Sources

#### CHAPTER 8

#### Southey's Use of Sources: some New Perspectives

In chapter 9 I will be presenting notes on each of Southey's sources in turn, providing the reader with information relating to their origin and make-up, details concerning the editions which Southey might have used, and a feeling for their authors' wider aims and ideological tenor. Given that the majority of sources which Southey drew upon for the writing of MS.2A were of an historical nature, either in time or in content, however, this chapter will consider some of the uses of history made by Southey in MS.2A, and will examine the hitherto-neglected significance of the sources which he consulted.

#### 8.1: Southey and Politicised Historiography

It was Jean Raimond who pointed out succinctly that '*Madoc* est, au premier chef, le fruit des immenses lectures de Southey',<sup>1</sup> a fact which is not only supported by the 104 pages of notes which accompanied the 1805 published poem, but also by the amount of notebook material which Southey collected but never used, both for this and for MS.2A. Raimond's observation is one which might equally be applied to any of Southey's longer works (both poetry and prose), and we frequently find him revelling in the plenitude of auxiliary material which his 'immenses lectures' have enabled him to create. Working on the 2nd edition of *Joan of Arc* at Burton in September 1797 Southey told Charles Danvers that:

My revisal comes on well and I have met with some books here of infinite use, but I ought to have access to every book that possibly could be useful, and every hour I feel the want of some. The alterations will be many, and the new notes very numerous.

Similarly, on 1 January 1800 he told Coleridge that:

I have made some progress in transcribing *Thalaba*. The notes need not be sent. Suffice it that they will be numerous and explanatory of every out-of-the-way word or allusion in the text.<sup>2</sup>

This approach has done nothing to enhance Southey's reputation as an epic poet. Several critics have argued that his obsession with his sources has meant that there is too much 'extraneous' material, not just in the notes, but even in the main body of the epics themselves; that the desire to display his knowledge of historical sources acts upon Southey like a Siren to lure him into a digression from the main narrative. For

Raimond, this is Southey's chief failing as an epic poet, since

[il] se révèle incapable de faire un choix parmi les innombrables matériaux qu'il a rassemblés. Il veut tout dire, et parce qu'il veut tout dire, son poème prend des proportions démesurées. [...] A plusieurs reprises, Southey interrompt le fil du récit, simplement parce qu'il désire introduire un passage qui lui tient à coeur.<sup>3</sup>

Raimond's critique, even in 1968, was far from new. It was, rather, part of a school of criticism which can be dated back precisely to October 1802, and Francis Jeffrey's review of *Thalaba* in *The Edinburgh Review*. In fact, Raimond's analysis is, both thematically and phraseologically, highly derivative of Jeffrey's original:

It is impossible to peruse this poem, with the notes, without feeling that it is the fruit of much reading, undertaken for the express purpose of fabricating some such performance. The author has set out with a resolution to make an oriental story, and the determination to find the materials of it in the books to which he had access. Every incident, therefore, and description, — every superstitious usage, or singular tradition, that appeared to him susceptible of poetical embellishment, or capable of picturesque representation, he has set down for this purpose, and adopted such a fable and plan of composition, as might enable him to work up all his materials, and interweave every one of his quotations, without any *extraordinary* violation of unity or order. When he had filled his commonplace book, he began to write; and his poem is little else than his commonplace book versified.<sup>4</sup>

Jeffrey's review is, of course, most famous for its attacks on what he saw as a dangerous school of writers who suffered from 'a splenetic and idle discontent with the existing institutions of society', and on Wordsworth's preface to *The Lyrical Ballads* in particular as an archetype of this school. But while several generations of critics have sought vigorously to defend both Wordsworth and the wider Romantic movement against Jeffrey's critique, when it comes to Southey, critical opinion has, until very recently, tended to echo Jeffrey's assessment. Geoffrey Carnall, for example, suggested that in the latter years of the 1790s Southey was deliberately inflating his source material in order to 'muffle the jacobinism which had hitherto often been perceptible in his published work'.<sup>5</sup>

The problem with this critical approach is that it not only fails to take into account the fact that Southey shared the prevailing contemporary attitude towards history and historiographical writing, but it also ignores the fact that there existed a contemporary culture within the longer poem of what we might call 'the politics of annotation'. Eighteenth-century historiography was usually politically motivated, and while the assumption that historical narratives should teach by example remained, the enlightenment concern with progress, with humanitarian values, and with broadening



the perspective to include more economic, social and cultural developments arguably made the political significance of history a more complex issue. In the wake of the French Revolution, in a period of often severe censorship, history was by far the best cloak under which to hide contemporary politics, and no writer in the late 1790s utilised this guise more extensively and diversely than Southey.

Were we to seek for Southey's own poetical manifesto — his *raison d'être* for his chosen vocation — in the late 1790s, then we might find it in his poem *History*, published originally in *The Morning Post* on 16 January 1799, but republished in the second volume of *The Annual Anthology*. In the opening line, the poet declares 'Thou chronicle of crimes! I read no more', and vows to abjure the reading of history with its 'dungeon horrors' and 'fields of war' in favour of the 'haunts' of 'gentle Poesy'. Suddenly, he is confronted by 'Clio, the strong-eyed Muse', who asks:

Was it for this I waken'd thy young mind?  
Was it for this I made thy swelling heart  
Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy boy's eye  
So kindle when that glorious Spartan died?  
Boy! boy! deceive me not! what if the tale  
Of murder'd millions strike a chilling pang  
[...]  
Yes — most righteously thy soul  
Loathes the black history of human crimes  
And human misery! let that spirit fill  
Thy song, and shall it teach thee boy! to raise  
Strains such as Cato might have deign'd to hear,  
As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love. (AA II, 88-89)

The message, then, is unequivocal: the foremost duty of a poet is to take the lessons that only history can teach and disseminate their wisdom for the moral good of mankind. Not surprisingly, Southey's choice of the refrain 'was it for this' for Clio's stern rebuke has already attracted critical attention. In his article "'Was it for this [...]?'": The Poetic Histories of Southey and Wordsworth', Simon Bainbridge has argued that 'Through Clio's severe intervention, Southey presents himself, like Wordsworth in *The Prelude*, as a chosen son educated for a special task [...] But whereas Wordsworth presents himself and his poetic identity as formed by Nature, Southey's grand preceptor and inspiring power is history'.<sup>6</sup> Bainbridge then suggests that 'it seems likely that Southey and Wordsworth drew on the same sources in Ariosto, Milton, Thomson and Pope for the phrase "Was it for this?"', and, in the first two of those sources, he identifies a 'crucial element' in Southey's 'response to historical and vocational crisis during the war: the redefinition of poetry as a manly pursuit after its increasing feminization in the closing decades of the eighteenth

century'.

While I agree that *History* is a vocationally-defining poem for Southey, I believe that Bainbridge's failure to identify the real source for Southey's use of the phrase 'was it for this' has also meant that the true nature of the vocation which he wished to convey has not been understood. Southey's source was unquestionably 'Hieroglyphic VII' by Francis Quarles from his *Hieroglyphics* or, originally, *Hieroglyphikes on the Life of Man*, first published in 1638. There are numerous references to 'old Quarles', as Southey always referred to him, in his early correspondence with Bedford and Wynn, though, even more significantly, at the time when Southey was composing the *History* poem, a discussion of Quarles's merits was evidently taking place between him and Charles Lamb.<sup>7</sup> But the real key lies in the fact that Southey had made 'no apology to the reader for enriching my volume with the following beautiful poem on monastic life [...] by Francis Quarles', when he reprinted the 'Hieroglyphic' in full in the 1st edition of his *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Spain and Portugal* (*Lets.S&P.97*, 279-81). Once again, the composition of *History* corresponds exactly with that period when Southey was working on the revision of the *Letters* for the 1799 2nd edition, where Quarles's 'Hieroglyphic' was again printed (*Lets.S&P.99*, 225-27). Quarles's poem was a fiercely protestant rejection of the very concept of monasticism, viewed by him as the antithesis of man's mission on earth. It opened with the lines (cited here from Southey's *Letters*):

WAS it for this, the breath of Heav'n was blown  
Into the nostrils of this heav'nly creature?  
Was it for this that sacred Three in One  
Conspir'd to make this quintessence of Nature?  
Did Heav'nly Providence intend  
So rare a fabric for so poor an end?

The religious moral of Quarles's poem is evidently the fitting impetus for Southey's own poetic moral in *History*. Any individual who has been gifted with a talent for the propagation of truth must not shrink from that duty, otherwise he is directly responsible for those individuals who are kept in darkness:

Tell me, recluse Monastic, can it be  
A disadvantage to thy beams to shine?  
A thousand tapers may gain light from thee;  
Is thy light less or worse for lighting mine?

The echoes of Quarles's poem which reverberate in *History* imply that Southey had come to view the nature of his vocation as analogous rather to Christian ministration

than to any conscious pursuit after the 'heroic and manly', and, once again, this would correspond exactly with some of his religious views in the closing months of 1798 when *History* was being composed. On 2 September 1798, Southey told John May that 'were I again at liberty to chuse my way of life I should not hesitate at becoming a dissenting minister',<sup>8</sup> and, as I shall be discussing further in chapter 8.3 below, he early formed the view that he was to hold for the rest of his life that there was a crucial nexus between religion and education and that one of the primary duties of any ministry must be to foster the growth of education both as the key to individual liberation and the safeguard of national morality. That Southey increasingly came to view the function of poetry in the same light is shown by a comment in his 1829 *Colloquies*:

Poetry may be, and too often has been, wickedly perverted to evil purposes; what indeed is there that may not, when religion itself is not safe from such abuses! but the good which it does inestimably exceeds the evil. [...] it is in verse only that we throw off the yoke of the world, and are as it were privileged to utter our deepest and holiest feelings. Poetry in this respect may be called the salt of the earth; we express in it, and receive in it, sentiments for which, were it not for this permitted medium, the usages of the world would neither allow utterance nor acceptance. And who can tell in our heart-chilling and heart-hardening society, how much more selfish, how much more debased, how much worse we should have been, in all moral and intellectual respects, had it not been for the unnoticed and unsuspected influence of this preservative? (*Coll.*, II, 398-99)

The manifesto of *History* was one which Southey practised in the closing years of the 1790s. It was no accident that so many of his poems in these years, especially those in *The Morning Post*, were on historical themes, that he should have become renowned (and parodied) for the inscription — the poetic form which often adopted a location with historical significance in order to create a politically-charged denouement<sup>9</sup> — or that the other major work for which he was composing poems during the period was 'The Kalendar', an anthology of poems commemorating the anniversaries of what Southey viewed as meaningful events in world history (see p.66). Even leaving aside his epics, Southey was the leading exponent of the politicised historiography poem of his generation, and, compared with Wordsworth, for example, it is interesting to note how few of Southey's poems actually address contemporary events. While Southey undoubtedly believed that there was no better teacher than Clio, nor anything more calculated to inspire than the auspicious events of history or deeds of men, he may well have experienced a sense of security by writing about events and deeds which were in the past, and whose success (or otherwise) could therefore be measured. In spite of his passionate love for home-grown verse and fervent belief that the education system

placed too much emphasis upon the reading and compositional imitation of Greek and Latin authors, much of Southey's early poetry is permeated with Classical philosophy and history (see his own comments upon *Joan of Arc* on p.91 below). It would, nevertheless, seem somewhat strange to argue that the historical notes that Southey added to the 2nd edition of *Joan of Arc* or to the nascent *Madoc* were either merely extraneous or for the purposes of toning down the poems' radicalism, for, to borrow Clare Simmons's important reminder, 'an appeal to history, after all, implies discontent with the present'.<sup>10</sup>

As I have said above, there were already precedents for epic-type poems on historical themes, with lengthy notes which cloaked — and sometimes only diaphanously — political opinions in the guise of historical explanation: poems which Southey knew well, such as Thomas Beddoes's *Alexander's Expedition* (1792) and Joel Barlow's *The Vision of Columbus* (especially the enlarged 5th edition published in 1793), from which I believe that Southey borrowed the idea for a lengthy passage in book III of MS.2A (see my n. to III.35-120). I am not suggesting that such poems did not contain notes that were purely for explanatory purposes, but annotation could be just as valid a platform for the expression of political opinions as the main text itself. In fact, there was one particular way in which such annotation helped to nail one's political allegiances firmly to the mast. In this period especially, the citation of authors often implied political affiliation, and in precisely the same way that the deeds of many an individual figure (or groups of figures) from the past could be invoked to sanction contemporary political views — and this was, after all, the essence of the inscription — so the writings of authors, ancient and modern, were often posthumously appropriated, or re-appropriated, to a political cause. As Michael Scrivener has explained, such citation was also a radical strategy for the popularisation of authors and texts:

A major thrust of Jacobin culture was popularization, making texts wholly or partly accessible to a popular audience that ordinarily would never read such things because of their constrained opportunities for learning. Excerpts from older and contemporary authors were featured in Thomas Spence's *Pig's Meat* (1793-96) and Daniel Isaac Eaton's *Politics for the People* (1793-95), both of which became digests of Jacobin writing. Thelwall popularized classical and republican writing in his essays and lectures. His edition of Walter Moyle's *An Essay Upon the Constitution of the Roman Government* (1698), retitled provocatively *Democracy Vindicated* (1796), and with the Latin translated and the references explained, is yet another example of Jacobin popularization. Such popularization was an extension and application of Enlightenment assumptions concerning the reader-writer.<sup>11</sup>

I am not arguing that Southey was writing for a readership identical with that of Spence, Eaton or Thelwall, but he may have hoped to reach readers like the self-educated servant in Godwin's *Caleb Williams*, who, in Scrivener's words, 'learns to demystify the pretenses of his aristocratic master'.

The blatant omission of an already popular source could also be viewed as a conscious attempt at 'depopularisation' — an attempt to undermine its iconic status. I shall be examining this process below when discussing Southey's conscious omission from the published *Madoc* of any material from William Robertson's best-selling *History of America*. In short, Beverley Southgate's succinct analysis of the way in which an historian's ideological affiliation can often be determined by the process of data selection underpins the three chapters which follow:

The data on which historians work is actually given its meaning by those same historians. It is they who choose it in the first place, who select it from a potentially infinite quarry, and who make some sense of it in relation to a lesson or message that they want to transmit. The written account of that data, therefore, will inevitably encapsulate the ideological commitment of its author; and, to the careful reader of the historian's language, that commitment (however unconsciously expressed) may be revealed.<sup>12</sup>

In the three chapters which follow I will be discussing some ways in which Southey used the historiographical material available to him from his various sources (a) to validate and bolster the political themes of MS.2A, (b) to perform much the same function for its religious ideas, and (c) to create a new-model epic which, through a higher content of sociological material, would not only possess a greater degree of authenticity but also challenge the conventional notion that the world of the epic was peopled by heroes and heroines who had little or nothing to do with the lives and emotions of the common man or woman.

---

## 8.2: MS.2A and Politics

As with any of the first generation of Romantics, any discussion of Southey's politics in the 1790s must begin with his reactions to events in France. Even had such ground not already been ably tilled by numerous other critics however, here would not be the place for an in-depth essay on 'Southey and the French Revolution'.<sup>13</sup> I am interested solely in exploring the major political ideas which emerge from MS.2A and the extent to

which Southey's sources underpin those ideas. Throughout the 1790s, Southey was a good deal closer than Wordsworth to what Michael Scrivener has called the 'Authentic Jacobinism' of writers like Thelwall. As Scrivener observes:

Authentic Jacobinism was above all systematic, theoretical, and rationalistic, so that it was to some extent immune from emotional reactions to the French Revolution's decline and turn toward tyranny. Jacobins like Thomas Spence in fact moved further left as the revolution across the channel floundered [...]<sup>14</sup>

This is an accurate account of Southey's own politics in the 1790s, but a study of his responses to events in France offers a useful way of approaching the political themes embodied within MS.2A.

In the early years of the decade, Southey was genuinely interested in French politics for a variety of reasons, but only one of which had anything to do with the fate of France itself. This was that, in common with many other British radicals who rather ironically acquired the epithet 'Jacobin', his views were always far closer to those of the Girondin party in France, and he was hopeful of the Girondins becoming the real representative face of the Revolution.<sup>15</sup> Even when war broke out between France and England in February 1793, such a result was still vaguely possible, and it was then that Southey also experienced what Wordsworth was to call 'A conflict of sensations without name'.<sup>16</sup> For Southey, the conflict had an acutely personal dimension. 'My brother is on board the Venus frigate', he told G.C. Bedford in March 1793, the first month of hostilities: 'He is going to fight for England I wish I could wish him success'.<sup>17</sup> Until the arrest and execution of all the leading Girondins in June 1793, Southey had believed that, through the influence of individuals such as Brissot and Mme. Roland, the French could both mitigate recent atrocities and find a way through many months of infighting.

#### (A) The Necessity of National Unity

This last point is crucial, since Southey saw national unity as the essential precondition of a successful struggle against oppression. This is a recurrent, though often overlooked, theme in *Joan of Arc*, where early English successes in the Hundred Years War are attributed to French factionalism. In the maid's *Vision*, the ghost of Henry V

admits to her that he 'might have reigned in happiness and peace' at home had he not been tempted by the sight of 'The realm of France, by faction tempest-torn' (*Joan. 96*, 352-53), and the key to Joan's success is her ability to reunite the French. In her own words:

He best  
"Performs the Patriot's and the Good Man's part,  
"Who, in the ear of Rage and Faction, breathes  
"The healing words of Love. (*Joan. 96*, 381-82)

The idea of strength in national unity which Southey celebrates in *Joan of Arc* and numerous other early poems is one which reverberates throughout the Romantic movement. Richard Cronin, for example, has shown how, in his 1807 *Poems*, Wordsworth broadens the unity of the 'perfect Republic of Shepherds and Agriculturists' which he had celebrated in the *Lyrical Ballads* to encompass a British nation which, faced with the threat of invasion, has 'come together to form once more that "solemn fraternity which a great nation composes"'.<sup>18</sup>

The paradigmatic Classical instance of this national unity out of discord was the coming together of the Greek States to repel the Persian invasion, culminating in the battle of Thermopylae in 480 BC. Throughout the eighteenth century, this defence of Greek liberty in the face of Persian despotism was one of the most frequently-invoked events in Whig, as well as more radical, politicised historiography; a trend which had, in no small part, been augmented by Richard Glover's epic *Leonidas*, first published in 1737. Southey's earliest letters are packed with eulogies on both Glover's poem and its theme. 'I have read it perhaps more frequently than any other composition & always with renewed pleasure', he told Horace Bedford in November 1793, and in April 1805 he told William Taylor that 'early admiration, almost adoration of Leonidas [...] & the French Revolution at its height when I was just eighteen, by these my mind was moulded'.<sup>19</sup> Allusions to the event appear in several of Southey's early poems, including one which we have already met in the quotation from *History* above, and one in MS.2A (see VII.61-63). Addressing the other Greek States, Glover's *Leonidas* had made a strong appeal for national unity:

Let us all  
Be link'd in sacred union, and the Greeks  
Shall stand the world's whole multitude in arms.  
If for the spoil, which Paris bore to Troy,  
A thousand barks the Hellespont o'erspread;  
Shall not again confederated Greece  
Be rous'd to battle, and to freedom give,

What once she gave to fame.<sup>20</sup>

A second Classical factor is also important here. To Southey and other Romantics, civil war was the most abhorrent form of warfare, and it was no mere coincidence that his favourite Latin poet of this early period was Lucan — 'the republican Bard' or 'the Spanish republican'<sup>21</sup> — who deprecated Rome's 'commune nefas' ('collective guilt')<sup>22</sup> for descending into civil strife. It was probably this phrase from Lucan that Southey had in mind in the published poem when, mistakenly believing that Madoc regrets not having participated in the battle between his brothers, Cadwallon rebukes him with:

grievest thou that thou art spared  
The shame and guilt of that unhappy strife,  
Briton with Briton in unnatural war? (*Madoc*, 23-24)

Like Joan, Madoc is a unifier. The essential difference between the two poems is that, while *Joan of Arc* invites the reader to appreciate the success of a unified struggle against oppression, *Madoc* shows the consequences of disunity, and Southey has a number of real historical events on which to hang the moral. To begin with, there is the basic plot, which Southey would have found in all his sources. The death of Owain Gwynedd in 1170 precipitates the fraternal struggle for the throne of Gwynedd, resulting not just in David's victory over Hoel, but in the former also imprisoning or murdering his other brothers. David's only sure way of maintaining a precarious hold upon his prize, however, is to ally himself with his father's and Wales's traditional enemy, the English, in the form of a marriage with Emma of Anjou, half-sister to Henry II. David's decision to put his personal ambitions before those of his country also negates the possibility of any unity among the three ruling dynasties of Wales, the inevitable consequence of this being the gradual erosion of Welsh independence. David is the absolute embodiment of Richard Price's assertion that 'most of the evils which have taken place in private life, and among individuals, have been occasioned by the desire of private interest overcoming the public affections'.<sup>23</sup>

Southey depicts Madoc as an astute individual who not only rises above Gwynedd's internecine quarrels (compare his speech in II.121-24 with that of Joan which I have quoted above), but who also recognises that the only certain way of guarding against



the complete loss of Welsh independence is to put aside old feuds and present a united front to the encroaching English. In order to achieve this, Southey utilises his sources to the full, extracting from them far more material than that which propagated the basic plot. It was not merely for show that, in the opening book, faced with the realisation of what David's alliance with the English will mean, Madoc recollects with affection those two glorious occasions during his father's reign when the Welsh did come together in order to repel the invasions of Henry II: the battles of Coed Eulo in 1157 (I.238-43) and Crogen in 1165 (I.275-78). But the full force of what Southey is trying to convey here is only fully understood by an examination of his sources. On the latter battle, William Warrington, in his 1786 *History of Wales*, wrote:

Animated by his generous spirit, by the prosperity which had attended his arms, and by such a favourable conjuncture, the prince of North Wales and all his sons, his brother Cadwalader and the princes of Powis, joined Rhys ap Gryffyd, in hopes of regaining the independency they had lost, and of recovering that honour which of late they had forfeited. At no period, had the Welsh ever united into a confederacy like this, centering with so much energy and force, the various policies and interests, the different tempers and abilities of the princes of Wales.<sup>24</sup>

Another of Southey's sources, George Lyttelton, in his *History of the Life of King Henry the Second* (1767-71), might well have written Madoc's own manifesto:

If all the Welsh had united under this martial prince [Owain Gwynedd], during the weakness and confusion which the long civil war between Stephen and Matilda had brought upon England, they might have driven all the foreigners out of that country: but the dissensions that arose among their own chiefs interrupted their victories, diminished their force, and made some of them friends and confederates to the English.<sup>25</sup>

A symbolic delineation of Madoc's character is to be found in the journey which he undertakes in Book IV from his home at Aberffraw in the extreme north of the country to visit the two other dynastic rulers at Mathrafal in the east and Dinefwr in the south. Jean Raimond has suggested that 'Le voyage que Madoc effectue à travers le pays de Galles n'est qu'un prétexte à l'évocation détaillée des moeurs, des coutumes et des paysages gallois',<sup>26</sup> but this is not only to misunderstand the triumvirate political structure of late-twelfth-century Wales, but equally to miss completely Southey's own clear grasp of the significance of that structure. It was a form of governance which had existed for almost three centuries — since the death of Rhodri Mawr (the Great) in 870 — by the period in which Southey's poem is set, and, as J. Beverley Smith has pointed out, 'Our understanding of the period must rest upon a realisation that in each of the three ancient kingdoms which remained under Welsh control power was stabilized in

the hands of a strong ruler'. Smith's summary is useful:

Though all three were not exact contemporaries their achievements were similar and these three together, Owain Gwynedd, Madog ap Maredudd and Rhys ap Gruffudd, symbolize the emergence of Wales from Norman rule. During the next century there remained, imprinted upon men's minds, the memory that Wales, outside the March, had consisted historically of three kingdoms ruled from the three principal seats of Aberffraw in Gwynedd, Mathrafal in Powys, and Dinefwr in Deheubarth.<sup>27</sup>

These political divisions were clearly spelled out in Southey's oldest sources, *The Journey through Wales* and *The Description of Wales* by Giraldus Cambrensis,<sup>28</sup> but Southey probably did not get to see these until late August 1798 (see my discussion on pp.146-48). His earliest encounter with a description of the political structure of twelfth-century Wales was probably that in William Warrington:

The present æra opens a new prospect of the history of Wales, in which this country, which in the late reign had centered in one sovereign [Rhodri Mawr], was divided into three distinct principalities. Cadelh, the second son of the late prince, succeeded to the sovereignty of South Wales, distinguished by the name of Deheubarth, as lying to the south of the other provinces. The residence of the princes of this country was at Dinefwr on the banks of the river Towi in Caermarthenshire; where a palace had been erected by Roderic, in a situation strongly fortified by woods and mountains [...] Merfyn, the yongest [*sic*] son of Roderic the Great, succeeded to the principality of Powis. The residence of the princes of this country was at Mathraval in Montgomeryshire, at which place a palace had been built by the late prince [...] Anawrawd, the eldest son of Roderic the Great, succeeded to the sovereignty of North Wales. This territory was the Venedocia of the Romans, and was by the Britons called Gwynedh. The residence of the sovereigns of this district was at Aberffraw in Anglesey, in a palace which had been erected during the life of prince Roderic.<sup>29</sup>

By the time he commenced work on MS.2A however, Southey also knew David Powel's *Historie of Cambria* (1584). Powel prefaced his *Historie* with a translation from the Latin of 'A Description of Wales' by Sir John Price (see my discussion on p.155), and this latter also contained a description of the tripartite division of Wales.<sup>30</sup> By sending Madoc on a visit to the royal residences at Powys and Deheubarth therefore, Southey represented his hero as a member of the house of Gwynedd who was welcomed as a friend by the princes of Mathrafal and Dinefwr. By refusing to engage with Southey's sources therefore, it becomes too easy to dismiss this journey as peripheral, when it actually serves to highlight a key element in the poem.

#### (B) Southey the Republican

Southey's second reason for his early, genuine interest in French politics was that he wanted to see whether the republican experiment could work in a modern European state as it had in the new American United States. He genuinely shared Richard Price's

view that, as a result of the Revolution, 'a general amendment [is] beginning in human affairs', and that 'the dominion of kings [has] changed for the dominion of laws'.<sup>31</sup>

'If France models a republic and enjoys tranquillity who knows but Europe may become one great republic', he told G.C. Bedford in October 1793 (and note the theme of unity once again).<sup>32</sup> But even here, as Southey was to admit in a portion of the preface written for the *Poetical Works* edition of *Joan of Arc* in 1837 but which never appeared in print, his republicanism was borne out of his Classical education:

the chief cause of the [original poem's] favourable reception undoubtedly was that it was written in a republican spirit, such as might be expected in a youth whose notions of liberty were taken from the Greek & Roman writers & who was ignorant enough of history & of human nature to suppose that a happier order of things had commenced with the independence of the United States of America & would be accelerated by the French Revolution.<sup>33</sup>

While this was true, Southey is actually being a little unjust towards his youthful self, for at no time was he a blinkered, unquestioning supporter of the French. The young Southey would have agreed fully with Richard Price's famous depiction of the new French Republic as the light which 'warms and illuminates EUROPE'<sup>34</sup> — he even echoed the image in an early, unpublished poem<sup>35</sup> — but his attitude towards the French nation, even in his earliest extant letters, is a mixture of admiration for the ideals of men like Rousseau, Brissot and La Fayette, with traditional English antipathy and prejudice. Nowhere is this better exemplified than in his reaction to the news of the September 1792 massacres, which, ironically, he appears to have received shortly after writing that hopeful letter concerning French tranquillity:

I heard it lately observed that the past character of the French differs widely from their present. the Philosopher of Ferney [Voltaire] afford[s] one proof to the contrary & I think history, many more. the national ferocity has more than once broke out. the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew the death of Calas the punishment of the maniac Damien & the enormities they committed in America before they appeared as protectors of revolution (you see I use an ambiguous term) are so many views of their real disposition prominent amidst all the tinsel of affectation. "they order these things better in England."<sup>36</sup>

As I have already discussed in chapter 2, Southey underwent a spiritually dark period in the autumn of 1793 on learning of the execution of Marie Antoinette and of Brissot and the other Girondins. Significantly, however, responding to G.C. Bedford's questioning of his (Southey's) reactions to the news from France, he wrote angrily that:

you seemd glad when arguments against the system of Republicanism had faild — to grasp at the crimes of wretches who call themselves Republicans & stir up my feelings against my judgement. it is as just as if you should urge the existence of the inquisition as an argument against Xtianity [...] I can condemn the crimes of the French & yet be a Republican [...]<sup>37</sup>

Southey was being thoroughly honest here, and it is noticeable that, in the months following the collapse of the Girondins when he saw that all his hopes for a genuine republican experiment in France were shattered, he once again turned to Classical models. Singing the praises of Glover's epic *Leonidas* in November 1793, Southey told Horace Bedford that:

a constellation of such men never honored mankind at any tother time [...] to look back into the page of history — to be present at Thermopylae — at Salamis & Plataea to hear the song of Aschllus [*sic*] & lessons of Aristides & then — behold what Greece is — as fallen even below contempt — is one of the most miserable reflections the classic mind can endure. what a republic! what a province!<sup>38</sup>

The meeting with Coleridge and the Pantisocracy scheme which resulted offered Southey a new and active focus for his republicanism, and references to French affairs are considerably fewer during this period, as 'The thoughts of the day and the visions of the night all centre[d] in America'.<sup>39</sup> In the aftermath of the failed Pantisocracy scheme — the period which comprised his visit to Portugal and, roughly, the first year or so of his nomadic married life — there is a discernable turning away from politics altogether, though certainly not from his republican opinions. 'My day of political enthusiasm is over', he told Cottle's brother Amos on 28 February 1797. 'I know what is right, and as I see that everything is wrong, care more about the changing of the wind, lest it should make the chimney smoke, than for all the empires of Europe.'<sup>40</sup> As his confidence in his new life and his ability to make a living through his writings increased, so his theoretical republicanism was given a new and even stronger lease of life. An early supporter of Bonaparte certainly, his radical views of the late 1790s were, nevertheless, decidedly 'immune from emotional reactions' — to repeat Scrivener's phrase which I have quoted above — to events in France, and, like Scrivener's definition of 'authentic Jacobinism', Southey certainly 'moved further left as the revolution across the channel floundered'. In October 1799, he told John May that 'I see evil produced by existing establishments & know that it might be better, & am with all the ardour & sincerity of my soul a Republican'.<sup>41</sup>

Southey's republicanism is reflected in several of his late-1790s' anti-monarchical poems, especially in a number of the inscriptions<sup>42</sup> and in several of the shorter *Morning Post* poems, such as the brilliantly satirical *Saul and his Asses* (CMP, 78). One of the poems which he published in the second volume of his 1799 *Poems* also has

a revealing, though hitherto unnoticed, change from its manuscript original. On pp.85-88 of the *Poems*, Southey published his *Metrical Letter, Written from London*, which was addressed to his cousin Margaret. In the closing lines of this poem Southey declared that:

I gaze at night into the boundless sky,  
And think that I shall there be born again,  
The exalted native of some better star;  
And like the rude American I hope  
To find in Heaven the things I loved on earth.

In the original manuscript however, dated 14 January 1798, the third line in the above quotation is changed, and Southey hopes to be born again 'In some republican & better star' (K/B.n, BCL, f.141) — a desire which he presumably felt that it would be imprudent to commit to print.

All the poems of this period were, of course, being written contemporaneously with MS.2A, and that the latter, like the published *Madoc*, has republican leanings, needs little illustration. *Madoc* initially leaves behind a Gwynedd polarised for the sake of a crown, and returns to a Gwynedd ruled over by a despot, and a Wales gradually falling under the sway of a foreign monarch. My reading of these events, grounded as it is in the knowledge which Southey had clearly gained from his sources of Welsh history, nevertheless differs somewhat from that of Carol Bolton. With reference to the published poem (though the structure had not altered from that of MS.2A), Bolton has argued that:

The first book of *Madoc* is structured as 'a tale within a tale', so that *Madoc's* narrative describing the journey and colonization of the new land is enveloped by the political action in Wales. In this way *Madoc's* radical search for freedom is contrasted with the conservative claustrophobia of the medieval Welsh court. The emphasis in the old land is on tradition and the continuation of the monarchy through the new King David's political union with a 'Saxon' bride, to preserve the royal family name.<sup>43</sup>

Whereas I agree entirely with the opening sentence here, I read *Madoc's* quest for freedom not as a reaction against 'the conservative claustrophobia of the medieval Welsh court' in general, but rather against the rapidly-degenerating state of the court in the present era under his brother's despotism. I would argue that, from *Madoc's* earliest question to Kynwric in I.101-02 ('"Has then ought of ill/" Anew befallen the ill-fated house of Owain?"), Southey consistently presents *Madoc* as lamenting the passing of a Welsh golden age: an age in which, with Gwynedd under the rule of his father and Deheubarth under that of Rhys, Wales had temporarily regained some of its

political autonomy and cultural vibrancy — the latter in the shape of the flourishing of the Gogynfeirdd (the court poets, for whom see nn. to 238-42 and 253-56). Politically, Wales had taken full advantage of the English civil war between Stephen and Matilda, and religiously, it had gained a greater freedom as a result of the quarrel between Thomas Becket and Henry II;<sup>44</sup> basic facts which Southey knew well. In II.143-50 (*Madoc*, 25), Madoc eulogises his father's memory, believing that 'without a blot/"Shall Owains name live to the distant day!', an overall conclusion which Southey did not invent but took directly from his Welsh sources (see n. to II.142<sub>(b)</sub>-50). This is why Madoc is so horrified to learn of Owain's crime against Cynetha (II.151-77<sub>(a)</sub>) and *Madoc*, 25-26). While Madoc admits to feeling 'the shame of guilt' (II.179) for his father's crime however, at no point in the poem does Southey infer either that Madoc has had doubts concerning the monarchical system of government during his father's reign or that he disapproves of the triumvirate system of governance which, as I have described above, had existed in Wales for some three centuries. (He has, after all, founded good relationships with the rulers of both Deheubarth and Mathrafal.) Madoc thus flees from Gwynedd, I would argue, not because it perpetuates 'tradition and the continuation of the monarchy through the new King David's political union with a 'Saxon' bride', but precisely because, in the series of events which have taken place since his father's death — the civil war, the subsequent scattering of his brothers and nephew as outlaws across Wales and now 'this unnatural tie' (I.95) between the courts of Gwynedd and England — the newly-laid foundations for a revitalised Wales (with an especially powerful House of Gwynedd once again) already appear to be under threat. If this was not the case, it would be difficult to comprehend Madoc's sharing of Cyveilioc's hopes for his (Madoc's) nephew Llewelyn that

'It were a blessed day for this poor land  
'If ever he should mount his rightful throne [...] (IV.224-25)

and that he does share such hopes is shown by his comments to Llewelyn in VI.20-24. This reading is surely strengthened in the published poem by the fact that Madoc carries his father's body to America with him, thus simultaneously freeing it from the exhuming hands of an English Archbishop and from a land which is succumbing to civil strife, foreign rule and the corruption of personal ambition, while, presumably, sowing in the new land a seed of promise brought directly from the old.

All this is obviously not intended to contradict my above assertion that MS.2A and the

published poem have republican leanings, but I would suggest that Southey is far more careful in both poems not to depict his hero as holding such blatantly anachronistic republican views as his Joan of Arc had done, and to seek out ways of inferring such views within the framework of historicity. In the end — and this is even more evident in MS.2A — Madoc founds a non-monarchical colony, having apparently learned from the courts back home that, even in his native Gwynedd, the allure of a throne is sufficient to set brother fighting against brother and render all wider, national interests of secondary importance to the victor. In the American books of both MS.2A and the published poem, Southey has no equivalent historical constraints, so that Madoc is free to create a state founded upon individual civil and religious freedom, and in the course of doing this he liberates a peace-loving race from the clutches of another monarchical, priest-ridden state.

While Southey fashioned the basic plot of his Welsh books out of his *earliest* sources (such as David Powel), the accounts of the Madoc legend being reworked by the radical Welsh literati of the 1790s had already added some significant features to these originals. The radical (and certainly republican) leanings of this group were notorious. A writer like Iolo Morganwg could effortlessly re-discover, at the very heart of Madoc's medieval Wales, an ancient institution: the Gorsedd, whose function it had always been to 'superintend all aspects of Welsh national life — literary, cultural, religious, moral, political and social', and whose druid members 'had established their own distinctive "rational principles of government", which harmonized, to a marked degree, with the stirring ideals that led to the French Revolution'.<sup>45</sup> Iolo took advantage of the publication of William Owen's translation of *Heroic Elegies and other Pieces of Llywarch Hen* in 1792 to delineate, in a lengthy introduction, the 'history' of the Gorsedd and the bardic system, and Southey borrowed extensively from this for his meeting of the bards in book IV (see pp.128-30). When summing up 'the leading articles in the system' of bardism, Iolo declared that:

Superiority of individual power is what none but God can possibly be intitled to; for the power that gave existence to all is the only power that has a claim of right to rule over all. A man cannot assume authority over another; for if he may over one, by the same reason he may rule over a million, or over a world. All men are necessarily equal: the Four Elements in their natural state, or every thing not manufactured by art, is the common property of all.<sup>46</sup>

As Damian Walford Davies has observed, 'Iolo's Gorsedd and his accounts of the

bardic "system" amount to a model — indeed, a constitution — for a utopian republic', and as Ceri Lewis has pointed out, 'it is hardly surprising, therefore, that the state authorities came to regard the Gorsedd with considerable suspicion and, at times, with some alarm, and when it was planned to hold a Gorsedd on the Garth Mountain in Glamorgan, in June 1798, the local magistrates intervened and the Glamorgan Volunteers soon arrived on the scene, ordering the assembled bards to disperse lest they should 'attract the French invader'.<sup>47</sup> By lifting his description of the Gorsedd from Iolo's 'historical' account therefore, Southey sought to lend an antique legitimacy to the republicanism of his poem.

### (C) Imperialism, Nationalism and the Rights of Nations

Southey's third reason for his early, and in many ways continued, sympathy with France was that he passionately believed in the rights of individual nations to sort out their own internal affairs, free from the interference of others. This also meant that any of his early apologetics for French excesses brought him wholly in line with what Scrivener has called 'the standard British Jacobin defense of the revolution's violence'. Like Charles James Fox who, at the height of the terror in 1794, claimed that the French had been 'driven' to violence by the rest of mankind's hostility,<sup>48</sup> Southey argued that:

if you were to tie up your dog should not you think it very hard were all the curs in town to worry you? now apply this to the French[:] they have tied up their King from doing mischief & all the rest of that cursed breed are "letting loose the dogs of war".<sup>49</sup>

This was a view which, of course, he was to change dramatically.

Just as firmly as he believed in the rights of individual nations to determine their own internal affairs, so Southey despised the expansionist policies which the pages of history showed to have been so often practised by the more powerful nations at the expense of the weakest. I have already cited his comment to G.C. Bedford on 14 November 1793 that 'the same mournful spectacle' of the strong tyrannising over the weak was to be found everywhere (see p.33). What I am discussing in this section therefore are issues concerning imperialism and nationalism: questions relating to the rights of individual nations and indigenous peoples which had been debated in Spain and the New World since the middle of the sixteenth century but which the values of the Enlightenment had



inevitably thrust to the fore all over Europe, which had been theoretically and practically fought over between Britain and her American colonies and which were reaching both their theoretical and practical apogee during the early years of the Franco-European war. A long history of European discovery, commerce, conquest and empire-building had inevitably meant that, by the middle of the eighteenth century, alongside questions concerning the rights of the individual within the state, philosophers and historians were discussing the rights of individual nations within a global society, and it could be argued that these were the two issues which lay at the core of Southey's own early poetry. A good starting-point from which to examine his ideas on the latter question is his famous comment in the preface to the first edition of *Joan of Arc*:

It has been established as a necessary rule for the Epic, that the subject be national. To this rule I have acted in direct opposition, and chosen for the subject of my poem the defeat of my country. If among my readers there be one who can wish success to injustice, because his countrymen supported it, I desire not that man's approbation. (*Joan. 96*, vii)

Published in the midst of the war with France, it is hardly surprising that Southey's epic, founded as it was upon a French victory over the English in a former conflict and prefaced with such comments, should call down accusations of unpatriotic conduct upon its author — and not just from traditionally reactionary sources such as *The Anti-Jacobin*. In a letter to *The Morning Chronicle* on 5 August 1797, Anna Seward — a former supporter of the American colonies — felt sure that its notoriously radical editor, James Perry, must be 'too good a Patriot not warmly to disapprove Mr. Southey's attempts in his late very fine Poem, to depreciate the English character and inspire hatred of our Constitution'.<sup>50</sup>

Seward's reaction is understandable. Even if the issues themselves were hardly new, it would be difficult to find a British epic that had previously sought to confront such complex ideas concerning the history of nationalism and imperialism — especially from such an overtly anti-English stance. If the various forms of 1790s' radicalism had a shared aim it was to transform a traditionally narrow patriotism into one which was capable of celebrating the rights of other nations, and, at any period when there seemed potential for conflict, to subordinate the love of one's own country for what *The Anti-Jacobin* mocked as a 'love [...] enlarged and expanded so as to comprehend all human kind'.<sup>51</sup> This aim had been encapsulated by Richard Price's famous rhetorical questioning at the opening of his *Discourse on the Love of Our Country*:

What has the love of their country hitherto been among mankind? What has it been but a love of domination, a desire for conquest, and a thirst for grandeur and glory, by extending territory, and enslaving surrounding countries?<sup>52</sup>

In the earliest days of the Revolution, Southey shared Coleridge's expectation that, 'conquering by her happiness alone', France would 'compel the nations to be free'.<sup>53</sup> In the latter years of the decade however, in spite of the fact that he held on to a modicum of faith in the French for a lot longer than many of his contemporaries, Southey saw his ideas concerning the rights of individual nations shattered by the gradual realisation that, as Wordsworth was to express it in book X of *The Prelude*:

now, become oppressors in their turn,  
Frenchmen had changed a war of self-defence  
For one of conquest, losing sight of all  
Which they had struggled for [...]<sup>54</sup>

As a result, we find Southey, as did other Romantics, turning increasingly to the belief in his own poetry and poetic vocation — as illustrated by *History* — as a vehicle for enlightenment, and several of his *Morning Post* and *Annual Anthology* poems in particular either champion the successful uprisings of indigenous peoples against their foreign despots or denounce the kind of aggressive expansionist policies which lead to the loss of national autarchy. His ode *The Delivery of Holland*, for example, published in *The Morning Post* on 18 July 1798, memorialised the famous sixteenth-century uprising of the Dutch against the Spanish, which eventually resulted in the complete independence of the Dutch Republic in 1648, and it also compared the Dutch patriots with Hampden and Sidney (*CMP*, 77-79). Similarly, his *Annual Anthology* poem *The Battle of Pultowa* celebrated the final check to the imperialist ambitions of 'the iron-hearted Sweed', Charles XII, the conqueror of 'the humble Dane' and 'the wretched Pole' (*AA*, I, 189-91). On the other hand, his ode *The Death of Wallace* (*AA*, II, 189-91) could eulogise the 'deeds/Done for his country in the embattled field' by the hero who gave the last defence of Scottish independence against the imperialist aspirations of Edward I, and who, interestingly, figured in Wordsworth's recollected list of potential epic themes in the opening lines of *The Prelude*.<sup>55</sup> Once again, it is interesting to observe that, while Southey's poems focussed upon the historical destruction of national liberties, Wordsworth denounced Napoleon's liquidation of Swiss and Venetian nationhood.<sup>56</sup>

All of Southey's views concerning the rights of nations are embodied in MS.2A, in both the Welsh and the South American parts of the poem. In 1943 Kenneth Curry was one of the first critics to highlight the anti-English congruence between *Joan of Arc*, where England is represented as 'invading the peaceful hamlets of France', and *Madoc*, where 'earlier [...] English kings [...] are] encroaching upon the traditional national liberties of the Welsh'.<sup>57</sup> As I have already pointed out above with regard to Southey's desire to reflect the importance of national unity in MS.2A, the basic elements of the Madoc legend must have seemed the perfect material out of which to fashion an epic trumpeting the rights of individual — especially smaller — nations. But it was by no means just the Madoc legend in itself that was useful in this respect, and Southey's early research for the poem must have led him to the realisation that he had stumbled upon a particularly felicitous period in Welsh history. The reigns of the first three Norman monarchs in England had seen a steady tightening of Norman control over Wales, but the death of Henry I in 1135 heralded the long and bitter war between Stephen and Matilda, and the Welsh princes took full advantage of this civil strife. Two of those princes, Owain Gwynedd in the north and Rhys ab Gruffydd in the south, also happened to be the most powerful and astute rulers that either region had known for generations, and these factors combined to give the Welsh regions the greatest degree of autonomy that they had known since the Conquest. It is only through an understanding of this historical backdrop that we can appreciate both the nationalist spirit with which Southey imbues his protagonist and the full significance of David's deliberate sacrificing of Gwynedd's autonomy for the sake of personal gain.

Once again, the influence of Southey's sources in the shaping of such political issues in MS.2A is crucial. Giraldus Cambrensis was born during the early years of the civil struggle in England and he was to witness the revival of Welsh fortunes. Though often finding himself in an ambiguous situation as a half-Norman, regular comments in his writings betray an evident pride in the spirit of Welsh independence. As I have pointed out elsewhere, while Southey did not know Gerald's work at first-hand when composing the Welsh books of MS.2A, the original information which those works provided, along with Gerald's often trenchant views, were being widely used and cited by authors like Lyttelton, Pennant and Warrington. It is impossible not to feel that the character of Southey's Madoc — and this is even more palpable in the published poem,

by which time Southey had read Gerald for himself — was not shaped by comments by Gerald such as 'in Wales young people [...] spend their time in exercise and in practising with their weapons, with the result that they are ready at a moment's notice to protect their homeland', or that 'their sole preoccupation [is] the defence of their fatherland'.<sup>58</sup>

Just as important as the historical *facts* however, were the embellishments to the Madoc legend which were taking place during the early-mid 1790s in the hands of the 'new breed of Welsh intellectuals':<sup>59</sup> men whose scholarly expertise incorporated an amalgam of flourishing contemporary interests in indigenous history, literature and linguistics, and in the relocating of those interests within a wider world-view. These men had been born into a Wales with a newfound confidence and pride in its language, literature, history and landscape, thanks to a mid-century renaissance at the hands of a group of intellectuals which included men such as the literary historian, manuscript collector and translator Evan Evans and the travel writer, naturalist and antiquary Thomas Pennant, both of whose works provided source material for Southey. Even before they had embraced the ideals of the French Revolution however, there was a discernable difference between the Welsh literati who were to embellish the Madoc legend in the 1790s and their mid-century antecedents. According to Gwyn Williams, that difference is reflected in the make-up of the two primary London-Welsh intellectual meeting and debating societies: the Cymmrodorion society, established in 1751, and the Gwyneddigion, founded in 1770. Williams suggests that, while the former was filled with 'plenty of aristocratic ornaments and a crowd of piously Welsh and socially climbing philistines', the 'new men' of the Gwyneddigion were, by contrast, 'less substantial and more populist', occupying 'the shadow-land between respectable middle-class or lower-middle-class professions and Grub Street, odd teaching jobs, and literary taverns'.<sup>60</sup>

Southey came to know several of these men personally, especially William Owen and Iolo Morganwg. Branwen Jarvis has pointed out that Iolo was 'the product of a somewhat higher class of craftsmen and small businessmen', and that 'the rise of this class, and the contribution made by some of its members to the furtherance of scholarship and literature and to the formulation and dissemination of religious,

political and philosophical ideas is one of the most noteworthy features of the century'.<sup>61</sup> In the post-French-Revolution climate, those ideas were very much in line with those of Southey and other English radicals, with the added dimensions of what many commentators have come to view as nascent Welsh nationalism, and strong dissenting religious views which can be seen as a direct reaction against the Methodist movement which had been sweeping across Wales during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

As with Southey's own first fragment of *Madoc* (MS.1) in the spring of 1795 (see chapter 3.5 above), the preoccupation with the Madoc legend which gripped so many of the Welsh literati was precipitated by John Williams's 1791 *Enquiry*. I have discussed the contents of this and Williams's sequel, and the influence of both on Southey and his contemporaries, in chapter 9.8 below, but it should be added here that the *Enquiry* in particular was not just the most comprehensive survey of the Madoc legend to date, but, in various digressions and annotations, also dealt with issues which had distinctly contemporary political/philosophical resonances. For example, in sentiments that had strong linguistic echoes of Rousseau's discussion of 'le droit de premier occupant' ('the right of the first occupier') in the opening book of *Du Contrat Social*, Williams observed that 'the right obtained by Conquest if admitted, will justify every Kind and every degree of oppression [... and] will justify a Nation in wresting whole Countries out of the Hands of a cultivated, well ordered and peaceable people'.<sup>62</sup> It is precisely to this debate that Madoc is responding when, in XIII.84-93, he sends back his message of defiance to the Aztlan king, filled, as it is, with his justification for his taking of their lands.<sup>63</sup>

Williams's attack upon the spurious rights of 'Conquerors to a Country, which they may be able to subdue by Force of Arms' had clear implications for the history of Anglo-Welsh relations. Other Welsh writers focused on these relations more aggressively. The fiercely radical William Jones of Llangadfan in Montgomeryshire, for example, circulated a letter to the Llanrwst eisteddfod in 1791 vigorously attacking 'modern skeptics', such as Lord Lyttleton and William Robertson, who denied that Madog discovered America, while also detailing a history of abuses against the Welsh, including the alleged destruction of the Welsh bards under Edward I.<sup>64</sup> In the hands of

the Welsh radicals of the 1790s, the Madoc legend was invested with a new nationalist significance, but as Jones's invective illustrates, it was just one among many creations which comprised a complex fusion of historical fact, embellishment and total fabrication — creations of which Iolo Morganwg was the master craftsman and of which his gorsedd was the archetype. Even here, however, Iolo was opportunistically building upon a foundation of an eighteenth-century composite of popular culture and nationalism: that massacre of the bards alluded to by William Jones. Appearing first in a seventeenth-century manuscript by Sir John Wynn (see my discussion on p.203), the legend made its way via Thomas Carte's 4-volume *A General History of England* (London, 1747-55) to immortality in Thomas Gray's poem and to numerous poetic imitations and allusions thereafter. Describing the depiction of 'the bard clutching his harp [...] as the English troops mass in the distance' by the artist Thomas Jones of Pencerrig, Prys Morgan observes that 'the symbolic clash that was represented was the past as it ought to have been, in the eyes of the late-eighteenth-century patriots, or in the view of English tourists', but that 'after a while the Welsh themselves came to believe the story'.<sup>65</sup> And not only the Welsh. As Katie Trumpener has argued, 'Scottish, Welsh, and Irish nationalists conceive a new literary history under the sign of the bard, a figure who represents the resistance of vernacular oral traditions to the historical pressures of English imperialism and whose performance brings the voices of the past into the sites of the present'.<sup>66</sup> In other words, while, as I have discussed above, Southey derived the substance of his gorsedd, along with the decidedly 1790s' tenets which it avowed, from Iolo, he was simultaneously tapping into a rich vein of eighteenth-century poetic tradition — Gray, Evan Evans, etc. — which denounced the attempts by Edward I to destroy Welsh culture as well as independence. Within the context of MS.2A (and later the published *Madoc*) however, Southey is using the gorsedd and, therefore, the figure of the bard, to highlight the attempt at a similar destruction by an earlier Norman monarch, Henry II. For a Madoc already resigned to an erosion of Welsh political and cultural independence as a result of his brother's personal ambitions, the meeting of the bards represents the vestige of that glorious period under his father Owain and the Lord Rhys when Wales had almost regained her freedom, and it offers him a temporary escape from the court at Aberffraw where everything is a gradual reminder of Wales's political and cultural subjugation and of the destruction of the house of Gwynedd (III.1-14).

The newfound 'nationalism' which commentators like Gwyn Williams have discovered in the Welsh intellectual circles of the 1790s was motivated as much by concepts of class and religion as by those of nation. It is not difficult to understand why the youthful Southey felt able to share such ideals, but it should be stressed that, in Wales itself, it was a nationalism which had little support at grass-roots level, and certainly none among society's higher echelons, for it was directed not simply against the English ruling élite but equally that Welsh landowning aristocracy who colluded with them. In fact, as Linda Colley has pointed out, a series of important economic factors — 'a massive transfer of land by way of inheritance and purchase, an unprecedented rise in the profitability of land and increasing intermarriage between Celtic and English dynasties' — ensured that 'for the majority of Welsh, Scottish and Anglo-Irish patricians [...] greater integration with their English equivalents meant only that dual nationality became a highly profitable reality'.<sup>67</sup>

Several of Southey's late 1790s' poems lament the loss of Wales's political autonomy while nevertheless asserting the belief that the Welsh people had retained a spirit of independence. His otherwise-untitled *Ode*, for example, published in *The Morning Post* on 31 December 1798, declared that, 'Tho' Cambria's throne be fall'n' and 'Her antient sceptre in the Saxon's sway', yet 'From her own mountains Freedom hath not fled' (*CMP*, 132). The essence of the *Ode* was a lament for the ruined palace of Aberffraw (the royal seat of the Gwynedd dynasty in MS.2A), so that this particular *Ode* performed a similar function to the inscription in that it drew upon a physical location and the facts of history to invest the present with moral instruction. Sarah Prescott has argued that, in the hands of Evan Evans, the fashionable 'ruin' poem can be read as 'not just a generalized human vanity but the loss of a specifically Welsh culture and tradition'. Focussing on the closing lines of Evans's 'A Paraphrase of the 137th Psalm, Alluding to the Captivity and Treatment of the Welsh Bards by King Edward I' and on his poem 'On Seeing the Ruins of Ivor Hael's Palace, near Tredegar, in Monmouthshire', Prescott suggests that 'the conventional "ruins" are not just for poetic effect but are a political symbol of the past glory of Wales'.<sup>68</sup> Examining also one of Evans's translations in his 1764 *Some Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh Bards* ('Ode of the Months') by the late-thirteenth-century bard Gwilym Ddu of Arfon), Prescott points out that, 'the poem may end with a despairing description of

the fate of a conquered country at the hands of "Angles," whom, as Evans makes quite clear in a footnote, are the English [...] yet what the poem presents overall is a damning picture of English oppression that cannot, however, overcome the resilience and resistance of Wales and Welsh bardic culture'.<sup>69</sup>

As I have discussed in my section on Evans in chapter 9.11 below, Southey knew the *Specimens* and borrowed source material from it for MS.2A, though he often denigrated Evans's talents, as did Iolo. Several of Southey's late-1790s' poems, like the Aberffraw *Ode*, seek to echo the spirited cultural defiance of both Evans's own 'ruin' poems and the kind of representative translations which appeared in the *Specimens*. I would equally argue, however, that Southey's poems give voice to a clearly identifiable element among English Romantic radicals which I would define as 'the politics of Welsh otherness', since it depended for its impetus upon a perceived Welsh cultural, geographical, historical or linguistic autonomy from England and 'Englishness', and upon the artificial envisioning of Wales as a kind of haven from government interference.<sup>70</sup> In some notorious — and usually disastrous — cases, several radicals put this theory to the test: John Thelwall at Llŷs-Wen after 1798, Walter Savage Landor at Llanthony from 1807-1814 and Shelley at Tremadoc in 1812.<sup>71</sup> Following the realisation that the American dream would not be possible, Southey and Coleridge also toyed with the idea of relocating their pantisocratic scheme 'on the coast of Caernarvonshire or Merioneth in North Wales',<sup>72</sup> while in the autumn of 1802, Southey came close to settling his family in a house called Maes-Gwyn in the Vale of Neath, a location which he variously described as "one of the loveliest spots in Great Britain" and "a lovely vale among the mountains, almost the sweetest spot I have ever seen".<sup>73</sup> However unrealistic such English projections of Welsh 'otherness' might seem to us now, it is worth remembering that they survived to trouble the mid-Victorian, Anglocentric mind of Matthew Arnold who, looking westward from Llandudno in the summer of 1859, saw a Wales in which the people still clung to their traditions and language, and longed for the time when the 'necessity of what is called modern civilisation' would bring about 'The fusion of all the inhabitants of these islands into one homogeneous, English-speaking whole, the breaking down of barriers between us, [and] the swallowing up of separate provincial nationalities'.<sup>74</sup>



Such experimental schemes as I have mentioned above cannot be equated with the nascent 'nationalism' of Welsh radicals such as Iolo Morganwg or William Jones of Llangadfan, and it could be argued that theorising English radical poets could afford to pay lip-service to concepts of Welsh autonomy in the secure knowledge that it was not even a remote possibility. (Southey would not have felt the same about the Irish, for example.) Southey could take the 'nationalist' and 'Jacobin' version of the Madoc legend which was being offered to him by the writings of John Williams or the personal conversation of men like Iolo and William Owen because it could, like the history of Joan of Arc, be made to speak for the underdog, the oppressed, the war-torn, and the rights of individuals and nations to be free. Although the historical issues were very different, we find precisely the same questions concerning the legitimacy of conquest, indigenous rights, and so on, reflected in Southey's sources for the American part of his poem. One obvious difference between the Welsh and American parts of the poem is that, while, in the former, Southey could shape the actual historical material available to him from his sources to underpin the political tenor of his poem, the plot for the latter was an entire work of fiction with no such historical events at its foundation.<sup>75</sup> This difference is apparent in the roles which Southey's sources for the two parts of the poem perform. Whereas several of his Welsh sources — from the twelfth-century writings of Giraldus Cambrensis to the almost contemporary *Tour* by Thomas Pennant — are important to Southey for their social history content (see chapter 8.4 below), there were as many — Powel, Warrington, etc. — whose primary utility to Southey lay in the more conventional reportage of political vicissitudes. This was not the case with his American sources. The latter provided him with material purely of a social nature — material relating to Mexican (and occasionally Peruvian) customs, manners, religious practices, etc. — but this did not mean that such works were devoid of either historical narrative or political predilection, and even though Southey did not call upon real historical events for his poem, it was not possible for even a fictionalised account of conquest in the New World to be free of the New World's own politics of historiography.

While the New World in the eighteenth century was experiencing its own Enlightenment, debates relating to the nature of conquest and indigenous rights had already been raging for some 200 years, and when David Brading writes that 'in the

sixteenth century fierce battles were [...] waged to establish control over the past' and that 'history served as an ideological arsenal which supplied arguments and facts to substantiate current political rights and interests',<sup>76</sup> this will have a very familiar ring to anyone working in the field of British historiography in the 1790s. Although he could find within him a degree of admiration for the adventurous spirit of the conquistadors, Southey, not surprisingly, shared what had become by the close of the eighteenth century a widespread condemnation of Spanish atrocities in South America, and this is reflected in his *Inscription for a Column at Truxillo*, which denounced the conquests of Pizarro (*Lets.S&P.97*, 225). The history of the Spanish conquests in the New World was still the ultimate exemplar of the kind of imperialism that writers like Richard Price and John Williams had denounced, and, however fictionalised the account, any poem dealing with the colonisation of any part of America was, in some measure, a comment upon that history. At the time of writing MS.2A Southey did not yet possess that prodigious knowledge of Spanish and Portuguese history and literature, nor that voluminous collection of books and manuscripts, that he was to begin acquiring in earnest during his second visit to Portugal in 1800-01. He was, nevertheless, well acquainted with the kind of debates which were taking place concerning the New World. Such debates can essentially be divided into two categories: those concerned with its history and those concerned with the effects of its environment upon man and beast alike. I shall deal with both issues here, since, in their different ways, both are concerned with theories of, and disputes concerning, nationhood.

The earliest condemnation of Spanish dealings with South America had actually been home-grown, usually from Spanish individuals who lived and worked in the colonies. Much of the initial impetus was derived from reactions against what one historian has described as the 'virulently anti-Indian writings'<sup>77</sup> of two of the earliest chroniclers of the Conquistadors, Gonzalo Fernández de Oviedo y Valdés (1478-1557) and Francisco López de Gómara (1510-1566?). As several commentators have pointed out, Oviedo's works were responsible for initiating an early school of writers who could justify Spanish atrocities by promulgating anti-native characteristics including idleness, cowardliness, stupidity, human sacrifice and cannibalism.<sup>78</sup> Prominent among this school was López de Gómara, who had served for several years as private secretary to Hernando Cortés, and who, even though he had never actually been in South America

himself, had been given special access to historical documents relating to the Spanish conquest of Mexico. Lee Huddleston has pointed out that Gómara 'despised the Indians and filled his volume with outrageous characterizations of them', while Benjamin Keen has suggested that 'Gómara's book [...] radiated a fervent Spanish nationalism and a proud conviction of the superiority of European Renaissance civilization over American barbarism that was satisfying to most Western minds'.<sup>79</sup>

As with most of the other Spanish writers which I shall be discussing shortly, Southey's earliest acquaintance with the writings of Oviedo and Gómara was probably through those voluminous compendia of travel writings and exotic observation, Samuel Purchas's *Purchas His Pilgrimage* and *Purchas His Pilgrimes*; works which, ever since their first publication in 1613 and 1625 respectively, had proved a mine of information and fascination for generations of readers and authors. The reader will find full details concerning most of the Spanish writers which appear in the following discussion, along with Southey's precise use of the extracts from them which he found in Purchas, in chapter 9.3 below, but here is obviously the place to examine the political significance of such works. Southey actually came to consider Oviedo as 'one of the earliest and best historians of the New World',<sup>80</sup> and it would be wrong to suggest that he was not prepared to make use of material from histories with an anti-Amerindian bias, both in MS.2A and in various subsequent works. That he was well aware of such bias however, is illustrated by his constant eulogies for those early Spanish writers who began to challenge the accounts of the conquest presented by chroniclers like Oviedo and Gómara. Foremost among these was Bartolomé de las Casas (1484-1566), the Dominican priest whose works had so vigorously condemned Spanish atrocities in the New World, and whom Southey was to refer to as 'the friend of the Indians', 'the Thomas Clarkson of his age' and a man whose name could never be 'mentioned without veneration by the friends of liberty and of mankind'.<sup>81</sup>

While the writings of Las Casas were never a source for MS.2A (or the published poem) in themselves, it is only by recognising that they were responsible for initiating a sea-change in the historiography of Spanish (and perhaps even European) conquest that we can fully understand the works of those authors from whom Southey did borrow material directly. Listing several of those authors as being central to her excellent

study *The Polemics of Possession in Spanish American Narrative*, for example, Rolena Adorno has pointed out that "Las Casas is the point of convergence for these writers' many exchanges and efforts to make sense of and give meaning to the history of Spain in the Indies and, at the same time, to orient it toward its future".<sup>82</sup> Adorno's summary of one of Las Casas's late works, the *Tratado de las doce dudas* (1564), illustrates immediately why Southey and other eighteenth-century writers could hold him in such high esteem:

By natural, divine, and human law, the native inhabitants of the Americas, who never harmed or had been subject to any Christian prince, are free and sovereign in their own lands; the papal bulls of donation gave the church the right to evangelize but not to dispossess the native peoples of their lands or to abrogate their right to rule them. Spain's invasion and rule of the Indies is illegitimate and tyrannical; the only means by which Spain can rule legitimately is at the invitation and with the free and willing consent of the native peoples of the Indies. The logical conclusion, in Las Casas's own words, was the restoration of sovereignty to the native lords of Peru.<sup>83</sup>

Two writers who followed in the footsteps of Las Casas were José de Acosta and Garcilaso de la Vega, extracts from whose works Southey would also have seen in Purchas, and several borrowings from whom — especially from Acosta — are traceable in MS.2A. Acosta (1539-1600) had been a Jesuit missionary in various parts of Mexico and Peru between 1570-1587, and although one leading historian in this field, David Brading, has questioned the legitimacy of placing Acosta's work within the Las Casas school,<sup>84</sup> he has generally been viewed as having initiated a positive shift in European attitudes towards the autochthonous American Indians, and, as Rolena Adorno has pointed out, using Acosta's own words, his *Historia natural y moral de las Indias* stands out for its attempt to "crush the common and ignorant contempt in which the Indians are held by Europeans who think that these people lack the qualities of rational and prudent men".<sup>85</sup> No such disagreements exist over the views of the Peruvian-born Spanish historian Garcilaso de la Vega (1539-1617). Further details concerning Garcilaso, along with Southey's knowledge and uses of his work, will be found in the relevant section in chapter 9.11 (pp.198-200), where I have pointed out that, at the time of composing MS.2A, Southey knew not only the extracts from Garcilaso's writings published in *Purchas his Pilgrimes*, but also Paul Rycaut's 1688 English translation, *The Royal Commentaries of Peru*.

As the nineteenth-century American historian William Prescott succinctly expressed it,

'Garcilasso, while he betrays obvious satisfaction that the blood of the civilized European flows in his veins, shows himself not a little proud of his descent from the royal dynasty of Peru',<sup>86</sup> and it was for these reasons that, in his *Commentarios Reales, que tratan, de el Origen de los Incas* (1609) in particular, he was determined to show that Incan society had reached a civilised and humane state long before the Spaniards arrived. Once again, it should be noted that Las Casas had paved the way for this interpretation in his *Apologetica historia sumaria*, where, as Adorno has pointed out, 'relying on the principles expounded in Aristotle's social philosophy and Augustine's theology, [... he] argued [...] that the natives of the Americas had achieved the creation of civil order'.<sup>87</sup> In David Brading's words:

like the Jesuit missionaries to China, Garcilaso depicted a naturally moral civilization which only required the grace of Christian revelation to attain human perfection [... and] it was for this reason that, like the Chinese, the Incas became so popular during the Enlightenment.<sup>88</sup>

Brading's point is important, for, though it is not immediately obvious, Garcilaso's 'enlightened' Incas were to have a fundamental influence upon the plot of MS.2A. One of his major bequests to the Enlightenment was his portrayal of the semi-mythical progenitor of the Inca dynasty, Manco Capac. In chapter 9.8 I have discussed the fact that, for much of the period when he was composing MS.2A, Southey was intending to make his Madoc synonymous with Manco Capac, the idea for which he first encountered in John Williams (see pp.179-82). Even though this correlation came to nothing, this does not alter the fact that the shadow of the idealised Manco (and his Inca dynasty) which continued to hang over the poem ensured that a politics of historiography — or perhaps we should say mythography — was once more at work in that Southey was looking to construct a poem in an already-existing (and predominantly radical) tradition; for, by the close of the eighteenth century, Manco was one of those iconic figures who, like Leonidas, Brutus, Cato, Alfred, Joan of Arc and so on, could take his seat among history's pantheon of pre-Enlightenment enlightened.<sup>89</sup> That enlarged 5th edition of Joel Barlow's *The Vision of Columbus*, for example, had also included a prose 'Dissertation on the Genius and Institutions of Manco Capac' which had pronounced the Inca's system of government to be 'the most surprising exertion of human genius to be found in the history of mankind', especially given that it rendered 'religion and government subservient to the general happiness of mankind'.<sup>90</sup>

The passage concerning Manco in Garcilaso — taken here from Rycaut's translation — ran as follows:

The *Inca, Manco Capac*, as he planted his Colonies, so everywhere he taught them to plow, and cultivate the Land, how to make Aqueducts and Conservatories for their water, and all other matters tending to the more commodious well-being of humane Life; he gave them also some rules of Civility necessary in society for maintenance of Friendship and Brotherhood, as the Laws of Nature and Reason dictated; that laying aside all animosities and passions one against the other, they should do as they would be done by, maintaining without partiality the same Law for others which they allow for themselves [...] Over every one of these Colonies he ordained a Chief, [...] and these were chosen for their merits; for when any one was more gentle, affable, pious, ingenious and more zealous for the publick good than others, he was presently advanced to Government, and to be an Instructor of the ignorant *Indians*, who obeyed him with as much reverence, as Children do their Parents; and till these things could be put into execution, and till the Earth could produce these fruits, which by labour and art of Cultivation might be expected, a general store of Provisions were collected into a common place, to be distributed agreeable to the necessities and largeness of Families.<sup>91</sup>

From such an account it is easy to understand how writers like Barlow and Southey could transform Manco into a unifier, an egalitarian, a founder of a civilised, meritocratic nation which should have had the right to remain independent of Spanish bigotry and tyranny. In the end, even though he chose not to correlate his hero with the Inca progenitor, Garcilaso's legacy to MS.2A is twofold. Firstly, Madoc, and even Cadwallon, are unquestionably Manco-type figures. Secondly, the natives whom Madoc has to deliver from Aztec oppression (in MS.2A that is) are Peruvians created after the image which Garcilaso sought to bequeath to posterity — 'The gentlest & most unoffending race/That ever Nature formd', to borrow Cadwallon's description (VII, 221-22). The American part of MS.2A is thus another contribution to Southey's poetry celebrating and defending the rights of nations, a fact which is confirmed by a comment which he sent to John Rickman some seven months after the manuscript's completion which suggests that he wished the next draft of the poem to emphasise this point more forcefully: 'There is much to weave into the poem [...] to describe a well intentioned and gentle tribe of savages delivered from priestcraft and its consequent enormities'.<sup>92</sup>

If Southey's eighteenth-century sources of information on the New World were slightly less concerned with waging historiographical battles over the rights and wrongs of the original Spanish conquests, this did not mean that such battles had been entirely forgotten nor that political allegiances were not still measured by reactions to Las Casas. There was, however, a new controversy which divided historians; that which

modern commentators often refer to as 'climatic determinism'. In truth, the discussion concerning Southey's fierce rejection of the climatic determinism theory is one which is more relevant to the published poem than to MS.2A, since he does not appear to have fully formulated his ideas on this issue until the years immediately following his second visit to Portugal in 1800-1801.<sup>93</sup> It would be wrong to ignore it altogether however, since Southey was clearly aware of the debate at the time of composing MS.2A, given that he was working with one text which upheld the theory — William Robertson's *History of America* (1777) — and one which vigorously opposed it — Charles Cullen's translation of Francesco Saverio Clavigero's *History of Mexico* (1787).

The theory of climatic determinism was one which had originated in Northern Europe, largely through the writings of individuals such as the French naturalists Charles-Marie de la Condamine (1701-1774) and Georges-Louis Leclerc de Buffon (1707-1788), and the Dutch cleric Corneille de Pauw (1739-1799).<sup>94</sup> David Brading has provided a summary of de Pauw's views — many of which were taken directly from Buffon — which illustrates the full extent of what Southey came to react against:

He took from Montesquieu, Sir John Chardin, and the Abbé Du Bos the thesis that climate exercised a decisive influence over the character, customs, laws, and politics of nations. Generally speaking it was assumed that the easy climes of Asia and the tropics bred peoples who were prone to indolence of mind and spirit, and hence best suited for despotic forms of government. By contrast, the inhabitants of temperate zones tended to be hardy, enterprising, and persevering in their pursuit of knowledge and freedom. To this general theory Pauw united the hypothesis advanced by George-Louis Leclerc Buffon [...] that, geologically speaking, America was a young continent characterised by a superabundance of great rivers, extensive lakes, and much stagnant swampland. At any given latitude the hemisphere was more cold and moist than the Old World. It was significant that its animal species were less numerous and smaller in physical size than their counterparts across the Atlantic. That European livestock suffered degeneration in America only heightened the contrast. Yet insects, lizards and snakes multiplied and thrived to a degree unknown elsewhere. [...] Nor could mankind be exempted from the general rule, since the natives of North America were 'all equally stupid, ignorant, unacquainted with the arts and destitute of industry'. [...] From his Parisian vantage point, Buffon pronounced: 'In the savage the organs of generation are small and feeble, he has no hair, no beard, no ardour for the females ... he lacks vivacity or activity of soul ...'<sup>95</sup>

Such ideas were to have a strong influence upon the two writers who have often been referred to as the leading eighteenth-century historians on America, the French Jesuit Guillaume Thomas François Raynal<sup>96</sup> and William Robertson. Although Southey borrowed the fifth volume of J. Justamond's 1777 English translation of Raynal's voluminous work *A Philosophical and Political History of the Settlements and Trade of*

*the Europeans in the East and West Indies* (2nd ed., London, 1777) from the Bristol library in April 1795,<sup>97</sup> there is no strong evidence to suggest that it provided original source material for MS.2A. As a number of my explanatory notes to book III will show however, Southey was evidently consulting Robertson's *History* closely when composing that book in the summer of 1797 — and his own MS.2B notes attest to this — and he was apparently not averse to borrowing some material which could be viewed as reinforcing the climatic determinism theory. Interestingly, however, there is not a single reference to Robertson in any of the notes to the published poem, by which time Southey had conceived an antipathy to Robertson's work; and as his comments in a letter to John Rickman in January 1803 make clear, much of his dislike stemmed from Robertson's Eurocentric attitudes:

I have made the discovery that Robertson is a bad historian, for I have been gleaning in the fields which he reaped, and my gleanings are more than his harvest. [...] Concerning Mexico he has written very carelessly, and drawn a very false conclusion. The arts of life were surprisingly — unaccountably advanced in that country. War — religion — government — all methodized and that most complicately.<sup>98</sup>

A decade later, in the first volume of his *History of Brazil*, he denounced Robertson's 'misrepresentations' of America, concluding that 'either [...] he had not read some of the most important documents to which he refers, or [...] he did not chuse to notice the facts which are now to be found there, because they were not in conformity to his own preconceived opinions' (*HB I*, 639 n.).

In reacting against the theories of historians like Raynal and Robertson, Southey not only allied himself with North American commentators such as Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson,<sup>99</sup> but also with a school of writers whom modern historians have dubbed 'creole patriots' — that is, writers born in the Hispanic New World, but with a European (or partly European) genealogy. In the opening chapter of his 1985 study *The Origins of Mexican Nationalism*, David Brading has traced the origins of the movement to the close of the sixteenth century, where it was marked by 'bitter nostalgia and a deep sense of displacement', as the latest generations of Mexican-born Spaniards felt angered by the 'hostile reserve of the Crown and its officials' and by the fact that 'the burgeoning of the export economy, based upon silver-mining and overseas commerce, created fortunes for a new wave of Spanish immigrants'.<sup>100</sup> We might be somewhat surprised that Southey came to have such sympathy with this school, given that it 'expressed the sentiments and interest of an upper class', that it was held



together by 'common Catholicism rather than any consciousness of nationality', and that 'The natural leaders of this colonial society [...] were the Creole priesthood'. On the other hand, another uniting factor was their attempt to distance themselves from the cruelties of the original conquerors, and, for many, this meant turning once again to the writings of Las Casas. By way of contrast, David Brading — rather echoing Southey's comment concerning Robertson's selection process which I have cited above — has pointed out that, of all the Spanish sources that were available to him, Robertson only used those sources which exculpated the Spanish monarchy from the atrocities of the conquistadors:

the most startling feature of his work was the extent to which he revived and re-stated the Spanish imperial tradition of commentary on America. At every point, from his denigration of Torquemada and Garcilaso to his praise for Galvez and Charles III, Robertson offended the sensibilities of creole patriots.<sup>101</sup>

As I have already mentioned above, Southey's earliest acquaintance with the writings of the Creole patriot school was through his heavy use of Clavigero's *History of Mexico* for source material in MS.2A, full details of which (and of Clavigero himself) will be found in chapter 9.6. Clavigero was also a member of the Jesuits, that order for which, in spite of his lifelong, and often stereotypical, antipathy to Catholicism (especially the clergy), Southey often expressed admiration, possibly because, as David Brading has observed, 'these mid-eighteenth-century Jesuits were [...] deeply influenced by the revolution in science, history and philosophy from which the Enlightenment drew its inspiration'.<sup>102</sup> In 1767 all Jesuits were expelled from all Spanish territories (which included South America), and Southey was to write of this expulsion that: 'No men ever behaved with greater equanimity, under undeserved disgrace, than the last of the Jesuits; and the extinction of the Order was a heavy loss to literature, a great evil to the Catholic world, and an irreparable injury to the tribes of South America' (*HB III*, 614).

While Southey did not come to formulate his rejection of ideas concerning climatic determinism fully until after the completion of MS.2A, his responses to such ideas within, and at the time of composing, the manuscript cannot be ignored. Those responses are complex and open to varying interpretations. In one of his notebook entries Southey answers his own question 'from whence was Mango Capac'<sup>103</sup> with

the comment that 'Europe was too barbarous to furnish a civiliser for America' (*SCB*, IV, 3), yet lines in MS.2A would appear to suggest that the exception to this rule were characters like his own Madoc and Cadwallon. Cadwallon's progress reports to Madoc in VII.74-81 and 220-34 and Southey's narrative in IX.77-91 are surely conscious reactions against the Robertsonian belief that the American Indians were too idle for any agronomic pursuits, that they thus depended entirely upon the produce of nature, and that they were too stupid to store up such produce against periods of scarcity (see Robertson's version in my n. to III.288-93). A writer like Buffon had continually posed the question 'how could societies that had left no great material remains behind and that had failed to transform the landscape have developed the agricultural carrying capacity to sustain large populations'.<sup>104</sup> If Southey is answering such a question in MS.2A, the fact nevertheless remains that his Peruvians have learned such forms of subsistence from Madoc's Welshmen. What Cadwallon's progress reports appear to say is that that 'unculturd wilderness' which was Madoc's initial description of the land in III.291 existed only because the Peruvians lacked the tutelage of a Manco-type figure. It cannot be accidental that Southey draws attention on four separate occasions (VII.274-80 and 226-29, IX.84-85 and XIII.280-81) to the fact that the Peruvians are using domesticated beasts of burden, when the very fact that they had failed to master this basic subsistence strategy was frequently put forward by anti-Amerindian commentators as proof of their lack of pre-conquest civilisation.<sup>105</sup> Such a small but crucial detail is lost without a clear understanding of the kinds of historiographical battles that were being fought by pro- and anti-Amerindian authors almost from the earliest accounts of Spanish conquests to Southey's own day.

Southey never abandoned his beliefs concerning the rights of individual nations which I have discussed above. In February 1808, as the first uprisings against Napoleon's clandestine invasion of the Peninsular began, he told James Grahame — in language reminiscent of those poems celebrating the independent spirit of Wales — that:

The Spaniards and Port. are justifying the opinions which I have long entertained and expressed of their undegenerated spirit; and that spirit, whatever it may have to go thro, will I trust be ultimately successful. The Spirit of patriotism and of Liberty is invincible. Upon that ground Bonaparte will be destroyed; upon any other he would triumph.<sup>106</sup>

Not surprisingly, he shared the widespread condemnation of the Convention of Cintra, denouncing Hugh Dalrymple, the commander who permitted the French retreat, for

`degrading into a common and petty war between soldier and soldier, that which is the struggle of a nation against a foreign usurper',<sup>107</sup> and he no doubt shared Wordsworth's conviction in his famous pamphlet on the subject that, to borrow Deidre Coleman's précis, the Iberian people were `struggling for the same liberty as that which the French had achieved nearly twenty years earlier'.<sup>108</sup>

In his 1816 *Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo*, Southey penned a moving lament for the tribulations which the small Belgian nation had been forced to undergo throughout history as a result of its location — a lament which could just as applicably have been written a century later at Passchendaele:

Woe then for Belgium! for this ill-doom'd land,  
The theatre of strife through every age!  
Look from this eminence whereon we stand, . .  
What is the region round us but a stage,  
For the mad pastime of Ambition made,  
Whereon War's dreadful drama may be play'd? [...]

O wretched country, better should thy soil  
Be laid again beneath the invading seas,  
Thou goodliest masterpiece of human toil,  
If still thou must be doom'd to scenes like these!  
O Destiny inexorable and blind!  
O miserable lot of poor mankind!<sup>109</sup>

---

### 8.3: MS.2A and Religion

There are two striking differences, one statistical and one analytical, between the religious content of MS.2A and that of the published poem. The statistical is that there is a far greater religious content in the narrative of the published poem than there had been in MS.2A. The analytical is that the religious timbre of MS.2A is far more `dissenting', in its widest possible definition. This is not to imply that I subscribe either to the view that the published *Madoc* is what one might call an `orthodox' poem or that Southey's religious path in life was essentially a straight one from the extremes of dissent in the early 1790s to an orthodox Anglicanism in his later years — the impression which is often left from reading any of the biographies to date. In what is still the best account of Southey's later religious opinions, Geoffrey Carnall has discussed what he terms `some of the obscurity of the changes in Southey's beliefs — fluctuations would perhaps be the exacter word', pointing out that there is often a great deal of difference between what Southey would report to friends and what he might be prepared to offer for public consumption.<sup>110</sup> Contrary to the religious certitudes that a

critic like Edward Meachen has discovered in *Madoc*, I would argue that the final version of the published poem was being completed at precisely the time when those 'fluctuations' in Southey's belief were most apparent, and that, as a result, the poem betrays some unresolvable theological tensions. But such tensions were not simply brought about by Southey's religious uncertainties. They were equally resultant from the incompatibility of two of his aims for the epic: a striving for authenticity and a desire to build into the poem those elements which were central to his own religious belief. If such tensions are far less visible in MS.2A, then this is due to the fact that, passionately interested in the pursuit after authenticity though he was at the time of composing the earlier manuscript — and I shall be discussing this in my next chapter — Southey was evidently not prepared to carry authenticity to the extent of portraying Madoc and his society with even a patina of Catholicism.

While this chapter is primarily concerned with a discussion of the religious elements in MS.2A and with the way in which Southey's sources influenced those elements, I will also be drawing attention to the differences between MS.2A and the published poem which I have mentioned above, partly because I believe that those differences are instructive in helping us to understand Southey's religious beliefs in the mid-late 1790s, but also because the very contribution which MS.2A makes to our understanding of the religious turmoil which he was forced to undergo during (and in the aftermath of) those Oxford years when he was ostensibly studying for ordination reinforces the case for revisiting the unpublished text as a separate entity. At all stages in Southey's life one can find in his writings apparent contradictions concerning what he did or did not believe religiously — no doubt Carnall's observation concerning the private and public writings is crucial here — and while there are certainly lifelong consistencies, I will be making no attempt in this chapter to iron out the inconsistencies.

When Southey commenced work on MS.2A in the early spring of 1797, his path in life was still very uncertain, and the memory of the agonies of conscience which he had suffered during those Oxford years would still have been fresh in his mind. '[M]y Uncle urges me to enter the church', he had told G.C. Bedford in August 1795, 'but the gate is perjury — & I am little disposed to pay so heavy a price at the turnpike of orthodoxy'.<sup>111</sup> As extant letters from even his pre-Oxford days make clear, a major

stumbling block was the Athanasian creed with its affirmation of trinitarian doctrine,<sup>112</sup> but even though, as we shall see below, Southey's unitarianism was to influence the composition of MS.2A in other ways, one could hardly claim that the poem resonated with Socinian views of the nature of deity.<sup>113</sup> More apparent was Southey's rejection of the very concept of a creed or of any delimitative body of doctrines which were by their very nature proscriptive. There were two primary reasons for this, the first being that Southey distrusted any theological system which, as he saw it, sought to clothe religion in abstruse ideas. 'For the Metaphysical disquisitions of subtle disputants, divine Doctors, schoolmen whose brains are intricate as a bale of raw silk, mad monks, and drunken divines I would reject them all, and every man who acknowledged a deity might worship him unmolested under my establishment',<sup>114</sup> he told G.C. Bedford in July 1793, and following his estrangement from Coleridge, his antipathy to theological theorising was intensified. In June 1796 he told Horace Bedford that 'systems are good for little & metaphysics for nothing', and in the statement which followed, the slightly misquoted line from James Beattie's *The Minstrel* is evidently a reference to his (Southey's) recent friendship with Coleridge:

I have declared war against metaphysics — & would push my arguments as William Pitt would his successes — even to the extermination of the enemy.

Blessd be the hour I scaped the wrangling crew!

I think it may be proved that the material & necessarian controversies are Much ado about nothing. that they end exactly where they began, & that all the moral advantages said to result from them by the Illuminated — are fairly & more easily deducible from religion, or even from Common Sense.<sup>115</sup>

Southey was deeply suspicious of any system which threatened to remove the beneficial effects of Christianity from the uneducated classes. 'should not you be sorry to see me [...] preaching a religion which I cannot comprehend', he asked G.C. Bedford in May 1794, and in June 1803 he told William Taylor that his theological conjectures concerning Jesus Christ in *The Monthly Magazine* served only to 'thin the miserable ranks of Unitarianism', since he was 'eternally mining, mining, under the shallow faith of their half-learned, half-witted, half-paid, half-starved pastors'.<sup>116</sup> Such comments are a good illustration of Geoffrey Carnall's crucial reminders that Southey had a 'preoccupation with the social value of religion' and that 'even in Southey's most unsettled days, he conceded that religion had a social value'.<sup>117</sup>

While their circumstances are very different, both Joan of Arc and Madoc are given

non-clerical religious mentors to guide them, and in both cases the key elements in that guidance are the nurture and development of simplicity. Brought up by the hermit Bizarro, Joan responds to the questioning of 'the Doctors of Theology' as to whether she has regularly attended confession from her earliest years, by effectively summing up Southey's early attitude towards the shackles of organised religion and his reaction against any attempts at religious mystification:

"Why should I seek forgiveness? Of the points  
"Abstruse of nice religion, and the bounds  
"Subtile and narrow which confine the path  
"Of orthodox belief, my artless creed  
"Knew nought. (*Joan. 96*, 112)

In the case of Madoc, it is the anti-establishment Cadwallon who performs the role of mentor, and, as I shall be discussing below, his presence is crucial to the poem's religion, particularly in MS.2A. Following Madoc's discovery that his brothers have fought and that Hoel has been killed, it is Cadwallon who initiates the process of his (Madoc's) spiritual regeneration (II.218-21).

Citing Wordsworth's recollection of the origin of the Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* that 'I never cared a straw about the theory — & the Preface was written at the request of Mr. Coleridge out of sheer good nature', David Simpson has observed that 'Wordsworth [...] seems to have both an instinctive distaste for and a meditated objection to what we might think of as "theoretical" speculation',<sup>118</sup> and this was equally true of Southey, be it in matters of composition, politics or religion.<sup>119</sup> It is hardly surprising that, even though he could never quite bring himself to join their ranks, Southey became increasingly attracted to the Quakers. 'My views of religion approach very nearly to Quakerism', he reported to Charles Wynn in December 1807, and he followed this with a comment that says so much about the religious beliefs that he had held for the previous 15 years:

I should not have agreed with George Fox if he had made his creed, but I entirely agree with him in reverentially abstaining from attempting to define what has been left indefinite & in rejecting all those disputed terms which are not to be found in the Scriptures — not as false, but as not being there, & as unnecessary provocations to disputes & doubts.<sup>120</sup>

Interestingly, an attraction to Quakerism was something which Southey evidently shared with some of those radical Welsh unitarians who had been so instrumental in promoting the Madoc legend,<sup>121</sup> though one could hardly claim that, for the latter group, this attraction lay in what Southey evidently viewed as the Quakers' insistence upon

religious demystification.<sup>122</sup>

Southey's second reason for rejecting the very idea of a creed is the obvious one that he shared with all dissenters: a creed is necessarily exclusive and can only ultimately lead to intolerant establishmentarianism. 'Upon every religious system I deny the necessity of an established faith, and of a religious establishment', he declared to G.C. Bedford in June 1794, and 11 months earlier he had clearly spelled out his reasons for this:

A churchman will speak with temper of a Jew a Hottentot or a Moslem, but when he names Presbyterian or a Socinian all the rage of persecution glows in his zealous breast and for want of stronger mental arguments he seems ready to adopt the convincing ones of fire and faggot. [...] Church and state produce but a mulish kind of barren religion. Tho' we turned out the scarlet whore we kept her red petticoat.<sup>123</sup>

For the young Southey, religious conviction was a matter of personal choice, and he believed that individuals (and groups of individuals) should be free to worship as they so wished within the state. Whether such freedoms should be extended quite as far as to Catholics, however, was perhaps dubious. As early as April 1801, having experienced life in Portugal once again for almost twelve months, Southey could tell Wynn that 'I cannot argue against toleration, yet is popery in its nature so very damnable & destructive a system, that I could not give a vote for its sufferance in England'. What he chiefly objected to however was monasticism, a system he could no more tolerate 'than the human sacrifices of Mexican idolatry'. As is so often the case in these early letters, by the end of the same paragraph he had climbed down somewhat from his first pronouncement, and he felt that, if one could 'educate their priests in England' and 'tolerate the counter-poisons of Deism & Atheism, the great antidotes', all might be well.<sup>124</sup>

Shaped early on by the writings of Joseph Priestley — especially a work such as *An History of the Corruptions of Christianity* (1782) — and also by those of Edward Gibbon, the young Southey's view of the history of Christianity was that, in the hands of successive institutions, be they pre- or post-Reformation, it had been steadily corrupted into a religion of complexity, negativity and intolerance. For this latter trait in particular, did it not even compare unfavourably with many other religions? '[T]he toleration of Polytheism was its best quality', he told G.C. Bedford in October 1793, and asked 'is it wrong to suppose that they persecuted the Xtians for their intolerant principles?' Given the lessons that one might learn from Christian history, it was no

wonder that 'the doctrines of Xst' had been 'very little [...] understood':

we find neither bishops of 10000 a year — jugged Jews or roasted heretics — or church & state — or test act in the whole gospel. [...] those damned monks who smuggled & monopolized the scriptures for so many years — pieced them & patched them from the Alexandrian Platonists — the Oriental fictions & Jewish Cabbala — till we read of persecution, metaphysics — scarlet whore & eating books in the book of life of benevolence & simple truth.<sup>125</sup>

R.J. Smith has commented perceptively that 'Priestley's Church history is part of the Dissenting and Evangelical attempt to write Church history as the story of pious individuals',<sup>126</sup> and the same might be said of that small corpus of poems drawn from the annals of Christian history which Southey wrote in the 1790s. Like their political equivalents, these 'hagiological' poems memorialised acts of heroism; usually those of individuals who had stood firm under the severest persecution — often to the point of martyrdom — for their personal religious convictions. I call them 'hagiological' because, while one or two poems dealt with more 'canonical' figures such as St. John, most sought to bestow a kind of iconic status upon individuals who, to borrow William Cowper's phrase from *The Task* — one of Southey's favourite poems of this early period:

lived unknown

Till persecution dragg'd them into fame  
And chased them up to heaven.

In fact, Southey's mission statement for these poems might well be seen as an attempt to address Cowper's complaint that:

With their [The martyrs'] names

No bard embalms and sanctifies his song;  
And history, so warm on meaner themes,  
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed  
The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,  
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.<sup>127</sup>

That Southey saw such memorialising as a clearly-defined part of his role as a poet is illustrated not just by his published poems but also by ideas that never came to fruition. The SW.n contains several unused sketches for poems commemorating martyrological anniversaries which were intended for that never-to-be-completed 'Kalendar',<sup>128</sup> and in December 1798 Southey listed among his ideas for possible future compositions 'stories upon the oppressions exercised at different periods of time upon particular classes of people' and even a dramatic 'tragedy on one of the early martyrs', since:

there is something more noble in such a character than I can conceive in any other. firm to the defiance of death in avowing the truth, & patient under all oppression, without enthusiasm, supported by the calm conviction



that this is his duty.<sup>129</sup>

There are strong similarities here with Wordsworth's comments concerning his own search after an epic theme in the opening lines of *The Prelude*:

I would record  
How in tyrannic times some unknown man,  
Unheard of in the Chronicles of Kings,  
Suffer'd in silence for the love of truth [...]<sup>130</sup>

Such poems and ideas for poems are confirmation of Robert Ryan's important reminders that the Romantic poets 'accepted the role of religion as a dynamic ideology behind social and political action', and that they 'were never more engaged in the public life of their society than when they addressed religious topics'.<sup>131</sup>

MS.2A provides one of the most fascinating contributions to this corpus in the shape of Cadwallon's account of the martyrdom of his friend Arnold of Brescia (II.274-82). While the inclusion of this real mid-twelfth-century martyr was clearly another important authentication device of the kind which I will be discussing in the next chapter, it was also a carefully-chosen example of a notoriously-outspoken critic of the corrupt church establishment — especially acquisitive priests — who (and whose followers) had been persecuted to death (see my n. to II.274-82); and, of course, just as in the case of those poems of politicised historiography, the message concerning religious intolerance was not purely an historical one but one which was also aimed at that churchman who 'when he names Presbyterian or a Socinian all the rage of persecution glows in his zealous breast'. Southey's decision to introduce Arnold as an archetype into his poem may well have been influenced by a eulogy in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. While Southey was very far from being one of those 'many souls' whom Hannah More believed to have been 'polluted' by Gibbon's atheism,<sup>132</sup> his work was as influential in shaping Southey's views of ecclesiastical as of Classical history.

The removal of all references to Arnold from the published poem is indicative of the latter's attenuated religious dissent. This is best illustrated by the revisions which Southey made to Madoc's short but telling pronouncement concerning the governance of religious practices within his newly-founded state. In both MS.2A and the published text, Madoc's speech is in response to the Aztlan king's request to know what religious rights would be permitted to those of his subjects who chose rather to remain under

Madoc's protection than join the Aztec migration. In MS.2A Madoc responds that:

'Blood must not flow.' the ocean Prince replied —  
'No Priest must dwell among us. *for all else,*  
*The private idol, or the public prayer —*  
*Let them be free as their own thoughts.'* (XV.251-54 (my italics))

The equivalent lines in the published poem run thus:

Blood must not flow, the Christian Prince replied;  
No Priest must dwell among us; that hath been  
The cause of all this misery! (*Madoc*, 442)

The first difference to note is that, in the published text, Madoc is given the epithet 'Christian' rather than 'ocean' Prince; a minor difference, but one which, for those of us who now have the opportunity to look back at the original manuscript, makes the absence of the phrase which I have italicised in MS.2A all the more conspicuous. Gone from the published text are Madoc's sentiments concerning the freedom of individual worship, and, as the reader of both this and MS.2A should have observed, this policy change does not just apply to the conquered Aztecs but also to the liberated Hoamen. One narrative element which is unique to the published poem is that Southey makes it clear that Madoc is leaving behind a Wales which is not only losing its political independence to the English, but whose ecclesiastical autonomy which, through a combination of factors, had been strengthened during the time of Owain Gwynedd, was again being steadily eroded by Canterbury and Rome.<sup>133</sup> What both MS.2A and the published poem share, however, is the fact that Madoc does not only liberate the Peruvians/Hoamen from a political but also from a religious despotism. In the latter text, this liberation comes with a recognition on the part of the Hoamen that Madoc's is the stronger yet more benign god, and, ultimately, with a mass baptism into the Catholic faith (*Madoc*, 256-60). In the 1805 text, this mass baptism is crucial because, as Carol Bolton has pointed out, 'the justification for Madoc's actions in America is that he comes from a race that is morally and religiously superior to the native Indian tribes [... and] it is necessary that the British colonizers are not seen as such simply by themselves, or Southey's readers, but that those they colonize are made to articulate this recognition'.<sup>134</sup> All this is in stark contrast to the state which Madoc envisages in MS.2A, where — excluding human sacrifice — a citizen's choice of religious practice is to be 'free as their own thoughts'.

This would seemingly correlate with Southey's own religious beliefs at the time of composing MS.2A, since his views concerning religious toleration within the state were

clearly not just confined to Christian sects. In his *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Spain and Portugal*, he graphically spelled out and deprecated the history of 'the treatment of the Jews on this peninsular' (*Lets.S&P.97*, 311-17), and concerning the expulsion of the Moors he asked:

what has this country gained by their expulsion? A tolerant and cleanly superstition has been exchanged for the filth and ferocity of Monks, and the dogma of Mary's immaculate conception has taken place of the divine legation of Mohammed. To say that the Courts of Cordova and Granada exhibited more splendor than that of Madrid, were only to shew them superior in what is of little worth; but when were the arts so fostered? when were the people so industrious and so happy? (*Lets.S&P.97*, 81)

This is another example of Geoffrey Carnall's important observation concerning Southey's ever-present 'preoccupation with the social value of religion', though one might also suggest that his favourable account of the Moorish polity could only exist so long as it was opposed to that of the Catholic, for Southey's view of Islam was that, even though 'Bagdad & Cordoba [had] had their period of munificence & literature[, ...] all else in the history of this religion is brutal ignorance & ferocity'.<sup>135</sup> In an article for *The Annual Review* on Baptist missionary work in India in 1802, Southey nevertheless wrote that it would be difficult to refute a comment by a Brahmin that 'there are rivers from the east, west, north, and south [...] but they all meet in the sea: so there are many ways among men, but all lead to God'.<sup>136</sup>

Southey's early concerns for religious toleration arose naturally out of those political views which supported and eulogised the underdog and the oppressed. While in Lisbon in February 1797, for example, Southey read *The Conquest of Canaan*, a politically-charged epic by the American writer Timothy Dwight, and while he considered that 'there certainly is some merit in the poem', he characteristically — and, I think, genuinely — comments that 'if I had written upon the subject I should have been terribly tempted to take part with the Canaanites, for whom I cannot help feeling a kind of brotherly compassion'.<sup>137</sup>

There is one final and fascinating dimension to the religious freedom which Southey offers to his Peruvians in MS.2A. As my text will show, in book XIII, following the capture of Aztlan and the complete expulsion of the Aztecs from the city by Madoc's Welsh and Peruvian forces, there are 28 deleted lines which describe an Inca ritual for the driving out of evil from the city (XIII.43+1-43+28), and as my n. to these lines

points out, the description of the ritual was versified directly from a passage in Garcilasso's *Royal Commentaries of Peru*. The fact that these lines were deleted even in MS.2A and did not even make it into MS.2B however, suggests that whatever thoughts Southey may have had at the time of composition concerning the allowing of such practices to take place in Madoc's newly-founded capital, he had evidently changed his mind even before he transcribed the fair copy.

The other mutual element in Madoc's pronouncement on religious practices in MS.2A and the published poem which the reader will have noted is that 'No Priest must dwell among us'. While the reference is clearly to no *Aztec* priest, the text of MS.2A suggests that Southey may not have intended the reference to be quite so precise. As I have already pointed out in the opening paragraph of this chapter, the authenticating Catholic elements which we find in the published text are almost non-existent in MS.2A. In book VI, prior to their departure from Wales, Southey concedes that 'The assembled emigrants [...] / their last mass / Devoutly hear & join the earnest prayer', but proceedings are got over with in three lines (VI.145-48), and one must assume that this was literally their *last* mass, since it is clear that no priest forms part of Madoc's company. While the description of this mass is only slightly extended in the published text in order to allow the emigrants to partake of holy communion (*Madoc*, 174-75), it is clear that, in the latter, Madoc is actually accompanied by 'The good priest Llorien', though we are not made aware of his presence until the burial ceremony for Owain Gwynedd on p.222, and his only other function is to perform the mass baptism of the Hoamen on pp.259-60.<sup>138</sup> I have already pointed out above that, in both poems, Cadwallon acts as something of a religious mentor to Madoc, and this process commences from the point where, having met Madoc among the dead upon the battlefield, he (Cadwallon) volunteers to inter Hoel's body. Returning to the hut where Madoc is resting, he responds to Madoc's enquiry 'hast thou bade the Priests/Say many masses for his souls repose' with:

He answerd me "the Rains & dews of Heaven  
Will fall upon the turf that covers him  
And the green grass grow greener on his grave. (II.235-37 and, with slight alterations, *Madoc*, 28)

Cadwallon is here the voice of anti-establishmentarianism, the anachronistic extreme protestant who refutes the need for an intercessor with God and, as I shall be discussing shortly, a leading example of the poem's 'natural piety'. While the passage appears in

both poems however, the ideals which Cadwallon embodies (with the possible exception of the natural piety) are borne out far more in the narrative of MS.2A, and one might argue that they reflect Southey's views of the mid 1790s more than they did almost a decade later.

Cadwallon's unequivocal rejection of the need for a priest (and, ergo, by implication, even a church) is a particularly good example. In two separate letters to the Bedford brothers in December 1793, at a time when he was still theoretically heading for ordination, Southey wrote that '[i]n my ideas the very existence of a priest is wrong' and that 'priestcraft has chain'd down the human mind — & I can neither get rid of the chains or feels [*sic*] their necessity'.<sup>139</sup> Even in July 1796, with the threat of ordination now banished, he could tell G.C. Bedford that, whereas 'a medical man is always a respectable & useful member of society[, ...] priests & lawyers exist only as long as the old tottering establishments — & they are both nuisances'.<sup>140</sup> *Joan of Arc* abounds with anti-clericalism, and, like Cadwallon, Joan's most prominent message to her inquisitors in book III is that she has had no need of either priest or church to aid her devotion:

"In forest shade my infant years train'd up  
"Knew not devotion's forms. The chaunted mass,  
"The silver altar and religious robe,  
"The mystic wafer and the hallowed cup,  
"God's priest-created, are to me unknown.  
"Beneath no high-arch'd roof I bow'd in prayer,  
"No solemn light by storied pane disguis'd,  
"No trophied pillars, and no imag'd cross  
"Wak'd my young mind to artificial awe,  
"To fear the God I only learnt to love. (*Joan.96*, 110-11)

That Joan is expressing Southey's own sentiments here is shown by such early poems as *Written on Sunday Morning* (*Pms.97*, 129-31) and *To the Chapel Bell* (*Pms.97*, 149-51). The former contains some strong linguistic parallels with the passage in *Joan*:

GO thou and seek the House of Prayer!  
I to the Woodlands wend, and there  
In lovely Nature see the GOD OF LOVE.  
The swelling organ's peal  
Wakes not my soul to zeal,  
Like the wild music of the wind-swept grove.  
The gorgeous altar and the mystic vest  
Rouse not such ardour in my breast,  
As where the noon-tide beam  
Flash'd from the broken stream,  
Quick vibrates on the dazzled sight; [...]

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer!  
I to the woodlands bend my way  
And meet RELIGION there.

She needs not haunt the high-arch'd dome to pray  
Where storied windows dim the doubtful day [...]

In *To the Chapel Bell*, an Oxford poem in which Southey resents stirring from his studies at the bell's summons to prayer, he asks:

Thou tedious herald of more tedious prayers  
Say hast thou ever summoned from his rest,  
One being awakening to religious awe?  
Or rous'd one pious transport in the breast?

and the poem's conclusion is that the bell is a reminder of both 'monastic gall' and 'Roman rights Retained, tho' Roman faith be flown'.

Southey's representation of the workings of Aztec society is a further, quasi-allegorical contribution to his critique of the prominent role which institutionalised religion had been permitted to exercise in the history of Christendom. As Carol Bolton has observed:

Southey made negative comparisons between systems of 'priestcraft' in any religion, be that Aztec, Muslim, Hindu or Catholic. In the same way that Southey resisted political structures of 'tyranny', he also rejected such abuses of power in religion too.<sup>141</sup>

That we can legitimately draw such parallels is confirmed by the kind of comment which Southey made to William Taylor in April 1805: 'Tezozomoc is an Indian St. Dunstan or St. Domingo'.<sup>142</sup> In Southey's Aztlán, a priest such as Tezozomoc and the religious practices which he inculcates exert too great an influence upon the governance of the state and the lives of individual citizens; and while it is hard to imagine that Southey believed this to be still the case in contemporary Britain, his experience of the 'infernal tyranny of the Priesthood' (*Lets.S&P.97*, 315) in Spain and Portugal must have been a paradigmatic factor.

To leave this particular point without briefly presenting some of Southey's apparently contradictory views would be unjust. Writing to G.C. Bedford from Christchurch, Hampshire, in June 1797 (that is, just 11 months after his statement that priests were 'nuisances' and could 'exist only as long as the old tottering establishments'), Southey remarks that he had met the local Anglican clergyman and that:

I believe the best effect of a church establishment is that it places in every village of the kingdom one who has certainly had the education of a scholar, & generally has the manners of a gentleman. [...] Under the new order of things this advantage ought to be preserved, & public instructors scattered over the country.<sup>143</sup>

This is certainly an early confirmation of David Pym's assertion that, during the 1820s

and 1830s when they became defenders of the Anglican tradition, the Lake Poets believed that the Church had 'a duty to provide a Christian and pastoral influence on the nation, especially in its educational and social functions'. Pym has pointed out that:

For both those who required to be given a practical task and those who needed the moral and spiritual benefits of the Church, Southey's solution was education. More particularly was it education as embodied in the ideals of the National Society.<sup>144</sup>

I have already suggested in chapter 8.1 above (see p.83) that there was a nexus between public education and religion in Southey's earliest religious views, and this is further supported by the citations which I have provided earlier in this chapter to show that a key component in his mistrust of the over-theorisation of Christianity was that it could lead to mass alienation.

Of all of Southey's pronouncements on religion in the mid-late 1790s, perhaps the most surprising, and the one which any commentator needs to confront, is his disclosure to John May in September 1798 that:

sometimes I think I have mistaken the road — of all modes of life that of a clergyman would best suit my habits & feelings. I should have been happy & useful in the church had my creed permitted it. were I again at liberty to chuse my way of life I should not hesitate at becoming a dissenting minister. Ambition I have none & a little satisfies me. I want nothing but independance & leisure for my favourite studies, these the law will I hope afford me & that not at too late a period. I should have been more useful as a minister & better satisfied.<sup>145</sup>

It is evident that this statement was largely driven by worldly concerns: it was far from certain that Southey could make a living through his pen at this period, and, faced with the prospect of a legal career which he did not want, it was the lifestyle rather than the vocation of a clergyman which he coveted. It is also true that his ultimate conclusion is that he would have been 'more useful' and 'better satisfied' as a minister among the *dissenting* ranks, but there remains that wistful note of regret concerning the alienating effects of his own creed, and there is a conspicuous absence of any suggestions that 'the very existence of a priest is wrong' (see p.125 above). In the end, it seems to me that the clerical-type role which Southey's own imagination had carved out for himself was that of a mentor: something akin to that performed by Bizardo or Cadwallon, but in a wider, communal sphere of influence. Somewhat ironically, Southey's ultimate failure in such a role would have been due to his own dogmatism, but the contrast between the above comments to Bedford and May and the consistently anti-clerical and anti-religious-institutional sentiments in his poetry of the 1790s — within which I

include MS.2A, for it was evidently being composed with eventual publication in mind — is a further reminder of Geoffrey Carnall's observation that there was often a gulf between Southey's private and public religious opinions.

No examination of the religious content of MS.2A could be complete without taking some account of the extent to which Southey was influenced by that peculiar brand of druidobardism which was radiating out from that circle of radical Welsh Unitarians at which Iolo Morganwg stood at the centre. That Southey was interested in, and even believed some of, the various pseudo-historical theories concerning druids and bards which emanated from the fantastic mind of Iolo can hardly be disputed. In Prys Morgan's words, there had been so much 'speculative writing in the mid-eighteenth century about primitive, patriarchal and druidic religion' that such theories were 'in the air which Iolo and his contemporaries breathed'.<sup>146</sup> As I shall show below however, I am deeply sceptical of the idea that Southey ever came to view Iolo's theories with any other eye than that of the radical historian, and certainly not as an operative religious system. '[D]ruids and bards, could, after all, be co-opted into a usefully elastic range of political stances', as Mary-Ann Constantine has observed.<sup>147</sup>

The vast body of recent scholarship to have emerged concerning Wales during the Romantic movement has included enough material on the growth and intricacy of Welsh religious dissent to make it unnecessary for me to explore what is already ably-charted territory. Concentrating upon Iolo's lengthy sojourns in London between 1791-1795, Damian Walford Davies has argued that the contribution of Iolo's personal brand of 'Christian-Unitarian radicalism' to the eclectic composite of religious dissent in the English capital, and in particular to the circle of writers who congregated at the bookshop of the radical publisher and bookseller Joseph Johnson, has not been fully appreciated:

Unitarianism frequently presented itself as Christianity cleansed of the corruptions of priestcraft. Iolo presents the 'Patriarchal Religion of ANCIENT BRITAIN' in similar terms as a pure form of belief 'no more inimical to CHRISTIANITY than the religion of NOAH, JOB, or ABRAHAM'.<sup>148</sup>

As I have already shown in this chapter, Southey certainly shared the views of Iolo and other Unitarians that Christianity had been corrupted in the hands of ecclesiastical institutions and that the Unitarians — albeit under various appellations — had preserved



the truth and spirit of the original, but he was far from moving in the literary or radical circles of London, that 'large sink of folly dissipation & iniquity',<sup>149</sup> in the early-mid 1790s, and even if we assume that he possibly met Iolo in Bristol for the first time in 1795 (see my comments in chapter 9.9 below), his Unitarian views were already well developed by that period, partly from reading the works of a writer like Priestley and, more recently, from his acquaintance with Coleridge. Thus, there is no evidence to suggest that Southey's early religious views were at all shaped by either Iolo's writings or conversation. By the time he commenced work on MS.2A however, Southey had clearly read both the introduction to William Owen's *Heroic Elegies and other Pieces of Llywarch Hen* and Iolo's *Poems, Lyric and Pastoral*, and, as certain lines in the opening books of the manuscript show (see my nn. to I.332<sub>(b)</sub>-45 and 344, III.205-08, IV.226-28, 230-34<sub>(a)</sub>, 234<sub>(b)</sub>-36 and 259<sub>(b)</sub>-61), he was fascinated by the bardic system which Iolo had invented to prove that druidism was 'the only authentic version of patriarchal religion'.<sup>150</sup> For this reason, Iolo not only forged triads 'to prove the historical veracity of his account of bardic mythology' but also 'instituted in the Gorsedd of the Bards a new church of rites and rituals which he claimed enshrined the true druidic religion'.<sup>151</sup>

As I have already discussed in the above chapter, Southey drew heavily upon Iolo's description of the Gorsedd for the meeting of the bards which he presented in book IV of MS.2A (and in *Madoc*, 108-11), but there is no evidence whatever to suggest that Southey attached any religious significance to his Gorsedd, or that he personally countenanced Iolo's bardic system as either a hidden repository of primitive, pure Christianity or a precursor to Unitarianism. At no point in either MS.2A or the published poem does Southey suggest that — to borrow Walford Davies's observation — there was a 'branch of bardism concerned with religion and ceremonies' called druidism. Within the context of both, the Gorsedd rather conveys some important political statements (as discussed in chapter 8.2 above), while also serving, like the descriptions of Aztec rituals, to increase historical veracity — for it is clear that Southey believed much of what Iolo predicated — but this does not automatically equate to a religious 'system'. In fact, as we have seen repeatedly in this chapter, the youthful Southey came increasingly to reject any attempts at religious systematisation. Beyond the poem, for Southey himself, Iolo's bardic system was attractive not so much

because it looked back many centuries and revealed a form of pure, uncorrupted Christianity, but rather because it looked back just a few years to the original, pure ideals of the French Revolution (and, indeed, of Pantisocracy), and bestowed upon those ideals an historical legitimacy.

There is one final aspect of Southey's early religious belief which warrants a brief mention before concluding this chapter, even though it is not widely reflected in MS.2A itself. In the published poem, prior to his return to America, Madoc visits the holy island of Bardsey in order to attend 'a solemn service' for his dead forefathers buried in the monastery graveyard, but Southey is careful to point out that 'To this Isle,/[...] Did Madoc come in natural piety' (*Madoc*, 230). Expressions of 'natural piety' figure prominently in Southey's early poetry, as illustrated by the lines which I have already cited from *Written on Sunday Morning* (see pp.125-26). Similarly, during her interrogation by 'the Doctors of Theology' to which I have already made reference, Joan identifies the natural world as her childhood's primary spiritual inspiration:

All nature's voice  
 "Proclaim'd the all-good Parent; [...]  
 [...] Each flower, that bloom'd  
 "Expanding in the new-born spring, call'd forth  
 "The soul of full devotion. Every morn  
 "My soaring spirit glorified the God  
 "Of light, and every evening thank'd the Power  
 "Preserving thro' the day. [...]  
 [...] 'Twas Nature taught my early youth  
 "Religion — Nature bade me see the God  
 "Confest in all that lives, and moves, and is." (*Joan.96*, 111-12)

There is certainly no discrepancy here between Southey's public and private views, for these sentiments also reverberate through his personal correspondence. In March 1798, for example, as the prospect of once again taking up residence in London loomed, he told G.C. Bedford that:

any intercourse with men teaches me nothing worth learning. — an evening walk gives me some new image for poetry. In the country I have no feeling but what delights me — fills me, — makes me better. I should be very religious Grosvenor had I a home in the country, where I could always see the sunset, where I could lie down and watch the running water, or seat myself on a primrose bank. I cannot tell you how I feel when every object around reminds me of something so powerful so beneficent as creative intelligence. in town where are these feelings gone! I am another being. my soul seems annihilated.<sup>152</sup>

While it might be possible to view some of Southey's statements — his comment to John May in October 1799 that 'I walk abroad & see the Deity in all things',<sup>153</sup> for

example — as illustrative of the kind of pantheism which several commentators have identified in Wordsworth's poetry of the late 1790s,<sup>154</sup> this would be very far from a true representation of the significance of nature to Southey's early Christianity. Like Joan, Southey drew spiritual inspiration from the natural world which surrounded him, but this is not to suggest that he ever subscribed to notions of divine immanence, and he would have abhorred any metaphysical attempts to systematically define such notions. As his above-cited comments to Bedford make clear, Southey's reverence for nature was borne out of that lengthy tradition of literary pastoral — which is not to imply that it was spurious — including a variety of contemporary influences ranging from James Beattie's *The Minstrel* to the writings of Saint-Pierre.<sup>155</sup> But the predominant contemporary influence upon Southey was Jean-Jacques Rousseau. In August 1793 he told G.C. Bedford that 'I have just met with a passage in Rousseau which expresses some of my religious opinions better than I could do it myself', and he went on to quote the following passage from book XII of *Les Confessions*:

Je ne trouve point de plus digne hommage à la Divinité que cette admiration muette qu'excite la contemplation de ses oeuvres [...] je ne puis comprendre comment des campagnards, et surtout des solitaires, peuvent n'en point avoir. Comment leur âme ne s'élève-t-elle pas cent fois le jour avec extase à l'auteur des merveilles qui les frappent? [...] Dans ma chambre, je prie plus rarement et plus sèchement; mais, à l'aspect d'un beau paysage, je me sens ému [...] une vieille femme qui, pour toute prière, ne savait dire que O! Il [L'évêque] lui dit: Bonne mère, continuez de prier toujours ainsi; votre prière vaut mieux que les nôtre. Cette meilleure prière est aussi la mienne.<sup>156</sup>

From Rousseau, Southey derived a belief in the revivifying power of nature, and it was this belief that gave rise to the lines in book II of MS.2A in which Madoc himself recounts the origins of his own regeneration following his despair at the discovery of his brother's corpse upon the battlefield. Madoc measures this regeneration through his response to the natural world, held up to him for admiration by Cadwallon:

`When evening came Cadwallon led me forth  
 `Fair smild the evening sky, the vocal stream  
 `Ran sparkling on & in the populous air  
 `The Myriad insects with incessant hum  
 `Waved their melodious wings. he bade me see  
 [ `]How Nature teemd with Life & Happiness[.]  
 `His words sank deep in mine awakened heart  
 `Methought the sun shone lovelier, & the gale  
 `Of summer never visited my sense  
 `With such refreshing fragrance[.] (II.347-56)

#### 8.4: Southey and the 'Socialisation' of the Epic

In recent years several commentators have identified in the history-writing of the later eighteenth century a shift of emphasis away from the exclusive narration of political facts and events towards a greater concern for the social aspects of the subject under scrutiny. As Mark Phillips has observed, 'where once it had been sufficient to pursue a narrowly defined narrative of public action, history now needed to comprehend a whole range of experiences that are best defined as social [... and] as a result, political and military events, once the whole frame of humanist historiography, now figured as simply one theme in a multiplicity of plots'.<sup>157</sup> Phillips provides an excellent illustration of this by contrasting a characteristic mid-century, Bolingbrokean definition of the historian's role by Hugh Blair that 'as it is the office of an Orator to persuade, it is that of an Historian to record truth for the instruction of mankind', with a passage from *The Monthly Review* in 1790:

History, till of late, was chiefly employed in the recital of warlike transactions. The people were not known; the circumstances that affected their domestic prosperity and happiness were entirely overlooked; and the records of many ages might have been perused without obtaining the least information concerning any fact that led to a knowledge of the internal economy of the state, or the private situation of individuals.

Thanks, however, to the more enlightened spirit of modern times, things are much altered in this respect. Readers now expect to find, not only the warlike exploits, but the civil transactions, of princes, recorded in the historic volume. The people claim their share of attention; the progress of arts is considered as an object of importance; industry, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, manners, population, and personal security, are now viewed as objects that deserve a particular degree of investigation.<sup>158</sup>

Southey was as aware as the *Monthly* reviewer of the move towards a more sociological form of historiography, and I shall be arguing in this chapter that this had two significant effects upon his epic composition. To begin with, it changed the kind of material which was being made available to Southey in the contemporary sources which he was using. In fact, Southey's own interest in the social elements of history meant that the extent to which these were (or were not) present in a particular text became another factor in his politics of selection. Second — and this seems to me to be a key ingredient in Southey's epic aims which has been overlooked — in the composition of MS.2A and the published *Madoc* in particular, Southey sought to include more material of a social-history nature, primarily in an attempt to establish a greater degree of authenticity, but also with an aim of creating an epic world which was not peopled exclusively by heroes but also by ordinary individuals living a 'life/In common

things'<sup>159</sup> (to borrow Wordsworth's expression), surrounded by the appropriate paraphernalia of their everyday environments.

While several recent commentators have stressed the innovative role played by Hume, Robertson and other mid-century Scottish historians in the formulation of a more balanced socio-political form of historiography,<sup>160</sup> it is interesting that one of Southey's constant criticisms of these historians was their lack of interest in social minutiae. It was his belief that 'A man may read Hume without knowing what sort of animals his ancestors were'.<sup>161</sup> He also railed regularly against the practice of relegating social-history material into separate dissertations or appendices. He was to repeat to many of his correspondents the comments which he sent to William Taylor in March 1800 concerning his own plans for the *History of Portugal*:

one thing I shall especially attempt in writing history. to weave the manners of the times, as far as can properly be done into the narrative — instead of crowding the volumes with appendix chapters. rather in this point to resemble old chroniclers than the modern historians.<sup>162</sup>

And discussing his proposed methodology for the first volume of the *History of Brazil*, he told John Rickman in December 1806 that the 'customs of the natives' must be 'naturally' woven into the main text, because 'I abominate the Scotch method of sorting and seperating [*sic.*] this from the main narration, giving me plumbs and suet and flour seperately instead of a plumb pudding'.<sup>163</sup>

In her excellent recent study of eighteenth-century antiquaries, Rosemary Sweet has argued that 'the antiquary's fascination with the objects of everyday life — as well as the trappings of power and authority — was key to the emergence of a form of historical inquiry which concentrated upon social organisation and its cultural forms'. Citing William Borlase's observation that 'The proper business of an Antiquary is to collect what is dispersed, more fully to unfold what is already discovered, to examine controverted points, to settle what is doubtful, and by the authority of Monuments and Historiēs, to throw light upon the manners, Arts, Languages, Policy and Religion of past Ages', Sweet argues that 'the antiquary of the eighteenth century probably had more in common with the professional historian of the twenty-first century, in terms of methodology, approach to sources and the struggle to reconcile erudition with style, than did the authors of the grand narratives of national history such as Rapin, Hume or Robertson, who generally provide the starting point for discussions of historical thought

and attitudes to the past in this period'.<sup>164</sup> I would suggest that the young Southey's theories as to what constituted good practice in historical writing often owed far more to the kind of antiquaries whom Sweet's study has discussed than to any contemporary writers whom we immediately think of as 'historians'. His admiration for the works of Joseph Strutt, for example, the antiquary engraver who compiled a three-volume *A Compleat View of the Manners, Customs, Arms, Habbits, &c. of the Inhabitants of England, from the arrival of the Saxons to the Present Time ...* (London, 1775-76) — a work described by Sweet as 'effectively [...] the first social history of the English people'<sup>165</sup> — is characteristic of the kind of historical material which primarily interested Southey for much of his life. As Thomas Preston Peardon long ago wrote:

in Joseph Strutt we see fully illustrated the new 'romanticist' approach to what may be called social history, though a better name would perhaps be social antiquities. His interest was never in the arrangement of detail toward philosophical conclusions. He loved the past for its own sake, especially the picturesque details of everyday life, of kings and peasants — dress, manners, arms, games, sports, pastimes, regal costumes — all that gave history its glamour for Romanticists like Scott.<sup>166</sup>

Ridiculed though they often were,<sup>167</sup> the antiquaries' passion for fieldwork, for the collecting of objects, etc., meant that they played a crucial role in the promotion of a more sociological brand of historiography. They were also largely responsible for setting new and rigorous standards of research by the seeking out of often long-forgotten original material, and thereby creating an historiographical environment wherein not just 'the manuscript' but also the medieval chronicle became 'the touchstone of truth about the past', to borrow Ian Haywood's phrase.<sup>168</sup> As Sweet has pointed out, 'the manuscripts and documents to be found in archives, libraries and private collections were a rich mine of information which could only be exploited through the efforts of the antiquary'.<sup>169</sup> Though their humble origins placed them far from the gentleman ranks which constituted most of the antiquaries, their passion for original texts and manuscripts and their indefatigable search after such documents clearly indicates that individuals like Iolo Morganwg and William Owen — and the latter was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1793 — had far closer affinities with antiquaries than with any of the contemporary 'professional' historians.<sup>170</sup> This is equally true of Southey, whose palpable excitement at being given access to the Dr. Williams Library (see p.60) or the Chained Library of Hereford Cathedral (see p.64) in search of material for both *Joan of Arc* and *Madoc*, or at being

up to the ears in chronicles'<sup>171</sup> in the libraries of Portugal was characteristic of the antiquaries' fervour.

In the new crusade to unearth or revisit original documents no period fared better than the medieval, and, as I have already pointed out in chapter 8.2, a crucial example for Southey's *Madoc* researches were the writings of the late-twelfth-century Welsh-Norman cleric, historian and social commentator Giraldus Cambrensis. As I have discussed in chapter 9.1, Southey did not get to see Gerald's work at first-hand at the time when he was composing the opening four books of MS.2A, but he was acutely aware of the authenticating value that a writer who, to borrow a phrase from Gerald's most recent biographer, 'allowed himself the space to describe the smallest details of everyday life',<sup>172</sup> could bestow upon his poem, for numerous passages from both Gerald's *Journey through Wales* and his *Description of Wales* were scattered through the works of George Lyttelton, Thomas Pennant, William Warrington, William Owen, and every eighteenth-century text which had anything to say about medieval Wales. It is hardly surprising that the Romantic period was to witness the first ever translation of Gerald's *Journey through Wales* into English, or that this was to be carried out by another member of the Society of Antiquaries.<sup>173</sup> The only surprise is that it should have taken so long, Sir Richard Colt Hoare's edition not appearing until 1806, thus too late to be of use for Southey in *Madoc*.

While Richard Gough's 1789 three-volume edition of William Camden's *Britannia* was not the first English translation, it was a model example of the kind of texts being produced by antiquaries in that it provided extensive annotations and amendments to Camden's original based on the most up-to-date discoveries. Much of the material was contributed by antiquaries specialising in their own locales, such as — in the case of the counties of north Wales — Thomas Pennant, all of which meant that the new *Britannia* contained far more material of a social-history nature than Camden's original had done. As I have shown in my section on Gough in chapter 9.11, his edition of Camden's *Britannia* proved an important repository of information for Southey's research for MS.2A and the published poem, just as Edmund Gibson's previous translation, which first appeared in 1695, but which was to run through four editions by 1772, had been for poets like Thomas Gray.<sup>174</sup> As I have also shown in chapter 9.5, Southey

borrowed heavily from Pennant's own *A Tour in Wales*, which was a characteristic antiquary's amalgam of topography, personal anecdote and history, but with a strong emphasis upon the social in the latter category. It is also worth noting that, by the time he had completed the final version of *Madoc*, Southey had also had access to other key texts which had only previously existed in manuscripts and which had been published for the first time by members of the Society of Antiquaries. Two examples included Sir Daines Barrington's 1770 edition of Sir John Wynn's early-seventeenth-century *The History of the Gwedir Family* (see my discussion in chapter 9.11) and Philip Yorke's 1799 *Royal Tribes of Wales*.

Southey was as critical of literary works which, in his opinion, paid little or no regard to the social framework of their settings as he had been of historians like Hume. In December 1798 he told John May that 'dramatists & novelists have ransacked early history, & we have as many crusades on the stage & in the circulating library as ever sailed to Palestine, but they only pay attention to the chronology & not to the manners or mind of the period', and his advice to Mary Barker concerning compositional ideas in October 1801 reveals much about his own aims:

... shall I tell how I would wish you to write? in what manner you might honorably distinguish yourself? — It is by becoming the historian of manners: fixing the tale of your story in what distant period best pleases you, & making it characteristic of the manners, & what is more difficult, the habits of feeling & thought, prevalent at that time & in that scene. there exists no tale of romance that does not betray ignorance — gross & unpardonable ignorance. Horace Walpole's indeed is an exception — but even he discovers no knowledge. Such a work would do your own mind good by the necessary reading, & the train of thoughts that would inevitably follow.<sup>175</sup>

Clare Simmons has observed that:

As the [nineteenth] century progressed, the nationalist element in history became even stronger, but the historical novel contributed to the process by opening up the world of one's ancestors, the preoccupation with eating and sleeping arrangements found in Scott's earlier novels, for example, strengthening the sense of reality. Just as one's national ancestors ate and slept, so they also experienced hopes and fears similar to those of the present. Important also to the attraction of the historical novel is making the past as alive as the present [...]<sup>176</sup>

Here we reach the crux of my argument in this chapter, that, however successful or otherwise we might feel he was in achieving his aim, Southey developed a clearly-defined intention of bringing about a 'socialisation' of the epic: of incorporating into the epic the accentuated concern with social elements being displayed by historians, and



of utilising those elements for the purposes of 'opening up the world of one's ancestors' and 'making the past as alive as the present', to borrow Simmons's words. It seems to me that Southey began to think in these terms as early as the composition of MS.1 in the late spring of 1795, and that he first sought to put his ideas into practice simultaneously with the research for and composition of MS.2A and the 2nd edition of *Joan of Arc*. In 1837, recollecting his original aspirations for the 2nd edition of *Joan*, Southey commented that 'I [...] endeavoured from all the materials which I had means of consulting to make myself better acquainted with the manners and circumstances of the fifteenth century',<sup>177</sup> and this is well supported by Southey's comments at the time of working on the poem. In June 1797 he told John May that:

I must not be sparing of notes. the costume is strictly observed in all the battles sieges &c; but this should be pointed out, otherwise no perspicuity in the text can make the meaning obvious.

Similarly, two months later he told Wynn that:

I have learnt much military knowledge from a history of Edward 3rd by old Joshua Barnes [...] it is a large folio, so minute as almost to make me amends for the want of Froissart: & I expect to be very accurate in my costume, but if this merit be not pointed out by explanatory notes it will be lost, for the reviews did not discover my blunders [...]<sup>178</sup>

Southey's concerns for the accuracy of the representation of social material were even greater when it came to *Madoc*. Recognising that Gerald's writings had to be crucial in this respect, he told Cottle in July 1797 that:

I shall perpetually be in want of Giraldus Cambrensis in my Welch proceedings. He is a scarce author, and it may be very long before I meet with him. This will give me much trouble by leaving so much to insert hereafter.<sup>179</sup>

Writing to Wynn from Lisbon in February 1801, Southey asked if he (Wynn) would assist *Madoc* 'by pointing out what manners or superstition of the Welsh would look well in blank verse', and fearing that 'Much may have escaped me, & some necessarily must'.<sup>180</sup> In October 1803 he could tell Wynn that he was making extensive use of the material from those works by Barrington and Yorke which I have mentioned above which he (Southey) had copied while at Wynnstay in the autumn of 1801, and that:

This Welsh part of the poem will be very Odyssey-like. I am weaving into it all the collectable circumstances of the time & manners of the people [...]<sup>181</sup>

I wish now to highlight some specific examples of the way in which Southey drew upon material of a social-history nature from his various sources and embedded it directly into MS.2A. In the case of all the examples which follow, my explanatory notes to the

relevant lines should be consulted alongside the poetry lines themselves so that the social elements in Southey's sources can be appreciated. To begin with, those 'eating and sleeping arrangements' which Clare Simmons pointed out in Scott's novels can, from the point of view of twelfth-century Wales, certainly be found in MS.2A in books I.216-20, II.81-86, IV.166-68<sub>(a)</sub> and V.262-67, the origins of all being the writings of Giraldus, though drawn second-hand by Southey from a variety of sources. Similarly, detailed descriptions of native American methods of subsistence appear in III.294-99 and 299-304, borrowed from Robertson. As the two quotations from Southey's letters which I have cited above concerning the social details in *Joan of Arc* will have shown, he placed a high importance on the description of costume. When writing to Wynn concerning his progress with *Madoc* in April 1803 however, he could express the wish that 'I could find such mines of Welsh anecdote as my Spanish books open of Indian costume. There I am very rich',<sup>182</sup> a situation which had evidently not changed since the composition of MS.2A. The only notable description of costume in the Welsh books is that of the bards in IV.230-34, lifted directly from the introduction to William Owen's *Llywarch Hen*. By way of contrast, as Southey himself suggests, the American books are 'very rich' in such material, much of it taken from Clavigero's *History of Mexico*, but with borrowings from other sources, all of which is an important reminder that a more sociological approach to the writing of history was neither an exclusively British nor Protestant phenomena. Costume descriptions in MS.2a (and in the published poem) are often minute and include those of the priests in IX.185-91 and X.20-28, of the Mexican nobles during the religious festivals in VIII.396-401, of the peace heralds in XIII.54-62 and of Coatel in VII.289-91. Where weaponry is concerned, Southey even distinguishes carefully between the weapons for which the men of north and south Wales were renowned in X.292-98 and 316-23, borrowing from Gerald via Warrington. Recollecting one of the comments made by the reviewer in *The Monthly*, that 'The people claim their share of attention', it is interesting to note how much space Southey allocates to descriptions of Mexican amusements and pastimes: the dances in VIII.402-06 and XII.274-79, the musical instruments in VIII.168-72 and, most of all, the lengthy description of games in XII.258-301<sub>(a)</sub>. Once again, one wonders whether Southey derived much of his impetus for these descriptions from Joseph Strutt, whose texts and engravings had emphasised the social value of preserving the remembrance of such pastimes. To all of this, of course, we can also add the

lengthy and detailed descriptions of the Aztec religious practices, not merely the descriptions of the gods and the sacrifices, but even, for example, of the funeral rites in XII.57<sub>(b)</sub>-103<sub>(a)</sub>.

In all of the above cases, Southey's aim in carefully extracting so much social material from his sources was to realize for his epics precisely that which Clare Simmons has identified in Scott's novels: a 'strengthening [of] the sense of reality'. But there was one further way in which Southey pressed material from his sources into the service of authentication, and this was to create an identifiable topographical setting. While it has long been recognised that the striving for topographical particularity was one of the aims of the mid-eighteenth-century novelists<sup>183</sup> — an aim which ushered in the instantly-recognisable localised landscapes of the classic novels of the nineteenth century — the idea that Southey might have been seeking the same particularity in *Madoc* seems not to have been previously posited. The evident reason for this is that which I discussed at the opening of chapter 8.1: the determination on the part of critics to dismiss Southey's sources and notes as merely peripheral. In that chapter I have discussed the politico-historical significance of the journey between the three royal residences of twelfth-century Wales — Aberffraw, Mathrafal and Dinefwr — upon which Southey sends Madoc in book IV MS.2A and the published poem, but this journey also carried a topographical significance. This is clearly shown by a comment which Southey wrote to Wynn in March 1799: 'Careless and hasty as I am thought in my writings I would willingly go to Orleans to enable myself to describe its situation — and take the journey from Aberffraw to Mathrafal — thence to Dinevor and back to Aberffraw for the same purpose'.<sup>184</sup> The description of topographical minutiae was, of course, only possible in those landscapes with which one could make oneself familiar, be it through personal experience or through the reportage of historians or, most of all in the age of exploration, travel writers. It is not surprising therefore that, following his comment to Wynn on the dearth of material for Welsh costume which I have cited above, Southey added that 'on the other hand my head is *full* of Welsh scenery, not American', and, again, we can see this reflected in MS.2A. Madoc's journey not only enables Southey to provide accurate settings for the royal seats through the description of significant local landmarks (IV.174 and 364-65), but it also offers him the opportunity to include some lesser-known references (such as the ruined

dwelling of an obscure Welsh chieftain in IV.78-80) and even to point out a local legend which conveniently carried anti-tyrannical resonances (IV.181-98). Southey's primary sources for these and other Welsh topographical features — such as the church of St. Cybi in VI.146-48 and to Pen Caergybi in VI.279-80 — were Pennant's *Tour*, Richard Gough's edition of Camden's *Britannia* and various articles in *The Cambrian Register*.

In contrast, Southey's American landscapes in MS.2A (such as that described in III.335<sup>(b)</sup>-45<sup>(a)</sup>) have the same abstract feel as those of a Mrs. Radcliffe novel, and they are not helped by the fact that, throughout its composition, Southey could never quite decide exactly where the setting was to be. Southey was, I believe, aware of this deficiency, and sought to compensate for it by searching after other features of the natural world which his sources identified as being particular to the American continent, such as references to animal and insect life in IX.84-85 and XI.28-35, and to geological phenomena at the poem's denouement in XIV.308-14 and 321-27. Southey also made up for a lack of natural landscape particularity by lengthy descriptions of man-made features. Even though he did not have a precise setting, he did have a definite race in mind from the outset, the Aztecs, so it was easy enough to transplant the numerous descriptions of Aztec architectural features from his sources into his fictional Aztlan: the fortified city in III.452-56, 'the tower of skulls' in III.456-65, the temple of Quetzalcoatl in VIII.92-93 and the great temple in VIII.312-14 and 315-21.

In addition to his attempt to enhance the authenticity of the epic, Southey had one further (though not unrelated) aim in increasing the sociological content of *Madoc*. This was to people his epic not merely with larger-than-life heroes or heroines living out fantastical and alien existences, but with everyday characters who experienced the same emotional highs and lows as his readers. While I would contend that this was a new departure for the epic, it was very much in line with contemporary aspirations for other literary genres; the objectives laid out by Wordsworth in the preface to *Lyrical Ballads* being the most notable example. 'Kings & Queen[s] not only engross the world but almost the stage too', Southey told G.C. Bedford in April 1794:

yet domestic distress goes nearer the heart. empires overthrown & monarchs dethroned excite astonishment — but the wife weeping over the crimes or the misfortunes of her husband & alive to every transport & feeling of maternal heart rouses all the finer feelings of the heart.<sup>185</sup>

One is reminded here of Hazlitt's sardonic but, as so often, perspicuous remark concerning 'the Lake school of poetry' — a remark which might almost be taken as a synopsis of my main point here — that 'kings and queens were dethroned from their rank and station in legitimate tragedy or epic poetry, as they were decapitated elsewhere'.<sup>186</sup>

In spite of the fact that he makes no mention of Southey, and even though Southey's epic aims do not conform entirely to his hypotheses, much of what Paul Cantor has argued concerning the Romantic attempt to redefine the epic is relevant here. Pointing out that all of the Romantics aspired to the composition of 'a long narrative poem that would be epic in scope', Cantor argues that:

working in a genre traditionally focused on the heroism of public life was difficult for the Romantics, partly because the example set by predecessors like Homer and Virgil could be daunting to any poet, partly because the nature of public life had changed in their day in ways that made it less attractive as a poetic subject. Finding themselves unable to write traditional epics, the Romantics labored to transform the genre into something more personal, and in the process they discovered that they could be their own best heroes. Confronted with the traditional epic and its premium on war and politics, the Romantics challenged its claim for the superiority of the heroic life of action and came up with arguments for their new form of heroism as poets.<sup>187</sup>

Cantor suggests that 'whereas poets like Homer and Virgil regarded heroic action in the public sphere as glorious, Wordsworth [...] presents his contact with and appreciation of the simple things of everyday life as paradoxically nobler than the warrior's pursuit of glory', and that Milton offered the Romantics a Christian model with which to counteract the Classical:

Milton tried to follow in the epic footsteps of Homer and Virgil, and even includes conventionally heroic battle scenes in Books V and VI of his poem. But by choosing Adam as his subject, Milton moves away from the classical focus on the noble public figure in the epic and dwells instead on an Everyman figure, together with the Everywoman, Eve — human beings in all their common humanity. [...] The Romantics may not have followed Milton in his orthodox Christianity [...] but they shared his critique of classical values, especially of the premium on warfare as a noble way of life.<sup>188</sup>

Even supposing that we agree with Cantor's observation that the Romantics 'discovered that they could be their own best heroes', it could not be said that any of Southey's epics grew out of such introspective inducements. It is also true that, when it finally came to the published poem, Southey could not bring himself to discard entirely the more traditional forms of the epic, with its heroes, warriors and battles in favour of

something altogether new, so that, as Lynda Pratt has commented, 'compared to its earlier Incarnations, *Madoc* (1805) is a relatively tame attack on the epic tradition'.<sup>189</sup> Some comments in his preface to the 1st edition of *Joan of Arc* however, along with several in the months which followed its publication, reveal much about his dissatisfaction with the more traditional aspects of the epic genre at precisely that time when he was commencing work upon the earliest drafts of *Madoc*, and offer a good indication of what he believed could be achieved within the kind of limitations that the idea of epic circumscribed. In the preface Southey wrote that:

The general fault of Epic Poems is, that we feel little interest for the Heroes they celebrate. The national vanity of a Greek or a Roman might have been gratified by the renown of Achilles, or Æneas, but to engage the unprejudiced, there must be more of human feelings than is generally to be found in the character of Warriors: from this objection the *Odyssey* alone may be excepted. Ulysses appears as the father and the husband, and the affections are enlisted on his side. The judgment must applaud the well-digested plan, and splendid execution of the *Iliad*, but the heart always bears testimony to the merit of the *Odyssey*: it is the poem of nature, and its personages inspire love rather than command admiration. The good herdsman Eumæus is worth a thousand heroes! (*Joan*. 96, vi)

Writing to G.C. Bedford from Lisbon in February 1796, Southey comments that 'there is too much fighting — I found the battles detestable to write as you will do to read', but added significantly that 'there are not ten better lines in the whole piece' than those which described the emotions of the wife left behind in England who would never know for certain that her husband had been killed in the war.<sup>190</sup> It is almost as if Southey felt himself compelled by convention to dwell upon the battle scenes, but sought, in the midst of such public descriptions, to create a domestic pathos more in keeping with his personal epic aspirations by — to borrow Christopher Smith's pertinent phrase — 'lifting the reader's mind out of the main narrative completely and resting it upon the idylls of the hearth'.<sup>191</sup>

As early as September 1797 Southey could tell Danvers that '*Joan of Arc* will perhaps be a more popular poem than *Madoc*, but I think what I have written of *Madoc* my best production — the emotions of the human mind are well observed',<sup>192</sup> a key illustration of the fact that, with this new epic, Southey also wished his readers to remember that, to borrow another phrase from Clare Simmons's observations upon the novels of Scott, 'just as one's national ancestors ate and slept, so they also experienced hopes and fears similar to those of the present'.

In this, as in the two former sections of chapter 8, I have sought to show that neither Southey's sources nor his annotations can be dismissed as peripheral; that they actually have a *sine qua non* status. If we wish to engage fully with the political and religious content of a text such as MS.2A, or if we are seeking a deeper insight into Southey's attempts to simultaneously endow the epic with a greater degree of authenticity while reworking it to suit the Romantic preoccupation with the life of the ordinary individual. In the opening 10 sections of the following chapter, the reader will find an in-depth discussion of 10 of Southey's major sources for MS.2A, while chapter 9.11 comprises a briefer discussion of Southey's minor sources as well as sources which it is *just* possible that he used.

---

## Chapter 9

### The Sources in Chronological Order

The first 10 sections of this chapter present detailed information concerning 10 of the most important sources that were to exert an influence upon MS.2A. In some cases — for example, chapter 9.3 on Samuel Purchas — the main source will actually be found to incorporate several other sources within it. The chapters are presented in chronological order according to the birth date of the author/editor being discussed. The single exception is 9.7 on William Warrington, whose dates are unknown, and I have therefore had to place him rather randomly in the mid-eighteenth century.

Chapter 9.11 consists of brief notes on some 'minor' and 'conjectural' sources. By the latter I mean sources which Southey could easily have used, but for which I can find no conclusive evidence to determine that he did. In the case of the 'minor' sources I should stress at the outset that this does not include any of the numerous sources from which Southey appears to have made only one specific borrowing, such as Luke Booker's *Malvern* (see n. to IV.175-77). Such sources are adequately discussed in the relevant explanatory notes. In this chapter, the sources are discussed in chronological order according to the publication date of the work under discussion.

#### 9.1: Gerald of Wales

(c. 1145-1223)

The works of few medieval writers have commanded more attention from social historians than those of Gerald of Wales (or Giraldus Cambrensis). The fascination for Gerald's works which Welsh and non-Welsh eighteenth-century historians alike discovered anew is explained both by the extraordinary growth of interest (and not just within Wales itself) in Welsh history and culture and by the emerging preoccupation with social history. Any writer who had anything to say about medieval Wales borrowed copious amounts of material from Gerald's contemporary observations.

Gerald was born in 1145 or 1146<sup>193</sup> at the castle of Manorbier on the south Pembrokeshire coast. He was the son of a Norman knight, William de Barri, and a Welsh mother, Angharad, and this dual nationality was often to prove a source of much frustration to him. 'Both peoples regard me as a stranger and one not their own', as he



later wrote: 'one nation suspects me, the other hates me'.<sup>194</sup> He was educated at the abbey of St. Peter in Gloucester, and then, by the age of twenty, in Paris, where he appears to have stayed for ten years. Michael Richter has pointed out the importance of this European education to Gerald's later writings on Wales:

In describing Wales in terms which had been set by the medium in which he was educated, he could bring out quite clearly those features of Welsh society which struck the observer as unusual while they would be taken for granted by the native Welshman. Thus in a way his cosmopolitan education was a precondition for his greatest literary achievements.<sup>195</sup>

This education, with its emphasis on Roman and canon law, prepared Gerald for the various ecclesiastical offices which he was to hold in both England and Wales, but, as Lewis Thorpe has observed, it also provided him with 'his mastery of medieval Latin and his extensive knowledge of later Latin authors'.<sup>196</sup>

During his long life Gerald wrote and revised a considerable body of work, much of which is extant. The works that were of importance to Southey were *The Journey through Wales (Itinerarium Cambriae)* and *The Description of Wales (Descriptio Cambriae)*. The first version of the *Journey* was probably composed in the spring or summer of 1191, three years after the journey which it described, in which Gerald accompanied Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, on a campaign through the length and breadth of Wales to drum up support for the third crusade. The extant manuscripts of the *Journey* show that the initial composition went through two revisions, the final one (which is extant in three manuscripts) probably being written in 1214. The *Description* similarly went through three versions, the original being completed in 1193 or early in 1194, and the final shortly after 1215.<sup>197</sup> Both works bear the hallmarks of Gerald's particular ability to observe and capture the nuances of the social fabric of society. As Robert Bartlett has pointed out:

Gerald's talents as an observer of contemporary political events give him a high place on the list of twelfth-century historians. He was unrivalled in his sense of social process and awareness of the coherence of societies; his ethnographic writing was therefore highly innovative. He drew strength from seeing himself in the tradition of Gildas or Bede, yet he was attempting something new.<sup>198</sup>

Long before he was personally acquainted with Gerald's works, Southey recognised the necessity of familiarising himself with a writer who was so highly regarded for his social observation and who was, after all, the only commentator contemporary with those events which his poem described. In addition to the citations from and references

to Gerald's works that Southey would have seen in Lyttelton, Pennant, Warrington, etc., he would also have seen a biographical sketch of Giraldus by the Elizabethan historian of Pembrokeshire, George Owen of Henllys, in the second volume of *The Cambrian Register*.<sup>199</sup> As I have already cited, Southey told Cottle in July 1797 that he would 'perpetually be in want of Giraldus Cambrensis', adding that 'he is a scarce author, and it may be very long before I meet with him'.<sup>200</sup> Southey was certainly correct in this respect, for, up until the close of the eighteenth century, both the *Journey* and the *Description* had only been printed on three occasions. The first printing was in 1585, under the editorship of David Powel, author of the *Historie of Cambria* that Southey drew upon heavily for *Madoc*, and which is discussed in the next chapter. The *Journey* was printed in full — though, as Lewis Thorpe has pointed out, 'with arbitrary omissions' — but only the first book of the *Description*, both works being coupled with the *Historia Regum Britanniae* by Geoffrey of Monmouth. Both the *Journey* and the *Description* next appeared in an anthology of relatively-unconnected works by various writers, edited by William Camden and entitled *Anglica, Hibernica, Normannica, Cambrica, a Veteribus Scripta ...*, printed at Frankfurt in 1602, though a few editions — the only apparent difference being a dedication to Fulke Greville — carry the date 1603. Camden simply reprinted Powel's text. The next printing was in Henry Wharton's *Anglia Sacra, sive Collectio Historiarum ... de Archiepiscopis et Episcopis Angliae ...* (London, 1691). Wharton again printed the *Journey* and the first book of the *Description* directly from Powel, but added, for the first time, the second book of the *Description* as well. The questions that thus remain are: did Southey get to see one of these editions, and, if so, which one, when and where?

I now believe that I can partially answer these questions. As I have already discussed in chapter 5.2 above (p.64), the Southey's spent the last two weeks of August and the first week of September 1798 visiting a friend at Hereford, during which period Southey was given access to the famous chained library at the cathedral. The notebook which he was carrying on that occasion is that which is now in the Saffron Walden Museum, and it is in that notebook that we find the first direct quotations from Gerald's *Journey*. Several of these quotations appeared in the notes of the published *Madoc*, where they supported episodes in the poem which Southey had clearly taken directly from Gerald. To give but one example of this, on f.40 of the SW.n, there appears the

following:

"Inter universos Cambriae seu etiam Loegriae fluvios, solus hic, (Teivi) castores habet." G. Camb. these may be well introduced in some dozen lines b. 4.

The quotation which Southey has copied from Gerald, and which Lewis Thorpe translates as 'of all the rivers in Wales, and of those in England [...], it [the Teifi] is the only one where you can find beavers',<sup>201</sup> appeared as a note in the published poem to accompany those lines in which Madoc watches the beaver from the banks of the 'Towy' and laments their being gradually hunted to extinction by man's 'bloody sport' (*Madoc*, 118-19). These lines are a direct response to Gerald's lengthy discussion of the beavers which he saw in the Teifi, their methods of building dams and of how they were hunted,<sup>202</sup> showing that Southey carried through into the published poem the intentions which he had set down in the SW.n several years earlier. There are four further direct quotations from Gerald in the notes to *Madoc*, as well as episodes in the text, such as that of the disinterment of Owain Gwynedd's body (*Madoc*, 157-63), which Southey evidently borrowed without acknowledgement from the *Journey*, though no commentators who have previously discussed this episode have noted the fact.

I am therefore convinced that Southey saw his first copy of Gerald's *Journey* in Hereford cathedral library in late August-early September 1798. I have established that the library held a copy of both William Camden's *Anglica, Hibernica, ...* and Henry Wharton's *Anglia Sacra, ...* at the time of Southey's visit. While there is no actual acquisition date for the former, it was given to the chained library by Thomas Thornton (c. 1541-1629), master of the library from 1595-1597 and 1610-1617, and benefactor of the famous chained bookcases, while the Wharton was presented to the library by James Bruges of Caernarvon, about whom there appears to be no further information, in 1716.<sup>203</sup>

There are also two other interesting pieces of evidence that strongly support the idea that Southey first saw the *Journey* and the *Description* at Hereford cathedral in August 1798. As I have also discussed in chapter 5.2, on 8 October 1798 Southey set out for a ten-day walking tour into South Wales with Charles Danvers. That tour included a visit to the ruined abbey of Llanthony in the Vale of Ewias in Breconshire, which Southey described to Edith as 'if not the most important certainly the most agreeable object of



It is from the Honddu that it [the place] takes the name Llanhonddu, for 'llan' means a place dedicated to religion. This derivation may seem far-fetched, for the real name of the place in Welsh is Nant Honddu. 'Nant' means a stream of running water: and in the Welsh language the place is still today called Llanddewi Nant Honddu by the local inhabitants, that is the church of David on the river Honddu. The English have corrupted the name to Llanthony.<sup>206</sup>

It is difficult to imagine how Southey could have written these poems without a personal knowledge of Gerald's *Journey*, and the composition of two such poems towards the end of 1798 would add further weight to my belief that he saw that *Journey* at the Hereford cathedral library in late August-early September.

If these conjectures are correct, then, as my discussion of the progress of MS.2A in chapter 5.2 will have shown, Southey had not personally seen a copy of Gerald's works by the time he had completed most of the Welsh books in MS.2A. His comment to Cottle that not having seen Gerald's works would mean that he would have 'so much to insert hereafter' was borne out by those additions to the published poem which I have already discussed. In other words, is it at all valid to think of Gerald as a source for MS.2A? Perhaps not, but there are two factors which cannot be ignored. The first is that, as I have pointed out at the opening of this section, Gerald's influence upon all eighteenth-century works connected with medieval Wales — Works by Lyttelton, Pennant, Warrington, Owen, all of which were important sources for MS.2A — was so all-pervading that he is always there somewhere in the background. Secondly, knowing that, as early as the spring of 1797, Southey was both meeting and corresponding with Welsh scholars such as William Owen and Iolo Morganwg, and requesting information from them concerning Welsh history, it would seem probable that he was obtaining facts, and possibly whole passages, from Gerald's works directly from such men (see especially my n. to IV.346-47). It would thus be imprudent to dismiss the *Journey*, and possibly the *Description* as well, as not having had a considerable influence upon the Welsh books of MS.2A.

---

## 9.2: David Powel (c. 1552-1598)

David Powel's *The Historie of Cambria* (London, 1584) was the earliest history of Wales to be published in English, and, as such, it formed the staple diet for all English historians writing on Wales for the next three centuries. Powel's 'chronicle' was

heavily used by both Lyttelton and Warrington, and, as several entries in the K/B.n demonstrate, Southey was certainly using it as a source in its own right by 1797, and possibly earlier (see below). As the notebook entries make clear, several of the actual historical events which Southey utilised in the opening books of MS.2A — such as the battle of Crogen (see n. to I.275-78) and the blinding of Cynetha (see n. to II.151-71<sub>(a)</sub>) — were taken directly from Powel. In addition, the *Historie* also provided the earliest account of the Madoc legend to appear in print, and, of even greater significance, it formed the basis for the next and far more pervasive printed account, that which appeared in Hakluyt (see the section on Hakluyt in chapter 9.11). Powel's work was thus an important influence, both directly and — through its contribution to eighteenth-century Welsh historiography — indirectly, on the shaping of Southey's poem.

David Powel was born around the year 1552 of illustrious Welsh pedigree near Llantysilio in the county of Clwyd. At the age of 16 he was sent to an unidentified college at Oxford, but moved to Jesus College on its foundation in 1571, and is said to have been the college's first graduate in 1572 or 1573.<sup>207</sup> He was awarded a Doctorate of Divinity in 1583, but had held various clerical posts long before this, including that of chaplain to Sir Henry Sidney, Lord President of the marches of Wales. It was in September 1583 that Powel was asked by Sidney to prepare for the press a work by Humphrey Llwyd (c. 1527-1568), a leading initiator of the revival of Welsh scholarship under the later Tudors.<sup>208</sup> Llwyd had written several works, of which the longest was an account of the lives and acts of the kings and princes of Wales from Cadwalladr (*d.* 664) to Llywelyn ap Gryffydd (*d.* 1282); completed, according to a note in one of the manuscripts, in July 1559. While it is evident that much of Llwyd's text was derived from an earlier Welsh source, as his most recent editor has pointed out, 'Llwyd is less than helpful in the matter of indicating the sources for his historical material',<sup>209</sup> a fact which makes it extremely difficult to trace Llwyd's work back to a single source. In various places throughout the 'Chronicle', Llwyd acknowledges a debt to many of those early Welsh, Latin and English sources that one might expect to find, such as the works of Giraldus Cambrensis, the 'Laws' of Hywel Dda, and the chronicles of Matthew Paris, Henry of Huntingdon and Nicholas Trevet. Concerning the identity of that Welsh source from which he is primarily 'translating' however, Llwyd offers us little assistance. Ieuan Williams has summarised what we can learn

from Llwyd about this source as follows:

As to his main Welsh base copy, his own references to it tell us little more than its ending date [1270]. He does not give it a name, but he does in some instances seem to indicate a single author source by such terms as 'the Welsh Cronicler', 'my Welsh author', and 'myne author'. Otherwise he refers to his source, always in the singular, as 'the Britishe Cronicle', 'the Welsh historie', 'the Welsh booke', or, 'the British booke'.<sup>210</sup>

In the introduction to his 1584 edition of Llwyd's text, David Powel suggested that the primary source on which it was based was the Welsh chronicle which is generally referred to as the 'Brut y Tywysogyon' ('Chronicle of the Princes'). The text of the 'Brut' has survived in three variant versions (with at least two manuscripts of each version still extant), but it seems likely that these were based on one or more now lost Latin originals, probably dating from the late thirteenth century.<sup>211</sup>

While he does not seem to have initiated the idea, the influence of Powel's edition also meant that he was primarily responsible for spreading the erroneous connection of the original 'Brut' with the name of Caradoc of Llancarfan. According to Powel, the chronicle had been compiled by Caradoc up until the year 1156, and continued thereafter in the Cistercian abbeys of Conwy and Strata Florida.<sup>212</sup> That such a figure as Caradoc of Llancarfan existed, and that he was a younger contemporary of Geoffrey of Monmouth, is primarily attested by a comment by Geoffrey towards the end of one of the versions of his *Historia Regum Britanniae*, written between 1130-38. Geoffrey says that he will assign the task of continuing the history of the Welsh kings from the point where the *Historia* ceases 'to Caradoc of Llancarvan, my contemporary',<sup>213</sup> and it was presumably this comment, coupled with the fact that, in all of its three versions, the 'Brut y Tywysogyon' commences from roughly the point where Geoffrey's *Historia* ends, that led David Powel to suggest that the 'Brut' was partially the work of Caradoc. There is no evidence to support Powel's assertion however. Given that we have two surviving works which can be attributed to Caradoc of Llancarfan, and that both of these are lives of early Welsh saints,<sup>214</sup> it seems more likely that the literary predilections of this twelfth-century Cistercian monk lay rather in the kind of hagiological traditions which were particularly prevalent in the Celtic church than in the writing of chronicles.<sup>215</sup>

By the close of the eighteenth century, no writer had yet thought to question Powel's assertion that the original 'Brut' of Humphrey Llwyd's 'Chronicle' had been written

down in Welsh by Caradoc. As I have already pointed out, Southey would have been made aware of Powel's *Historie* through numerous entries in Lyttelton and Warrington, but by far the most important reference to Powel which he would have come across prior to the commencement of MS.1 was that which appeared in John Williams's *Enquiry*. Williams wrote that:

The first account that I can find of the discovery of America by the Britons is in an History of Wales written by Caradoc of Llancarvan, Glamorganshire, in the British Language, translated into English by Humphry Llwyd, and published by Dr. David Powel, in the year 1584.<sup>216</sup>

Note here how Williams seeks to maximise the credibility of the legend by grounding its 'first account', not merely in Powel's 1584 *Historie*, but in Caradoc's pre-Elizabethan and pre-Columbian original. Having then produced a paraphrase of Powel's account of the Madoc legend however (see below), Williams utterly contradicted his initial assertion by pointing out that 'it is very certain that this account of Madog's Emigration was not written by Caradoc, for his History comes no lower than the year 1157; and he seems to have died about the time when this Event took place'. With the Caradoc element conceded, it was obviously still necessary for Williams to find some pre-Elizabethan origins for the legend, so he added the comment that 'it is said by Humphry Llwyd, the Translator of Caradoc into English, that this part of the History was compiled from Collections made from time to time, and kept in the Abbies of Conway in Carnarvonshire North Wales, and Strat Flur (Strata Florida, Cardiganshire, South Wales)'. Whatever Southey might have thought of such assertions, there was more information about Powel's *Historie* here than he would have found in either Lyttelton or Warrington, and his desire to see the work for himself — if he had not already done so — must have been whetted. Can we therefore reach any conclusions as to when Southey might have gained access to Powel's original?

Given that he copied several entries from Powel into the notebook which he was keeping from 2 January 1797 (the K/B.n), it seems likely that Southey had become acquainted with the *Historie* at first-hand by the time he came to compose the opening books of MS.2A. It is even possible that Southey had consulted Powel prior to commencing work on MS.1 in the spring of 1795, given that — as I have discussed in nn. to I.55-59 and I.60-63<sub>(a)</sub> — the *Historie* may have been the source for the proper names Kynwric and Gwenlhian. The latter is particularly important evidence in this respect, since Powel's *Historie* appears to have been the only source which Southey



was using at this time which mentioned Gwenthian as being one of the daughters of Owain Gwynedd. The question of how early Southey was actually using Powel's 'Chronicle' must, nevertheless, remain open to debate.

Equally open is the question of which edition of the *Historie* Southey might have been consulting. A second edition of the work, entitled *The History of Wales*, had appeared in 1697, edited and substantially reworked by William Wynne,<sup>217</sup> and this had also formed the basis for the eighteenth-century reprint, with the same title, in 1774. On examining the quotations from Powel which Southey copied into the K/B.n, one is immediately faced with the usual two problems which invariably loom large when trying to use Southey's notebooks as evidence for particular source editions: a lack of page references and a combination of careless transcription and deliberate paraphrase, even in quotation. In spite of this, I can find no reason to doubt that Southey was using the original 1584 edition of Powel's *Historie*. A comparison of the longest quotation from Powel in the K/B.n — that which is concerned with the Anglo-Welsh skirmish at Crogen in 1165 (see n. to I.275-78) — with the 1584 text yields a sufficient congruence to suggest that this *could* have been the edition that Southey used. More than this it would be difficult to prove. Of one further thing we can be certain: Southey did not own a copy of Powel. Writing to C.W.W. Wynn with some new ideas for *Madoc* in October 1803, Southey informed him that:

I am going to carry Madoc to Bardsey. if you have Powel or Warrington on hand do tell me which of the old kings were buried there.<sup>218</sup>

While this clearly demonstrates that Southey did not own a copy of the *Historie*, it is also testimony to the fact that, even in 1803 as he gathered new material for the final revision of *Madoc*, he still viewed Powel and Warrington as his primary sources for information on early Welsh history.

Most of all however, Powel's *Historie* was seminal in the development of the Madoc legend. As Ieuan Williams has pointed out, the legend was 'first given cohesive utterance' in Humphrey Llwyd's original manuscript, where we find what Gwyn Williams has called 'the hard, irreducible core of any Madoc story'.<sup>219</sup> It was probably as a result of having obtained a knowledge of Llwyd's manuscript that Sir George Peckham, in November 1583, actually became the first to realise Madoc's story in print, in a short pamphlet written partly as a general vindication of British overseas

expansion and partly by way of support for an extraordinary proposal to create a safe haven for British Catholics somewhere on the American mainland.<sup>220</sup> Beyond the basic facts that Madoc had made two voyages to America however, along with some attempts to prove this on linguistic grounds, Peckham's account offered none of the constituents that were to become integral to the Madoc legend. It fell to David Powel's imaginative interpretation of the story the following year to flesh out the bones. To quote Gwyn Williams again:

[Powel] locates Madoc's landfall without hesitation in *Mexico*, anchoring it there firmly in Montezuma's speech and the language of the 'Mexicans' [...] the two voyages he left unchanged, but Powel adds that, on his second voyage, Madoc 'went thither againe with ten sailes, as I find noted in Gutyn Owen.' Powel therefore reinforces Llwyd's account of a popular Madoc tradition by this reference to an authentic Welsh writer of the fifteenth century (who might well have written before Columbus) and by stating that Llwyd's work was essentially based on a chronicle by Caradoc of Llancarfan.<sup>221</sup>

The account which Powel printed from Llwyd's 'chronicle' ran as follows:

Madoc another of Owen Gwyneth his sonnes left the land in contention betwixt his brethren, and prepared certaine ships with men and munition, and sought aduentures by seas, sailing West, & leauing the coast of Ireland so far north, that he came to a land vnknown, where he saw manie strange things. This land must needs be some part of that countrie of which the Spaniardes affirme themselues to be the first finders sith Hannos time; for by reason & order of Cosmographie, this land, to the which Madoc came, must needs be some part of Noua Hispania or Florida. Wherevpon it is manifest, that that countrie was long before by Brytaines discovered, afore either Columbus or Americus Vespatus lead anie Spaniardes thither. On the viage and returne of this Madoc there be manie fables fained, as the common people do vse in distance of place and length of time rather to augment than to diminish: but sure it is, that there he was. And after he had returned home and declared the pleasant and fruitfull countries that he had seene without inhabitants; and vpon the contrarie part, for what barren and wild ground his brethren and nephues did murther one another: he prepared a number of ships, and got with him such men and women as were desirous to liue in quietnes, and taking leaue of his friends tooke his iournie thitherward againe.

Powel then added a crucial note:

This Madoc arriuing in that western countrie, vnto the which he came, in the yeare 1170. left most of his people there: and returning backe for more of his owne nation, acquaintance and freends, to inhabite that faire and large countrie, went thither againe with ten sailes, as I find noted by Gutyn Owen. I am of the opinion that the land, where-vnto he came, was in some part of Mexico: the causes which make me think so be these.

1 the common report of the inhabitants of that countrie, which affirme, that there rulers be descended from a strange nation, that came thither from a farre countrie: which thing is confessed by Mutezuma king of that countrie, in his oration made for quieting of his people, at his submission to the king of Castile, Hernando Curties being then present, which is laid downe in the Spanish Chronicles of the conquest of the west indies.

2 The Brytish words and names of places, vsed in that countrie euen to this daie, do argue the same: as when they talke together, they vse this word

Gwrando, which is hearken or listen. Also they haue a certeine bird with a white head which they call pengwin, that is, white head. But the Iland of Corroeso, the cape of Bryton, the riuer of Gwyndor, and the white rocke of Pengwyn, which be all Brytish or Welsh words, do manifestlie shew that it was that countrie which madoc and his people inhabited.<sup>222</sup>

Finally, it should briefly be mentioned that, by way of an introduction to his *Historie*, Powel also published another short work by Humphrey Llwyd: a translation (from the Latin) of 'A Description of Wales' by Sir John Price (or Prys, 1502?-1555), the Notary Public under Henry VIII, Secretary of the Council in Wales and of the Marches, and a pioneer in the collecting of early Welsh manuscripts. While this might have been of use to Southey in general terms, I have identified two specific passages from which he could well have drawn (see my n. to II.39-40 and my comments concerning Southey's sources for the tripartite division of twelfth-century Wales in chapter 8.2, pp.89-90, above).

---

### 9.3: Samuel Purchas (1577-1626)

To consider the question of Samuel Purchas's influence upon the Romantic generation is to think immediately of Coleridge's famous account of the genesis of *Kubla Khan*. It was in the early summer of 1798 (though Coleridge wrongly says 1797) that Coleridge claimed to have fallen asleep at his farmhouse near Porlock while reading the account of Kubla Khan's palace in *Purchas His Pilgrimage*. The precise nature of the relationship between the words in Purchas's account and those in the relevant lines of Coleridge's poem was long ago examined by John Livingston Lowes, but as Lowes pointed out:

Coleridge knew well not merely *Purchas His Pilgrimage*, but *Purchas His Pilgrimes* too. It was in the third volume of the *Pilgrimes* that he had read of William Barents and of the icefields of the North. And in this same volume was another and more detailed account of Kubla Khan [...] At or after the moment, then, when Coleridge fell asleep, recollections of the *Pilgrimes* had been stirred to life by the reading of the *Pilgrimage*. Anything else, indeed, when (as here) the two narratives ran parallel, would have been [...] well nigh incredible.<sup>223</sup>

In trying to assess the nature of the influence of Purchas on a composition like MS.2A, one is faced with precisely the problem that Lowes has highlighted here. Lowes's observation that Purchas's 'crowded folios were to Coleridge [...] enchanted ground'<sup>224</sup> is equally applicable to Southey, but given Purchas's habit of repeating

material from *Purchas His Pilgrimage* in *Purchas His Pilgrimes*, and given that the *Pilgrimage* itself went through four different editions between 1613 and 1626, it is often impossible to be certain which of those 'crowded folios' Southey may have been using as source material at any one time. I shall be examining this crucial point in greater depth at the end of this chapter.

Our knowledge of Samuel Purchas's life is minimal.<sup>225</sup> He was born in Thaxted, Essex, on 20 November 1577, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was awarded an M.A. in 1600. In 1604 he became vicar of Eastwood near Southend-on-Sea on the Thames Estuary, and was made Rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate, in 1614. The first edition of *Purchas His Pilgrimage* appeared in 1613, and almost immediately it gained Purchas the reputation of being a capable successor to Richard Hakluyt — a reputation which he sought hard to cultivate. Various comments in subsequent editions suggest that he was (until a mysterious estrangement appears to have taken place) a friend of Hakluyt's, and that the success of the *Pilgrimage* enabled him — for a while at least — to move among the leading London Literati. Those subsequent editions appeared in 1614, 1617 and 1626 (the year of Purchas's death), each in one volume, the latter being 1046 pages in length. But even this was scant fare compared to *Purchas His Pilgrimes*, which appeared in four huge volumes in 1625. Both works were anthologies of travel writers from the ancient world to Purchas's own day, though most of the extracts in the *Pilgrimage* were intended to represent exotic religious ideas and practices. As Colin Steele has pointed out:

The method of presentation of the *Pilgrimes* differed from the *Pilgrimage* in that the latter was 'mine own in matter (though borrowed) and in forme of words and method: Whereas my Pilgrimes are the Authors themselues, acting their owne parts in their owne words, onely furnished by me with such necessaries as that stage further required'<sup>226</sup>

In general, therefore, the material contained within the *Pilgrimage* is usually a paraphrase, in Purchas's own words, of the original author, while that within the *Pilgrimes* is a fuller translation. In addition, the extracts which Purchas presented in the *Pilgrimes* had a much broader subject-matter than those which he used in the *Pilgrimage*.

While Southey certainly used Purchas as source material for other works (especially for *Thalaba*),<sup>227</sup> I am obviously only interested here in examining material which he might

have borrowed for the composition of MS.2A. Purchas included material on South and Central America in both the *Pilgrimage* and the *Pilgrimes*, the bulk of it being in the latter. A full description of this material has been provided, in two separate works, by Colin Steele, and I would refer the reader to both.<sup>228</sup> What follows here is a description of that material which would most have interested Southey, and this was a combination of general material relating to the American natural world and specific material concerning Mexico and the Aztecs.

*Purchas His Pilgrimage* consisted of nine books, the two last containing material on the continent of America. Mexico (or 'New Spaine') was dealt with in book VIII, and virtually all of the material which I have identified as having been of possible use to Southey appeared in chapters X ('Of the ancient Inhabitants of New-Spaine, and the Historie of their Kings', p.864 in the 1626 final edition), XI ('Of the Idols and Idolatrous Sacrifices of New Spaine', p.869) and XII ('Of the Religious places and persons in New-Spaine: wherein is also handled their Penance, Marriages, Burials, and other Rites performed by their Priests', p.873). The single exception to this was the passage concerning the myth of the four suns (see n. to XIV.114-31), which Southey took from the opening section of chapter XIII, which dealt with the Mexican calendar. As Colin Steele has pointed out:

In the *Pilgrimage* Purchas relied on previously translated narratives and did not actively seek out new sources. Nevertheless by combining extracts from several translations in one source he made the Iberian New World more well known than it had been through the previous individual editions.<sup>229</sup>

For the above-mentioned chapters of the *Pilgrimage*, Purchas depended primarily upon the works of two sixteenth-century Spanish writers whom I have already mentioned in chapter 8.2 (pp.106-09), José de Acosta and Francisco López de Gómara. Acosta published his *Historia Natural y Moral de las Indias* in seven books in 1590,<sup>230</sup> the first four of which concentrated upon the natural history of the region, and the last three upon its moral history. The importance of Acosta's work is such that, as David Brading has observed:

[it] marked an epoch in the European comprehension of the New World. The book was immediately republished in several editions and within a few years had been translated into all the principal languages of Europe. [...] The reasons for its popularity and enduring influence are not hard to seek. In relatively modest compass, the reader was provided with a description of nature in the New World, a disquisition on the origin of its native inhabitants, and a brief history of the Inca and Aztec empires. The work was distinguished by an easy, fluent style, by a confident lucid exposition of

often complicated matters, and above all, by the critical acumen of its arguments.<sup>231</sup>

Purchas relied heavily upon the English translation of Acosta, *The Naturall and Morall Historie of the East and West Indies*, by Edward Grimeston (London, 1604), though, as I have already explained above, the nature of the *Pilgrimage* meant that he tended to paraphrase Grimeston's original, rather than reproducing passages in full. The same was true of the material which he borrowed from López de Gómara's *Historia general de las Indias ... con la Conquista de Mexico y de la Nueva España*, first published at Zaragoza in 1553. Purchas used the English translation by Thomas Nichols, *The Pleasant Historie of the Conquest of the Weast India* (London, 1578), and it is just possible that, as I have discussed in my section on Nichols in chapter 9.11 below, Southey was making use of this edition himself during the composition of MS.2A.

Before leaving the *Pilgrimage* it is important to point out its role within the development of the Madoc legend. Purchas provided the third major printing of the legend after Powel and Hakluyt, and while he added nothing new to it, the sheer success of the *Pilgrimage* was sufficient to continue the promulgation of its folkloric status. Purchas's account was, in fact, somewhat circumspect. It appeared in chapter II of the 8th book, during a discussion of how the American continent was first populated:

Yet I will not say, but that in former times, some ships might come some time by casualty into those parts but rather forced by weather, then directed by skill; and thus it is likely that some parts of America haue beene peopled. This I much doubt; whether their Science in Nauigation was such, as that they would voluntarily aduenture, and could happily effect this Voyage to and from the West Indies. The most probable Historie in this kind is (in my minde) that of Madoc ap Owen Guyneth, who by reason of ciuill contentions, left his Countrey of Wales, seeking aduentures by Sea, and leauing the Coast of Ireland North, came to a Land vnknowne, where he saw many strange things.

This by D. Powel, and Master *Humfrey Lhuyd*, is thought to be the Continent of the New World, confirmed herein by the speech of *Mutezuma*, professing his Progenitors to be strangers; and so were all the Mexicans to those parts, as the History in the eight Chapter following will shew: and by the vse of certaine Welch words, which *Dauid Ingram* obserued in his trauell through those parts. The History addeth that hee left certayne of his people there, and comming home for more people, returned thither with ten sayle. Howsoever; it is certayne, that the prints of Brittiish Expedition are in manner worne out, and no signe thereof was found by the Spaniards: Onely they vsed a Crosse in Cumana: in the iland of Acuzamill, the same was worshipped: but without any memory of Christ, or any thing fauouring that way [...]<sup>232</sup>

As with most of his subjects, Purchas provided far more material on South and Central

America (and, therefore, on Mexico) in the *Pilgrimes* than he had in the *Pilgrimage*. The *Pilgrimes* was divided into two parts, the first containing travel accounts from among the ancient civilisations, and the second comprising the writings of more recent travellers. The Mexican material appeared in book V of part 2 (volume III of the 1625 original edition, and volumes XIV and XV of the 1905-07 reprint from which I have cited material in the explanatory notes). In the opening chapter of book V, Purchas compiled a general description of the New World to provide a background for the succeeding authors<sup>233</sup> from the works of Antonio Herrera y Tordesillas (1549-1625), the writer who had been officially appointed as chief chronicler of the Indies in 1596, and whose work was to be the major source of influence upon William Robertson's *History of America*.<sup>234</sup> Interestingly, while Southey did not cite a single borrowing from Herrera's work in the 1805 poem, he cited four borrowings in the two-volume 3rd edition of 1812, the only example of such additions that I have been able to locate between the two editions. I have only discovered one very minor possible borrowing from Purchas's somewhat sketchy and disjointed summary of Herrera's work in MS.2A (see n. to VIII.355-65). For his second chapter Purchas returned to the writings of José de Acosta, relying once again on Grimeston's 1604 translation, but printing more substantial extracts than he had in the *Pilgrimage*. Again, by way of background, this chapter was devoted entirely to Acosta's descriptions of various aspects of the American natural world — landscape, climate, flora and fauna etc. Purchas continued his survey of the natural history of South America in his third chapter, which consisted of extracts from the Spanish chronicler Gonzalo Fernández de Oviedo y Valdés. The material was taken from the *Sumario de la Natural Historia de las Indias*, which Oviedo published in 1526, and which he was to enlarge into the two-part *La Historia General de las Indias* (Seville, 1535 and Valladolid, 1557).<sup>235</sup> Oviedo's data was thorough, for, as Lee Huddleston has pointed out, 'he had traveled [*sic*] in the Caribbean region of America extensively and could therefore write with considerable firsthand knowledge'.<sup>236</sup> As I have already discussed in chapter 8.2 however (p.106), Oviedo was primarily responsible for inaugurating a succession of anti-Amerindian chronicles, though this was not an aspect of Oviedo which was particularly reflected in the natural history extracts which Purchas selected. This was largely due to the fact that, in an age of fierce colonial rivalry, the material which Purchas selected tended to have an anti-Spanish bias — a bias which Purchas had had to temper under James I, but

which was again permissible under Charles I in 1625<sup>237</sup> — usually by dwelling on Spanish/Catholic atrocities committed in the New World and comparing them with British/protestant dealings with the native inhabitants. Purchas partly worked from the 1577 English translation of Oviedo by Richard Eden and Richard Willes which had appeared in their *History of Trauayle in the West and East Indies*, but also added extracts of his own which he translated from the third volume of the famous Italian anthology of travel writings *Delle Navigazioni et Viaggi* by Giovanni Battista Ramusio (Venice, 1556).<sup>238</sup> I have identified six extracts from chapters II and III of the *Pilgrimes* which Southey might have used as source material, three from Acosta (see nn. to III.303-08<sub>(a)</sub>, IX.84-85 and XIV.308-14), and three from Oviedo (see nn. to III.264-65 and 299-303 and XI.28-35), though we must not overlook the fact that the picture of the natural history of South America which these chapters presented might have influenced Southey in a more general way.

Chapters III ('Mexican Antiquities'), V ('Of the ancient superstitions of the Mexicans and Indians of America') and VI ('Civill Customes and Arts of the Indians') constituted Purchas's most extensive compilation from Acosta's *Historia Natural y Moral*,<sup>239</sup> and this was also the case with Gómara's *Historia general*, which Purchas used for chapters VIII ('Conquest of Mexico and New Spaine') and IX ('Larger Relations of things most remarkeable observed by the Spaniards at their first comming').<sup>240</sup> It was from these five chapters (particularly from those by Acosta) that I have identified most of Southey's 'borrowings' from Purchas — though, of course, given that much of the material which Purchas printed in these chapters was an augmentation of that which he had already used in the *Pilgrimage*, we are again faced with the kind of uncertainty about sources which I discussed in the opening paragraph of this section.

The remaining chapter in book V of the *Pilgrimes* which I have not discussed was chapter VII, 'The History of the Mexican Nation, described in pictures by the Mexican Author explained in the Mexican language; which exposition translated into Spanish, and thence into English, together with the said Picture-historie, are here presented'. This was the first English printing of the sixteenth-century Mexican pictographic manuscript now generally referred to as the *Codex Mendoza*, and Purchas was certainly justified in informing his readers that 'I here present unto thee the choisest of my



Jewels'.<sup>241</sup> Given that I have only discovered two minor references which Southey might have used from this chapter (see nn. to III.452-56 and VIII.292), the interesting but complex history of the *Codex* need not detain us here,<sup>242</sup> but the latter of these in particular affords strong proof that Southey had diligently ransacked all of Purchas's South and Central American chapters for source material, including the pictographic explanations from the *Codex*.

While I have concentrated above on (a) the introductory material to South America and (b) the material specifically relating to Mexico which Purchas published in the *Pilgrimes*, it is essential to point out that, following the latter, Purchas went on to publish a vast amount of material on the other regions of the South American continent. The whole of book VI, for example (20 chapters in total), was taken up with accounts of the English buccaneers.<sup>243</sup> Though chapters V and VI of book VII also dealt with the voyage of Sir Richard Hawkins,<sup>244</sup> the other 15 chapters of book VII were, once again, more diverse, carrying accounts of various parts of the continent from French, Spanish, Portuguese and Italian sources, and this was also true of the opening four chapters of book VIII, which brought to an end the South and Central American part of the *Pilgrimes*. Given that there was much repetition of material in these chapters, especially in descriptions of the natural world — so much so that, at one point, Purchas was 'fearing to cloy the Reader with fulnesse'<sup>245</sup> — it is important to recognise that Southey could have borrowed information from a vast array of sources published by Purchas in books VI, VII and VIII of the *Pilgrimes*, in addition to those in book V which I have discussed above. To tease out every minor borrowing from books VI-VIII as well, therefore, would have constituted a thesis in itself, so I have provided just a few examples from the non-Mexican material in my nn. to III.321-26 and 294-99 and IX.84-85.

Before leaving the *Pilgrimes*, two of the sources which Purchas printed in books VII and VIII should just be mentioned, as they feature elsewhere in this thesis. First, in chapters XIII and XIII of book VII, Purchas gave the English reading public the first translation of *The Royal Commentaries of Peru* by Garcilaso de la Vega,<sup>246</sup> though he printed far less material than Paul Rycaut was to do in his 1688 translation. Given that, as I have discussed in my section on Rycaut's translation in chapter 9.11 below, we

know that Southey was using the latter by the time he began composing MS.2A, Purchas's extracts from Garcilaso can scarcely be counted as source material. Second, in the fourth chapter of book VIII, Purchas printed what he rather provocatively called 'A Briefe Narration of the Destruction of the Indies by the Spaniards' from Bartolomé de las Casas,<sup>247</sup> the significance of whose work to eighteenth-century historians such as Clavigero I have discussed in chapter 8.2 above (pp.107-08). Las Casas's work formed a fitting closing chapter for Purchas's anti-Spanish American material.

It is hard to imagine Southey making what L.E. Pennington has discerned as 'the Major criticism of Purchas's works' during the eighteenth century: 'that he had included too much, that he had stuffed his volumes with useless materials and in the process had made them unreadable'.<sup>248</sup> Not only was Southey a voracious reader who was scarcely daunted by mammoth folios, but this is, in fact, the kind of criticism which has frequently been levelled at his own works. In March 1811, we find Southey commending the 'stuffed' nature of Purchas's folios, when, in advising his brother Tom concerning the reading of material for his projected *History of the West Indies*, Southey comments that:

You need not starve for books while Purchas great collection of voyages is in my friend Mr Viners keeping — one volume contains plenty for three months & variety also so that you may [have] two or three travels in reading at once.<sup>249</sup>

The reference to 'one volume' here ought to suggest that Southey is referring to the *Pilgrimes*, given that the *Pilgrimage* was only published in one volume. It is possible in the context however that, by 'volume', Southey actually meant 'edition'. Just over a year later, he told the publisher John Murray that 'Purchas's *Pilgrimage*, I have — not his *Pilgrimes*', and asked 'Is the republication of this great work abandoned'?<sup>250</sup> While the comments to Tom and John Murray confirm Southey's admiration for Purchas's works, they do not help us in ascertaining which of those works he might have been using (or predominantly using) at the time of writing MS.2A. The comment to Murray obviously indicates that Southey owned a copy of the *Pilgrimage* — though how early he acquired this, of course, it is impossible to be certain — and that he had never owned a copy of the *Pilgrimes*. Shortly before that letter to Murray however, Southey had again written to Tom that 'Mr. [Viner] is mistaken about Purchas. It is in the old Library, for I had one of the volumes out'.<sup>251</sup> In this context, 'one of the volumes' must surely refer to the *Pilgrimes*, but Southey's recollection that he

borrowed it from 'the old Library', familiar as it clearly must have been to Tom, remains tantalisingly enigmatic.

An examination of both Southey's notebooks and his correspondence from the time when he was composing MS.2A is equally unfruitful, as there is a dearth of references to Purchas. The only quotation with material relating to *Madoc* is that concerning the myth of the four suns, which Southey copied into the SW.n (see n. to XIV.114-31). Southey's letters yield two mentions of Purchas, both of them concerning the composition of *Thalaba*. In January 1799, Southey sent an outline of the plot of *Thalaba* (at that time still referred to as 'The Destruction of the Dom Daniel') to William Taylor, which included the following extract:

The Magicians lay snares for him [Thalaba, though not named]. he is entrapped by Aladeules, the account of whose Paradise Purchas gives from Marco Polo.

A comment to Wynn in November of that year, though ambiguous, clearly echoes that which he had written to Taylor eleven months earlier:

Bedfords extract is curious. I should like to trace its historical foundation. I weave the story into *Thalaba* which is the why I sent for it. Purchas relates it from Marco Polo.<sup>252</sup>

Southey is here referring to the famous story of 'the Old Man of the Mountain' (or 'Senex de Monte'), and he was to provide Purchas's version (from the *Pilgrimage*, book III, chapter VIII) in full in a foot-note in *Thalaba*, II, 68-69.<sup>253</sup> Having related the story, Southey comments that 'in another place Purchas tells the same tale, but calls the Impostor Aladeules, and says that Selim the Ottoman Emperor, destroyed his Paradise' (*Thalaba*, II, 70). Coupling this with those comments from the two 1799 letters concerning Purchas's recounting of the Aladeules legend from Marco Polo, one might immediately assume that by 'another place' Southey is referring to a rather confusing passage which occurs earlier in the *Pilgrimage* (book II, chapter XXII).<sup>254</sup> In other words, from the quotation in the SW.n, the foot-note in *Thalaba* and the comments in the letters, it would be easy to conclude that Southey was only consulting *Purchas His Pilgrimage* in the late 1790s.

While it is true that Southey chose to quote the account of Aloadin from the *Pilgrimage* as the source of reference in *Thalaba*, we must look more closely at those two comments in the letters. In the letter to Taylor explicitly, and in that to Wynn by

assumption, Southey states that Purchas provides the account of Aladeules's paradise from *Marco Polo*. This is evidently *not* what happens in the *Pilgrimage*. In his earlier account Purchas merely points out that Marco Polo 'reporteth' the legend, while in his later, fuller account, he does not mention Polo at all. In fact, it was not until the *Pilgrimes* that Purchas was to relate what John Livingston Lowes called 'the most famous account of the Old Man of the Mountain'<sup>255</sup> from 'The first Booke of Marcus Paulus Venetus, or of Master Marco Polo, a Gentleman of Venice, his Voyages',<sup>256</sup> and it was to this account that Southey's comments in the letters must surely have referred. It is thus only possible to conclude — just as Lowes did in the case of Coleridge — that Southey was well acquainted with, and made regular use of, both of Purchas's works. In those cases where it is possible to discover a source for a particular passage in MS.2A in both the *Pilgrimage* and the *Pilgrimes* therefore, it is generally impossible to ascertain which of them Southey would have used — the truth being that he probably would have consulted both in most cases. While always providing the references from both works, my policy in the explanatory notes has been to quote the most detailed of Purchas's accounts, which, given the nature of the work, has usually meant that which appeared in the *Pilgrimes*. One final point to make clear is that, in the case of *Purchas His Pilgrimage*, all references and quotations are taken from the final edition of 1626. My primary reason for this is simply that there is no evidence to suggest which edition Southey might have used. There is no reason to doubt that the sole quotation from the *Pilgrimage* to appear in Southey's notebooks which bears any relation to the writing of MS.2A (see n. to XIV.114-31) was not taken from the 1626 edition; though, of course, this is no proof in itself that it was this edition which Southey invariably consulted. In the end, the most important point is that the vast amount of material concerning South and Central America which appeared in both of Samuel Purchas's works was evidently a veritable treasure trove for Southey in the writing of MS.2A.

---

#### 9.4: Bernard Picart

(1673-1733)

In November 1812, Southey wrote to the Rev. John Martyn Longmire:

At a very early age, indeed, when I was a schoolboy, my imagination was strongly impressed by the mythological fables of different nations. I can trace this to the effect produced upon me when quite a child, by some prints

in the *Christian's Magazine*, copied, as I afterwards discovered, from the great work of Picart. I got at Picart when I was about 15, and soon became as well acquainted with the gods of Asia and America as with those of Greece and Rome.<sup>257</sup>

The 'great work of Picart', as Southey put it, was the *Cérémonies et Coutumes Religieuses de tous les Peuples du Monde*, which was published in a confusing array of volumes and parts (with variously-printed title pages) at Amsterdam between 1723-33. The anonymously translated English edition, entitled *The Ceremonies and Religious Customs of the Various Nations of the Known World*, was published in 7 volumes in London between 1733-39. A decade after writing to Longmire, Southey repeated the above comments publicly, adding more information to the recollection of his first acquaintance with Picart's work:

When I was a school-boy at Westminster, I frequented the house of a school-fellow [...] and I had free access to the library, a well-stored and pleasant room. [...] There many of my truent hours were delightfully spent in reading Picart's *Religious Ceremonies*. The book impressed my imagination strongly; and before I left school, I had formed the intention of exhibiting all the more prominent and poetical forms of mythology which have at any time obtained among mankind, by making each the groundwork of an heroic poem.<sup>258</sup>

Born in Paris in 1673, Bernard Picart (sometimes written Picard) learned the arts of drawing and engraving from his talented father Stephen. In 1710 Picart moved to Amsterdam, where he remained until his death in 1733, and from where he published a number of written works, many of which — like the *Religious Ceremonies* — carried his own engravings.<sup>259</sup>

By the very nature of its subject-matter, the influence of Picart's book upon Southey's Arabian and Hindu Romances *Thalaba* and *The Curse of Kehama* is self-evident, but we should not overlook the amount of source material which it also provided for the American part of *Madoc*. Pages 144-86 of volume III of the English *Religious Ceremonies* contained 'Religion of the Mexicans and of the Neighbouring Nations', the bulk of which concentrated upon the Aztecs themselves. Just as I have pointed out with regard to Clavigero's *History of Mexico*, Southey's drive in the published poem to relocate as much of his source material as possible within original sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Spanish chroniclers inevitably tended to obscure the enormous influence of Picart's work on MS.2A. A comment by Southey himself, written in a letter to John May on 7 January 1803, is important in this context:

[my uncle] tells me Lady John Russell has left him a set of Picart. I shall be very glad to have it in my possession, for it is a book which I almost daily wish to consult. All the Gods of Madoc have their pretty pictures in that book.<sup>260</sup>

Given that this was written early in 1803 when he had scarcely made any progress towards the revision of the poem for publication, by 'Madoc' Southey clearly meant MS.2A, and a glance at my nn. to VII.257<sub>(b)</sub>-64 and VIII.326-34 will certainly confirm this latter comment. As in the case of Clavigero's *History* however, while Picart's work received scant acknowledgement in the published poem, it is still possible to prove that it remained firmly in Southey's mind as that publication approached. It seems likely that the above comment to John May was concerned as much with Picart's elaborate engravings as with his text, and it was these engravings which Southey had in mind fourteen months later when he wrote to Mary Barker. For some time in late 1803-early 1804, it was intended that Miss Barker — an artist whose acquaintance the Southeys first made in Lisbon in 1800<sup>261</sup> — would produce a number of vignettes for the published poem, but these never materialised. Writing to Miss Barker with ideas for these in March 1804, Southey suggested that:

If you can lay hold of Picarts Religious Ceremonies copy the likenesses of Tezealipaca [*sic*] & Witzliputzli as I suppose they call the Mexitli of my poem. these ugly Devils will look well.<sup>262</sup>

The influence of Picart's book on MS.2A, however, was not merely confined to the production of images for Mexican idols. The work provided Southey with a great deal of information concerning the religious practices of the early Mexicans — such as sacrifices (see nn. to VII.264-81 and X.83<sub>(b)</sub>-105) — and also with some material of a more secular nature (see n. to XIII.54-62). This latter fact is a reminder that Picart's work was not simply confined to a discussion of religious practices, but also included a great deal of material on secular ceremonies and rituals. While it is important to point out that Picart derived most of his information from early Spanish writers such as López de Gómara, as Southey's own comments have evinced, this does not change the fact that Picart's work had a major influence upon Southey long before he knew of such writers or before he began composing the earliest draft of *Madoc*.

Picart followed his section on the religion of the Mexicans with one on the 'Religion of the Peruvians',<sup>263</sup> wherein Southey would first have seen the Inca ritual described in XIII.43 + 1-43 + 28), even though he ultimately borrowed his description from

Garcilaso's *Royal Commentaries* (see my n. to these lines).

Two final observations to make concerning Picart is that he was very much an historian of the early Enlightenment in that he sought hard to understand and not merely condemn non-Christian religious practices, and that he was also of the school of writers who condemned Spanish atrocities in the New World. We see these traits come together in the opening comment to his discussion of pre-conquest Mexican religious practices: 'Twould be no easy Matter to reconcile the Politeness of these People with the Barbarity of their Religion, [...] but it would be ful as difficult to reconcile the Cruelty with which the *Spaniards* treated the People whom they conquer'd in this powerful Empire of *America*, with the Calm, the gentle Spirit of Christianity'.<sup>264</sup>

---

### 9.5: Thomas Pennant (1726-1798)

The work upon which Southey depended most heavily for his topographical and topological descriptions of Madoc country (North Wales) was Thomas Pennant's *A Journey to Snowdon* (London, 1781), which, somewhat confusingly, also formed the opening part of the second volume of Pennant's *A Tour in Wales* (London, 1778 and 1781). Both volumes were reprinted for the second edition under the uniform title of *A Tour in Wales* in 1784, and it is from this edition that I have consistently cited in the explanatory notes.

Thomas Pennant was born at the family seat of Downing in the modern county of Clwyd in north-east Wales. He was educated at a school in Wrexham and later at both Queen's and Oriel colleges, Oxford, but left without taking a degree. He travelled widely — Ireland in 1754, the continent in 1765, the Highlands and Hebrides in 1769 and 1772 — and his early interest in natural history was stimulated by regular correspondence with men such as Buffon and Linnaeus, the latter of whom had Pennant elected a member of the Royal Society of Upsala. In addition to his highly-commended four volumes of *British Zoology* which appeared between 1761 and 1777, Pennant also wrote volumes on Indian and Arctic zoology, and it was for works in this field that he was primarily celebrated by contemporaries. A meeting, while still an under-graduate at Oxford however, with the renowned Cornish antiquary William Borlase, also meant

that Pennant's interest in all-things antiquarian was early kindled, and his various 'tours' — archetypal eighteenth-century amalgams of topographical description and topological (even geological) commentary — were also to prove enormously popular. As Rosemary Sweet has pointed out, Pennant's 'Tours in Scotland did more to awaken English antiquaries to the existence of Scottish antiquities than any other publication', while his *Tour in Wales* was one of the most widely consulted works on Welsh topography and antiquities'.<sup>265</sup>

Pennant knew little Welsh himself, and, as he later wrote, 'In all my journies through *Wales*, I was attended by my friend the reverend *John Lloyd* [...] to whose great skill in the language and antiquities of our country I own myself much indebted'.<sup>266</sup> He was just as indebted to his servant Moses Griffith, the self-taught artist who accompanied Pennant on all his tours, and who drew most of the illustrations for which Pennant's volumes became renowned.<sup>267</sup> Pennant's pedigree meant that he was very far from being a forerunner to the kind of radical Welsh circles that were to materialise in the closing decades of the century. He was nevertheless proud of his Welsh heritage and, as Prys Morgan has pointed out, even if 'Pennant cannot be said to have created a new vision of Welsh history [...] his eminence gave a good fillip to Welsh historical writing [...] and] he did a great deal to make Wales intellectually interesting'.<sup>268</sup> Through a lengthy passage concerning Owain Glyndwr in the first volume of his *Tour*, for example, Pennant became predominantly responsible for creating an iconic status for the fifteenth-century Welsh leader whose revolt against the English crown would come to symbolise so much for later nationalist movements.<sup>269</sup>

While Southey only provided two citations from Pennant in the published poem (*Madoc*, 479 and 479-80), as a number of my explanatory notes in books I, II, IV, V and VI will show, this somewhat disguised the extent of his debt to Pennant. One can not only point to some lengthy transcriptions of passages from Pennant's *Tour* in the K/B.n (see nn. to IV.68-74 and 78-80), but it is also possible to identify other passages in Pennant as (a) unacknowledged sources of information, especially topographical (see n. to VI.146-48), and (b) important signposts to earlier sources, particularly the works of Giraldus Cambrensis (see nn. to II.81-86 and V.262-67). Finally, it should also be noted that Southey was further indebted to Pennant through the latter's extensive



contributions to Richard Gough's edition of *Camden's Britannia*. As Pennant was to recall in his autobiography:

That indefatigable topographer *Richard Gough*, esq. paid me the compliment of submitting the sheets of his edition of *Camden*, which related to *North Wales*, to my correction; and I flatter myself that they did not come out of my hands unimproved. To him I also communicated several of my manuscript journals [...]<sup>270</sup>

It is for this reason that much of the material on North Wales which appeared in Gough often carries strong echoes of that which had been published in Pennant's *Tour* (see n. to IV.78-80).

---

### 9.6: Francesco Saverio Clavigero (1731-1787)

On 18 and 22 September 1794, Southey borrowed from the Bristol library the two volumes of Charles Cullen's translation (from the Italian) of the Abbé D. Francesco Saverio Clavigero's *The History of Mexico: Collected from Spanish and Mexican Historians, from Manuscripts, and Ancient Paintings of the Indians ...* (London, 1787).<sup>271</sup> As the numerous quotations from this work in my explanatory notes will show, for the composition of the American books of MS.2A, Clavigero's *History* was to become as exhaustively mined by Southey for source material as William Warrington's *History of Wales* was for the Welsh books. In fact, it is possible to trace the origin of more passages in MS.2A directly to Clavigero's *History* than to any other of the sources from which Southey borrowed.<sup>272</sup> In order to corroborate this assertion however, we must firstly answer one important question: why was it that Clavigero's work received such scant acknowledgement in the vast array of sources to which Southey admitted his indebtedness in the 1805 published poem?

The answer to this question lies in Southey's endeavour in the notes to *Madoc* to play down the influence on the American part of the poem of contemporary, eighteenth-century historians, in order to ground the minutiae of his poem more firmly in those original sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century Spanish and Portuguese chroniclers from whom later historians (like Clavigero) borrowed, such as José de Acosta, López de Gómara, Pietro Martire, Antonio Herrera and Juan de Torquemada. By the time he returned from his first visit to Spain and Portugal in June 1796, Southey was already capable of reading both languages fluently. At this period however, he had no way of

accessing those rare, early chroniclers, which is why he continued to read them either in English translations (as in the works of Samuel Purchas) or as occasional passages and paraphrases in eighteenth-century historians. It was during his second and much longer visit to Portugal between April 1800-July 1801 that Southey, diligently seeking after material for his never-to-be-completed 'History of Portugal', first obtained the works of many of those Spanish and Portuguese writers from whom he was to provide so much material in the notes to *Madoc*.<sup>273</sup> In other words, the notes concerning America in the 1805 published poem generally reflect Southey's post-1800 reading, and while this was certainly in keeping with his ever-present design of grounding his epics in as many ur-sources as possible, I would also argue that the pre-1800 influence of a work such as Clavigero's *History* was also unconsciously lost on Southey in the face of the new Spanish and Portuguese material. Clavigero's *History* is thus a particularly good example — and there are several lesser such — of a work whose importance as a source for the 1805 poem is all-but-forgotten until we go back and examine those sources which Southey was using for the composition of MS.2A.

Where most of Southey's sources are concerned, it is obviously difficult to be certain whether he personally owned a copy of a particular text, or whether he borrowed copies for long periods from friends; a practice in which he regularly indulged, and one which probably accounted for the necessity of copying lengthy passages into his notebooks. In the case of Clavigero's *History* however, while that Bristol library borrowing might well have been Southey's first acquaintance with the work, we can actually be certain that he had acquired his own copy by the time he came to compose any of the passages in MS.2A for which it was needed. One of Southey's constant complaints about his nomadic lifestyle in the later 1790s was that his books were inevitably scattered far and wide in the temporary keeping of various friends. The 'want of books to refer to' was one of Southey's regular refrains during that first summer of working on MS.2A at Burton in 1797. Owing to a comment in a letter to John Rickman some five years later however, we know that Clavigero's *History* was among the few works which Southey did have with him in Hampshire, and it must have been one of those works which continued to accompany him at his various other residences — especially Westbury — over the next two years. It was during that Westbury year that Southey was able to gather most of his books together, and in

October 1799, these were all sent back to Burton to become part of what Southey envisaged as his next semi-permanent residence. As he told his brother Tom shortly before the new cottage at Burton was even made fully habitable, 'my book room is such a room that like the Chapter House at Salisbury it requires a Column to support the roof'.<sup>274</sup> Alarmed by the sudden onset of illness however, and desirous of being under the care of his Bristol physicians, Southey hastily quitted the new cottage at Burton at the beginning of December after just one month's residence,<sup>275</sup> from which point, most of his books appear to have ended up in the care of his Burton neighbour John Rickman, and he did not see them again until the autumn of 1802. Writing to Rickman on the subject of hieroglyphics in October 1802, Southey comments usefully that:

The Mexicans used a symbolic writing, and those symbols are unquestionably known (see Clavigero among my books from Burton) [...] By the by let me know what I am indebted to you for the carriage of my books from Burton.<sup>276</sup>

There is one other interesting observation to be made concerning the nexus between Southey's earliest use of Clavigero in MS.2A and that summer at Burton in 1797. In general, of course, Southey makes most use of Clavigero's *History* in the American books of MS.2A (books VII-XV), the first borrowing which I have identified in those books being in VII.189 (see relevant n.). There are, however, a smattering of earlier borrowings in book III, including that in lines 452-56, in which Southey has actually written the words 'Clavigero 373' into MS.2A itself (see relevant textual note), and as I have already shown (see pp.56-57 above), Southey was composing book III during that summer at Burton. Finally, since the page reference ties in exactly with the descriptions of Mexican cities which Southey utilised (see n. to III.452-56), the words 'Clavigero 373' are also vitally important in their confirmation that Southey *was* using Charles Cullen's 1787 translation of Clavigero, and not the original Italian edition of 1780-81.

Even though Clavigero's *History* was to receive comparatively scant acknowledgement in the notes to *Madoc*, at the time when he was working hardest on the poem's final revision in late 1803-early 1804, we know that Southey still had Clavigero's work very much in mind. Anticipating a visit from Mary Barker in December 1803, during which he intended to discuss with her the vignettes for the forthcoming poem, Southey told

her that 'I will get the book with the Mexican costumes down here by the time you make your appearance', and two months later he actually named Clavigero as the source within which she would find a Mexican woman's dress (see n. to VII.289-91), adding that 'I have that book'.<sup>277</sup> It was almost certainly Clavigero's *History* that Southey was again thinking of when, on 3 March 1804, he told Miss Barker that:

A Mexican Temple will furnish a good vignette. two indeed, one of the Cu or pyramidal platforms on which they were erected, & another of the building of Skulls.<sup>278</sup>

Robert Kirkpatrick, the editor of Southey's letters to Mary Barker, has concluded that these references were to Clavigero's original Italian edition,<sup>279</sup> but, given that Southey owned Cullen's translation, there would appear to be no real evidence to support this.

Francesco Saverio Clavigero (the orthography of whose three names can vary considerably) was born of intellectual Spanish parents in September 1731 at Veracruz in Mexico. His contact with native Mexicans from childhood meant that he grew up speaking several of the indigenous languages. He was educated by the Jesuits, and, at the age of 17 in 1748, he joined the order himself by entering the seminary at Tepotzotlan. Having presented his final examinations in 1756, he went on to study a collection of documents relating to pre-Spanish Mexican history at the College de San Gregorio for five years, and also to teach in various other Jesuit institutions.<sup>280</sup>

By a decree of Charles III in March 1767, all Jesuits were expelled from Spain and its territories, so that in October of that year, Clavigero was banished from his native Mexico for the rest of his life. As Rosa M. Pallas has suggested, the 'more than 2,200 Jesuits in the entire [South American] continent [...] many of whom were foreigners, represented a dangerous intellectual grafting into the colonial life'.<sup>281</sup> Clavigero initially settled in Bologna, and remained in Italy thereafter until his death in 1787 at the age of 56. It was during his years in Italy that Clavigero wrote his *Histories of Mexico and of California* (the latter being published in Venice, after his death, in 1789). Although he originally wrote the *History of Mexico* in Spanish, Clavigero translated his work into Italian, the first three volumes being published at Cesena in 1780, and the final volume, which contained the 'Historical Dissertation', in 1781. Charles Cullen's English translation was published in 1787, but Clavigero's Spanish original was not published until 1945.<sup>282</sup>

Charles E. Ronan has summed up the primary achievements of Clavigero as follows:

Entering a Europe engaged in a vigorous polemic over the value of the discovery of America and the alleged inferiority of the New World with respect of the Old, he joined the ranks of other Jesuit polemicists to refute adversaries, like Buffon, de Pauw, Raynal, Gage, and Robertson, who had given such scientific respectability to the theory of American degeneration. The end result was [...] the first exclusive study of pre-Hispanic Mexico brought together under one cover. Vaulting him to international fame for its 'enlightened' historical presentation, it created a new interest in Aztec antiquity, went far in rectifying European distortions of America, and indirectly played a part in fostering a spirit of American regionalism that led to the creation of independent Spanish American nations.<sup>283</sup>

Thus, it was not merely the content of Clavigero's *History* which would have interested Southey, but also Clavigero's historiographical approach. While condemning the excessive cruelties of the ancient Mexicans for example, Clavigero was always quick to point out their qualities, especially their heroism. One might even argue that Southey's reading of Clavigero contributed greatly to the creation of characters like Coanocotzin and Tlalala. Also, as I have already discussed in chapter 8.2, Clavigero was one of those 'creole patriots' who led the attack against the climatic determinism theories of writers like Buffon and Robertson. Clavigero's moral interjections were also very much in tune with the kind of enlightened, humane histories that were becoming standard in the closing decades of the century. In describing the dreadful sufferings of the Mexicans and neighbouring nations during the reign of the tyrant Tezozomoc, for example, Clavigero observes:

If we should be disposed to trace the source of so many calamities, we should discover no other than the ambition of a prince. Heaven grant the sacrifices to the passions were more infrequent in this world and less violent! How calamitous it is that the avarice or ambition of a prince or his minister is sufficient to cover the plains with human blood, to destroy cities, to overturn kingdoms, and spread confusion over this globe!<sup>284</sup>

On the other hand, while unquestionably in the Las Casas school with regard to his opinions of the atrocities of the early conquest, Southey — like many of his contemporaries — might well have been over-hasty in discovering too many anti-Spanish sentiments in Clavigero's *History* as a whole. As Jorge Canizares-Esguerra has observed:

Clavijero was no critic of the Spanish colonial regime as such. Although he denounced the conquistadors' crimes, he contended that they had been committed by private individuals, and that Spain ought rather to be judged by the behavior of its public representatives, namely, the officers of the crown, who had quickly stepped in to curb private excesses.<sup>285</sup>

While Clavigero's influence was scarcely acknowledged in the notes to the published *Madoc*, two years after the poem was published, Southey evidently still considered

himself to be very familiar with (and seemingly still enamoured of) Clavigero's *History*. In June 1807 he told Wynn that 'Longman [...] requests me to review him two or three articles, in what he calls my best manner', and that 'I told him in reply [...] that upon one of the books which he mentions (Clavigero's Mexico) I could promise him a better criticism than he could probably obtain from any body else'.<sup>286</sup>

---

### 9.7: William Warrington

No work was of greater importance to Southey during his inceptive research for and writing of *Madoc* than *The History of Wales, in nine books* by the Rev. William Warrington (London, 1786). Almost all of the notes which Southey added to MS.1 were taken from this work, and not only did several of these reappear in MS.2A, but, as a number of my explanatory notes will show, Warrington's *History* was also the source for more material than S. actually acknowledged.

Concerning Warrington himself, nothing seems to be known. No library catalogues carry either birth or death dates, and the *History* was his only published work. It has also received scant critical attention.<sup>287</sup> As the title illustrates, the *History* was divided into nine books, and it explored the history of Wales (or, in the case of the opening books, of the indigenous Britons) from earliest times to the conquest of Wales by Edward I. In terms of his historiographical leanings, Warrington was firmly in the Whig camp, an ever-dependable barometer of which was an idealisation of a democratic and lenient form of society among the native Britons prior to Roman invasion:

The principles of civil liberty are discerned in the polity of ancient Britain, in the restraint which was laid upon the sovereign power by general assemblies, whose concurrence with the royal authority was necessary to enact or to abrogate laws. The order of succession in the British states was commonly hereditary; the idea of indefeasible right had not, in that early period, effected the principles of government; for the line of succession was frequently broken by the king and nobility, whose concurrence for this purpose was absolutely necessary.<sup>288</sup>

An antipathy to Julius Caesar (p.4), an admiration of Cassivellanus (pp.4-5), Caractacus (pp.8-9) and Boadicia (pp.11-14), and a eulogy for Tacitus's 'inimitable pencil' (p.17), were all historiographical motifs which were to take on a new potency in the hands of more radical writers, like John Thelwall, in the 1790s, and which were to occur regularly in Southey's own early writings, poetry and prose, private and public

(see, for example, IV.297-303 and my n.). I would even contend that, given Southey's early familiarity with Warrington's *History*, it was a significant formative influence upon his own historical thought. The final characteristic of Warrington's *History* which certainly suited the predilection of his poem was its consistently pro-Welsh stance (see, for example, my n. to I.275-78), a feature which did not escape the anonymous reviewer of the *History* in *The Critical Review* in February 1786:

They [the Welsh] may now, however, congratulate their country, that a writer has arisen, with a genius very different from that of the monk of Llancarvan, and traced the various fortunes of the ancient Britons, not only with a dignity suitable to historical composition, but with such a degree of liberal sympathy, as, had he not thought proper to inform us he is an Englishman, we might have entertained an opinion that he derived his descent from ancient Cambria.<sup>289</sup>

Finally, we should not forget that Warrington's account of the Madoc legend (a) might well have been the earliest which Southey ever saw, and (b) contained within it all the basic ingredients which he was ultimately to use for the Welsh part of his poem:

At this time, Madoc another son of the late prince [Owain Gwynedd], seeing the contention which agitated the fiery spirits of his brothers, with a courage equal to theirs, but far more liberally directed, gave himself up to the danger and uncertainty of seas hitherto unexplored. He is said to have embarked with a few ships; sailing west, and leaving Ireland to the north, he traversed the ocean, till he arrived by accident upon the coast of America. Pleased with its appearance, he left there a great part of his people, and returning for a fresh supply, was joined by many adventurers, both men and women; who, encouraged by the flattering description of that country, and sick of the disorders which reigned in their own, were desirous of seeking an asylum in the wilds of America.<sup>290</sup>

---

## 9.8: John Williams (1727-1798)

While it might appear to have been no easy decision to include a complete chapter on a source which Southey himself nowhere mentions — not in his notebooks, correspondence nor the published poem — I had no hesitation in doing so, for, as I have already shown in chapter 3.5 above, it was the borrowing from the Bristol library in January 1795 of John Williams's *Farther Observations, on the Discovery of America, by Prince Madog ab Owen Gwynedd, about the Year, 1170 ...* (London, 1792) that proved to be the ultimate stimulus for Southey to commence work on the first fragment of *Madoc* (MS.1) in the following spring. Although, as Southey was to recollect, his interest in the subject of Madoc was aroused while he was still at Westminster school, and although he could have read the outline of the story in numerous other sources, no author had hitherto gathered together so much information relating to the Madoc legend

as John Williams had done, initially in his *An Enquiry into the Truth of the Tradition, concerning the Discovery of America, by Prince Madog ab Owen Gwynedd, about the Year, 1170 ...* (London, 1791), and afterwards in his *Farther Observations*.

The son of a Lampeter tanner, John Williams was born on 25 March 1727. He was educated at the local free school, and, at the age of 19, was sent to the Cambrian Academy in Carmarthen — an institution which had acquired a reputation for theological unorthodoxy<sup>291</sup> — in order to study for the Dissenting ministry. His first employment on leaving the Academy was as classical tutor at a school in Birmingham, from where, in 1752, he moved to his first clerical appointment to a congregation at Stamford, Lincolnshire. Three years later he transferred to a congregation at Wokingham in Berkshire, where he soon became acquainted with many of the leading Dissenters of the day. In 1767 he again moved, to a congregation at Sydenham, London, where he remained until his retirement to Islington in 1795. Perhaps the best demonstration of the respect in which Williams was held by many of his fellow Dissenters, was his appointment, in 1777, to the prestigious post of curator at the Dr. (Daniel) Williams library in Red Cross Street, London, which was already renowned for its collection of theological — especially nonconformist — literature.<sup>292</sup> Prior to his forays into the world of Madoc, Williams had published several theological works, the most enduring being *A Concordance to the Greek New Testament ...* (London, 1767), which remained in print for over 70 years. Williams died at Islington in April 1798.<sup>293</sup>

The *Enquiry* opened with a brief account of the Spanish conquests in America (pp.1-4), before proceeding to a list of quotations and references concerning Madoc from Welsh chroniclers and 'Bards [who] lived between two and three Hundred Years after Madog's Emigration' (pp.5-15). The problem here, of course, was that, as Williams admitted, no account of the Madoc legend had appeared in print prior to that in Powel's *Historie*. (Williams seems not to have been aware of the brief mention of Madoc by George Peckham, though, even if he had been, it would not have added any weight to his argument.) He was thus forced to clutch at such straws as Powel's and Hakluyt's claims that they had read of Madoc's emigration in manuscript works by the late-fifteenth-century chronicler and poet Gutyn Owain (see above, p.154). Williams then



turned to accounts of Madoc's voyage in historians and chroniclers writing in the century and a half after Powel (pp.15-41), the most significant of which from a geographical perspective — as we shall see below — was that given by the Dutch theologian and cartographer Georgius Hornius in his *De Originibus Americanis* (1652). Lifting his account from Hakluyt, Hornius sought to verify the latter's opinion that Madoc must have landed in *north* America:

A cursory attention to the Figure of the Earth must convince every one, that on this Direction, he must have landed on that Continent: for beyond Ireland, no Land can be found except Bermuda [...] but the extensive Continent of America. As Madog directed his course Westward, it cannot be doubted but that he fell in with Virginia or New England, and there settled.<sup>294</sup>

Williams then moved on to the accounts — and by the end of the 1780s there were certainly plenty of them — of 'modern Travellers, who prove, that at present, there are Tribes In North America descended from the Ancient Britons' (pp.41-50). Williams had, in fact, already related the most famous of these on pages 21-22: the Rev. Morgan Jones's description in a letter of March 1686 of how, 26 years earlier, he and several of his companions had been taken prisoner by a tribe of Indians in North Carolina, and how, on hearing that they were to be put to death, he had prayed aloud in Welsh, which a visitor from a neighbouring tribe had immediately understood as his own language. The earliest printed paraphrase of Jones's account, though it did not mention him by name, appears to have been in the eighth and final volume of the *Letters Writ by a Turkish Spy* in 1694, while the first printing of his actual letter was in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in March 1740.<sup>295</sup> Jones's narrative not only became the staple eye-witness authentication for the Madoc cult of the later eighteenth century, but also the prototype for those other sightings of, and even direct dealings with, the 'Welsh Indians' which began pouring in from the 1750s onwards. It also served to further establish the whereabouts of those Indians somewhere between the south-eastern states of America and Mexico.

Williams then presented a defence of the Madoc story against the attacks of historians such as Lyttelton and Robertson (pp.55-69) — though in decidedly less virulent terms than William Jones of Llangadfan was to do at the Llanrwst eisteddfod that same year (see p.101) — included within which was a detailed discussion of man's navigational capabilities from the Romans to Madoc's own period. Repudiating especially the habitual objection that there was no contemporary account of Madoc's voyage,

Williams asked sardonically 'Where shall we find any evidence for the originality of Ossian and Fingal, from the time in which they are said to have been written, till their publication a few years ago by Mr. Macpherson?'<sup>296</sup> He then offered some suggestions as to how the controversy could be settled once and for all — mainly by the sending of missionaries to those parts of north America where the Welsh-speaking Indians must still exist — (pp.69-75), and concluded with a vigorous defence of several early Welsh writers who had been perfunctorily dismissed as unlearned and unreliable by contemporary historians, simply because (unlike Ossian) they had not been made available in the English language (pp.76-82).

The *Farther Observations* opened with another lengthy (somewhat breathless) list of recent, Morgan Jones-like eye-witness accounts of north-American Welsh-speaking Indians (pp.2-20). 'Soon after the publication of *The Enquiry*', Williams wrote, 'the author was favoured with several letters containing facts and observations of which he was entirely ignorant'.<sup>297</sup> The problem was that a considerable proportion of these 'facts' had been sent to Williams by Iolo Morganwg, who, as Prys Morgan has pointed out, 'reacted [to the *Enquiry*] in his characteristic way by posing as a greater authority on the subject than Dr Williams, forged some ancient documents to corroborate the Doctor's version, and forced Dr Williams to produce a second edition'.<sup>298</sup> Iolo's influence is everywhere to be seen in these pages. For example, a proud south-Walean by birth, Iolo was certainly a *rara avis* in those London-Welsh intellectual societies such as the Gwyneddigion (whose very name implies north Welshness), and he never shook off the notion that the language and literature of his native southern counties were somehow looked down upon, nor missed an opportunity to rectify this situation. It was no mere coincidence therefore that John Williams had now discovered that 'In Glamorgan and Monmouthshires *especially*, there are now living several old People who have often heard of these Welsh Indians. (Some who have actually been among them.)'<sup>299</sup> Iolo's hand is also plainly visible in the solving of that problem that had plagued Williams — just as it had all authors writing on the Madoc question — in his *Enquiry*: that there was no evidence to categorically underpin David Powel's assertion that the earliest part of his (or Llwyd's) *Historie* had been taken from an early Welsh 'chronicle' (see above, pp.150-51). Williams wrote that:

Mr. [Edward] Williams, at my desire, waited on an Acquaintance of mine in Wales, the Rev. Mr. Josiah Rees, the Editor of the Welsh Magazine

published in the Year 1770, who told him that at that time, he had in his possession two or three fair Manuscripts of Caradoc of Llancarvan, with the continuation by the Monks of Strata Florida, Guttun Owen, &c. He compared them with Dr. Powel's Translation, which he found to be the most faithful that he ever met with in any Language.

Not surprisingly, however, 'These Manuscripts have been enquired after, but no Intelligence of them can be obtained, the Person who sent them to Mr. Rees having been dead many Years'.<sup>300</sup> Unfortunately for Williams's subsequent reputation, for his other major source of authentication (pp.3-8) he had depended upon a report sent to him by William Owen of a meeting which he had had with the spurious Cherokee chief, William Bowles. Owen was by no means the only one to be completely taken in by this 'charlatan' and 'inveterate liar', who was 'As colorful as he was glib', and who had been 'an instant success in the taverns and [...] literary salons' during his visit to London in early 1792.<sup>301</sup> When he met with Owen and David Samwell, the then secretary of the Gwyneddigion, 'chief' Bowles was able to assure them that the Welsh Indians were 'situated on the river Missouri exactly as they are laid down in the best Maps under the name of Padougas, [*sic*] by which it is clear that they have preserved the name of Madog to this day', and that 'it will not be a difficult matter for anyone to get into their country'.<sup>302</sup>

Williams was then forced to confront an idea which was rapidly gathering force and which threatened to undermine all that he had written hitherto: that Madoc had not landed in north America at all, but in the south of the continent, possibly in Peru (pp.24-28). This idea was so evidently at odds with the theories of Hakluyt and Hornius, with the narratives of Morgan Jones and more recent travellers, and now with 'chief' Bowles's Padoucas, that it was hardly surprising that, as Gwyn Williams observed, Williams had 'ignored it in his first edition', and that 'it gave him a lot of trouble in the second'.<sup>303</sup> It is difficult to ascertain the extent to which this idea might have originated in, or been popularised by, a work which had appeared three years earlier in 1789, *The Natural History of the Mineral Kingdom*,<sup>304</sup> by another John Williams — there is certainly no evidence whatsoever to suggest that Southey ever consulted the work himself — but it was to this work that Dr. John Williams responded:

Mr. John Williams [...] is of opinion, that not only Mexico, but Peru also was discovered by Madog; that the few fair and white persons found there by the Spaniards, were the descendants of Madog's Colony; and that Manco Capac, and Mamma Ocello, were Madog and his Wife. They are supposed

to be the progenitors of the Peruvian Incas. As they were so different from the original Natives in their complexions, they were thought to be the children of the Sun; [...] Mama Ocello, he thinks a corruption of Mama Ichel, (Uchel) "high or stately mother." It is our Author's opinion, that Madog in his first Voyage landed in the Gulph of Mexico, and that when he went back to his native country, he promised those he left behind, to return to them; but that in his second Voyage he was driven by a storm from the North, down as low as Brasil, and was shipwrecked near to the mouth of the river Amazons. The same Author farther thinks that he, his wife, and probably a few others, escaped and sailed up that river, and at last arrived at Cuzco, the capital of the Peruvian Empire, and that he never came to his first Colony. [...]

These observations of Mr. John Williams are ingenious, but I cannot entirely accede to them. It is possible that Madog in his second Voyage might be driven to the coast of Brasil but it is not at all likely. I cannot think it probable that Madog could make his way over the Andes, or follow the river of the Amazons up to Cusco in Peru. It seems to me more likely that some of Madog's Colony, or rather descendants, dwelling on the sea coast, west of Mexico, might when at sea, be overtaken by a storm and carried to Peru, and not knowing how to return, settle there.<sup>305</sup>

As I have already suggested in chapter 3.5 above, this would probably have been the first time that Southey had read any material correlating Madoc with Peru and the founding of the Inca dynasty, so that it is possible to find in these pages the geographical and anthropological genesis of MS.2A. As I have also mentioned, on 27 May, after he had borrowed Williams's *Farther Observations* from the Bristol library, and shortly after he had commenced work on MS.1, Southey wrote to G.C. Bedford requesting that 'if you see any of these books in the London catalogues do procure them for me'. He then listed four books, adding that 'When you see the plan of Madoc & know that I make him the same with Mango Capac according to one conjecture you will know why I want these books'.<sup>306</sup> The books which Southey then listed — somewhat promiscuously in terms of author, title, etc. — were: Christopher d'Acugna, *Voyages and Discoveries in South-America. The first up the river of Amazons to Qito, in Peru, and back again to Brazil ... by Christopher d'Acugna ... Done into English from the Originals* (London, 1698); Charles Marie de la Condamine, *Relation Abrégée d'un voyage fait dans l'Intérieur de l'Amérique Méridionale ... en descendant la Rivière des Amazones* (Maestricht, 1778);<sup>307</sup> Garcilaso de la Vega, *The Royal Commentaries of Peru, in Two Parts, Written Originally in Spanish, by the Inca Garcilasso de la Vega, and Rendred into English, by Sir Paul Rycaut, Kt.* (London, 1688); and Manuel Rodriguez, *El Maranon, y Amazonas. Historia de los descubrimientos, Entradas, y Reduccion de Naciones, Trabajos ... assi temporales, como Espirituales en las Dilatadas Montanas y Mayores Rios de la America, etc.* (Madrid, 1684). Though still

writing MS.1 at the time — that two-book fragment which would never get as far as to land Madoc anywhere on the American continent — it is clear from this list that, even though Dr. Williams could not subscribe to the idea himself, Southey now had his hero's destination mapped out (at least in so far as he was to land in *South America*), thanks to the conjecture which he had read in the *Farther Observations* — the conjecture originally put forward by John Williams, mineralogist. For the next four years — virtually up to the completion of MS.2A in fact — his hero's destiny was, just as he had promised in that letter to G.C. Bedford, to be far more closely bound up in that conjecture than was to be ultimately visible in the finished manuscript. One interesting fact therefore — though this does not seem to have been pointed out by any critic hitherto — is that, having read Williams's *Farther Observations*, Southey began to picture Madoc moving in a completely opposite direction geographically from where those radical Welsh intellectuals, like Iolo, still wished to locate him. As Gwyn Williams has discussed, in that Madoc-obsessed spring of 1792 when John Williams published his sequel, Iolo had been exploring 'what was to prove a key text, Carver's *Travels*', within which he had discovered that 'a little to the northwest of the Missouri" there were Indians who were smaller and whiter than other tribes, and who cultivated the ground and the arts', and this, along with 'Carver's map, seemed to clinch the business'.<sup>308</sup>

With Southey, however, the idea of Madoc in a Peruvian setting had taken root, and this is another key fact that sets MS.2A apart from the published poem, and which, therefore, needs to be taken into account when examining the sources which Southey used for the writing of the two poems. As I have discussed in my n. to III.264-65, for example, while Southey cited on three occasions from Jonathan Carver's highly influential *Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America* (1778) in the published poem, and while there can be little doubt that he knew Carver's text even at the time of composing MS.2A, Southey was not then searching after source material to assist him in locating Madoc in North America. As Southey himself admitted, this geographical alteration did not take place in his mind until MS.2A was almost complete. Writing to his brother Tom on 12 July 1799, with the news that 'yesterday I finished Madoc', Southey added that:

it was my design to identify Madoc with Mango Capac, the legislator of Peru. in this I have totally failed. therefore Mango Capac is to be the hero

of another poem, & instead of carrying Madoc down the Marañon, I shall follow the more probable opinion & land him in Florida. here then instead of the Peruvians who have no striking manners for my poem, we get among the wild North American Indians.<sup>309</sup>

One week later he repeated to John May that:

[...] in one part of my plan I have failed [...] this was the attempt to identify Madoc with Mango Capac. [...] Mango Capac will serve me for the subject of a seperate [sic] poem [...]<sup>310</sup>

Even though these particular plans came to nothing, the fact remains that Williams's pamphlet was surely both the catalyst which finally stimulated Southey into commencing work on MS.1 and the source for its milieu; and it might even be argued that it sowed the seeds for that life-long interest of Southey's in Portuguese and Spanish South America which was to result in not only his largest work (*The History of Brazil*), but numerous articles for the *Annual* and *Quarterly* reviews.

Williams concluded his *Farther Observations* by again calling on 'any nobleman or gentleman' to 'set the example' in this 'age distinguished for voyages and discoveries', by putting up the capital to send an expedition to the 'Western parts of North America' where 'a scene would open astonishing to the world' (pp.39-44). He then added a 'Post Script' (pp.45-50), which consisted of references to Madoc, sent to Williams, as he admitted, by William Owen, extracted from 'the compositions of the Bards who were contemporary with Madog'. Given that Southey was to mention three of these in MS.2A, Williams's 'Post Script' might well have been a direct source (see nn. to I.346-59<sub>(a)</sub> and IV.238-42).

Gwyn Williams was certainly correct in his observation that 'John Williams's *Enquiry* of 1791 makes impressive reading', that he 'avoided the worst abysses of fantasy' and 'constructed an effective argument in favour of a measured and tentative acceptance of both the Madoc discovery and the existence of Welsh Indians'.<sup>311</sup> If the *Farther Observations* is less impressive, then this is because, as I have discussed, it suffered from too many bogus influences. Its role in the chain of events which led up to Southey's commencement of MS.1 is assured however, and if the role of the *Enquiry* as Southey's foremost compendium of all that which had been written on the Madoc legend prior to 1792 is not quite so assured, it is, nevertheless, highly likely.

## 9.9: Iolo Morganwg (Edward Williams) (1747-1826)

In the published poem (*Madoc*, 458-59, 459, 459-60, 461, 461-62, 462, 487 (two citations), 498, 504 and 505), Southey cited on 11 occasions from the notes in Edward Williams's two-volume *Poems, Lyric and Pastoral* (London, 1794). On seven of those occasions he gave the reference for his citations as 'E. Williams's Poems', while for the other four he provided only the reference 'Triads of Bardism', thus referring to the collection of medieval Welsh *Triads* which Williams had variously translated and (probably) invented, and which formed a considerable section in his *Poems* (see below).<sup>312</sup> Of these 11 references, only two had been discernable sources for lines in MS.2A (see my nn. to I.332<sub>(b)</sub>-45 and 344), a fact which Southey highlighted himself through his notes to these lines in MS.2B. In addition to these, I have identified one further likely borrowing from Williams's *Poems* in book III of MS.2A (see n. to III.205-08). While my explanatory notes contain but three traceable borrowings from Williams's *Poems* however, this should not disguise the fact that the figure of Edward Williams (or Iolo Morganwg) looms large over Southey's poem in all its compositional strata from the mid 1790s onwards. Unlike the other major sources of influence which I have discussed in these chapters however, only those of Iolo have received serious critical recognition hitherto. As early as 1932, Herbert G. Wright published an essay which is still the most comprehensive survey of Southey's relations with Iolo, and which included some material on the latter's contribution to *Madoc*.<sup>313</sup> Wright was not, of course, aware of MS.2A, so that all his quotations were drawn from the 1805 text, and he was also dependent upon the published editions of Southey's letters. As the title indicates, Caroline Franklin's 2003 'The Welsh American Dream: Iolo Morganwg, Robert Southey and the Madoc Legend' deals exclusively with Iolo's influence upon *Madoc*. As I have already pointed out in chapter 1, while acknowledging that Southey must have been discussing the subject of *Madoc* with Iolo (and other members of the radical Welsh literati) during their earliest acquaintance in Bristol in the mid-late 1790s, Franklin's essay deals solely with the text of the 1805 published poem. Most recently, in 2007, Mary-Ann Constantine has included a brief section on Iolo's acquaintance with Southey in her *The Truth Against the World*, where she conjectures that the two men met in Bristol for the first time in early June 1795, when Iolo was passing through on a mammoth walk home to Glamorgan from

London.<sup>314</sup> Whereas Constantine is mistaken to suggest that copies of Southey's earliest draft of *Madoc* were already circulating in Bristol by that period — book I of the MS.1 fragment was not even completed until mid June, as I have shown in chapter 3.4 — she is correct to point out that the two men shared an interest in the Madoc legend, and her conjecture that they may have met for the first time in June of that year is surely highly plausible. Southey would have been delighted to meet a man who knew Dr. John Williams personally, and who evidently had a vast knowledge of the subject. Constantine is surely also correct to assert that 'of all the English poets, Southey, with his explicitly Welsh project, was Iolo's keenest admirer'.<sup>315</sup>

As any discussion of the development of the Madoc myth will show, Iolo was, throughout the 1790s when Madoc fever was at its height, one of its chief protagonists.<sup>316</sup> How early Iolo became interested in the Madoc legend it is difficult to be sure, but, as I have already shown in chapter 9.8 above, following the publication of John Williams's *Enquiry* in 1791, Iolo was completely enthralled. While this was also true of many of his contemporaries, no-one else was to react in Iolo's inimitable way: firstly by forging numerous travellers' accounts to prove that the Welsh Indians — Madoc's descendants — were still in existence in North America, and secondly by embarking upon a rigorous programme of camping in the wildest parts of south Wales and subsisting off the land, by way of preparation for a journey, under the aegis of the Gwyneddigion Society, in order to search for those Indians.<sup>317</sup> As Michael Senior has pointed out, 'that Iolo Morganwg would be the chosen person to go in search of them must have seemed obvious',<sup>318</sup> but in the end the task was to fall to John Evans, a young man from Caernarfonshire whose extraordinary journey in 1796 was to carry him further up the Missouri into the territory of the Mandan Indians than any previous explorer, and whose maps from that journey were to pave the way for the famous Lewis and Clark expedition a decade later.<sup>319</sup> Evans was to pay the price for his search after the Madogwys, dying in the Spanish governor's palace in New Orleans at the age of 29 in 1799, but not before he had stated categorically in a letter to the Rev. Samuel Jones, a Welsh Baptist minister at Philadelphia, that 'I am able to inform you that there is no such People as the Welsh Indians, and you will be so kind as to satisfy my Friends as to that doubtfull Question'.<sup>320</sup> Back in Wales however, such information did not destroy the belief in Madoc and his descendants for the hardcore



faithful, and there is no reason to doubt that it was a belief that remained with Iolo for the rest of his life.

One might argue therefore that Iolo's primary influence upon Southey was as chief promoter of the Madoc myth, and Iolo's 1794 *Poems* contained some material to this end. For example, the lengthy poem 'Address to the Inhabitants of Wales, Exhorting them to Emigrate, with William Penn, to Pennsylvania', reputedly 'Written at Sea by an Anonymous Emigrant, about the Time of the first Settlement of that Colony' and 'Translated from the Welsh', not only contained several stanzas celebrating both Madoc's voyage and the fact that 'a free-born race' of 'Old British tribes' had again been discovered 'amid the desert wild', but also a foot-noted summary of the Madoc story with some decidedly Iololian slants:

Many of our *Welsh* historians assert, that *America* was discovered, about the year 1170, by *Madoc*, son of *Owain Gwynedd*, prince of *Wales*. We have manuscript accounts of this discovery that were written before the birth of *Columbus*. Doctor *David Powel*, in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time, says, in his *History of Wales* (on the authority of *Gutyn Owain*, who wrote in *Welsh* in King *Edward* the Fourth's time), that *Madoc* in hopes of discovering the lands that lay beyond the *Atlantic* (of which there were ancient manuscript accounts, as well as traditions, in *Wales*), and of finding there a retreat from the horrors of the intestine wars which then deluged all *Wales* with blood, resolved on a voyage of discovery, and, sailing westward, arrived in less than two months on the coasts of a fine fertile country, destitute of inhabitants: leaving about one hundred of his men behind, he returned to *Wales*, and as soon as possible set about preparing another fleet for a second expedition; telling his countrymen what a fine country he had discovered, where they might, uninterrupted, enjoy liberty, peace, and plenty, representing to them, on the other hand, what barren rocks his brethren and nephews were, with bands of murder, contending for: so having prevailed on many to go with him, he set sail from *South Wales* with a fleet of ships, full of such persons of both sexes as preferred peace to discord. This second voyage occurred in the year 1195, according to Sir *Thomas Herbert*, who wrote about the year 1635, and, having free access on all occasions to the noble collection of *Welsh* manuscripts in the library of *Ragland* Castle, had better opportunities of tracing the history of this remarkable event than any other person living. The total destruction, by fire, of this library has not yet been brought into the list of *Oliver Cromwell*'s glories; it is time, however, that it should.<sup>321</sup>

Like John Williams in his *Enquiry*, Iolo is obviously keen to make much of David Powel's assertion that, in his own day, there were still in existence manuscript accounts of Madoc's voyage by the pre-Columban Welsh bard Gutyn Owain (see above, p.154). Most of all in this account, however, we can see the careful geographical propaganda of Iolo the proud south-Walean once again at work. Drawing upon what appears to have been the fourth printed account of the Madoc legend after Powel, Hakluyt and Purchas — that given by Sir Thomas Herbert in his *A Relation of Some Yeares Travaile, Begunne Anno 1626. into Afrique and the greater Asia ...* (London, 1634)<sup>322</sup>

— Iolo places emphasis on one tradition that, having returned from America to recruit more men and women to people his colony, Madoc then set sail from south Wales (well, almost!), rather than from his native Gwynedd. The actual location suggested by this tradition was the isle of Lundy in the Bristol Channel, as Iolo's own lines in the 'Address' admitted.<sup>323</sup> This was a tradition of which Southey must have been aware, if only through Iolo, but one which he rejected (see my nn. to VI.146-48). Similarly, he did not take up Iolo's definitive date of 1195 for that of Madoc's second voyage, but — if we are to take literally his decision to bring Madoc home from his first voyage during the celebrations for the wedding of Prince Dafydd ab Owain Gwynedd and Emma of Anjou — placed it shortly after 1174 (see my nn. to I.79-86). That Sir Thomas Herbert's library at Raglan castle did contain one of the largest collections of early Welsh manuscripts, and that it was burned under Cromwell's orders, are facts, though one can't help but feel that, on this occasion, the conflagration was a very convenient one from Iolo's perspective.

In addition to this account, it should also be remembered that, as in the case of his acquaintance with William Owen, one can never be quite certain just how much information Southey obtained from Iolo through private converse — probably substantially more. While Southey was obviously not aware of it, Iolo had even fed him the latest travellers' accounts of Madoc's descendants through his (Iolo's) spurious contributions both to John Williams's *Farther Observations* (see above, p.178) and to periodicals such as *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

One can also point to more specific examples of Iolo's influence upon MS.2A, over and above the Madoc legend itself. I have already noticed the borrowings from the *Poems* — a work which, by the time it had appeared in 1794, had been many years in the making<sup>324</sup> — but this was not the only material from Iolo's pen that was to find its way into MS.2A. With regard to the published poem, Caroline Franklin has remarked that 'not only had Williams been in person, by letter and in print a primary source of information for *Madoc*, but (unbeknown to Southey) he had actually supplied many of the notes for other histories Southey had cited',<sup>325</sup> and this was equally true for MS.2A, though the sources were not always the same. For example, Franklin has pointed out that Iolo provided a good deal of information for William Owen's

*Cambrian Biography*, but since this was published in 1803, it was obviously not a work which could have directly influenced MS.2A. As I have commented in my chapter on Owen below however, 'if we assume that Owen was collecting material for the latter at the time when Southey was composing MS.2A [...] he may well have provided Southey with biographical information relating to the real, historical characters in *Madoc*', and some of that information may thus have come from Iolo. Franklin also echoes Kenneth Curry's assertion that Iolo provided some material to William Warrington's *History of Wales*,<sup>326</sup> which, if this were the case, would obviously add significantly to his (Iolo's) influence upon MS.2A, given the dependence which Southey placed upon Warrington's *History* for his Welsh books (see chapter 9.7 above). I can find no evidence to support this assertion however. Franklin also discusses Iolo's input into John Williams's *Farther Observations*, but she does not mention Iolo's (now assumed) contribution to the introduction to William Owen's *Heroic Elegies and other Pieces of Llywarch Hen*. Since I have discussed both works, along with Iolo's influence upon them, in the chapters relating to their respective authors, there is nothing further to add here.

From the publication, some 24 years after Iolo's death, of Elijah Waring's *Recollections and Anecdotes of Edward Williams* — a work to which Southey contributed some of his own memories of Iolo via correspondence with Waring — to the recent launch of the *Iolo Morganwg and the Romantic Tradition in Wales* website at Aberystwyth,<sup>327</sup> Iolo — unlike most of the other eighteenth-century Welsh writers whose sources influenced Southey — has not been starved of biographical attention, though it is only in the last decade or so that scholars beyond Wales have started to recognise his contribution to the wider Romantic movement. I shall, therefore, only provide a cursory sketch of his life here. Iolo was born on 10 March 1747 in the village of Pennon in the Vale of Glamorgan. Shortly after his birth his parents moved to the near-by village of Flemingston, and even though Iolo was to spend lengthy, itinerant periods elsewhere, the Flemingston cottage, along with his long-suffering wife Peggy Roberts whom he married in 1781, was to remain his anchor. In Geraint Jenkins's evocative words:

In his tiny home at Flemingston in the Vale of Glamorgan, a thatched cottage which was for most of the time in a lamentable state of disrepair, Iolo was surrounded by tottering piles of reading and written material. Letters, transcripts, books, magazines and what he described as 'a prodigious heap of loose paper rubbish' were crammed on every surface, many of them thickly clustered with cobwebs or distorted by damp.<sup>328</sup>

Iolo's father was a stonemason, and Iolo was later to claim that he first learned to read 'by seeing my father engrave letters on stone' and that 'I could about eight years of age cut letters in stone tolerably well, and do many things else in my fathers trade'.<sup>329</sup> In spite of his many other talents and professions in fact, as Jenkins has observed, 'at times, only his considerable gifts as a mason saved him from the workhouse'.<sup>330</sup> The eldest of four sons, Iolo's brothers were all to emigrate to Jamaica, where they made a tolerable fortune from the plantations. Iolo's own disgust at the slave trade however, meant that, for many years, he refused to accept any financial assistance from them, and even when he temporarily turned his hand to keeping a grocer's shop in Cowbridge in 1797, his shop became famous for advertising the fact that it sold 'East India sweets, uncontaminated with human gore'.<sup>331</sup>

In his childhood home the first language was English, but, with the encouragement of his mother and the help of books and friends, Iolo taught himself Welsh. In particular, he became acquainted with men who were 'well skilled in the Welsh Poetry and were with one or two more all that remained in Wales of the true succession of Ancient British Bards', and he 'was surprised to find amongst them many branches of ancient Bardic knowledge that were no where to be found in printed Books'. Here, of course, we have the origins of that 'system of the Bards' that Southey was to derive from the introduction to the *Heroic Elegies* — and, no doubt, from personal converse with Iolo — and which he was to versify in MS.2A and the published poem, though Iolo's 'discovery' of the system is more likely to date from those radical, post-French-revolution, early 1790s in London than from his youthful years in the wilds of Glamorgan. As with so much of Iolo's work, it is all-too-easy to be sceptical, but, as Gwyn Williams observed:

Without a doubt, after a while, Iolo, writing madly away in that cottage, and hitting the laudanum, could himself no longer distinguish between fact and his own inspired fiction. For they were all coming to serve one overriding purpose — to awaken the Welsh to the Truth about their History and their Mission [...]

Following his mother's death in 1770, Iolo spent a nomadic period exploring the 'druid' sites of north Wales, collecting, examining and copying medieval Welsh manuscripts in various parts of Wales and then London, writing and stone-carving in London and parts of Kent, and even geologising on Salisbury Plain and (later) in

Bristol.<sup>332</sup> His London visit was to bring him into contact with many of the leading English and Welsh intellectuals of the day, and he was to become one of the earliest members of the Gwyneddigion Society, many of whose members, especially William Owen, were to become — for a time at least — his closest friends. But Iolo's most sustained period among the London Welsh was during those early years of the 1790s, when enthusiasm for the ideals of the French Revolution, for the 'discovery' and 'recovery' of the Welsh past, and for Madoc and his descendants was at its height. It might be argued that the Iolo who eventually came to settle more permanently in his south Wales cottage, finally accepting help from his brothers and passing on the stonemason's trade to his son, in common with so many of those early 1790s enthusiasts, simply abandoned his ideals. But even this, like so much in Iolo, would be too simplistic. Read any of the numerous monographs or essays that have been written on Iolo over the last two decades, and the final analysis is always the same: summing up Iolo is just impossible. Several critics have commented upon the seemingly conscious ambiguities that lie at the heart of the 1794 *Poems* alone. For Mary-Ann Constantine, 'the persona that emerges [...] is a confused and vitriolic mixture: the humble provincial poet — the model he 'sold' to his wealthy patrons — sits very uneasily with the polemical "Welch Bard"',<sup>333</sup> while Caroline Franklin observes that:

The list of Subscribers is in itself testimony to his personal charm and showmanship. Who else could boast both the Prince of Wales and Thomas Paine! [...] The collection is dominated by conventional pastoral verse extolling the joys of peasant life in Glamorganshire, calculated to appeal to aristocrat subscribers like Elizabeth Montagu, and writers such as Anna Barbauld, Francis Burney, Ann Yearsley, Anna Seward and the orientalist, Sir William Jones. But the history of bardism elaborated in poems and voluminous notes in the second volume was more than picturesque Celtic costume: it attempted to rehabilitate the Bard [...] as true historian of his culture. Moreover, acerbic notes to many poems, especially those on the horrors of war and in praise of America suggest such a role could be oppositional, explaining the presence of subscribers like General Washington, Drs Priestley and Price, Citoyen Jansen and John Horne Tooke. Nevertheless, the way the author portrays himself as a solitary, melancholy eccentric in the preface and as an 'oddity' perhaps defused any qualms of Evangelical subscribers such as 'Humanity's Wilberforce', the Bowdler family and Hannah More that such radicalism was any more than quirky eccentricity.<sup>334</sup>

From stonemason to poet, farmer and agronomist to literary scholar, shopkeeper and merchant to manuscript forger, Iolo was as nomadic in his professions as he was geographically. To cite another of Constantine's articles, 'in a period fizzing with eclecticism Iolo is more eclectic than most'.<sup>335</sup> Neither is it easy to reconcile his various political or religious opinions — and not just at different stages of his life.

On 24 January 1827 Southey wrote to Henry Taylor that:

My old acquaintance [...] are dropping on all sides. One very remarkable one is just gone to his rest after a pilgrimage of fourscore years. Edward Williams, the Welsh bard, whom, under his Welsh name of Iolo, some lines in *Madoc* were intended to describe and gratify. He was the most eccentric man I ever knew, in whose eccentricity there was no affectation, and in whose conduct there was nothing morally wrong. Poor fellow with a wild head and a warm heart, he had the simplicity of a child and the tenderness of a woman, and more knowledge of the traditions and antiquities of his own country than it is to be feared will ever be possessed by any one after him. I could tell you some odd anecdotes of him which ought not to be lost.<sup>336</sup>

The lines to which Southey is referring here are those which appeared on p.79 of the published poem:

Iolo, old Iolo, he who knows  
The virtue of all herbs of mount or vale,  
Or greenwood shade, or quiet brooklet's bed;  
Whatever lore of science or of song,  
Sages and Bards of old have handed down.

These lines are surely a recognition on Southey's part of just how important an influence Iolo was on *Madoc*, and the fact that they remained in the poem even in its final, *Poetical Works* version is a token of the affection for Iolo that Southey never allowed to cool.

---

### 9.10: William Owen (Pughe) (1759-1835)

In *The Monthly Magazine* for August 1796, there appeared a letter with the title 'On the Structure of the Welch Language', signed by one 'Meirion'. The letter consisted of a few observations upon various aspects of the grammatical construction of the Welsh language, and it concluded with the comment that 'There is not the least difference between the language of the *Laws of Howel* in the tenth, or *Geoffrey of Monmouth's History* in the twelfth century, and that now spoken in Wales'. The next edition of the *Monthly* carried a reply to this letter signed 'B.', which pointed out, among other things, that *Geoffrey of Monmouth's History* had been written in Latin and not Welsh. This reply was by Southey, and he was shortly to learn that the real identity of 'Meirion' was the Welsh antiquary, grammarian, lexicographer and general man of letters, William Owen.<sup>337</sup> From a comment in a letter to Cottle, we know for certain that it was in March of the following year (1797), during that first lengthy sojourn in London when he met so many of its resident literati for the first time, that Southey was to become personally acquainted with Owen.<sup>338</sup> While this acquaintance was never to

flourish into a sustained friendship, and while, as we shall see below, Southey's opinions of Owen's scholarly merits were to change substantially, the publications of no living author other than William Warrington were to so permeate the Welsh books of MS.2A than those of Owen, and the ideas contained within those publications — though again, as we shall see below, those ideas were not always Owen's own — were of paramount importance in shaping those books. In many instances, especially in book IV, it is possible to pin-point the origins of those ideas precisely in Owen's works, but what can never be fully ascertained is just how much additional source material Owen gave to Southey, either in conversation or by correspondence. The only extant letter of Southey's to Owen, written from Burton in August 1797, and from which I have already quoted in chapter 5.1, opens with the words 'I am very much obliged to you for the information you have so kindly afforded me',<sup>339</sup> a decided pointer to the fact that, since their first meeting in March, Owen had evidently furnished Southey with information supplementary to that which could be found in his (Owen's) published work. The precise nature of that information, and, therefore, of its role in shaping the early books of MS.2A, must nevertheless remain undetermined.

Owen was born at Llanfihangel-y-Pennant in the modern county of Gwynedd, but the family moved to Ardudwy in the same county shortly after his birth. He was sent to school in Altrincham, Cheshire, and in 1776 he went to London, where he predominantly resided for the next 30 years, and where he worked variously as a solicitor's clerk, school-master and, most of all, scholar and author. He was a member of many of the London-Welsh societies, but was particularly active in the Gwyneddigion, the society which, as Gwyn Williams observed, 'had largely displaced the earlier [and more aristocratic] Cymmrodorion as the premier London-Welsh society'<sup>340</sup> by the closing decades of the century. Owen became secretary of the society in 1784, and was its president in 1789, 1804 and 1820. As Prys Morgan has pointed out, the meetings of the Gwyneddigion 'were more directly concerned with traditional literature [...] and by the late-seventeen eighties it was sufficiently well-established to print a remarkable series of scholarly books',<sup>341</sup> one of which was Owen's 1792 edition (plus English translation) of *The Heroic Elegies and other Pieces of Llywarch Hen*,<sup>342</sup> the primary work of Owen's which was to have an influence upon Southey during the composition of MS.2A. It is probably fair to say that Owen's

greatest — or, at least, his most astonishing — achievement was his mammoth Welsh Dictionary, with its accompanying grammar book, which was published over a 10-year period between 1793 and 1803. As Morgan has observed, the dictionary contained over 40 thousand words more than Johnson's English equivalent.<sup>343</sup> Another considerable achievement, however, was his editorship of the *Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales*, a three-volume anthology of Medieval Welsh literature — though some of it was forged by Iolo — published between 1801-07, and which 'enabled the common man to acquaint himself with his own literary tradition in a way that up till then was open only to scholars spending a lifetime in libraries'.<sup>344</sup> In spite of this ceaseless work, Owen seems to have undergone considerable financial hardship in the years around 1804, but in 1806 he was left an estate at Nantglyn by a distant relative, and he thereafter divided his time between this estate and London. (It was from this time also that he added 'Pughe' to his surname.) Neither his newfound wealth, however, nor his infatuation — and this is not too strong a word — with the 'prophetess' Joanna Southcott — an infatuation that was to alienate him from many of his earlier friends and admirers — spelled the end of either his research into early Welsh literature and orthography or his writing, translating and editing career. Owen was elected fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1793 and was awarded an honorary Oxford degree in 1822.<sup>345</sup>

Southey borrowed material from two of Owen's publications. The problem that we are faced with when examining this material however, is that it is difficult to be certain just how much of it was actually written by Owen himself. As I have already mentioned, in 1792, Owen published *The Heroic Elegies and other Pieces of Llywarch Hen*, a series of anonymous, ninth-century poems written about the exploits of the sixth-century prince of north Wales, Llywarch the Aged. Owen provided original texts, translations and notes, and prefaced the work with a lengthy introduction concerning the history of bardism. In Prys Morgan's words, 'this weird concoction bears all the signs of being written by Iolo Morganwg, and Pughe, who was the kindest of men, with a strong streak of naivete in him, was foolish enough to publish it'.<sup>346</sup> That Iolo wrote most, if not all, of this introduction is now the widely-held belief of most critics. According to Gwyn Williams, this introduction 'caused a minor sensation among some French intellectuals',<sup>347</sup> and Southey, like many contemporaries, certainly swallowed much of



it. This is hardly surprising, given that, in Glenda Carr's words, Iolo's `bards and druids are portrayed as pacifists and radicals who seem to have much more in common with the end of the eighteenth century than any early heroic age'.<sup>348</sup> In that letter from Burton of August 1797, Southey told Owen that `I shall make Madoc present at a Gorsedd in Powys, & must not omit to thank you for the knowledge I have gained upon this & other branches of Welsh antiquities from your Llywarc Hen', and, as my explanatory notes to IV.226-28, 230-34<sub>(a)</sub>, 234<sub>(b)</sub>-36 and 259<sub>(b)</sub>-61 will show, he lifted every feature of that gorsedd directly from Owen's introduction. (See also my discussion in chapter 8.3, pp.95-96, above.) By mid 1801, Southey held privately to the view that `Owen has translated Llywarc Hen badly — that is evident', but he still felt that `his version is better than none, & eminently useful to all who want the information either in old history or our old manners'.<sup>349</sup> In the published poem (*Madoc*, 108-11), his description of the gorsedd nevertheless remained virtually unchanged, though one cannot help but detect a little scepticism in his reference to `Mr. Owen's very curious introduction' (see my n. to IV.226-28). Concerning Owen's edition of the Llywarch poems, Glenda Carr has commented that `in places the translation is pure nonsense, and as a whole bears little relation to the reading of the poems with which we are familiar today in the light of recent scholarship', but she also points out that `whatever its shortcomings, [the work] certainly enhanced William Owen Pughe's reputation among the literati of London'.<sup>350</sup>

Southey was equally indebted to another publication which appeared under Owen's editorship, *The Cambrian Register*. This was, in many ways, a typical late-eighteenth-century eclectic magazine (like *The Monthly* or *The Gentlemen's*), though — as the title suggests — with a unifying Welsh theme, and with a heavy concentration on early Welsh literature and history. As Owen declared in his preface to the first volume, `a vast treasure is contained in the Welsh language, in manuscripts, and the oral traditions of the people [... and] to investigate this hidden repository, and to bring to light whatever may be deemed most rare and valuable, is the primary object of the following work'.<sup>351</sup> Owen evidently intended that it should be an annual publication, but only volumes 1 and 2 appeared consecutively in 1796 and 1797, with a third and final volume eventually added in 1818. As I have already discussed in my introduction (see p.54), Southey appears to have been eager to have his (possibly) first sight of the first

volume of *The Cambrian Register* in early March 1797, when he told Joseph Cottle that he was deferring the composition of the 30 concluding lines of book I of MS.2A 'till I have borrowed certain books'. Those lines (I.346-59<sub>(a)</sub>), as my explanatory n. has shown, were to contain his first borrowing from material to be found in volume 1 of *The Cambrian Register*, and as further notes (in book IV in particular) will show, he was to draw more material from that same volume.

Curiously, in spite of these evident borrowings, there are no references to *The Cambrian Register* in either the Keswick/Bristol or the Saffron Waldon notebooks — but this is equally true of Clavigero's *History of Mexico* and, as I have already pointed out, it does have to be remembered that a considerable portion of the K/B.N is missing. It is equally difficult to account for the reason why Southey did not acknowledge the first volume of *The Cambrian Register* as his certain source for passages in the published poem which remained substantially unchanged from those in MS.2A (again, see my n. to I.346-59<sub>(a)</sub>). On the other hand, Southey provided two citations from the second volume of *The Cambrian Register* — though he does not even cite the volume number for either — in the notes to the published poem (*Madoc*, 504 and 541), both in relation to passages which had not appeared in the original MS.2A. One of those citations appears in another Keswick Museum manuscript of 10 unnumbered loose leaves which have clearly been detached from a much larger notebook, the rest of which is not in the Museum.<sup>352</sup> These pages consist entirely of notes and quotations for *Madoc* — much of it never used — and while they carry no dates, there is incontestable evidence to show that they could not have been compiled prior to 1799, and strong evidence to suggest that Southey began compiling them in mid September 1801. (It was more appropriate to discuss this notebook in my section on *The Gwydir History* in the 'Minor and Conjectural Sources' chapter below, so the reader should see p.204 for an explanation of this evidence.) This same manuscript contains three further quotations from the second volume of *The Cambrian Register*, none of which made their way into the notes to the published poem.

We can never be quite certain just how much additional information Owen gave to Southey in person or by letter during that period when he was composing MS.2A. Perhaps one indication, however, is that, in the published *Madoc*, Southey also

provided seven citations from Owen's 1803 *Cambrian Biography: or, Historical notices of celebrated men among the ancient Britons*. If we assume that Owen was collecting material for the latter at the time when Southey was composing MS.2A — a tenable assumption given that *The Cambrian Register* contained many biographical snippets — he may well have provided Southey with biographical information relating to the real, historical characters in *Madoc* (see, for example, my n. to IV.4-5).

For Gwyn Williams, William Owen 'was probably the most considerable [Welsh] scholar of them all', while Prys Morgan has concluded that 'His knowledge of Welsh down the ages was unrivalled, his energy boundless; and since he knew everyone who mattered in the Welsh and English literary establishments [...] his prestige was untrammelled'.<sup>353</sup> In many ways, these late-twentieth-century commendations have meant that critical opinion of Owen's work has come full circle; for, even though his achievements were highly admired by his contemporaries, and even though Owen himself was consistently viewed as, in Gwyn Williams's words, 'a "lovely man", to quote standard Anglo-Welsh vernacular', his scholarly reputation had somewhat dwindled by the middle of the nineteenth century. This was, in large measure, due to the fact that, as Glenda Carr has observed, 'William Owen Pughe was a gullible, and in many ways a rather innocent man [who] was also very ready to embrace new ideas, and it was perhaps his misfortune to have lived in an age that bombarded him with such novelties'.<sup>354</sup> Nowhere is the accuracy of this assessment more completely borne out than in the enormous influence that the ideas of the 'prophetess' Joanna Southcott was to have upon Owen in the decade leading up to her death in 1814. Owen's infatuation with Southcott was to be a major — though by no means the only — factor in his estrangement — often acrimonious in later years — from his once close friend Iolo Morganwg, and from the moment Owen fell under her influence, Southey never writes of him again without reference to Southcott. Early in 1804, for example, Owen appears to have shown Southey some translations which he (Owen) was making from the medieval Welsh tales *The Mabinogion*, and over the next couple of years Southey was to make numerous ecstatic comments in his correspondence concerning both the tales themselves and Owen's translation of them. In May 1806, however, Southey lamented to William Taylor that 'I am afraid the translation of these highly curious tales will be at a stand, for, sad to say, Owen thinks of nothing now but Joanna

Southcote', and even in 1823, long after Southcott's death, he told Wynn that 'My old acquaintance William Owen was one of Joanna Southcotts four & twenty elders. — full of Welsh information certainly he was, but a muddier minded man I never met with.'<sup>355</sup> But perhaps Southey's best-known comment concerning Owen was that which was wrapped up in his (Southey's) famous recollection of his meeting with William Blake:

My old acquaintance William Owen, now Owen Pugh, who, for love of his native tongue, composed a most laborious Welsh Dictionary, without the slightest remuneration for his labour, when he was in straitened circumstances [...] found out Blake after the death of Joanna Southcote, one of whose four-and-twenty elders he was. Poor Owen found everything which he wished to find in the Bardic system, and there he found Blake's notions, and thus Blake and his wife were persuaded that his dreams were old patriarchal truths, long forgotten, and now re-revealed. They told me this, and I, who well knew the muddy nature of Owen's head, knew what his opinion upon such a subject was worth.<sup>356</sup>

While it is true that here — and elsewhere indeed — Southey pays genuine homage to Owen's tireless though often thankless scholarly efforts, there is surely something disingenuous in Southey's comment concerning Owen's determination to find 'everything which he wished to find in the Bardic system'; a convenient memory blip for a period three decades earlier when he was himself writing to thank Owen 'for the knowledge I have gaind' of the bardic system 'from your Llywarc Hen', and when he was transferring such information directly into MS.2A and thence into the published poem.

---

### 9.11: Minor and Conjectural Sources

In 1578 Thomas Nichols published *The Pleasant Historie of the Conquest of the Weast India*, the first translation into English of López de Gómara's *Historia general de las Indias ... con la Conquista de Mexico y de la Nueva España* (Zaragoza, 1553).

Biographical information about Nichols is scarce. He appears to have been born in Gloucester around 1532, and to have learned Spanish both as a trade agent in the Canary Islands in the later 1550s and as a prisoner of the Inquisition, first, in the Islands, and second, in Seville in 1563. In addition to his translation of Gómara, Nichols was to publish three other translations of Spanish works and, in 1583, a short description of the Canary Islands.<sup>357</sup>

In the notes to his published poem, Southey was to cite from Nichols's *Historie* on five

occasions (*Madoc*, 467, 468, 470, 470-71 and 471-72), but this is no proof as to whether he had seen the work itself at the time of writing MS.2A, since, as I have already discussed in chapter 9.3 above, Samuel Purchas had borrowed large amounts of material from Nichols for the South American parts of both his *Pilgrimage* and *Pilgrimes*, so that Southey might only have known Nichols's translation through Purchas's works in the late 1790s. In his section on the 'Notes for Madoc' in *Southey's Common-place Book* (SCB, IV, 15), J.W. Warter provides one further citation from Nichols which was never to be used in the published poem, but Warter's habit of providing no dates for the majority of his material renders it impossible to know when Southey might have made the entry in his notebook. There are no references to Nichols's *Historie* in either the K/b.n or the SW.n, but while this obviously enhances the notion that Southey was not using the work directly at the time of writing MS.2A, once again it does not rule out the possibility altogether. Nichols's *Historie* should thus be viewed as a conjectural source, and I have accordingly provided some possible source references in the explanatory notes. The reader should see my nn. to III.452-56 and XIII.129-32 in particular, which perhaps contain the strongest evidence that Southey might have been using Nichols at the time of composing that book in the summer of 1797.

\*\*\*\*\*

Richard Hakluyt (1552?-1616) first published his *Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English Nation ...* in one volume in 1589. There are no references to Hakluyt's work in any of the notebooks that Southey was keeping during the period when he was composing MS.2A, nor in any of his correspondence of this period, so that the primary reason for including a short section on Hakluyt in this chapter is that his *Principall Navigations* contained the second major account of the Madoc legend to appear in print after that in David Powel's *Historie*.<sup>358</sup> It scarcely needs adding that, to a reader of Southey's voracity, the idea that he was not acquainted — and probably was well acquainted — with the most popular sixteenth-century travel miscellany is inconceivable.

Hakluyt's reprinting of the Madoc legend catapulted it into an entirely new sphere of cognizance and influence, not merely as a result of the sheer success of the *Principall Navigations* itself, but also because it was due to Hakluyt's printing of the legend that it

was to make another appearance in an equally successful travel anthology of the next century: Samuel Purchas's *Purchas his Pilgrimage*. Gwyn Williams's analysis of this consequence is trenchant:

After the climacteric year which witnessed the defeat of the Spanish Armada, Madoc made what must be counted the most fortunate landfall in his entire career. For he promptly lodged, securely and centrally, in what Froude called the "prose epic of the English nation" — that massive and magnificent compilation, the very voice of a new and triumphant British empire [...] For one brief generation, the Worthiness of Wales reached its Tudor climax in Madoc as the symbolic spearpoint of the first British thrust into a new world. From Hakluyt, this Madoc swept swiftly into general European discourse and for a generation lodged in the many imperialist tracts produced during the struggle [...] Whatever his original provenance and character, Madoc first effectively entered history as an instrument of imperial conflict. His story henceforth was to follow the ebb and flow of Imperialism, trade rivalry and colonial settlement with Hypnotic precision.<sup>359</sup>

As I have already shown in my introduction (see p.18 ff.), several commentators have also viewed Southey's version of the Madoc story as another contribution to that 'ebb and flow of Imperialism'.

As Hakluyt himself admitted, his account of the Madoc legend was 'taken out of the *Historie of Wales* lately published by M. Daurid Powel', so that it is not necessary to reproduce it here.

\*\*\*\*\*

In chapter 9.8 above (see p.180), I have cited from a letter which Southey wrote to G.C. Bedford on 27 May 1795, asking him to peruse the 'London catalogues' for four particular books. The third of these was the 1688 English translation by Sir Paul Rycaut of *The Royal Commentaries of Peru* by the Peruvian-born Spanish historian Garcilaso de la Vega (1539-1617).<sup>360</sup> The first part of Garcilaso's *Commentarios Reales, que tratan, de el Origen de los Incas* was published in Lisbon in 1609, and it was followed by the second part, the *Historia General del Peru*, in 1617 (Cordova). Though he spent much of his life in Spain and came from conquering Spanish stock on his father's side, Garcilaso was born in Cuzco of a mother who was of direct descent from the Incan royal line. From an early age, his mother taught him the ancient native language, and this was to provide him with a unique insight into Incan history and culture when he travelled over the length and breadth of Peru in search of material for his work.

Paul Rycaut (1628-1700) was best known for his knowledge of and publications on the

Ottoman Empire. He was in Constantinople as Private Secretary to the British Ambassador, and he was British Consul at Smyrna from 1667 to 1678. Even though his Spanish was second-rate, and even though he heavily abridged Garcilaso's originals, Rycaut nevertheless provided the English reader with the first (and a far more substantial) translation of the *Commentarios* since the extracts which Samuel Purchas had printed in his *Pilgrimes*. Rycaut was, however, highly sceptical of many of Garcilaso's claims concerning the advanced state of civilisation to be found among the pre-conquest Incas.<sup>361</sup>

By his own admission, Southey's main interest in Garcilaso's work at the time of writing that letter to Bedford in May 1795 was an intention — never to be realised — of making his hero Madoc synonymous with Manco Capac, the significance of which I have discussed in chapter 8.2 (see pp.181-82). The fact nevertheless remains that the oppressed natives in the first full draft of the poem were 'Peruvians', and that the primary record of Peruvian history — both political and social — available to Southey was Garcilaso's *Commentarios Reales*. Why, therefore, is it only possible to treat Garcilaso as just a 'minor' source?

There are two answers to this. The first is that, in truth, having introduced us to his oppressed Peruvians in book III of MS.2A, Southey quickly loses interest in them, preferring rather to concentrate upon an accurate delineation of the customs, costumes, mythology, etc. of his tyrannising Aztecs/Mexicans. As we have already seen, Southey admitted this himself, commenting to his brother Tom after the completion of MS.2A that, in the published poem, he would land Madoc 'among the wild North American Indians' rather than 'the Peruvians who have no striking manners for my poem'.<sup>362</sup> The second is that there appears to be only one citation from and one reference to the *Royal Commentaries* in the vast collection of notes which Southey compiled during the writing of MS.2A. The citation remains extant in the SW.N (see n. to X.56-59), while the reference was reprinted by J.W. Warter in *Southey's Common-place Book* (see n. to XIII.43 + 1-43 + 28), and both are sufficient to attest (a) that Southey was using that Rycaut translation which he had mentioned to Bedford in May 1795 and (b) that he had access to the translation at some point during the composition of MS.2A. It is for this reason that I have drawn attention in the explanatory notes to other instances where

Southey might have derived source material from the *Royal Commentaries* (see, for example, nn. to IX.84-85 and XII.57<sub>(b)</sub>-103<sub>(a)</sub>). Finally, it should just be noted that there were two citations from Garcilaso in the published poem (*Madoc*, 528 and 539), the latter of these being a repeat of that in the SW.N.

\*\*\*\*\*

Although, in the published poem (*Madoc*, 485), Southey admitted to one borrowing from Evan Evans, this not only masked a greater debt, but the admission was a grudging one; for, to the new breed of 1790s' radical, dissenting, Welsh literati with whom Southey was acquainted, the character, views and remarkable achievements of this mid-century scholar and Anglican cleric were somewhat unfashionable. The explosion of interest in the eighteenth-century Celtic revival which has taken place in the last three decades however, has seen such a revitalisation of Evans's reputation that one recent critic has suggested that he is now 'generally considered to be the greatest scholar of Welsh literature in the eighteenth century'.<sup>363</sup>

The son of a farmer, Evan Evans (1731-1788), also known by his bardic names 'Ieuan Fardd' and 'Ieuan Brydydd Hir', was born in the parish of Lledrod in the modern county of Ceredigion. At around the age of 14, Evans was taken under the wing of Lewis Morris — the eldest of the three celebrated Morris brothers of Anglesey, 'the leading cultural patriots of the eighteenth century'<sup>364</sup> — who stimulated his interest in speaking Welsh and in reading Welsh poetry. By 1751 Evans was at Merton College, Oxford, but he left without taking a degree, and was ordained Anglican priest at St. Asaph in 1755. He then spent an itinerant decade, holding down various clerical posts — sometimes for only a matter of months — in parishes in Wales and the south of England, constantly driven by his search after early Welsh manuscripts to transcribe in the libraries of institutions or the ancestral houses of the Welsh gentry. With a knapsack often stuffed full of these copies, Evans would tramp the highways for many days in all weathers, committed always to his intellectual pursuit, but too regularly to the bottle as well. During this period he became acquainted with all the leading figures of the contemporary Welsh cultural revival, both Welsh and English. Among the latter was Sir Daines Barrington (see below, p.203), who sent specimens of Evans's translations to Thomas Percy and Thomas Gray. In 1760, Barrington sent Gray the manuscript of Evans's Latin treatise on the early Welsh poets, *Dissertatio de Bardis*,



and it was through their mutual encouragement that Evans was eventually to publish his ground-breaking *Some Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh Bards* in 1764, where the treatise appeared on pp.59-93.<sup>365</sup> As Evans was to admit in his preface, the publication of the *Specimens* was, in part, a response to James Macpherson's Ossian poems.<sup>366</sup> As Ffion Llywelyn Jenkins has pointed out, 'in comparison with Macpherson's work, specifically attuned as it was to the eighteenth-century ear, Evans's *Specimens*, short and incomplete were an anticlimax, though genuine, and it took some time for their very different merits to be appreciated'.<sup>367</sup> Evans's *Specimens* nevertheless had a more genuine and enduring literary impetus than Macpherson's poems. Its contribution to Welsh literature was immense, containing, as it did, the first printed versions of several medieval Welsh poems which Evans had unearthed on his travels, including those of the Gogynfeirdd, the school of twelfth- and thirteenth-century court poets, five of whom — all mentioned by Evans — Southey was to present at his gorsedd in book IV of MS.2a (see nn. to 238-42 and 253-56), and later in the published poem (*Madoc*, 109-11).

In England, Evans's translations, along with his *Dissertatio*, initiated a trend for bardic imitations, the most famous being those of Thomas Gray.<sup>368</sup> In spite of its success, Evans failed to produce another major work, though he continued to write his own often patriotic poetry in both English and Welsh. He became evermore preoccupied with his grievances against the Anglican Church, (a) for its constant bestowal of all major offices upon English, non-Welsh-speaking clerics, and (b) for its refusal to challenge the increasing power of the Methodists in Wales. Understandably, this made him unpopular among the Welsh gentry, and was, for example, to lose him the patronage of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, who had given him full access to the large library at Wynnstay from 1771-78. In spite of continued assistance from friends such as Thomas Pennant and the artist Paul Panton, Evans's last years were lived out in a nomadic, penniless and often drunken state. In August 1788 he died in the same farmhouse in which he had been born.<sup>369</sup>

As the entry on Evans at the *Iolo Morganwg and the Romantic Tradition in Wales* website points out, in spite of the fact that Iolo spent a great deal of time in Evans's company during the late 1770s and early 1780s, and of the fact that he 'transcribed

material from Evans's manuscripts and benefited from Evans's scholarly knowledge', he later came to criticise Evans for his 'stiff poetic language and unreliability as a copier of manuscripts'. This was, as the project suggests, 'an excellent example of Iolo's fickle nature' and certainly 'unwarranted', but surely it is also symptomatic of the cultural and political sea-changes that had taken place between the publication of the *Specimens* and that period when the new generation of Welsh literati were reviving the memory of Madoc. In spite of his patriotic poetry and of his often outspoken criticism of English abuses in Wales — both past and present — Evans was unjustly perceived by this new, confident generation of Welsh 'Jacobins' to have acted up the role of the poor Welsh bard to English or aristocratic Welsh — and it came to the same thing — patrons. (One might, of course, point to some of those aristocratic names in the list of subscribers to Iolo's own *Poems* and ask wherein lay the distinction?) Neither was Evans's reputation among these dissenters helped by his Anglican vestments.

Southey shared this opinion of Evans, influenced, no doubt, by communication with Iolo. We can see a concrete example of this by comparing Iolo's above-cited criticism of Evans's 'stiff poetic language' with Southey's comment upon Evans in *Madoc*, in that single admitted borrowing which I mentioned at the opening of this section. In his note to his reworking of the twelfth-century Welsh elegiac poem on the drinking horn by Owain Cyfeiliog (*Madoc*, 485), Southey regretted that 'I had written from the faithless paraphrase of Evans, in which every thing characteristic or beautiful is lost'. (See my n. to IV.90-119<sub>(a)</sub> for the equivalent lines in MS.2A, where I have highlighted some linguistic parallels between Southey's version and Evans's original.)

Interestingly, Southey's Iololian response would appear to run contrary to Charlotte Johnson's assertion that contemporary English reviewers of Evans's *Specimens* were 'disappointed at the literalness of Evans' translations',<sup>370</sup> which again, perhaps, highlights some crucial transformations in taste between a mid-century and 'Romantic' readership. But Southey's easy dismissal of Evans's translations not only veils such concrete debts to the *Specimens* as the information about the Gogynfeirdd, but also disregards the fact that, had it not been for Evans's pioneering work, much of the material which Southey consulted in works such as Owen's *Cambrian Register* would not even have come to light.

\*\*\*\*\*

In 1770, under the title of *The History of the Gwedir Family*, the lawyer, naturalist and antiquary Sir Daines Barrington was the first to edit and publish a manuscript originally written sometime between 1580 and 1616 by Sir John Wynn. As the manuscript's most recent editor has commented, the Wynns of Gwydir in the Conwy Valley were certainly 'astutely opportunistic in the acquisition of property and offices',<sup>371</sup> during that period which is often referred to as 'the golden age' of the Welsh gentry.<sup>372</sup> Sir John Wynn (1553-1627) was born into a family whose estates and influence were, by the latter years of the Tudor dynasty, substantial, and, following his father's death in 1580, John continued to ensure that his family should be foremost in the public affairs of north Wales by the holding of various offices, such as MP for Caernafonshire from 1586-87, High Sheriff for three different counties and member of the Council in the Marches.

J. Gwynfor Jones's summary of the Gwydir manuscript is useful:

In spite of its shortcomings it is a work that has appealed to generations of historians for its vivid portrayal of fifteenth-century social life, with its graphic accounts of bloodshed and intense family rivalries in the remote commote of Eifionydd in south-east Caernarfonshire [...] The History needs to be used with caution. It records events in a manner and style whose specific design is to elaborate the author's primary motive, namely promotion of his family's interests [...] Nevertheless, the later generations of historians have regarded it as a broadly accurate social commentary.<sup>373</sup>

Thus, yet again, in the closing decades of the eighteenth century, we find the first publication of a manuscript with an high social-history content, and it is scarcely surprising that its first editor should have been a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. Even though he was English, the twenty years which Sir Daines Barrington (1727-1800) spent as a judge on the north Wales circuit not only gave him a keen interest in local history and antiquities, but also meant that, in Rosemary Sweet's words, '[he] had some of the strongest ties with Wales and Welsh antiquaries', included among which were Evan Evans and Thomas Pennant.<sup>374</sup>

There can be no doubt that Southey was aware of Barrington's edition of the Gwydir *History* even prior to his commencement of MS.1 in the spring of 1795. To begin with, Barrington could number among his acquaintances the Watkin Williams Wynns of Wynnstay near Ruabon, in the modern county of Clwyd, the family of whom Southey's Westminster schoolfellow Charles was the second son. The latter would certainly have drawn Southey's attention to the published edition of a manuscript originally written by a member of the family from whom his own [Charles's] family had inherited their

estates and title.<sup>375</sup> We can add to this, however, the fact that John Williams had — somewhat tenuously — cited from Barrington's edition of the *Gwydir History* as supporting evidence for Madoc's existence in his *Enquiry*, for, even though, as Williams himself admitted, Sir John Wynn's manuscript 'takes no notice of Madog's voyages', it nevertheless 'mentions him as a Son of Owen Gwynedd'.<sup>376</sup> In the notes to the published poem (*Madoc*, 454 and 479), Southey was to provide two citations from the *Gwydir History*, but there is no evidence to suggest that he was making use of it during the composition of MS.2A, even though he knew of its existence. There are no references to the *History* in the notes to MS.2B or in either of the Keswick/Bristol or Saffron Walden notebooks. The earliest references to the *History* which I can find occur in MS.KESMG221, that manuscript of 10 loose leaves, all containing quotations and references relevant to *Madoc*, which is also in the Keswick Museum, and which I have briefly discussed in chapter 9.10 on William Owen (see p.194). None of the pages in this fragment of a notebook carries dates, but the presence of a number of quotations from Philip Yorke's 1799 *Royal Tribes of Wales*, clarify that this notebook must have substantially post-dated the writing of MS.2A. In fact, I believe that it is possible to date it precisely to mid September 1801, prior to the commencement of that walking tour through north Wales with C.W.W. Wynn which I have discussed in chapter 7 above. Before embarking upon the tour, Southey stayed with Wynn at the Wynnstay family home, where he availed himself of one of the largest libraries of books and manuscripts in Wales at that period. I believe that it was here that he first read Yorke's *Royal Tribes* and Barrington's edition of the *Gwydir History*, a conjecture supported by his comment to Wynn in a letter of 28 October 1803 that 'the extracts I made at Wynnstay from the Royal Tribes & the Gwydir History are becoming very useful'.<sup>377</sup> The notebook fragment contains several quotations from the *Gwydir History*, usually, but not invariably, signed 'Gwydir H.', but never with any page references nor any reference to Barrington as editor. This was even the case with the two citations which Southey provided in the published poem, so that it is impossible to know whether he was working from the 1770 edition or from the version which Barrington reprinted in his *Miscellanies* (London, 1781).

In the final analysis, I am reasonably confident in the conclusion that Southey was not using Barrington's *History* at any time during the composition of MS.2A, the single

seed of doubt being sown by Southey's use of the proper name Senena. As I have pointed out in my n. to VI.200, the only occurrence of this name that I can find in any of Southey's sources is in a passage in John Wynn, and while this does not change my opinion that Southey did not see Barrington's edition before 1801, it must beg the question as to whether he was provided with snippets of information from it by C.W.W. Wynn or, indeed, from any other of his Welsh literary acquaintances. In my explanatory notes therefore, I have provided some page references for possible source material which Southey could have borrowed from the *History*, in order that the reader may judge for him/herself. (See, for example, nn. to I.111 and 238-43 and IV.68-74.)

\*\*\*\*\*

Lord George Lyttelton's mammoth, four-volume *The History of the Life of King Henry the Second, and of the Age in which he lived* (London, 1767-71) is a paradigmatic specimen of a rambling, late-eighteenth-century work of history. As T.P. Peardon long ago pointed out, while Lyttelton's work 'had sufficient merit to last for years [...] his name became legendary for stodgy industry, rather than intelligent achievement'.<sup>378</sup> Given that Southey's own historical works 'became legendary for stodgy industry' even in his own lifetime, it is scarcely surprising that he should have been an admirer of Lyttelton's tome. In August 1805, responding to a question from John May concerning which works by British historians were worth the reading, Southey singled out Sharon Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons* and 'Lord Lyttelton's Henry 2. [...] a learned & honest book' as 'the "only faithful found"'.<sup>379</sup>

George Lyttelton (1709-1773) was a prolific author and a well-known patron of the Arts, counting writers such as Pope, Thomson and Richard Glover among his circle of friends. Elected as MP for Okehampton, Devonshire, at the age of 26, he became a prominent figure among the group known as 'Cobham's Cubs';<sup>380</sup> a group which, through its professions of disinterested patriotism, vigorously opposed the Walpole ministry and criticised everything in society that they believed it had come to represent. Such views were reflected in his first major publication, *Letters from a Persian in England to his Friend at Ispahan*, published anonymously in 1735, a work which Samuel Johnson described as having 'something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward'.<sup>381</sup> Not that it cooled significantly in

Lyttelton's case, which is why it is possible to view him as one of those Whigs whose ideas paved the way for the more extreme radicalism of the 1790s, and why his works continued to find favour with the first generation of Romantics.<sup>382</sup> Such ideas inevitably found their way into his historical writing, and his *Henry the Second* is a thorough piece of 'Whig' historiography. His eulogy of the governance of the early-tenth-century prince Hywel Dda, for example, leaves little room for equivocation and plenty for contemporary comparison:

[...] there was in it [Hywel's government] no tincture of despotism. The nobles and clergy consulted in all matters of state: the people were free, and seemed to have assisted in the making of laws and other acts of great moment. They were oppressed by no taxes, nor by any toilsome work: and to this an ancient author, who was himself of that nation, ascribes their magnanimity and courage in war.<sup>383</sup>

The above quotation is taken from the second volume of Lyttelton's *Henry the Second*, where he presented a 35-page 'sketch' of the history and Manners of the Welsh down to the period of Henry II's rule in England.<sup>384</sup> While the socio-historical material presented would have been of interest to Southey, it offered little that he would not have found in the work of writers such as Pennant and Warrington, simply because, like them, Lyttelton depended entirely upon Giraldus for such material, supplemented by Powel's *Historie*. The latter also formed the major source for the six pages that followed in Lyttelton, and for five further pages towards the end of the volume where he discussed Henry II's dealings with and invasions of Wales during the reign of Owain Gwynedd.<sup>385</sup> Once again, this material was available to Southey elsewhere, though, as I have pointed out in my n. to I.238-43, there is some evidence to suggest that, on one occasion at least — the description of the battle of Coed Eulo in the summer of 1156 — Lyttelton's narration appears to have been Southey's primary source.

The commendation of the laws of Hywel Dda apart, Lyttelton had little praise to bestow upon any aspects of Wales or the Welsh. 'His Lordship, indeed, seems to have entertained a most contemptible opinion of the Ancient and the Modern Britons', as John Williams was to complain in his *Enquiry*. Lyttelton was particularly dismissive of the Madoc legend, and Williams expended nine pages in the *Enquiry* refuting his objections.<sup>386</sup> This is important in that it demonstrates that, even if he was not aware of Lyttelton's *Henry the Second* and of his comments upon the Madoc legend prior to the spring of 1795, Southey would, yet again, have had his attention drawn to it by

reading Williams's work. Lyttelton discussed the Madoc legend on pp.371-74 in the final volume of his *History* — a volume which consisted purely of notes — the essence of his objections being as follows:

[...] I will only say that if Madoc did really discover any part of America, or any islands lying to the south-west of Ireland in the Atlantic ocean, without the help of a compass, at a time when navigation was still little understood, and with mariners less expert than any other in Europe, he performed an atchievement incomparably more extraordinary than that of Columbus! But, besides the incredibility of the thing itself, another difficulty occurs; that is, to know how it happened that no English historian, contemporary with him, has said a word of this surprizing event, which, on his return into Wales, and public report of *the many strange things he had seen*, must have made a great noise among the English in those parts, and would have certainly reached the ears of Henry himself. Why is no notice taken of a fact so important to the honour of his country by Giraldus Cambrensis, who treats so largely of the state of Wales in his times? One may also be in some doubt, what could have caused so entire a destruction of the colony planted by Madoc, and of all belonging to it, as that in no land, since discovered to the south-west of Ireland, any certain monument, vestige, or memory of it, has ever yet been found!<sup>387</sup>

\*\*\*\*\*

As I have already discussed in chapter 8.2 above, Southey came to react strongly against the theories of New World degeneration which prevailed among historians such as the Abbé Raynal and William Robertson, to such an extent that the notes in the published *Madoc* were conspicuously free of any references to Robertson's highly acclaimed *History of America*. But Southey's rejection of Robertson's views was a gradual process, as shown by his choice of wording in a letter to John Rickman of January 1803 — 'I have *made the discovery* that Robertson is a bad historian'<sup>388</sup> — and, as several of the MS.2B notes confirm, he had been content to use and cite Robertson as a source when composing MS.2A. As a series of my explanatory notes in the middle of book III will show, Southey was apparently making particularly heavy use of Robertson as a source during the composition of that book at Burton in the summer of 1797. In the case of two passages in which Madoc relates the native American methods of subsistence, for example, Southey virtually versifies Robertson's descriptions (see nn. to III.294-99 and 299-304). Even though it received no acknowledgement in the published poem therefore, Robertson's *History* must not be overlooked as at least a proven minor source for MS.2A.

William Robertson (1721-1793), the eldest of eight children, was born in the parish of Borthwick, some 15 miles south-east of Edinburgh. His father was a Presbyterian minister who prized education highly, and William was sent to the much-acclaimed

grammar school at Dalkeith, and then to the University of Edinburgh from 1735 to 1741, where he studied under some of the university's best teachers, including Charles Mackie, the university's first professor of civil history, 'an erudite, eclectic, and cosmopolitan man who had studied at Leiden and remained in contact with historians in Holland and France'.<sup>389</sup> He also undertook theological studies in order to prepare for the ministry, and was ordained at the rural parish of Gladsmuir in April 1744. A staunch 'church and king' supporter, Robertson attempted to enlist in Sir John Cope's army prior to the battle of Prestonpans in September 1745, but his services were declined. Following the occupation of Edinburgh by the Jacobites, Robertson returned to Gladsmuir, where, two months later, he was devastated by the death of both his parents within six days, and left with the responsibility for all his siblings. Robertson married in 1751, by which time he was already playing a leading role in both the General Assembly of the Kirk and the cultural movement that is now referred to as 'the Scottish Enlightenment'. Jeffrey Smitten has suggested that Robertson's first major work, *The History of Scotland* (1759) 'captures the essence of all this activity' since it 'concentrates on two central themes: progress and tolerance', and that 'with the publication of this highly regarded book, Robertson consolidated his social and political position'.<sup>390</sup> Its sheer success also launched Robertson on the road to that career which would bring him a European-wide fame. This success continued with his next work, *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V* (London, 1769), the lengthy introductory essay to which, Nicholas Phillipson has suggested, 'became one of Robertson's best-known works and did much to advertise the possibilities of the new Scottish historiography'.<sup>391</sup> That essay was 'A View of the Progress of Society in Europe, from the Subversion of the Roman Empire, to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century',<sup>392</sup> and Southey borrowed the volume containing this essay from the Bristol library on 6 April 1795, one day prior to presenting his own lecture on 'The History of Europe to the Abdication of the Emperor Charles V'.<sup>393</sup> In the preface to his *Charles V*, Robertson announced that he had intended to provide an 'account of the conquests of Mexico and Peru [... and] of the establishment of the Spanish colonies in the continent and islands of America [... but] I found that the discovery of the New World, the state of society among its ancient inhabitants, their character, manners, and arts, the genius of the European settlements in its various provinces [...] were subjects so splendid and important that a superficial view of them could afford little



satisfaction'.<sup>394</sup> All this was 'therefore reserved [...] for a separate history': the work that became *The History of America*, first published in two volumes in 1777.

In spite of its title, and of the wider reference in the *Charles V* preface to 'European settlements', the published work was actually a history of Spanish South America, for, even though he had commenced work on North America, the war with the colonies made him decide to 'wait for times of greater tranquillity, when I can write and the public read with more impartiality'.<sup>395</sup> The result was, nevertheless, Robertson's most successful work, especially on the continent, though it divided opinion and was not without its critics then as now. Having outlined the praise heaped upon Robertson by writers such as Burke and Gibbon and by the Spanish Royal Academy of History, for example, David Brading points out that 'after such a profusion of contemporary encomium, it comes as something of a shock to find that Robertson's narrative of the discovery of America and conquest of Mexico and Peru is little more than a paraphrase of Antonio de Herrera's *Decadas*'.<sup>396</sup> Interestingly, this accusation of minimal research echoes Southey's comment that Robertson 'seems only to have read what was absolutely necessary', and even those of his fellow reviewer William Taylor that Robertson 'is deficient [...] in the first quality of an historian, research'.<sup>397</sup> But the chief criticism of Robertson's *History* is unquestionably its complete adherence to theories of climatic determinism, resulting, in Bruce Lenman's words, in a 'discussion of the pre-conquest Amerindians [...] which] presented the most rigorously stadialist of frameworks rooted in Robertson's ferociously Eurocentric cosmopolitanism and leaving available only imitation of European culture as a means of progress for the Amerindians'.<sup>398</sup> David Brading points out interestingly that Robertson was careful to select only those sources which exculpated the Spanish monarchy from the atrocities of the conquistadors:

the most startling feature of his work was the extent to which he revived and re-stated the Spanish imperial tradition of commentary on America. At every point, from his denigration of Torquemada and Garcilaso to his praise for Galvez and Charles III, Robertson offended the sensibilities of creole patriots.<sup>399</sup>

As I have discussed in chapter 8.2 above, Southey was to ally himself closely with those creole patriots in his own historical writing, and he was careful not to allow any of those MS.2B notes referencing Robertson to find their way into the published poem. And yet, that sequence of passages in book III of MS.2a where Southey was evidently

drawing heavily upon Robertson — including those lines describing the native methods of subsistence which I have highlighted above — remained virtually unchanged in the 1805 text (*Madoc*, 46-47), though none of the material in the latter carried any annotation. It is, in fact, one of the most blatant examples of Southey's 'politics of selection' at work. When it came to the final revision of the poem, Southey was evidently happy to open his new section V with material from that original book III of MS.2A which he had composed at Burton back in 1797, but he was not prepared to acknowledge just how much of that material had been lifted directly from Robertson's *History*.

We have no clues as to which edition of Robertson's *History of America* Southey might have been consulting during the composition of MS.2A. The MS.2B notes carry no page references nor any actual citation with which one might carry out a textual comparison. Robertson published a revised second edition in 1788. In accordance with my usual policy however, since I have no reason to doubt that Southey used the 1777 edition, all citations are drawn therefrom.

\*\*\*\*\*

When discussing the relevance of Richard Gough's work to Southey, we are actually confronted with the works of two other antiquaries, beginning with the man who one modern historian has dubbed 'England's first chorographer',<sup>400</sup> William Camden (1551-1623), since the work from which Southey drew material for both MS.2A and the published poem was Gough's three-volume translation and augmentation of *Camden's Britannia* (London, 1789). First published in Latin in 1586 and revised in 1607, the *Britannia* was a county-by-county descriptive survey of the major antiquities and, here and there, topographical features of the British Isles. As Rosemary Sweet has observed, Edmund Gibson's 1695 translation of *Britannia* (further revised by Gibson in 1722) was 'the starting point for all [eighteenth-century] antiquaries [... until] Richard Gough embarked upon a third wholesale revision and retranslation published in 1789'.<sup>401</sup> Gough was to revise and enlarge his *Britannia* into four volumes in 1806.

Richard Gough (1735-1809) was born into a wealthy, Dissenting family in London. His father had been a merchant in, and later director of, the East India Company, and,

after retirement, an MP. On his death in 1751, Richard became sole heir to the extensive family estates in Warwickshire and Middlesex, and it was this private income that enabled him to carry out his antiquarian researches for the rest of his life. He was educated privately and, from 1751, at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge — the college which had already gained something of a reputation for producing antiquarian scholars, such as William Stukeley. In 1756, without taking a degree, Gough departed from Cambridge, and immediately embarked upon his first antiquarian tour to Peterborough, Stamford, and Croyland Abbey, and he was later to recollect this as the point at which 'my career of antiquarian pursuits literally began'.<sup>402</sup> It was the first of many such tours that Gough was to undertake in the summers that followed, while he spent the rest of his time researching, often in his own library at his country estate in Enfield. It was in complete truth therefore that, in the preface to the first edition of the *Britannia*, Gough could claim that it was 'the result of twenty years journeying and a longer term of reading and enquiry',<sup>403</sup> for, as the three large volumes illustrate, Gough's *Britannia* was far from being just a translation of Camden's original. In fact, the amount of new material provided by Gough on a particular place usually exceeded that which had appeared in Camden, and, in general, it was this new material that was of interest to Southey. A Fellow of the Royal Society from 1775 to 1795, and of the Society of Antiquaries from 1767 to 1797 (and its director for 26 years), Gough, like many of those eighteenth-century antiquaries for whom Rosemary Sweet has been such a champion in recent years, is a largely-forgotten figure now. As Clare Callaghan has argued however, 'Gough worked tirelessly to provide authoritative references for Britain, from compiling maps to collaborating on local histories, and contributed greatly to the intellectual life of Britain through his writings'.<sup>404</sup>

Not surprisingly, all of the material in the *Britannia* which was germane to Southey's composition of MS.2A is to be found in the second volume: that which incorporated the counties of mid and north Wales. In the published poem (*Madoc*, 485), Southey only provided one citation from Gough, but as my explanatory notes will demonstrate, it is not only possible to evidence some further borrowings in MS.2A through reference to Southey's notebooks (see n. to IV.83), but also to discover at least one unacknowledged 'plagiarism' which also made it into the published text (see n. to I.39). With good reason, therefore, one might also highlight some conjectural passages from the

*Britannia* which could have provided Southey with useful source material (see nn. to III.409-10, IV.78-80 and 346-47). It is important to emphasise, however, that most of the material in the *Britannia* which interested Southey was not actually by Gough himself. Even leaving aside that which came from Camden's original, Gough was frank enough to warn his reader in his preface 'not to complain of a disappointment if he does not trace me in every part of the kingdom; and if I request him to content himself in many cases with the researches of others'.<sup>405</sup> One of those 'others' was Thomas Pennant, who, as I have already discussed in chapter 9.5 above, provided Gough with the material for those counties of North Wales that were of interest to Southey.

---

## Notes to Part I

<sup>1</sup>As I have already suggested in my article 'Shades of Pantisocracy', *TLS* (18 Sept. 1998), Christopher Smith's 'The Westbury Experience', chapter 8 of *A Quest for Home* (Smith, 247 ff), is certainly the best overall study of S.'s poetry between the summer of 1798 and that of 1799. As I have pointed out below however, Smith's decision not to engage with the *Madoc* manuscripts has inevitably meant that S.'s extensive work on *Madoc* during the Westbury period is excluded from this analysis. Another good summary of S.'s compositional achievements, as well as the new friendships which he cultivated during the Westbury year, will be found in Haller, 194 ff.

<sup>2</sup>For the few biographical facts that we have concerning this close, lifelong friend of S.'s, see Kenneth Curry's profile in *NL*, II, 487-88.

<sup>3</sup>*CLC*, I, 523.

<sup>4</sup>*CLC*, I, 525. Griggs also published Poole's accompanying letter (I, 523 n.)

<sup>5</sup>RS to H. Davy, begun 4, completed 9 Sept. 1799 (MS. RIL, MS.27B/1, f.1 v.).

<sup>6</sup>RS to C. Danvers, 20 Aug. 1799 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,928, f1).

<sup>7</sup>RS to T. Southey, 6 Sept. 1799 (*NL*, I, 199).

<sup>8</sup>*CLC*, I, 526.

<sup>9</sup>Of this poem, S.'s *Mohammed* (published in his posthumous *Oliver Newman: A New-England Tale; with Other Poetical Remains* (London, 1845), 113-16) and Coleridge's *Mahomet* (in *Samuel Taylor Coleridge: Poetical Works*, ed. by E.H. Coleridge (Oxford, 1912; rpt. 1991), 329-30), are fragmentary examples. See W.U. Ober, "Mohammed": The Outline of a Proposed Poem by Coleridge and Southey', *N. & Q.*, CCIII (Oct. 1958), 448.

<sup>10</sup>These included: 'Lewti, or the Circassian Love-Chaunt' (*AA*, II, 20), 'Lines Written in the Album at Elbingerode' (*AA*, II, 74), 'This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison' (*AA*, II, 140) and 'Home-Sick. Written in Germany' (*AA*, II, 193). For a complete list see Kenneth Curry, 'The Contributors to *The Annual Anthology*', *Publications of the Bibliographical Society of America*, XLII 1 (1948), 50-65.

<sup>11</sup>*CLC*, I, 546.

<sup>12</sup>MS.KESMG187 and Tinker MS.1938 respectively. For descriptions of these, see below (pp.53-54 and 74).

<sup>13</sup>Raimond, 232.

<sup>14</sup>EBK, 109, and Smith, 313.

<sup>15</sup>RS to J. Rickman, 15 Oct. 1804 (*NL*, I, 364).

<sup>16</sup>RS to C. Danvers, 11 Oct. 1804 (*NL*, I, 360).

<sup>17</sup>EBK, 111.

<sup>18</sup>This is BL, Add.MS.47,883), for a discussion of which, see chapter 3 below.

<sup>19</sup>Kenneth Curry, 'Southey's *Madoc*: the Manuscript of 1794', *PQ*, XXII (1943), 347-69. In my article 'Madoc, 1795: Robert Southey's Misdated Manuscript', *RES*, LV (June 2004), 355-73, I corrected a number of Curry's misreadings, and these corrections were subsequently implemented into the reprinting of the manuscript in *RSPW.2*, 355-76.

<sup>20</sup>Northrop Frye, *Fearful Symmetry: a Study of William Blake* (Princeton, N.J., 1947), 176.

<sup>21</sup>John W. McCullough, 'Robert Southey's Theories and Concepts of History' (University of North

## Notes to Part I

Carolina thesis, 1951). McCullough discusses Southey's 'Theories of Providence and Progress' in chapter 4 (pp.109 ff.), and applies them in particular to the epics on pp.128-35.

<sup>22</sup>Brian Wilkie, *Romantic Poets and Epic Tradition* (Madison, 1965), 32 and 55.

<sup>23</sup>Edward Meachen, 'History and Transcendence in Robert Southey's Epic Poems', *Studies in English Literature*, XIX (1979), 589-608 (p.590).

<sup>24</sup>Nigel Leask, *British Romantic Writers and the East: anxieties of Empire* (Cambridge, 1992), 25-26.

<sup>25</sup>Lynda Pratt, 'A Coleridge Borrowing from Southey', *N. & Q.*, XLI (Sept. 1994), 336-38 (passim), and 'Revising the National Epic: Coleridge, Southey and *Madoc*', *Romanticism*, II 2 (1996), 149-63 (pp.150-52 and passim).

<sup>26</sup>Storey, 173.

<sup>27</sup>Caroline Franklin, 'The Welsh American Dream: Iolo Morganwg, Robert Southey and the Madoc Legend', in *English Romanticism and the Celtic World*, ed. by Gerard Carruthers and Alan Rawes (Cambridge, 2003), 69-84 (p.71).

<sup>28</sup>*Ibid.*, 180 and 181.

<sup>29</sup>As Franklin was to kindly acknowledge in her published article, I supplied her with some corrected information concerning the 1797-99 manuscripts in a discussion that we had following the initial delivery of her paper at a conference in Aberystwyth in September 2001.

<sup>30</sup>See note 19 above.

<sup>31</sup>*RSPW*.2, 377-570.

<sup>32</sup>William A. Speck, *Robert Southey: Entire Man of Letters* (New Haven and London, 2006), 111.

<sup>33</sup>David M. Craig, *Robert Southey and Romantic Apostasy: Political Argument in Britain, 1780-1840* (Woodbridge, 2007), 142-65.

<sup>34</sup>*WE*, 77.

<sup>35</sup>*Ibid.*, 78-79.

<sup>36</sup>It is essential to point out here that I did not get to see Bolton's interesting monograph until long after the rest of this thesis had been completed. I have nevertheless made some last-minute attempts to draw attention to her text in the notes when her ideas correlate with my own, but it should be recognised that these are accidental correlations.

<sup>37</sup>Carnall, 260. Pratt, 'A Coleridge Borrowing from Southey', 337. While Carnall was presumably unaware of the fact, he was not actually the first critic to suggest this Southey 'borrowing'. See Herbert G. Wright, 'Three Aspects of Southey', *RES*, IX (Jan. 1933), 37-46 (p.37).

<sup>38</sup>Storey, VIII.

<sup>39</sup>David Simpson, *Wordsworth's Historical Imagination: the Poetry of Displacement* (London, 1987), 16.

<sup>40</sup>The unpublished preface is now in KMG (MS. KESMG221.2). In her article 'Southey Collection in the Fitzpark Museum, Keswick', *The Wordsworth Circle*, XI (1980), 43-46, item 429, Mary Priestley has suggested that the anonymous comments which appear on the preface are 'probably [by] Wordsworth', an highly unlikely conjecture. At the time of writing the preface, S. had not yet cultivated a close friendship with Wordsworth, and he would certainly not have sought Wordsworth's advice on the proposed preface to his magnum opus. Given his long association with the poem, Wynn is by far the most likely candidate for this advisory office, a fact which is further confirmed by S.'s comments in his letter to Wynn of 11 April 1805: 'I heartily rejoice that the preface first meditated was laid aside at your

## Notes to Part I

advice — for the cloud under which it was written has passed away and I do not now feel the distrust of the poem which then hung upon me' (*NL*, I, 382).

<sup>41</sup>RS to T. Southey, 19 Aug. 1803, written shortly before the Southey's departure from Bristol (MS. BL, ADD.MS.47,890, f.31 r.)

<sup>42</sup>RS to C. Danvers, 8 Sept. 1803 (*NL*, I, 325). This letter also confirms the date on which the Southey's arrived at Keswick, since he tells Danvers that 'Yesterday we reached this place'.

<sup>43</sup>RS to C. Danvers, Oct. 1803 (*NL*, I, 332). The 'Peggy' referred to in this letter is S.'s cousin Margaret Hill, who had died of tuberculosis in the autumn of 1801.

<sup>44</sup>The mother of Charles Danvers.

<sup>45</sup>EBK, 29. A comment by S. in a letter to H.W. Bedford in December 1793 so perfectly illustrates Bernhardt-Kabisch's statement that, even though he does not acknowledge it, it is difficult to imagine that it was not at the forefront of his mind. Advising Bedford to 'undertake some great work' as a cure for melancholy, S. suggested that he should 'chuse either epic or a metrical romance, and in the intervals exercise yourself in the lower ranks for with us lyrics are very subordinate' (*NL*, I, 39).

<sup>46</sup>A.D. Harvey, 'The English Epic in the Romantic Period', *PQ*, LV (1976), 241-57: 241.

<sup>47</sup>Two manuscripts — a working copy and a fair copy — exist of the former (Bod., Eng.misc.e.21 and Eng.misc.e.114), and one of *An Improbable Tale* (Bod., Eng.misc.e.22). Of *Harold*, Geoffrey Carnall — the only critic to discuss this early work — has argued that 'one can learn a good deal about Southey's schoolboy rebelliousness' (Carnall, 15).

<sup>48</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 14 July 1793 (*NL*, I, 27). For a biographical sketch of Grosvenor Charles Bedford (1773-1839), see *NL*, II, 481-82.

<sup>49</sup>For a biographical sketch of Herbert Hill, see *NL*, II, 490-91.

<sup>50</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, begun 31 July, continued 4 and completed 6 Aug. 1793 (*NL*, I, 30 and 34).

<sup>51</sup>*Ibid.*, 35.

<sup>52</sup>This was one of many letters in doggerel verse which S. wrote during this period, and it contained the lines:

At Bristol by night the mail coach I me fixd on  
I arrived in the morn snug & safely at Brixton  
Twas just half past 7 or a few minutes more  
Up I went & heard Bedford most merrily snore [...]

RS to N. Lightfoot, 27 Sept. 1793 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.b.4, f.129 r.).

<sup>53</sup>This is confirmed by a letter to Bedford which S. has dated 'Brixton Causeway. Oct. 14. Monday morning. 1793. Day before my departure' (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.67 r.).

<sup>54</sup>'perhaps I never spent three months happier than at Brixton — tis a period I love to think of.' RS to G.C. Bedford, 12 July 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.156 r.) See also the useful comments on the Brixton period in Storey, 33-34.

<sup>55</sup>RS to H.W. Bedford, 3 Nov. 1793 (MS. BCL, B28505). S.'s correspondence with Horace Walpole Bedford (1776-1807) lasted only for a few years, and he never reached the same level of intimacy with Horace as with his brother G.C. Bedford. A few biographical facts about H.W. Bedford will be found in *NL*, II, 482.

<sup>56</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, begun 11, completed 15 Nov. 1793 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.76 r.)

<sup>57</sup>RS to H.W. Bedford, 30 Dec. 1793 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.95 r.)

<sup>58</sup>Much of this chapter has already appeared in my article 'Madoc, 1795: Robert Southey's Misdated

## Notes to Part I

Manuscript'.

<sup>59</sup>I would guess that Curry became aware of both manuscripts later, though it is difficult to be certain whether he was ever aware that the working copy (MS.2A) was at Keswick. As for MS.2B, Curry would certainly have known of its existence, through the article by Robert F. Metzdorf, 'Southey Manuscripts at Yale', *Yale University Library Gazette*, XXX (1956), 157-62, a listing for which he (Curry) included in his *Robert Southey: a Reference Guide* (Boston, 1977), 66.

<sup>60</sup>See C.E. Wright, 'Manuscripts and Papers of Robert Southey', *British Museum Quarterly*, XIX (1954), 32-33.

<sup>61</sup>University of Reading Library, *Location Register of English Literary Manuscripts and Letters* (published by the British Library, 1995). The list of S. manuscript holdings is in vol. II.

<sup>62</sup>It is evident from comments in letters to other correspondents that S. continued to write to Wynn throughout this period, but save for an early verse-letter, just dated 1791 (Bod., Eng.Poet.e27), there are no extant letters to Wynn before 1796 among the complete collection at the NLW. S.'s extant letters to Charles Collins are all in the Huntington Library, many of them being published by R.O. Baughman in 'Southey the Schoolboy', *Huntington Library Quarterly*, VII 3 (1944), 247-80, this latter being also the fullest study of S.'s friendship with Collins. S.'s manuscript letters to the Lambs are mainly in two collections, at Duke University Library and the Houghton Library. The collection at Duke contains one late letter from S. to T.P. Lamb, from 13 June 1798, which makes it clear that they had not been in touch since the early 1790s, but this evidently did not spark off a renewed correspondence. For S.'s relationship with the Lambs of Rye, see Haller, 35-36.

<sup>63</sup>See Simmons, 27-30, and 'Southey at Westminster, 1788-1792', chapter 3 in Morris Marples, *Romantics at School* (London, 1967), 76-111. Further biographical details concerning William Vincent will be found on pp.97-98, and more information on S.'s expulsion from Westminster and his consequent rejection at Christ Church is provided on pp.104-07 and 110-11.

<sup>64</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 21 Oct. 1792 (*NL*, I, 11).

<sup>65</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 5 May 1793 (*NL*, I, 20).

<sup>66</sup>See Speck, *Robert Southey*, 28-29.

<sup>67</sup>RS to H.W. Bedford, begun 24 Jan., completed 18 Feb. 1794 (*NL*, I, 44).

<sup>68</sup>*Ibid.*, 46.

<sup>69</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 26 June 1796 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.C.22, f.197 r.).

<sup>70</sup>RS to J. Horseman, 16 Apr. 1794 (MS. NLS, MS.845).

<sup>71</sup>RS to H.W. Bedford, begun 24 Jan., completed 18 Feb. 1794 (*NL*, I, 44).

<sup>72</sup>While it is difficult to pinpoint an exact date for their first meeting, the attempt has led several critics into palpable errors. Jack Simmons (Simmons, 38), for example, has used S.'s letter to G.C. Bedford of 12 June 1794 to suggest that the meeting took place around that date, and I can only conclude that Geoffrey Carnall depended upon the same letter for his assertion that 'sometime about 11 June Coleridge visited Oxford and met Southey for the first time' (Carnall, 28). The problem here is that, as Kenneth Curry (who printed this letter in full in *NL*, I, 56-58) pointed out, 'the portion of the letter describing this first meeting between Coleridge and Southey was written at least a week after the opening two paragraphs — perhaps on June 19'. The best assessment is that provided by Richard Holmes, who points out that Coleridge set out from Cambridge on 15 June and arrived in Oxford around the 17th, when he was immediately taken by Allen to visit S. at Balliol (*Coleridge: Early Visions* (London, 1989), 61).

<sup>73</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 12 May 1795 (*NL*, I, 96), and 27 May 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.150 v.).

<sup>74</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 12 July 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.156 r.) The letter is actually undated,



## Notes to Part I

but is post-marked 13 July 1795. The 13th fell on a Monday, and since S. began the second paragraph of the letter with 'Sunday morning', I presume this to have been Sunday 12th.

<sup>75</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 22 Aug. 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.158 r.).

<sup>76</sup>'Yesterday I took my proposals for publishing *Joan of Arc* to the printers. Should the publication be any ways successful it will carry me over and get me some few acres a spade and a plough.' RS to G.C. Bedford, 20 July 1794 (NL, I, 60-61). Since S. was evidently not alluding to a London printer, I presume this to have been R. Crutwell of Bath, printer of William Bowles's *Fourteen Sonnets* (1789) and, at the end of that year (1794), of the *Poems* by S. and Lovell.

<sup>77</sup>RS to H.W. Bedford, 1 Aug. 1794 (NL, I, 65).

<sup>78</sup>*Poems: Containing the Retrospect, Odes, Elegies, Sonnets, &c.*, by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey (Bath, 1795), 131. Although the volume carried the date 1795, it was actually out by the late autumn of 1794. See Coleridge's letter to S. of 11 Dec. 1794 (CLC, I, 133-35).

<sup>79</sup>Pratt, 'Revising the National Epic', 162 n.

<sup>80</sup>See *PW*, I, xviii-xix, and Joseph Cottle, *Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey* (2nd ed., London, 1848; rpt. Farnborough, 1970), 12-13.

<sup>81</sup>RS to T. Southey, 21 March 1795 (NL, I, 92).

<sup>82</sup>RS to T. Southey, 9 May 1795 (NL, I, 94).

<sup>83</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, begun 1, continued 9 and completed 10 Oct. 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.163 r. and v.). It should also be noted here that S. had actually expressed that 'abhorrence' by a subtle allusion to Pitt in the opening lines of the *Madoc* manuscript:

Ill fall the evil-minded man whose wiles  
Embroider his country. Conscience shall enfix  
Her scorpion sting in his dark-brooding breast  
Who from her hamlet haunts scares Peace away  
With Wars shrill clarion drenching the red earth  
With human blood to aggrandize himself. (MS.1, f.3 r.)

<sup>84</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, begun 4, completed 20 Apr. 1793 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.52 r.) The letter was actually started at the Seward's home at Sapey.

<sup>85</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 29 Oct. 1793 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.72 v.)

<sup>86</sup>'do not my dear Grosvenor run away with the idea that I am mad in these schemes. Surely you will not think Edmund Seward likely to be led away by fairy visions.' RS to G.C. Bedford, 20 July 1794 (NL, I, 62.)

<sup>87</sup>'[...] in a late letter from S[outhey] I find that his disappointment at my declaring off has not amounted to anger, but contrariwise he supposes me to act upon laudable motives.' Edmund Seward to Nicholas Lightfoot, begun 2, completed 6 Jan. 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.453 f.195 v.)

<sup>88</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 15 June 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, ff.152-53).

<sup>89</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 1 July 1795 (NL, I, 97).

<sup>90</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 15 June 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.152).

<sup>91</sup>A marginal note by S. next to this passage in the seven-volume edition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* which he owned while at Oxford in 1793 reads: 'This instance of affection in the dog is by no means improbable [...] If dogs have not the reason they have at least the feeling which men ought to possess' (MS. KMG, KESMG3490, *Odyssey*, III, p.450). Over 20 years later, S. was also to produce his own version of the passage in his final epic, when, at the close of book XV, the dog Theron is the only creature to recognise the disguised Roderick:

## Notes to Part I

While thus Florinda spake, the dog who lay  
Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long  
And wistfully, had recognized at length,  
Changed as he was and in those sordid weeds,  
His royal master. And he rose and lick'd  
His wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd up  
With eyes whose human meaning did not need  
The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at once  
To court and chide the long-withheld caress.  
A feeling uncommix'd with sense of guilt  
Or shame, yet painfulest, thrill'd through the King;  
But he to self-controul now long inured,  
Repress his rising heart, nor other tears,  
Full as his struggling bosom was, let fall  
Than seem'd to follow on Florinda's words. [...]

Thus having said,  
Deliberately, in self-possession still,  
Himself from that most painful interview  
Dispeeding, he withdrew. The watchful dog  
Follow'd his footsteps close. But he retired  
Into the thickest grove; there yielding way  
To his o'erburthen'd nature, from all eyes  
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,  
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,  
While tears stream'd down, Thou, Theron, then hast known  
Thy poor lost master, ... Theron, none but thou! (*PW*, IX, 139-40)

<sup>92</sup>RS to N. Lightfoot, 21 Oct. 1797 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.d.110, f.3 r.).

<sup>93</sup>RS to J. May, 16 Nov. 1818 (*LC*, IV, 320-21).

<sup>94</sup>BLB, 119 (entry 35).

<sup>95</sup>MMM, 86.

<sup>96</sup>MMM, 125.

<sup>97</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 8 Feb. 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.146 v.)

<sup>98</sup>In his account of the events of these months, Mark Storey has reprinted this prospectus in full (Storey, 74-76). See also Haller, 157-60, George Whalley, 'Coleridge and Southey in Bristol, 1795', *RES*, I (1950), 324-40 (pp.335-38), and S.T. Coleridge, *Lectures, 1795, on Politics and Religion*, ed. by Lewis Patton and Peter Mann (London, 1971), xxiv-xvii.

<sup>99</sup>Compare, for example, the titles of the lectures delivered by S. on the following dates (as printed in Storey, 75) with the Bristol Library borrowings for the following dates (as printed in BLB, 119): lectures on 14 and 17 March — library borrowing of 5-23 March (entry 39); lecture on 24 March — borrowing of 23-27 March (entry 42); lecture on 7 April — borrowing of 6-14 April (entry 46).

<sup>100</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 27 May 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.150 v.).

<sup>101</sup>Simmons, 233 n.78, and Smith, 308.

<sup>102</sup>In his discussion of the manuscript, for example, Christopher Smith (Smith, 308) clearly did not examine the original, since he merely reproduces Curry's error.

<sup>103</sup>Speck, *Robert Southey*, 53. Speck does not comment upon my redating of MS.1.

<sup>104</sup>If S.'s 1795 *Poems* seem to contradict this, then this is because all the poems which appeared in the volume were actually composed well before his first meeting with Coleridge in June 1794.

## Notes to Part I

- <sup>105</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 12 July 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.156 r.)
- <sup>106</sup>RS to H.W. Bedford, begun 22 Aug., completed 3 Sept. 1794 (*NL*, I, 71).
- <sup>107</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 26 June 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.198 r.)
- <sup>108</sup>See Simmons, 58 and 63.
- <sup>109</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 24 Feb. 1796 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.179 v.)
- <sup>110</sup>See Simmons, 58.
- <sup>111</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 26 July 1796 (*NL*, I, 113).
- <sup>112</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, begun 11, completed 17 Nov. 1796 (*NL*, I, 117).
- <sup>113</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 8 Dec. 1796 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.215 r.)
- <sup>114</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 4 Feb. 1799 (*NL*, I, 181).
- <sup>115</sup>Unsigned reviews of *Joan of Arc* in *The Critical Review*, XVII (June 1796), 191, and *The Monthly Mirror*, I (Apr. 1796), 355.
- <sup>116</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 1 Nov. 1796 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.211 r.)
- <sup>117</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, begun 11, completed 17 Nov. 1796 (*NL*, I, 118).
- <sup>118</sup>RS to H.W. Bedford, 29 Aug. 1796 (MS. Houghton).
- <sup>119</sup>See *NL*, I, 111 n.2.
- <sup>120</sup>RS to J. Cottle, undated, but post-marked 17 Feb. 1797 (MS. Hispanic Society of America, New York).
- <sup>121</sup>In her article 'Southey Collection in the Fitzpark Museum', item 36, Mary Priestley has mysteriously described the manuscript as 'unbound in quarto book-shaped case'. The Museum holds no record of having had the MS. bound post 1982 however, and the appearance of the binding certainly suggests a *much* earlier date. A post 1982 binding would also render inexplicable the fragmentary remains of folios 99, 113 and 114, which clearly show that these folios were torn from the MS. after it had been bound (see my textual notes to these folios). Priestley also erroneously suggested that the MS. only contains 259 leaves.
- <sup>122</sup>RS to J. Cottle, 6 March 1797 (MS. Houghton).
- <sup>123</sup>Thomas de Quincey, *Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets*, ed. David Wright (Harmondsworth, 1970), 221-22.
- <sup>124</sup>RS to J. Cottle, 13 March 1797 (MS. BCL, B20870), and RS to J.J. Morgan, 16 March 1797 (*NL*, I, 122).
- <sup>125</sup>See Smith, 310-11.
- <sup>126</sup>RS to J. May, 19 July 1797 (MS. University of London Library, S.L. V.28). A biographical sketch of May will be found in *NL*, II, 495-96. As Curry has pointed out, 'during Southey's impoverished early years, May lent him substantial sums of money', and though they did not meet on a regular basis, May became, through their frequent correspondence, one of S.'s closest friends. Many of the facts which we know about S.'s early life come from the series of unfinished autobiographical letters (17 in all) which S. wrote for May between July 1820 and March 1825, extant in two manuscript collections. Those in the KMG were printed in *LC*, I, 1-157, and those at the Rush Rhees Library, University of Rochester, were printed by Michael N. Stanton in 'An Edition of the Autobiographical Letters of Robert Southey' (University of Rochester thesis, 1972).

## Notes to Part I

- <sup>127</sup>RS to T. Southey, 31 March 1797 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.47,890, f.12 r.). *On the French Revolution* appeared in two volumes — the first having been translated by John Aikin — later that same year (1797). A list of S.'s essays on Spanish and Portuguese literature in *The Monthly Magazine* will be found in Kenneth Curry, 'Robert Southey's Contributions to the *Monthly Magazine* and the *Athenaeum*' *The Wordsworth Circle*, XI (1980), 215-18.
- <sup>128</sup>RS to J. Cottle, 26 Apr. 1797 (MS. Cornell).
- <sup>129</sup>RS to J. Cottle, 2 May 1797 (*NL*, I, 126).
- <sup>130</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 25 May 1797 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.23, f.5 r.).
- <sup>131</sup>RS to J. May, 11 July 1797 (MS. Yale, MS.CBT1942).
- <sup>132</sup>See S.'s letter to Charles Danvers of 5 Sept. 1797 (*NL*, I, 144-45).
- <sup>133</sup>Biddlecombe was later to drop out of S.'s circle. See *NL*, I, 156 n.1. A useful biographical sketch of John Rickman (1771-1840) will be found in *NL*, II, 498-99, but the fullest account of his life is still Orlo Williams's *Lamb's Friend the Census-Taker: Life and Letters of John Rickman* (London, 1912), where much of the Southey-Rickman correspondence was reprinted.
- <sup>134</sup>*The Works of Thomas Chatterton*, edited by S. and Cottle, appeared in 3 volumes in 1803. For a discussion of its lengthy publishing history see Brian Goldberg, 'Romantic Professionalism in 1800: Robert Southey, Herbert Croft, and the Letters and Legacy of Thomas Chatterton', *English Literary History*, LXIII (1996), 681-706.
- <sup>135</sup>RS to T. Southey, 16 July 1797 (*SL*, I, 39). The events of S.'s life during that busy summer at Burton, as well as some important developments in his opinions of society, are well summarised in Storey, 103-07. Storey does not, however, offer a definite date for S.'s arrival at Burton. The latter can be ascertained from a letter to C.W.W. Wynn, dated Friday 2 June 1797, in which S. clearly states that 'we arrived on last Wednesday night' (MS. NLW).
- <sup>136</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 19 July 1797 (*NL*, I, 137-38).
- <sup>137</sup>RS to C. Danvers, 5 Sept. 1797 (*NL*, I, 145).
- <sup>138</sup>RS to W. Owen, 9 Aug. 1797 (MS. NLW, MS.13222C).
- <sup>139</sup>The two manuscripts are KESMG213 and B19689 respectively. The connection between these two apparently separate manuscripts has not hitherto been recognised. The key to my discovery was S.'s extensive index in the Keswick portion, in which several of the entries match up exactly with the loose pages in Bristol. Given that some of these entries were published by J.W. Warter in *SCB*, it is possible that he was responsible for removing these pages from the original. Although I have not attempted to correlate all the missing pages from the KMG notebook with those which are now in the BCL, it seems to me that there are still a number of pages which are unaccounted for.
- <sup>140</sup>RS to T. Southey, 16 July 1797 (*SL*, I, 39).
- <sup>141</sup>S. began writing poems for Daniel Stuart's opposition newspaper *The Morning Post* in January 1798, and kept up the assignment, virtually on a weekly basis, for the next two years. (See the introduction to *CMP*.) All the *Post* poems in this notebook were translations, and all of them have been removed, so that we only know of their existence in the notebook from the index.
- <sup>142</sup>RS to T. Southey, 11 Nov. 1797 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,927, f.21 v.).
- <sup>143</sup>Mark Storey (Storey, 108) suggests that it was 'in early December', but several letters confirm my dating. S. told the estate agent W.B. Thomas in a letter of Sat. 11 Nov. 1797 that 'it is my intention to go to town on Monday the 20th & keep the term the ensuing day' (MS. Yale, MS. vault shelves), and in a letter of Sun. 19 Nov. he confirmed to Cottle that 'Tomorrow we leave Bath' (MS. Cornell).
- <sup>144</sup>RS to J. Cottle, 14 Dec. 1797 (MS. Columbia).

## Notes to Part I

- <sup>145</sup>RS to T. Southey, 24 Dec. 1797 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,927, f.25 r.).
- <sup>146</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 8 March 1798 (MS. NLW).
- <sup>147</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 4 Apr. 1798 (MS. NLW).
- <sup>148</sup>RS to T. Southey, 29 Apr. 1798 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.47,890, f.18 r.). S. gave detailed accounts of Tom's exploits in two letters: to J. May, 1 May 1798 (MS. Austin) and to C.W.W. Wynn, 5 May 1798 (MS. NLW, printed in *LC*, I, 331-32). A description of the skirmish, commending the part played by Thomas Southey, appeared in a letter from Lieutenant W. Butterfield to Admiral Lord Bridport, published in *The Gazette* for 24-28 Apr. 1798.
- <sup>149</sup>RS to E. Southey, 21 May 1798 (MS. Yale, MS. Osborne files).
- <sup>150</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 27 May 1798 (*NL*, I, 165).
- <sup>151</sup>'I find great pleasure in the correspondence of William Taylor, his attainments are infinitely beyond those of any man whom I ever knew, & he has no parade, no ostentation of knowledge.' RS to J. May, 20 March 1799 (MS. Austin). Much of the Southey-Taylor correspondence will be found in *MWT*. J.W. Robberds was certainly the most accurate nineteenth-century transcriber of S.'s letters.
- <sup>152</sup>RS to H. Davy, 12 Nov. 1799 (MS. RIL, MS.27B/3).
- <sup>153</sup>RS to T.P. Lamb, 13 June 1798 (MS. Duke).
- <sup>154</sup>No previous critic has suggested an exact date for the commencement of the Southey's residence at Westbury, but this can be ascertained from S.'s unpublished letter to C.W.W. Wynn of Wednesday 27 June 1798, in which he points out that 'We came here only on Monday' (MS. NLW).
- <sup>155</sup>RS to T. Southey, 27 June 1798 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,927, f.42).
- <sup>156</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 27 June 1798 (MS. NLW).
- <sup>157</sup>Smith, 248.
- <sup>158</sup>RS to J. May, 23 July 1798 (MS. Austin).
- <sup>159</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 21 July 1798 (*NL*, I, 173).
- <sup>160</sup>*Ibid.*
- <sup>161</sup>RS to W. Taylor, 5 Sept. 1798 (MS. Huntington, and printed in *MWT*, I, 223).
- <sup>162</sup>The exact date of the Southey's departure, along with a number of other details concerning the Herefordshire journey will be found in S.'s letter to G.C. Bedford of 26 Aug. 1798 (*NL*, I, 174-75).
- <sup>163</sup>Saffron Walden Museum, MSS.41501. The notebook constitutes the most interesting item among a substantial miscellany of S. papers presented by William Henry Tuke, a local Quaker collector of literary MSS., which also include other notebooks and commonplace books, as well as numerous unrelated loose sheets and fragments of sheets. The pages are still between the original black leather covers, though all have come loose from the binding. All pages are present, and are numbered from 1 through 272, followed by three unnumbered pages of index. My acknowledgements are due to the staff at the museum for providing me with additional information on Tuke.
- <sup>164</sup>Another significant point about this date is that it shows the SW.n to be the successor to the K/B.n, there being an overlap of just six days between the final entry in the latter (see p.59) and the commencement of the former.
- <sup>165</sup>S.'s ballad of 'The Old Woman of Berkeley' subsequently appeared in *Pms.* 99, 145, where the relevant passage from the Chronicle is also quoted. Although S. would not have been aware of the fact, there was actually no such chronicler as Matthew of Westminster, the *Flores Historiarum* having been

## Notes to Part I

compiled by several hands, initially at St. Albans and later at Westminster. Much of the chronicle was derived from the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris (1200-1259), a work which S. also consulted (probably at Hereford Cathedral), as demonstrated by his annotation in *The Vision of the Maid of Orleans* (*Pms.* 99, 7-8).

<sup>166</sup>RS to J. May, 2 Sept. 1798 (MS. Austin).

<sup>167</sup>Storey, 123.

<sup>168</sup>*Ibid.* For a discussion of this lost work see my 'Feasts and Fasts: Robert Southey and the Politics of Calendar', in *Robert Southey and the Contexts of English Romanticism*, ed. by Lynda Pratt (Aldershot, 2006), 49-67.

<sup>169</sup>RS to T. Southey, 5 Oct. 1798 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,927, f.33 r.).

<sup>170</sup>RS to E. Southey, 14-15 Oct. 1798 (MS. Bod., Autograph b10, ff.285-86).

<sup>171</sup>RS to J. May, 3 Dec. 1798 (MS. Duke).

<sup>172</sup>RS to T. Southey, 5 Jan. 1799 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,927, f.36).

<sup>173</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 3 Jan. 1799 (*NL*, I, 180). For Taylor's original suggestion for *AA* see his letter to S. of 26 Sept. 1798 (printed in *MWT*, I, 228).

<sup>174</sup>Storey, 119.

<sup>175</sup>RS to W. Taylor, 4 Jan. 1799 (MS. Huntington, and printed in *MWT*, I, 246).

<sup>176</sup>See Storey, 125 and the excellent account in Kathleen Jones, *A Passionate Sisterhood: the Sisters, Wives and Daughters of the Lake Poets* (London, 1997), 78.

<sup>177</sup>RS to T. Southey, 12 Feb. 1799 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.47,890, f.23 v.).

<sup>178</sup>RS to T. Southey, 1 March 1799 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,927, f.38 r.).

<sup>179</sup>RS to J. May, 20 March 1799 (MS. Austin).

<sup>180</sup>EBK, 117.

<sup>181</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 30 March 1799 (*NL*, I, 183).

<sup>182</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 27 Apr. 1799 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.23, f.63).

<sup>183</sup>RS to T. Southey, 12 May 1799 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,927, f.40 v.).

<sup>184</sup>RS to T. Southey, 20 May 1799 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.47,890, f.25 r.). For details of S.'s hectic schedule in London during May 1799, see Storey, 126-28.

<sup>185</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 5 June 1799 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.C.23, f.65 v.).

<sup>186</sup>Storey, 129.

<sup>187</sup>RS to W. Taylor, 24 Feb. 1799 (MS. Huntington, and printed in *MWT*, I, 255).

<sup>188</sup>RS to T. Southey, 12 July 1799 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,927, f.45 r.).

<sup>189</sup>RS to J. May, 10 June 1799 (MS. Austin).

<sup>190</sup>S. kept a journal of this expedition, which can be found in *SCB*, IV, 517-18. One result of his walk to Burton was his poem *Cool Reflections during a Midsummer Walk*, which first appeared in *MP* on 29 June 1799, and was afterwards published in *AA*, II, 29.

## Notes to Part I

<sup>191</sup>RS to E. Southey, 30 June 1799 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.47,888, ff.11 r. and 12 r.).

<sup>192</sup>Of the critics who have commented upon the completion date for the first draft of *Madoc*, only Jack Simmons has noticed this anomaly. Christopher Smith (Smith, 308) has accepted the date provided by S. in the *PW* (12 July), while Mark Storey (Storey, 129) has cited only the letter to Tom Southey, and has therefore suggested a completion date of 11 July. Simmons, on the other hand (Simmons, 235 n.117), is the only critic to cite the letter to Wynn, and he uses this to arrive at a completion date of 12 July, since he ignores S.'s comment in *PW* altogether. While recognising that this date does not tally with S.'s comment in the letter to Tom, Simmons, who cites only from the version published by C.C. Southey in *LC*, II, 20, tries to resolve the anomaly by concluding that 'It is not unlikely that Cuthbert Southey misdated the letter to Tom'. As the manuscript (BL, ADD.MS.30,927, f.44 r.) shows however, this was not the case. Only Lynda Pratt ('A Coleridge Borrowing from Southey', 337) has cited the date from MS.2A itself.

<sup>193</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 13 July 1799 (MS. NLW).

<sup>194</sup>RS to T. Southey, 12 July 1799 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,927, f.44 r.).

<sup>195</sup>For further descriptions of the manuscript, see the introduction to the full transcript in *RSPW.2*, 377-570.

<sup>196</sup>*The Tinker Library: a Bibliographical Catalogue of the Books and Manuscripts Collected by Chauncey Brewster Tinker*, ed. by Robert F. Metzdorf (New Haven, 1959), 394.

<sup>197</sup>RS to J. Rickman, 14 Oct. 1802 (*NL*, I, 293).

<sup>198</sup>Pratt, 'Revising the National Epic', 161 n.

<sup>199</sup>RS to J. Cottle, 2 May and 28 July 1797 (*NL*, I, 126 and 140).

<sup>200</sup>RS to J. Cottle, 6 March 1797 (MS. Houghton).

<sup>201</sup>Pratt, 'Revising the National Epic', 161 n.

<sup>202</sup>The Diaries of James Losh, 1796-1805 (MS. Cumbria County Library, Carlisle, MS.B230, Diary Item 7, 1 Jan. 1797-26 Feb. 1798, entry for 4 May 1797).

<sup>203</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 19 April 1803 (*NL*, I, 311).

<sup>204</sup>RS to C. Danvers, 18 Dec. 1800 (*NL*, I, 230-31).

<sup>205</sup>RS to W. Taylor, 20 Feb. 1800 (MS. Huntington, and printed in *MWT*, I, 336).

<sup>206</sup>RS to J. May, 6 Sept. 1801 (MS. Yale, MS. Vault Shelves). For a brief description of the route, see Simmons, 94.

<sup>207</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 29 Oct. 1801 (*NL*, I, 253).

<sup>208</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 30 Jan. 1803 (*NL*, I, 306).

<sup>209</sup>RS to C. Danvers, 9 Sept. 1803 (*NL*, I, 325).

<sup>210</sup>RS to C. Danvers, Oct. 1803 (*NL*, I, 332).

<sup>211</sup>RS to J. Rickman, 8 Feb. 1804 (*NL*, I, 352).

<sup>212</sup>RS to J. Cottle, 16 Dec. 1804 (*NL*, I, 366).

## Notes to Part II

<sup>1</sup>Raimond, 233.

<sup>2</sup>RS to C. Danvers, 5 Sept. 1797 (*NL I*, 145), and RS to S.T. Coleridge, 1 Jan. 1800 (*NL I*, 213).

<sup>3</sup>Raimond, 238.

<sup>4</sup>Unsigned review (by Francis Jeffrey) of *Thalaba the Destroyer* in *The Edinburgh Review* I (Oct. 1802), 63-83 (pp.77-78).

<sup>5</sup>Carnall, 43.

<sup>6</sup>Simon Bainbridge, "Was it for this [...]?: The Poetic Histories of Southey and Wordsworth', *Romanticism on the Net* XXXII-XXXIII (Nov. 2003-Feb. 2004), < <http://www.erudit.org/revue/ron/2003/v/n32-33/009258ar.html> > .

<sup>7</sup>On 18 Oct. 1798, Lamb wrote to Southey concerning the excellence of one of the poems in George Wither's *Emblems*, adding that: 'this last excepted, the Emblems are far inferior to old Quarles. I once told you otherwise, but I had not then read old Q. with attention. I have pickt up too another copy of Quarles for ninepence!!!' And in his next letter — undated, but roughly two weeks later — he wrote that 'I am glad you have put me on the scent after old Quarles'. See *The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb*, ed. by E.W. Marris, 3 vols. (Ithaca, 1975), I, 136 and 139.

<sup>8</sup>RS to J. May, 2 Sept. 1798 (Ms. Austin).

<sup>9</sup>See the *Anti-Jacobin* parody of Southey's 'Inscription for the Apartment in Chepstow-Castle where Henry Marten the Regicide was imprisoned Thirty Years', in *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, ed. by L. Rice-Oxley (Oxford, 1924), 5.

<sup>10</sup>Clare A. Simmons, *Reversing the Conquest: History and Myth in Nineteenth-Century British Literature* (New Brunswick, 1990), 17.

<sup>11</sup>Michael Scrivener, *Seditious Allegories: John Thelwall and Jacobin Writing* (University Park, PA., 2001), 12.

<sup>12</sup>Beverley Southgate, *History: What and Why?* (London, 1996), 75.

<sup>13</sup>This ground has obviously been covered by all the major critical biographies which I have used. A brief but interesting survey of S.'s reactions to the Revolution will be found in Jean Raimond's 'Southey's Early Writings and the Revolution', *Yearbook of English Studies*, XIX (1989), 181-96.

<sup>14</sup>Scrivener, *Seditious Allegories*, 2.

<sup>15</sup>As Michael Scrivener has pointed out: 'although he was the most well-known British "Jacobin" participating in revolutionary politics, Thomas Paine was actually aligned with the Girondin group' (*Seditious Allegories*, 28). The reader should consult Scrivener's excellent discussion of the relationship between British Jacobinism and the Girondins in France (pp.28-30).

<sup>16</sup>William Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, X, 265 (*WWMW*, 539).

<sup>17</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 16 March 1793 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.49 v.).

<sup>18</sup>Richard Cronin, 'Wordsworth's Poems of 1807 and the War against Napoleon', *RES*, XLVIII (1997), 33-50 (p.35).

<sup>19</sup>RS to H.W. Bedford, 13 November 1793 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.78 v.), and RS to W. Taylor, 9 Apr. 1805 (MS. Huntington, and printed in *MWT*, II, 82). Compare also the comments which S. made in his *Specimens of the Later English Poets*, 3 vols. (London, 1807), III, 239.

<sup>20</sup>Richard Glover, *Leonidas, a Poem* (London, 1737), 43.



## Notes to Part II

<sup>21</sup>RS to H.W. Bedford, 12 Dec. 1793 (*NL* I, 41), and RS to J. Rickman, 20 Feb. 1803 (MS. Huntington).

<sup>22</sup>Marcus Annaeus Lucanus, *Pharsalia*, 1.5 (my translation).

<sup>23</sup>*DLC*, 5.

<sup>24</sup>*HW*, 324.

<sup>25</sup>*Lyt.*, II, 63.

<sup>26</sup>Raimond, 238.

<sup>27</sup>J. Beverley Smith, 'Owain Gwynedd', *Transactions of the Caernafonshire Historical Society* XXXII (1971), 8-17 (p.11).

<sup>28</sup>See Gerald, 139 and 221.

<sup>29</sup>*HW*, 151.

<sup>30</sup> And thus for the generall description of Wales, which afterward about the yeare of Christ 870. *Rodericus Magnus*, king of Wales, diuided it into three territories which they called kingdomes, which remained vntill of late daies. These three were, *Gwynedh*, in English Northwales, *Deheubarth*, in English Southwales, and *Powys* land; in euerie of the which he ordeined a princelie seat or court for the Prince to remaine at most commonlie: as in *Gwynedh* [...] Aberffraw in the Ile of *Môn* or *Anglesey*. In *Deheubarth* [...] *Caermadhyn*, from whence it was afterwards remooued to *Fineuowr*, eight miles thence. In *Powys* Pengwern, called *Y Mwythic*, and in English Shrewsburie, from whence it was remooued to *Mathraual* in *Powys* land.' *HC*, 6.

<sup>31</sup>*DLC*, 50.

<sup>32</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 21 Oct. 1792 (*NL*, I, 10).

<sup>33</sup>The MS. of this preface is now in the KMG (MS. KESMG228). Much of the material in this MS. version never actually made it into the published preface.

<sup>34</sup>*DLC*, 50.

<sup>35</sup>Bend down from heaven Rousseau thy laurelld head  
Survey with ecstasy this glorious sight  
The sparks of Freedom fire the increasing light  
Oer Europe see the glowing flames are spread [...] (Untitled poem sent to C. Collins in letter of 12 Jan. 1793 (MS. Huntington).)

<sup>36</sup>RS to T.P. Lamb, end of Oct. 1792 (MS. Duke). The letter is undated, but political and biographical references suggest a date of towards the end of October.

<sup>37</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 29 Oct. 1793 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.71 r.) For S.'s reaction to Brissot's death, see Carnall, 26.

<sup>38</sup>RS to H.W. Bedford, 13 Nov. 1792 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.79 r.).

<sup>39</sup>RS to T. Southey, 7 Sept. 1794 (*NL* I, 76).

<sup>40</sup>RS to A. Cottle, 28 Feb. 1797 (printed in Cottle, *Reminiscences*, 201). I have been unable to trace a manuscript for this letter.

<sup>41</sup>RS to J. May, 20 Oct. 1799 (MS. Yale, vault shelves).

<sup>42</sup>Good examples include: 'For the Apartment in Chepstow-Castle where Henry Marten the Regicide was imprisoned Thirty Years' (*Pms.* 97, 59-61), 'For a Monument in the New Forest' (*Pms.* 97, 62) and 'For a Monument at Taunton' (*AA*, I, 73-74).

## Notes to Part II

<sup>43</sup>WE, 78.

<sup>44</sup>See note 133 below.

<sup>45</sup>Ceri W. Lewis, 'Iolo Morganwg', in *GWL*, 126-67 (p.159).

<sup>46</sup>HE, liv.

<sup>47</sup>Damian Walford Davies, '"At Defiance": Iolo, Godwin, Coleridge, Wordsworth', in *RG*, 147-72 (p.150); and Lewis, 'Iolo Morganwg', 159-60.

<sup>48</sup>See Scrivener, *Seditious Allegories*, 27-28.

<sup>49</sup>RS to C. Collins, 28 May 1792 (MS. Huntington). The letter is undated, but the opening sentence makes it clear that the previous day was Pentecost Sunday which fell on 27 May.

<sup>50</sup>Anna Seward, a letter to the editor, followed by her poem 'After Reading Southey's Joan of Arc', in *The Morning Chronicle*, 5 Aug. 1797. For an interesting discussion of James Perry, see Ian R. Christie, *Myth and Reality in late Eighteenth-Century British Politics and other Papers* (London, 1970), 334-58.

<sup>51</sup>Rice-Oxley, ed., *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, 3.

<sup>52</sup>DLC, 4-5.

<sup>53</sup>Coleridge, *France: an Ode*, in E.H. Coleridge, ed., *Poetical Works*, 246.

<sup>54</sup>Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, X, 791-94 (*WWMW*, 552).

<sup>55</sup>Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, I, 213-19 (*WWMW*, 380).

<sup>56</sup>William Wordsworth, *On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic* (*WWMW*, 268) and *Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland* (*WWMW*, 330).

<sup>57</sup>Curry, 'Southey's *Madoc*: the Manuscript of 1794', 348.

<sup>58</sup>Gerald, 36 and 35.

<sup>59</sup>MMM, 87.

<sup>60</sup>MMM, 107-08. For interesting information on the founding of the Cymmrodorion Society, see *ECR*, 58-62.

<sup>61</sup>Branwen Jarvis, 'Iolo Morganwg and the Welsh Cultural Background', in *RG*, 29-49 (p.38).

<sup>62</sup>JW.91, 70-71. For Rousseau's original comments see *Du Contrat Social*, ed. by Ronald Grimsley (Oxford, 1972), 120, and for an English translation see *The Social Contract and Discourses*, Trans. by G.D.H. Cole (London, 1973), 179.

<sup>63</sup>See also the discussions in Craig, *Robert Southey and Romantic Apostasy*, 155-57, and *WE*, 80.

<sup>64</sup>MMM, 90.

<sup>65</sup>ECR, 121.

<sup>66</sup>Katie Trumpener, *Bardic Nationalism: The Romantic Novel and the British Empire* (Princeton, 1997), 33. Trumpener is by no means the only critic to have tackled this theme. Two recent contributions to the field from a specifically Welsh perspective include Jane Aaron, 'Bardic Anticolonialism', in *Postcolonial Wales*, ed. by Jane Aaron and Chris Williams (Cardiff, 2005), 137-58 and Sarah Prescott, '"Gray's Pale Spectre": Evan Evans, Thomas Gray, and the Rise of Welsh Bardic Nationalism', *Modern Philology*, CXIV (Aug. 2006), 72-95. While applauding Trumpener's 'welcome focus on the Welshness of The Bard' (p.84), Prescott produces what she terms 'a much less conciliatory stance for Evans' than Trumpener by arguing that 'although Evans was profoundly influenced by Gray's poetry, this influence

## Notes to Part II

does not efface Evans's national pride nor dilute the force of his patriotism' (p.93).

<sup>67</sup>Linda Colley, *Britons: Forging the Nation, 1707-1837* (New Haven, 1992), 162. Colley is, of course, by no means the only historian to have pointed out the gradual loss of Welshness within a larger Britishness. R. Paul Evans has argued that this process began as early as 'the accession of the Tudors in 1485' when 'Wales lost its own distinct historical tradition, which was absorbed instead into British dynastic history'. 'Mythology and Tradition', in *The Remaking of Wales in the Eighteenth Century*, ed. by Trever Herbert and Gareth Elwyn Jones (Cardiff, 1988), 149-73 (p.153).

<sup>68</sup>Prescott, 'Gray's Pale Spectre', 95 and 94.

<sup>69</sup>*Ibid.*, 80 and 81.

<sup>70</sup>In an article sent to me by Mary-Ann Constantine subsequent to the writing of this chapter, I find that she has discussed the allure of Wales as what she brilliantly terms 'a locus of alternative possibilities, both political and personal' to English writers — especially those of a more radical persuasion — in sentiments which closely resemble those which I have expressed here: 'Welsh landscape, language and literature attracted poets, artists, antiquarians and historians alike, and an energetic literary cultural revival within Wales produced a rich blend of texts, legends and fabrications which would inspire makers of both fiction and history on either side of the border.' 'Beauty spot, blind spot: Romantic Wales', *Literature Compass*, V (Apr. 2008), 577-90.

<sup>71</sup>For useful accounts of these see P.J. Corfield and C. Evans, 'John Thelwall in Wales: New Documentary Evidence', *Bulletin of the Institute of Historical Research* LIX (Nov. 1986), 231-39; Gordon Hopkins, *Llanthony Abbey and Walter Savage Landor* (Cowbridge, 1979); chapter 5 of J. Field, *Landor: a Biography* (Studley, 2000); and chapters 7 and 8 of Richard Holmes, *Shelley: the Pursuit* (London, 1987).

<sup>72</sup>RS to T. Southey, 31 December 1794 (*NL* I, 89).

<sup>73</sup>Following his visit to the house, S. believed that negotiations with the landlord, a Mr. Rhys Williams, were going well, so he was somewhat perplexed when Williams's mysterious reluctance to make some small structural changes rendered the whole scheme at an end. Rather ironically, subsequent evidence has strongly suggested that Williams's doubts stemmed from the realisation that he was in negotiations with a tenant who not only held radical political opinions, but was well known for expressing those opinions in print. For a full examination of the episode see C. Tilney, 'Robert Southey at Maes-Gwyn, 1802', *National Library of Wales Journal*, XV (1968), 437-50.

<sup>74</sup>Matthew Arnold, 'On the Study of Celtic Literature', in *Lectures and Essays in Criticism*, ed. by R.H. Super (Ann Arbor, 1962), 296-97.

<sup>75</sup>S. recognised this fact himself, describing the first part of the published poem as having 'the historical verisimilitude, & the dramatic truth' and the second part as being 'sui generis'. RS to W. Taylor, 9 April 1805 (MS. Huntington, and printed in *MWT*, I, 83).

<sup>76</sup>David A. Brading, 'The Incas and the Renaissance: The Royal Commentaries of Inca Garcilaso de la Vega', *Journal of Latin American Studies*, XVIII (1986), 1-23 (p.1).

<sup>77</sup>Benjamin Keen, *The Aztec Image in Western Thought* (New Brunswick, N.J., 1971), 206.

<sup>78</sup>See *Ibid.*, 78 and *FA*, 40.

<sup>79</sup>Lee E. Huddleston, *Origins of the American Indians: European Concepts, 1492-1729* (Austin, 1967), 24, and Keen, *The Aztec Image*, 84. It should be added, however, that Gómara has not been without his defenders. See, for example, Jon M. White, *Cortés and the Downfall of the Aztec Empire: a Study in a Conflict of Cultures* (London, 1971), 13-14.

<sup>80</sup>RS, unsigned review of *Travels in Parts of South America, During the Years 1801, 1802, 1803 & 1804; Containing a Description of the Captain-Generalship of Carraccas, with an Account of the Laws, Commerce, and Natural Productions of that Country ...* by François Raymond Joseph de Pons (London, 1806), in *The Annual Review*, VI (1807), 71-87 (p.72).

## Notes to Part II

<sup>81</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 5 Dec. 1802 (*NL*, I, 297), and *Ibid.*, 79.

<sup>82</sup>Rolena Adorno, *The Polemics of Possession in Spanish American Narrative* (New Haven, 2007), 15.

<sup>83</sup>*Ibid.*, 42.

<sup>84</sup>Brading has written that: 'A denizen of the sombre world of Philip II, he [Acosta] displayed a peculiar combination of acute intelligence and brazen triumphalism, salted in places with a political cynicism more reminiscent of Gomara than of Las Casas, whose name, significantly enough, never once appears in his books or letters' (*FA*, 185).

<sup>85</sup>Adorno, *The Polemics of Possession*, 204.

<sup>86</sup>William H. Prescott, *History of the Conquest of Peru* (London, 1959), 139.

<sup>87</sup>Adorno, *The Polemics of Possession*, 95.

<sup>88</sup>David A. Brading, *The Origins of Mexican Nationalism* (Cambridge, 1985), 6.

<sup>89</sup>In the 1st edition of his *Histoire Philosophique*, even the anti-Amerindian Raynal had argued that Manco Capac was 'one of the greatest legislators in human history [...] surpassed only by Confucius, who had made the Chinese virtuous without recourse to superstitious religious cults' (*HNW*, 36).

<sup>90</sup>Joel Barlow, *The Vision of Columbus; a Poem in Nine Books* (5th ed., Paris, 1793), 97. While several critics have commented upon the fact that S. toyed with the idea of correlating his hero with Manco, and even with the fact that he might have been influenced by Barlow's 'Dissertation', that the origins of both S.'s and Barlow's idealisation of the Inca lie with Garcilaso and those early-seventeenth-century historiographical battles has not been recognised hitherto.

<sup>91</sup>*RC*, 17-18.

<sup>92</sup>RS to J. Rickman, 3 Feb. 1800 (MS. Huntington).

<sup>93</sup>For a discussion of S.'s attitudes to climatic determinism in the published poem, see Craig, *Robert Southey and Romantic Apostasy*, 146-47. As far as I am aware, Craig is the only other commentator hitherto to have discussed this interesting issue.

<sup>94</sup>Useful discussions of Condamine and de Pauw by David Brading will be found in *FA*, 423-25 and 429-32 (and *passim*) respectively, and by Jorge Canizares-Esguerra in *HNW*, 26-36 and *passim*.

<sup>95</sup>*FA*, 429-30.

<sup>96</sup>in *HNW*, 35-37, Jorge Canizares-Esguerra has shown the extent to which, between the publications of the 1770 and 1774 editions of his *Histoire Philosophique*, Raynal entirely altered many of his opinions of the New World as a result of his 'assimilation of de Pauw's critical insights'.

<sup>97</sup>BLB, 120 (entry 49). We can be certain that Southey borrowed the 2nd edition because Justamond's 1st edition (published in the same year) was only in 4 volumes. The 1st and 2nd editions of Raynal's original work, *Histoire Philosophique et Politique, des Établissements et du Commerce des Européens dans les Deux Indes*, were also both published in 1770, in 6 and 4 volumes respectively at Amsterdam.

<sup>98</sup>RS to J. Rickman, 12 Jan. 1803 (*NL* I, 101-02).

<sup>99</sup>See *FA*, 447.

<sup>100</sup>Brading, *The Origins of Mexican Nationalism*, 4. The rest of the quotations in this paragraph are taken from the opening 3 pages of Brading's study.

<sup>101</sup>*FA*, 441.

<sup>102</sup>*FA*, 452.

## Notes to Part II

<sup>103</sup>S. always spells the name *Mango* rather than *Manco* Capac. While this fact has obviously been picked up by several commentators, no-one has previously suggested that the probable reason for this is that S.'s earliest acquaintance with the Capac myth was almost certainly derived from Picart, III, 188 ff., where the *Mango* spelling is consistently adopted.

<sup>104</sup>*HNW*, 23.

<sup>105</sup>*HNW*, 36 and 38. See Carol Bolton's interesting discussion of these issues in *WE*, 82-83. Bolton points out that 'the fact that many Indians were engaged in agricultural activities, as well as hunting, was ignored in this convenient social thesis which justified the westward colonization of America by "civilized" Europeans in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries', but she is more inclined to believe that S. also used such justifications for Madoc's colonisation.

<sup>106</sup>RS to J. Grahame, April 1808 (*NL* I, 474).

<sup>107</sup>RS to Humphry Senhouse, 19 Oct. 1808 (*NL*, I, 484). For a summary of S.'s response to the Convention see chapter 4 in Carnall, esp. 85-88 and 97-98.

<sup>108</sup>Deidre Coleman, 'Re-Living Jacobinism: Wordsworth and the Convention of Cintra', *Yearbook of English Studies*, XIX (1989), 144-61 (p.149).

<sup>109</sup>RS, *The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo* (London, 1816), 128 and 130.

<sup>110</sup>Carnall points out, for example, that, even though Shelley could report in 1811 that Southey categorically refuted trinitarian doctrine, 'it is plain [...] that those who were not intimately acquainted with Southey would not have been able to distinguish any dissent from Anglicanism in his *published writings*'. ('A Note on Southey's Later Religious Opinions', *PQ*, XXXI (1952), 399-406 (p.401, my italics).)

<sup>111</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 22 Aug. 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.158 r.).

<sup>112</sup>Having attended church on Pentecost Sunday in 1792, for example, S. told Charles Collins that 'pestered yesterday with the Athanasian creed & a sermon in defence of incomprehensibility [...] believe me I lost all patience & tho' the sermon denounced damnation to me if I doubted the Trinity I still must doubt & deny'. RS to C. Collins, 28 May 1792 (MS. Huntington). The letter is undated, but the opening sentence makes it clear that the previous day was Pentecost Sunday which fell on 27 May.

<sup>113</sup>The single direct reference to Christ in the poem is made by Cadwallon in II.266-68, and it carries no hint of any psilanthropic beliefs.

<sup>114</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 31 July 1793 (*NL*, I, 31).

<sup>115</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 5 June 1796 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.189 r.).

<sup>116</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 11 May 1794 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.106 r.), and RS to W. Taylor, 23 June 1803 (MS. Huntington, and printed in *MWT*, I, 459-60).

<sup>117</sup>Carnall, 'A Note on Southey's Later Religious Opinions', 401 and 403.

<sup>118</sup>Simpson, *Wordsworth's Historical Imagination*, 57.

<sup>119</sup>By his own admission, it was this dislike that drove him away from Godwinism: 'the frequent & careful study of Godwin was of essential service — I read & all but worshipped — I have since seen his fundamental error — that he theorizes for another state — not for the rule of conduct in the present'. RS to G.C. Bedford, 1 Oct. 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.C.22, f.163 r.)

<sup>120</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 3 Dec. 1807 (MS. NLW). Less than a month later, Southey's comments to James Grahame fully endorse the fact that one of his (Southey's) major attractions to Quakerism lay in its anti-theorising origins: 'As to my own faith I am what would have been called a Seeker in former times: belonging to no flock, yet not without a shepherd. I incline to Quakerism, and if the present Quakers abstained from insisting on articles of faith, and left those points which are not explained in the Gospel,

## Notes to Part II

untouched, with the same reverence as their fathers do — I should perhaps call myself a Quaker.' RS to J. Grahame, 4 Jan. 1808 (*NL*, I, 400).

<sup>121</sup>Writing of Iolo Morganwg, for example, Geraint Jenkins has pointed out that: 'Throughout the decade he remained strongly attracted to Quakerism. "I am of the same sentiments with the Quakers", he informed war-mongering William Pitt in December 1796 and, two years later, reflecting the theological flux of the times, he referred to himself as a Unitarian Quaker.' ('A Very Horrid Affair': Sedition and Unitarianism in the Age of Revolutions', in *From Medieval to Modern Wales: Historical Essays in Honour of Kenneth O. Morgan and Ralph A. Griffiths*, ed. by R.R. Davies and Geraint H. Jenkins (Cardiff, 2004), 175-196 (p.180).) In the discussion of conquest and the right of occupation in his *Enquiry*, John Williams praised the settlement of William Penn, 'the excellent and justly celebrated Quaker', as the 'one instance, upon record, of an amicable coalition of interests between public bodies' (*JW*.92, 4).

<sup>122</sup>Prys Morgan has rightly observed that 'It is in a way curious that Iolo should have been concerned with druidic ceremonial because he appears to have sympathized with the Quakers before becoming a Unitarian from the 1790s onwards. One of his biographers notes that he was always fond of returning to church services, and it may be that he simply enjoyed the ceremonies.' ('Iolo Morganwg and Welsh Historical Traditions', in *RG*, 251-68 (p.265).)

<sup>123</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 1 June 1794 (*NL*, I, 54), and RS to G.C. Bedford, 31 July 1793 (*NL*, I, 31).

<sup>124</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 30 Apr. 1801 (MS. NLW). As Carol Bolton has accurately observed, 'when Southey found himself on foreign soil (in his case Portugal), the problems of his home culture became virtues when compared to the alien structures of society and religion that he found in place' (*WE*, 89).

<sup>125</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 29-30 Oct. 1793 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.72 v.).

<sup>126</sup>R.J. Smith, *The Gothic Bequest: Medieval Institutions in British Thought, 1688-1863* (Cambridge, 1987), 105.

<sup>127</sup>*The Works of William Cowper ... With a Life of the Author*, ed. Robert Southey, 15 vols. (London, 1835-37), IX, 220-21.

<sup>128</sup>See my 'Feasts and Fasts', 67. These sketches will be found in *SCB*, IV, 210-11. As I have discussed in my n. to IV.181-98, S.'s lines concerning the Welsh saint Melangell are a further contribution to his 'hagiological' poems.

<sup>129</sup>RS to J. May, 14 Dec. 1798 (MS. Austin).

<sup>130</sup>Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, I, 201-04 (*WWMW*, 380).

<sup>131</sup>Robert M. Ryan, *The Romantic Reformation: Religious Politics in English Literature, 1789-1824* (Cambridge, 1997), 4 and 5.

<sup>132</sup>Quoted in Roy Porter, *Edward Gibbon: Making History* (London, 1988), 111.

<sup>133</sup>Once again, Southey had sound historical facts on which to base this representation of the religious changes which had taken place in twelfth-century Wales. Virtually since taking up office at St. David's in 1115, Bishop Bernard (who, interestingly, was actually a Norman) had sought to secure papal sanction for the turning of the See into an Archbishopric, and, therefore, for the removing of the Welsh church from the authority of Canterbury, and he had received support for this from the princes of Gwynedd. These historical facts (all of which S. knew from Gerald) contribute to Madoc's religious nationalism in the poem, though no commentator has previously mentioned this. For an excellent analysis of the events which I have described above, see the opening chapter of Michael Richter's *Giraldus Cambrensis: Growth of the Welsh Nation*, 2nd edition (Aberystwyth, 1976), 22-56.

<sup>134</sup>*WE*, 81.

<sup>135</sup>RS to J. May, 29 July 1799 (MS. Yale, MS. Vault Shelves).

## Notes to Part II

<sup>136</sup>Cited by Carnall in 'A Note on Southey's Later Religious Opinions', 403. Carnall comments that 'another thing which separated Southey from the Anglicanism of his day was his belief in the possibility of salvation outside the Christian fold'.

<sup>137</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 24 Feb. 1796 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.179 v.)

<sup>138</sup>Carol Bolton has commented that 'in Madoc's own institution of Christianity no priests figure' (*WE*, 90), thus taking no account of 'The good priest Llorien'.

<sup>139</sup>RS to H.W. Bedford, 2 Dec. 1793 (*NL* I, 37) and RS to G.C. Bedford, 14 Dec. 1793 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.89 v.).

<sup>140</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 31 July 1796 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.204 v.). In the light of such comments, and of the kind of comments concerning the stranglehold which the Catholic clergy still held on Portugal which I have cited above, it is somewhat difficult to understand David Craig's assertion that 'While he opposed the Enlightenment critique of priesthood *when applied to Christianity*, Southey employed it to explain how other religions caused social degeneration' (*Robert Southey and Romantic Apostasy*, 149, my italics).

<sup>141</sup>*WE*, 189.

<sup>142</sup>RS to W. Taylor, 9 Apr. 1805 (MS. Huntington).

<sup>143</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 11 June 1796 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.194 r.).

<sup>144</sup>David Pym, 'The Ideas of Church and State in the Thought of the Three Principal Lake Poets: Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth', *Durham University Journal*, LXXXIII 1 (Jan. 1991), 19-26 (pp.19 and 24). For a statement concerning the National Society's educational purpose, made at its founding meeting on 16 Oct. 1811, see < [www.natsoc.org.uk/society/history](http://www.natsoc.org.uk/society/history) > .

<sup>145</sup>RS to J. May, 2 Sept. 1798 (Ms. Austin).

<sup>146</sup>Prys Morgan, 'Iolo Morganwg and Welsh Historical Traditions', in *RG*, 251-68 (p.262).

<sup>147</sup>Constantine, 'Beauty Spot, Blind Spot', 578.

<sup>148</sup>Walford Davies, '"At Defiance"', 81.

<sup>149</sup>RS to J. Horseman, 16 Apr. 1794 (MS. NLS, MS.845).

<sup>150</sup>Walford Davies, '"At Defiance"', 192.

<sup>151</sup>*Ibid.*, 191-92 and 192-93.

<sup>152</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 9 March 1798 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.C.23, ff.35 r.-35 v.)

<sup>153</sup>RS to J. May, 20 Oct. 1799 (MS. Yale, MS. Vault Shelves).

<sup>154</sup>For a recent reappraisal (and ultimate rejection) of such suggestions, see chapter 2, 'Vain Belief: Wordsworth and the One Life', of William Andrew Ulmer's *The Christian Wordsworth, 1798-1805* (Albany, 2001).

<sup>155</sup>'St Pierres Book is entitled *Etudes de la Nature* — the observations of a man of real genius and real piety upon the harmonies of nature. I hesitate not to pronounce it one of the most interesting works ever produced: and that heart must be a bad one that is not deeply delighted by the perusal.' RS to G.C. Bedford, begun 11, completed 17 Nov. 1796 (*NL*, I, 118).

<sup>156</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, started 31 July, continued 6 Aug. 1793 (*NL*, I, 33). While Curry has obviously printed S.'s own transcription of this passage, I have here printed from the original (*Les Confessions*, ed. by Jacques Voisine (Paris, 1964), 763-64), though with S.'s omissions. Curry provides a translation, but, it seems to me, with a few inaccuracies, so the following is mine: 'I find no more worthy homage

## Notes to Part II

to the deity than the mute admiration that the contemplation of his work arouses. I cannot understand how those who dwell in the country and, above all, hermits do not have it. How can their soul not be lifted up ecstatically an hundred times a day to the author of those wonders that strike them? In my room I pray infrequently and with less feeling, but when I see a beautiful landscape I feel moved. [There was] an old woman who only knew for her entire prayer how to say O! He [the bishop] said to her, good mother, continue to pray always thus, your prayer is better than ours. This better prayer is mine also.'

<sup>157</sup>Mark S. Phillips, *Society and Sentiment: Genres of Historical Writing in Britain, 1740-1820* (Princeton, 2000), 3.

<sup>158</sup>*Ibid.*, 14-15.

<sup>159</sup>Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, I, 117-18 (*WWMW*, 378).

<sup>160</sup>See, for example, Mark Phillips's opening chapter, 'David Hume and the Vocabularies of British Historiography', and Karen O'Brien, 'Robertson's Place in the Development of Eighteenth-Century Narrative History', in *William Robertson and the Expansion of Empire*, ed. by Stewart J. Brown (Cambridge, 1997), 74-91.

<sup>161</sup>RS to C. W. W. Wynn, 9 Aug. 1797 (MS. NLW).

<sup>162</sup>RS to W. Taylor, 27 March 1800 (MS. Huntington, and printed, but without date, in *MWT*, I, 339-43).

<sup>163</sup>RS to J. Rickman, 28 Dec. 1806 (*NL*, i, 431-32).

<sup>164</sup>Sweet, XIV.

<sup>165</sup>Sweet, XVIII.

<sup>166</sup>Thomas Preston Peardon, *The Transition in English Historical Writing, 1760-1830* (New York, 1933), 157.

<sup>167</sup>See Sweet, XIII-XIV, 4-6 and passim.

<sup>168</sup>Ian Haywood, *The Making of History: a Study of the Literary Forgeries of James Macpherson and Thomas Chatterton in Relation to Eighteenth-Century Ideas of History and Fiction* (London and Toronto, 1986), 20.

<sup>169</sup>Sweet, 15.

<sup>170</sup>For an interesting synopsis of the extensive activities and publications of local antiquaries throughout Wales during the eighteenth century, see Geraint H. Jenkins, 'Historical Writing in the Eighteenth Century', in *GWL*, 23-44 (pp.36-37).

<sup>171</sup>RS to W. Taylor, 26 Nov. 1800 (MS. Guild Hall Library, London, and printed in *MWT*, I, 358-65).

<sup>172</sup>Robert Bartlett, *Gerald of Wales: a Voice of the Middle Ages* (Stroud, 2006), 157.

<sup>173</sup>Sir Richard Colt Hoare, *The Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin through Wales, A.D. 1188, by Giraldus de Barri, translated into English, and Illustrated with Views, Annotations, and a Life of Giraldus by Sir R. Colt Hoare, Bart.*, 2 vols. (London, 1806).

<sup>174</sup>See Edward D. Snyder, *The Celtic Revival in English Literature, 1760-1800* (Cambridge, Mass., 1923), 35.

<sup>175</sup>RS to J. May, 14 Dec. 1798 (MS. Austin), and RS to M. Barker, 10 Oct. 1801 (*Lets.MB*, 6-7).

<sup>176</sup>Simmons, *Reversing the Conquest*, 9-10.

<sup>177</sup>From the unpublished preface of the *Poetical Works* edition of *Joan of Arc* (MS. KMG, KESMG228).



## Notes to Part II

<sup>178</sup>RS to J. May, 4 June 1797 (MS. Brotherton Library, University of Leeds) and RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 9 Aug. 1797 (MS. NLW). The work to which S. was referring in the latter quotation is Joshua Barnes (1654-1712), *The History of Edward IIIrd king of England and France, with that of his son Edward, surnamed [sic] the Black-prince* (Cambridge, 1688).

<sup>179</sup>RS to J. Cottle, 28 July 1797 (NL I, 135).

<sup>180</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 21 Feb. 1801 (MS. NLW).

<sup>181</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 28 Oct. 1803 (MS. NLW).

<sup>182</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 19 April 1803 (NL I, 312).

<sup>183</sup>See Ian Watt, *The Rise of the Novel* (London, 1957; rpt. London, 1987), 26-27.

<sup>184</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 30 March 1799 (NL I, 183).

<sup>185</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 26 April 1794 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.105 r.).

<sup>186</sup>William Hazlitt, *Lectures on the English Poets*; and, *The Spirit of the Age*, ed. by Ernest Rhys (London, 1939), 162.

<sup>187</sup>Paul Cantor, 'The Politics of the Epic: Wordsworth, Byron, and the Romantic Redefinition of Heroism', *The Review of Politics*, LXIX (2007), 375-401 (pp.376-77).

<sup>188</sup>*Ibid.*, 390-91.

<sup>189</sup>Pratt, 'Revising the National Epic', 153.

<sup>190</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 24 Feb. 1796 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.184 r.). The lines to which S. is referring read:

Of unrecorded name

Died the mean man; yet did he leave behind  
One who did never say her daily prayers,  
Of him forgetful; who to every tale  
Of the distant war, lending an eager ear,  
Grew pale and trembled. At her cottage door,  
The wretched one shall sit, and with dim eye  
Gaze o'er the plain, where on his parting steps  
Her last look hung. Nor ever shall she know  
Her husband dead, but tortur'd with vain hope,  
Gaze on — then heart-sick turn to her poor babe,  
And weep it fatherless! (*Joan. 96*, 236-37)

<sup>191</sup>Smith, 108. That Southey felt more confident about laying such aspirations before the public is perhaps demonstrated by the fact that, in the 2nd edition of *Joan*, while these lines remain unaltered, an equivalent but much lengthier Frenchwoman's grief is rehearsed in the 74-line tale of Madelon (*Joan. 98*, 109-13).

<sup>192</sup>RS to C. Danvers, 5 Sept. 1797 (NL, I, 145).

<sup>193</sup>In the introduction to his Penguin translation of Gerald's *Journey and Description*, Lewis Thorpe has suggested these two dates for Gerald's birth, pointing out in his note that, while there is evidence to support both, this evidence is contradictory (Gerald, 9 and n.). Michael Richter has argued that Gerald was born 'probably in 1146' (*Giraldus Cambrensis*, 4), and he also provides references to other studies that deal with the question of Gerald's birth date.

<sup>194</sup>Cited in Bartlett, *Gerald of Wales*, 23.

<sup>195</sup>Richter, *Giraldus Cambrensis*, 29.

## Notes to Part II

<sup>196</sup>Gerald, 11-12.

<sup>197</sup>For a full discussion of the various versions (and their extant manuscripts) of both the *Journey* and the *Description*, the reader should consult the excellent introduction which Lewis Thorpe has provided to his Penguin translation.

<sup>198</sup>Bartlett, *Gerald of Wales*, 13.

<sup>199</sup>CR, II, 205-06.

<sup>200</sup>RS to J. Cottle, 28 July 1797 (NL I, 135).

<sup>201</sup>Gerald, 174.

<sup>202</sup>Gerald, 174-77.

<sup>203</sup>My acknowledgements are due to Nicholas Baker, Librarian at Hereford cathedral Library, for his assistance with the obtaining of the information in this paragraph.

<sup>204</sup>RS to E. Southey, 14-15 Oct. 1798 (MS. Bod., Autograph b10, ff.285-86).

<sup>205</sup>Gerald, 97.

<sup>206</sup>Gerald, 96 and 97.

<sup>207</sup>See Ernest G. Hardy, *Jesus College* (London, 1899), 43.

<sup>208</sup>See *MMM*, 40 and 44-45. Williams has pointed out that, prior to David Powel, the work of revising Llwyd's manuscript had been commenced by John Dee.

<sup>209</sup>Humphrey Llwyd, *Cronica Walliae*, ed. by Ieuan M. Williams (Cardiff, 2002), 16. Williams's introduction to the text is the fullest account of both Llwyd's life and of his 'Chronicle', and I have made extensive use of it here.

<sup>210</sup>*Ibid.*, 16.

<sup>211</sup>For a full listing and an analysis of the extant manuscripts of these three versions, together with four other versions, two of which are generally considered to be the forgeries of Iolo Morganwg, see the introduction to *Brut y Tywysogyon; or, The Chronicle of the Princes: Peniarth ms. 20 Version*, ed. and trans. by Thomas Jones (Cardiff, 1952), XII-XIII. Jones also provides an important summary of the evidence concerning the lost Latin originals (see XXXV-XLI).

<sup>212</sup>Williams, ed., *Cronica Walliae*, 16-17.

<sup>213</sup>See *The Historia Regum Britanniae of Geoffrey of Monmouth, with Contributions to the Study of its Place in Early British History*, ed. by Acton Griscom (London, 1929), 123.

<sup>214</sup>The saints in question were Cadog and Gildás. See the chapters on each of these in Elissa R. Henken's magnificent work *Traditions of the Welsh Saints* (Cambridge, 1987), especially pp.92 n.12 and 135.

<sup>215</sup>This is the essence of the argument put forward by J.S.P. Tatlock, whose 'Caradoc of Llancarfan' (*Speculum*, XIII (Apr. 1938), 139-52) is still the most comprehensive attempt to identify this obscure figure. For Tatlock's refutation of Caradoc's connection with the 'Brut y Tywysogyon', see pp.150-52. The connection is also repudiated by Gwyn Williams (*MMM*, 47).

<sup>216</sup>JW.91, 6.

<sup>217</sup>This was the edition which John Williams had used (see JW.91, 9 n.).

<sup>218</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 28 Oct. 1803 (MS. NLW). The Bardsey island episode appeared in part I section XIII of the published poem (*Madoc*, 129 ff.).

## Notes to Part II

<sup>219</sup>Williams, ed., *Cronica Walliae*, 25. *MMM*, 46.

<sup>220</sup>Sir George Peckham, *A True Reporte, of the late Discoveries and Possession, taken in the Right of the Crowne of Englande ... by Sir Humfrey Gilbert* (London, 1583). For a discussion of this pamphlet and Peckham's probable knowledge of Llwyd's original manuscript through his acquaintance with Dr. John Dee, see *MMM*, 34 and 40-43, where Williams reprints Peckham's brief account of the Madoc story.

<sup>221</sup>*MMM*, 47. Gutyn Owain (or Gruffudd ap Huw ab Owain) was a highly-regarded poet, chronicler and scholar, renowned for the transcribing of Welsh manuscripts. We have no dates for either his birth or death, but the majority of his extant work can be accurately dated to the last 30 years of the fifteenth-century. While the body of this work is considerable however, as Gwyn Williams has pointed out, 'Welsh scholarship [...] despite many false starts and alarms, has not been able to find any trace of Powel's "ten sails" or any other Madoc reference to Gutyn Owain's surviving manuscripts' (*MMM*, 47). The *DWB* entry for Gutyn Owain is at <<http://yba.llgc.org.uk/en/s-GUTU-OWA-1450.html>> .

<sup>222</sup>*HC*, 228-29 and n.

<sup>223</sup>John Livingston Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu: a Study in the Ways of the Imagination* (London, 1927), 360. Lowes printed Coleridge's account on p.356, and followed this with his useful analysis of Coleridge's debt to both of Purchas's works.

<sup>224</sup>*Ibid*, 291-92.

<sup>225</sup>Most of the biographical information contained here has been taken from L.E. Pennington's introduction to *The Purchas Handbook: Studies of the Life, Times, and Writings of Samuel Purchas, 1577-1626* (London, 1997), especially pp.4-5, and from *EIINW*, 22-25. The latter also contains other sources of biographical information on Purchas.

<sup>226</sup>*EIINW*, 40.

<sup>227</sup>That S. used the works of Purchas for the writing of *Thalaba* was long ago observed by William Haller (Haller, 256).

<sup>228</sup>See Steele's chapter on 'Latin America' in Pennington, ed., *The Purchas Handbook*, 301-11, and his discussion of Purchas in the second chapter of *EIINW*. In the latter, Steele provides full details of Purchas's South-American extracts in the four editions of the *Pilgrimage* on pp.26-33 and in the *Pilgrimes* on pp.40-49.

<sup>229</sup>*EIINW*, 27.

<sup>230</sup>Acosta had actually published the first two books in Latin in 1589, but translated them into Spanish for the complete work which was published in Seville the following year. The most recent edition was published in Madrid in 1987.

<sup>231</sup>*FA*, 185. This is taken from chapter 9 (pp.184 ff.), which comprises Brading's most comprehensive analysis of Acosta. The reader should also consult Brading's discussion in 'The Incas and the Renaissance', 11-14 and that of Canizares-Esguerra in *HNW*, 69-72.

<sup>232</sup>*PPe*, 799-800.

<sup>233</sup>*EIINW*, 42.

<sup>234</sup>Herrera's major work was the *Historia general de los hechos de los castellanos en las Islas i tierra firme del mar oceano*, 4 vols. (Madrid, 1601-1615). David Brading has said of this work that 'granted access both to official papers and to the manuscript chronicles confiscated during the 1570s, Herrera succeeded in at last providing the world with an authoritative history of the conquest, which by reason of its wealth of data and succinct, flowing prose at once obtained recognition as the chief source and record of Spanish settlement of the New World' (*FA*, 205). Brading's summary of Herrera's historiographical stance and enduring influence is extremely useful (*FA*, 205-10).

## Notes to Part II

<sup>235</sup>See David Brading's excellent summary of Oviedo's work in *EA*, 31-43.

<sup>236</sup>Huddleston, *Origins of the American Indians*, 16.

<sup>237</sup>See *EIINW*, 35-37.

<sup>238</sup>Richard Eden (1521?-1576) had published a translation of the first three *Decades* of Pietro Martire d'Anghiera in 1555, which had also contained translations of several other authors. He was working on an expanded edition of this when he died in 1576, and the work was, as the title page proclaims, 'newly set in order, augmented, and finished' by Richard Willes (fl. 1558-1573), and published under the title *The History of Trauayle in the West and East Indies, and other Countreys lying eyther way, towardes the Fruitfull and Ryche Moluccaes ...* (London, 1577). Purchas wrote that 'I have added many things omitted by Master Eden, and Master Willes in the former publication, both examining this, and translating the rest from Ramusio's Italian edition' (*PPs*, XV, 148). The third volume of Giovanni Battista Ramusio's *Delle Navigazioni et Viaggi*, which consisted of 'navigazioni al mondo nuovo', was published at Venice in 1556, and it contained several premier Italian translations of Spanish writers on the New World, including Oviedo. See Huddleston, *Origins of the American Indians*, 139-40.

<sup>239</sup>*PPs* XV, 233-412.

<sup>240</sup>*PPs* XV, 505-68

<sup>241</sup>*PPs*, XV, 412.

<sup>242</sup>Detailed discussions of the history of the Codex Mendoza will be found in *EIINW*, 43-44, Keen, *The Aztec Image*, 170-71, 206-07 and passim and Michael E. Smith, *The Aztecs* (Oxford, 1996), 18.

<sup>243</sup>*PPs*, XVI, 5 ff.

<sup>244</sup>*PPs*, XVII, 57 ff.

<sup>245</sup>*PPs*, XVII, 310.

<sup>246</sup>*PPs*, XVII, 310 ff.

<sup>247</sup>*PPs*, XVIII, 82 ff.

<sup>248</sup>Pennington, introduction to *The Purchas Handbook*, 22.

<sup>249</sup>RS to T. Southey, 6 March 1811 (MS. BL; ADD.MS.30,927, f.179 v.). Thomas Southey's *Chronological History of the West Indies* was published in 1827.

<sup>250</sup>RS to J. Murray, 9 April 1813 (*NL* II, 56).

<sup>251</sup>RS to T. Southey, 20 Jan. 1811 (*NL* II, 42). Curry has misread the name 'Mr. Vines' for 'Viner'.

<sup>252</sup>RS to W. Taylor, 4 Jan. 1799 (MS. Huntington), and RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 28 Nov. 1799 (MS. NLW).

<sup>253</sup>The original is in *PPe*, 380.

<sup>254</sup>See *PPe*, 218.

<sup>255</sup>Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu*, 361.

<sup>256</sup>The account is in *PPs*, XI, 207-08. It should also be pointed out that Purchas printed yet another version of the Aladeules story in the *Pilgrimage* from the *Observations of Master John Cartwright in his Voyage from Aleppo to Hispaan*, to which he added a note that the reader should 'see hereof in M. Polo long before that time of Senex de Monte, which this Aladules imitated, if the report be true' (*PPs*, VIII, 485).

<sup>257</sup>RS to J.M. Longmire, 4 Nov. 1812 (*LC*, III, 351).

## Notes to Part II

<sup>258</sup>RS, *Vindiciae Ecclesiae Anglicanae: Letters to Charles Butler: Comprising Essays on the Romish Religion and Vindicating The Book of the Church* (London, 1826), 6-7.

<sup>259</sup>For a lengthier sketch of Picart's life, and one which S. himself would have known, see Joseph Strutt's *A Dictionary of Engravers*, 2 vols. (London, 1785), II, 225-26.

<sup>260</sup>RS to J. May, 7 Jan. 1803 (MS. Austin).

<sup>261</sup>For this meeting, and the Southey's future relationship with Miss Barker, who later became their neighbour at Keswick, see Jones, *A Passionate Sisterhood*, 158 and passim.

<sup>262</sup>RS to M. Barker, 3 March 1804 (*Lets.MB*, 93). Kirkpatrick has evidently misread the name 'Tezcalipoca'.

<sup>263</sup>Picart, III, 187-211.

<sup>264</sup>Picart, III, 144.

<sup>265</sup>Sweet, 225 and 268. Much of the information in this paragraph has been taken from Pennant's *The Literary Life of the Late Thomas Pennant, Esq., by Himself* (London, 1793) and the entry for Pennant in the *DWB* at <<http://yba.llgc.org.uk/en/s-PENN-THO-1726.html>>. The reader should also consult *ECR*, 92-93 and passim and Sweet, passim.

<sup>266</sup>Pennant, *The Literary Life*, 26. For the Rev. John Lloyd of Llanarmon-yn-Iâl (1733-93) see the entry in *DWB* at <<http://yba.llgc.org.uk/en/s-LLOY-JOH-1733.html>>.

<sup>267</sup>For Moses Griffith (1747-1819) see the entry in the *DWB* at <<http://yba.llgc.org.uk/en/s-GRIF-MOS-1747.html>>.

<sup>268</sup>*ECR*, 92-93.

<sup>269</sup>*ECR*, 120 and Evans, 'Mythology and Tradition', 155.

<sup>270</sup>Pennant, *The Literary Life*, 36-37.

<sup>271</sup>BLB, 118 (entries 28 and 29).

<sup>272</sup>For two particularly good examples of this, see my two sets of consecutive explanatory notes in bk.XII: firstly, those concerning Mexican funeral rites (covering 71 lines in total), XII.33-39, 39-57<sup>(a)</sup> and 57<sup>(b)</sup>-103<sup>(a)</sup>, and secondly, those describing Mexican games and dances (covering 46 lines in total), XII.256-58, 258-60, 261-65, 266-68, 269-73, 274-79, 280-301<sup>(a)</sup>.

<sup>273</sup>This is not merely my personal speculation. Writing to William Taylor in March 1800, shortly before his departure for Portugal, S. made clear his intentions with regard to the collecting of early Portuguese chronicles: 'My intention is seriously to undertake the History of Portugal, & to qualify myself for the task by travelling over the whole of the little kingdom, & well understanding the site of every place whereof it may be my office to write. no country possesses a better series of chronicles. I shall visit the various Convent Libraries & hunt out all scarce documents. twelve months well employed will suffice for the collection of materials, & if otherwise — I am not limited to time.' RS to W. Taylor, 27 March 1800 (MS. Huntington). See also the useful comments by William Haller on S.'s access to material while in Portugal (Haller, 237).

<sup>274</sup>RS to T. Southey, 26 Oct. 1799 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,927, f.48 v.).

<sup>275</sup>For the events surrounding S.'s second, brief residence at Burton, see Storey, 131-34 and Simmons, 83-84.

<sup>276</sup>RS to J. Rickman, 14 Oct. 1802 (*NL I*, 292).

<sup>277</sup>RS to M. Barker, Dec. 1803 and 17 Feb. 1804 (*Lets.MB*, 80 and 88).

## Notes to Part II

<sup>278</sup>RS to M. Barker, 3 March 1804 (*Lets.MB*, 93).

<sup>279</sup>*Lets.MB*, 99 n.11.

<sup>280</sup>For the biographical information contained in this and in the following paragraphs, I am indebted to the introduction and chapter 2 of Rosa M. Pallas's 'Francisco Javier Clavigero: in quest of Mexican identity' (unpublished University of Pittsburgh thesis, 1974), and to the opening two chapters of Charles E. Ronan's *Francisco Javier Clavigero, S.J. (1731-1787), Figure of the Mexican Enlightenment: his Life and Works* (Illinois, 1977). For interesting (and sometimes conflicting) analyses of Clavigero's historiographical approach the reader should consult *FA*, 451-62 and *HNW*, 236-49.

<sup>281</sup>Pallas, 'Francisco Javier Clavigero', 19.

<sup>282</sup>For a discussion of the fate of Clavigero's original Spanish manuscript, see chapter 3 of Ronan, *Francisco Javier Clavigero*.

<sup>283</sup>Ronan, *Francisco Javier Clavigero*, IX-X. The shorter Italian title which Ronan provides here was an alternative to that which I have used above.

<sup>284</sup>*HM I*, 141.

<sup>285</sup>*HNW*, 246. While it was never actually published in Spain during the eighteenth century, as Charles Ronan has pointed out 'the fact that the Spanish Government gave approval for the publication of a Spanish edition of Clavigero's history is also indicative that he was not judged anti-Spanish' (Ronan, *Francisco Javier Clavigero*, 341). See Ronan's conclusions on pp.342-43.

<sup>286</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 11 June 1807 (MS. NLW).

<sup>287</sup>A brief mention will be found in T.P. Peardon's all-embracing *Transition in English Historical Writing*, 156.

<sup>288</sup>*HW*, 3.

<sup>289</sup>*The Critical Review*, LXI (Feb. 1786), 130.

<sup>290</sup>*HW*, 335.

<sup>291</sup>Jarvis, 'Iolo Morganwg and the Welsh Cultural Background', 43.

<sup>292</sup>I have already mentioned S.'s own visit to this library in December 1797. See p.64.

<sup>293</sup>The short *DWB* entry for John Williams is at <<http://yba.llgc.org.uk/en/s-WILL-JOH-1727.html>>. William Owen published a more comprehensive profile in the final volume of *The Cambrian Register* (*CR III*, 190-91).

<sup>294</sup>*JW.91*, 18-19.

<sup>295</sup>*Letters Writ by a Turkish Spy, who Liv'd Five and Forty Years Undiscover'd at Paris ... Written Originally in Arabick, Translated into Italian, and from Thence into English ...*, 8 vols. (London, 1687-94), VIII, 205. *The Gentleman's Magazine*, X (March 1740), 103. For further discussion of the Morgan Jones narrative and its history, see *MMM*, 73-80. It has also been recently reprinted in William F. McNeil, *Visitors to Ancient America: the Evidence for European and Asian Presence in America prior to Columbus* (Jefferson, N.C., 2005), 109.

<sup>296</sup>*JW.91*, 64.

<sup>297</sup>*JW.92*, 8.

<sup>298</sup>*ECR*, 122. See also Senior, 91.

<sup>299</sup>*JW.92*, 19 (my italics).

## Notes to Part II

<sup>300</sup>JW.92, 19-20.

<sup>301</sup>William L. Traxel, *Footprints of the Welsh Indians: Settlers in North America before 1492* (New York, 2004), 137. See also *MMM*, 125-28, and Senior, 90.

<sup>302</sup>David Samwell, letter to the Gwyneddigion, 23 March 1791 (printed in *The Remaking of Wales in the Eighteenth Century*, ed. by Trevor Herbert and Gareth Elwyn Jones (Cardiff, 1988), 165-67).

<sup>303</sup>*MMM*, 124.

<sup>304</sup>John Williams, *The Natural History of the Mineral Kingdom, in Three Parts, by John Williams, Mineral Surveyor*, 2 vols. (Edinburgh, 1789). The narrative of the Madoc legend, along with Williams's analysis, appeared in a chapter entitled 'The Empires of Mexico and Peru Founded by Madoc, a British Prince' (II, 420-28).

<sup>305</sup>JW.92, 24-27.

<sup>306</sup>RS to G.C. Bedford, 27 May 1795 (MS. Bod., Eng.Lett.c.22, f.150 v.).

<sup>307</sup>This work was first published in Paris in 1745, but the fact that S. adds to his paraphrased title the words 'Lettre de M. Godin a M. de la Condamine' indicates that he was seeking the 1778 3rd edition, which had contained (in a letter from Jean Godin on pp.329-79) the first account of Madame Isabela Godin des Odonais's famous journey from Peru to the mouth of the Amazon in 1769-70. Although the work had not been translated in English prior to 1795, a short account of Madame Godin's adventures had appeared in *The European Magazine*, V (March 1784), 173-75, a paraphrased account for which Jean Godin's letter was cited as the source.

<sup>308</sup>*MMM*, 127 and 133.

<sup>309</sup>RS to T. Southey, 12 July 1799 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,927, ff.44 r.-44 v.).

<sup>310</sup>RS to J. May, 19-22 July 1799 (MS. Austin). See also S.'s comments in a letter to Humphry Davy of 3 Aug. 1799 (in *Fragmentary Remains, Literary and Scientific, of Sir Humphry Davy*, ed. by John Davy (London, 1858), 37-38). The manuscript for this letter is not among the other S. letters to Davy in the RIL, and thus does not appear to be extant.

<sup>311</sup>*MMM*, 125.

<sup>312</sup>Gwyn Williams provided an accurate summary of what Iolo sought to achieve with the *Triads*: 'he seized on the celebrated and enigmatic Triads of Welsh literature, which seem to have been mnemonic devices of bard-remembrancers, and embroidered fantasies around them; but alone among scholars at that time, he accurately perceived the historical perspective they were trying to convey — and adapted that perspective to the needs of the Welsh of his own time'. For a complete collection of the *Trioedd*, with English translations, see *Trioedd Ynys Prydein: The Triads of the Island of Britain*, ed. and trans. by Rachel Bromwich, 3rd edition (Cardiff, 2006). Bromwich discusses the various manuscript collections of the *Trioedd* in her comprehensive introduction, and on p.xii she lists several articles which deal with Iolo's translations and pseudo-translations. (Note that the 1st edition of Bromwich's book (Cardiff, 1961) was published with a slightly different subtitle.)

<sup>313</sup>Herbert G. Wright, 'The Relations of the Welsh Bard Iolo Morganwg with Dr. Johnson, Cowper and Southey', *RES*, VIII (Apr. 1932), 129-38.

<sup>314</sup>Mary-Ann Constantine, *The Truth Against the World: Iolo Morganwg and Romantic Forgery* (Cardiff, 2007), 78-82. Constantine has also discussed this question further in her article 'Iolo Morganwg, Coleridge, and the Bristol Lectures, 1795', *N. & Q.*, LII (March, 2005), 42-44.

<sup>315</sup>Constantine, *The Truth Against the World*, 80.

<sup>316</sup>See *MMM*, 129-35 and *passim*, and Senior, 91-94.

<sup>317</sup>See *ECR*, 122. In the preface to his *Poems*, Iolo stated that: 'I had, and still have, an intention of going to America, partly to fly from the numerous injuries I have received from the boasted laws of this

## Notes to Part II

land [...] Another motive is to ascertain the truth of an opinion, prevalent in *Wales*, on good authority, that there are still existing, in the interior parts of the American Continent, the remains of a *Welsh Colony* that went over there in the twelfth Century under the conduct of *Madoc*, the son of *Owain Gwynedd*, Prince of Wales.' (*PLP*, xi-xii)

<sup>318</sup>Senior, 91.

<sup>319</sup>Accounts of John Evans's remarkable journey will be found in *MMM*, 141-87, and Senior, 86-103. Gwyn Williams also tackled the subject more minutely in 'John Evans's Mission to the Madogwys, 1792-1799', *Bulletin of the Board of Celtic Studies* xxvii (1978), 569-601. For a full-length study see David Williams, *John Evans and the Legend of Madoc, 1770-1799* (Cardiff, 1963).

<sup>320</sup>Cited in Senior, 100.

<sup>321</sup>*PLP* II, 64-65. The entire 'Address' occupies pages 49-69. Some of the lines relating to Madoc are quoted and discussed in Senior, 91-92, but Senior gives the misleading impression that the entire poem is on this subject.

<sup>322</sup>Sir Thomas Herbert, *A Relation of Some Yeares Travaile, Begunne Anno 1626. into Afrique and the greater Asia, especially the Territories of the Persian Monarchie: and some parts of the Orientall Indies, and Isles Adjacent*, by T. H. Esquier (London, 1634), 217-22. There is no evidence to suggest that S. ever used this work himself, either as a source for MS.2A or for the published poem.

<sup>323</sup>'At LUNDY's Isle what numbers meet;  
All throng with joy to MADOC's fleet,  
That first subdued the main [...]' (*PLP* II, 66).

<sup>324</sup>See Mary-Ann Constantine, 'This Wilderness Business of Publication': The Making of *Poems, Lyric and Pastoral* (1794)', in *RG*, 123-45.

<sup>325</sup>Franklin, 'The Welsh American Dream', 71.

<sup>326</sup>Curry, 'Southey's Madoc', 349.

<sup>327</sup>Elijah Waring, *Recollections and Anecdotes of Edward Williams, the Bard of Glamorgan; or, Iolo Morganwg, B.B.D.* (London, 1850), and *Iolo Morganwg and the Romantic Tradition in Wales, 1740-1918*, the Centre for Advanced Welsh and Celtic Studies, Aberystwyth, at: <<http://iolomorganwg.wales.ac.uk>>. One result of this latter project is *ARG*, the first anthology of critical essays to be published on Iolo.

<sup>328</sup>Geraint H. Jenkins, 'On the Trail of a "Rattleskull Genius"', introduction to *RG*, 7.

<sup>329</sup>The autobiographical quotations from which I have cited in this chapter are taken from the manuscripts in the NLW, published on the *Iolo Morganwg and the Romantic Tradition in Wales, 1740-1918* website at <<http://www.iolomorganwg.wales.ac.uk/bywyd-21387e.php>>.

<sup>330</sup>Jenkins, 'On the Trail of a "Rattleskull Genius"', 22.

<sup>331</sup>The fullest account of Iolo and the slave-trade will be found in Andrew Davies, 'Uncontaminated with Human Gore? Iolo Morganwg, Slavery and the Jamaican Inheritance', in *RG*, 293-313.

<sup>332</sup>Iolo's geological interests are discussed by Mary-Ann Constantine in *Combustible Matter: Iolo Morganwg and the Bristol Volcano* (Aberystwyth, 2003).

<sup>333</sup>Constantine, *Combustible Matter*, 21.

<sup>334</sup>Franklin, 'The Welsh American Dream', 71-72. Including Anne Yearsley among the list of 'aristocrat subscribers' seems a little curious.

<sup>335</sup>Mary-Ann Constantine, 'In a Very Deranged State', *Planet*, CLXXI (June/July, 2005), 12-18 (p.12).



## Notes to Part II

<sup>336</sup>RS to H. Taylor, 24 Jan. 1827 (*LC*, V, 285).

<sup>337</sup>Owen's letter appeared in *The Monthly Magazine* II (Aug. 1796), 542-43. S.'s reply was printed in *The Monthly Magazine* II (Sept. 1796), 618. Owen also replied to S.'s letter in *The Monthly Magazine* II (Oct. 1796), 687-88. We can identify S. as the anonymous 'B.' from a letter which he wrote to C.W.W. Wynn on 10 October 1796, which Kenneth Curry printed in *NL* I, 115. Curry mentions the exchange in his note, but does not identify 'Meirion'.

<sup>338</sup>'I shall see Meirion this week, whose real name is William Owen. he is the Author of the new Welch Dictionary, a man of uncommon erudition, & who ought to esteem me for Madocs sake.' RS to J. Cottle, 6 March 1797 (MS. Houghton).

<sup>339</sup>RS to W. Owen, 9 Aug. 1797 (MS. NLW, MS.13222C).

<sup>340</sup>*MMM*, 107-08.

<sup>341</sup>*ECR*, 61-62.

<sup>342</sup>Glenda Carr has suggested that 'although the volume is dated 1792, a more likely date of publication is the first half of the following year' ('William Owen Pughe and the London Societies', in *GWL*, 168-86 (p.174).)

<sup>343</sup>*ECR*, 73. For a detailed discussion of the dictionary's lengthy compositional history see Carr, 'William Owen Pughe and the London Societies', 175-78.

<sup>344</sup>*ECR*, 84.

<sup>345</sup>For further biographical information on Owen, see the entry in the *DWB* at <<http://yba.llgc.org.uk/en/s-PUGH-OWE-1759.html>>. More useful, however, mainly because it incorporates important recent scholarship, is the entry on Owen in the magnificent *Iolo Morganwg and the Romantic Tradition in Wales, 1740-1918* project at the Centre for Advanced Welsh and Celtic Studies, Aberystwyth, which is at <<http://iolomorganwg.wales.ac.uk/pobl-williamowenpughe.php>>. The only full-length biography of Owen is that written in Welsh by Glenda Carr, *William Owen Pughe* (Caerdydd, 1983). Carr provides excellent synopses of Owen's life and work in both of her articles from which I have cited in notes to this chapter. Finally, the reader should also consult *ECR*, 109-11 and *passim* and *MMM*, 108-09 and *passim*.

<sup>346</sup>*ECR*, 83.

<sup>347</sup>*MMM*, 104.

<sup>348</sup>Carr, 'William Owen Pughe and the London Societies', 175.

<sup>349</sup>RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 29 Aug. 1801 (MS. NLW).

<sup>350</sup>Carr, 'William Owen Pughe and the London Societies', 174 and 175.

<sup>351</sup>*CR* I, v (though the page is actually unnumbered).

<sup>352</sup>This manuscript is MS.KESMG221.3.

<sup>353</sup>*MMM*, 108 and *ECR*, 110.

<sup>354</sup>Glenda Carr, 'An Uneasy Partnership: Iolo Morganwg and William Owen Pughe', in *RG*, 443-460 (p.446).

<sup>355</sup>RS to W. Taylor, 27 May 1806 (MS. Huntington), and RS to C.W.W. Wynn, 3 Jan. 1823 (MS. NLW). S. appears to have first seen some of Owen's translations from the *Mabinogion* early in 1804. See his letters to Wynn of 16 June (MS. NLW, printed in *SL* I, 278) and to Taylor of 1 July (MS. Huntington, printed in *MWT*, I, 511).

## Notes to Part II

<sup>356</sup>RS to C. Bowles, 8 May 1830 (printed in *The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles*, ed. by Edward Dowden (Dublin, 1881), 194).

<sup>357</sup>Further details and sources of information about Nichols can be found in Francisco Javier Castillo, 'The English Renaissance and the Canary Islands: Thomas Nichols and Edmund Scory' (at <[http://dialnet.unirioja.es/servlet/fichero\\_articulo?codigo=1980492&orden=60738](http://dialnet.unirioja.es/servlet/fichero_articulo?codigo=1980492&orden=60738)>).

<sup>358</sup>Richard Hakluyt, *Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English Nation ...* (London, 1589), 506-07.

<sup>359</sup>MMM, 67.

<sup>360</sup>*The Royal Commentaries of Peru, in Two Parts, Written Originally in Spanish, by the Inca Garcilasso de la Vega, and Rendred into English, by Sir Paul Rycaut, Kt.*, 2 vols (London, 1688).

<sup>361</sup>See HNW, 114.

<sup>362</sup>RS to T. Southey, 12 July 1799 (MS. BL, ADD.MS.30,927, f.44 r.).

<sup>363</sup>Jarvis, 'Iolo Morganwg and the Welsh Cultural Background', 33.

<sup>364</sup>ECR, 26. For a full account of the Morrisises and their circle see Gerald Morgan, 'The Morris Brothers', in *GWL*, 64-80.

<sup>365</sup>See Ffion Llywelyn Jenkins, 'Celticism and Pre-Romanticism: Evan Evans', in *GWL*, 104-25 (p.121).

<sup>366</sup>See Prescott, '"Gray's Pale Spectre"', 77-80 and Charlotte Johnson, 'Evan Evans: Dissertatio de Bardis', *National Library of Wales Journal XXII* (1981), 64-90 (pp.64-66).

<sup>367</sup>Jenkins, 'Celticism and Pre-Romanticism', 112.

<sup>368</sup>See Prescott, '"Gray's Pale Spectre"', 82-83, and, still useful, Edward Snyder's *The Celtic Revival*, 41-68.

<sup>369</sup>In addition to the articles by Llywelyn Jenkins and Prescott which I have already mentioned, further biographical information on Evans can be found at the *Iolo Morganwg and the Romantic Tradition in Wales, 1740-1918* website at <<http://iolomorganwg.wales.ac.uk/pobl-evanevans.php>>. The *DWB* entry on Evans is at <<http://yba.llgc.org.uk/en/s-EVAN-EVA-1731.html>>.

<sup>370</sup>Johnson, 'Evan Evans', 71.

<sup>371</sup>Sir John Wynn, *The History of the Gwydir Family and Memoirs*, ed. by J. Gwynfor Jones (Llandysul, 1990), xvii. See Jones's introduction for further biographical information concerning the Gwydir family and John Wynn himself, and for information relating to the compositional and publishing history of the Gwydir manuscript. The dates which I have provided for the composition of the manuscript (c. 1580-1616) are those suggested by Jones. Although Barrington spelled the family name 'Gwedir', which is probably the correct orthography derived, as most scholars now agree, from the Welsh, meaning 'lowlying land', I have followed Gwynfor Jones (see his note on p.xxxviii) in using the commonly accepted modern spelling of 'Gwydir'.

The *DWB* entry for Sir John Wynn is at <<http://yba.llgc.org.uk/en/s-WYNN-GWY-1300.html>>. There is also an entry for Barrington, even though he was not actually Welsh, at <<http://yba.llgc.org.uk/en/s-BARR-DAI-1727.html>>.

<sup>372</sup>Glanmor Williams has pointed out that 'The gentry, of both native and "settler" antecedents, were best placed to exploit the changing circumstances to their own benefit. Land was for them the foundation of wealth, status, and power [... and] the holding of office often made them more credit-worthy and enabled them to raise money more easily for land purchase.' (*Renewal and Reformation: Wales, c. 1415-1642* (Oxford, 1993), 83).

<sup>373</sup>Jones ed., *History of the Gwydir Family*, xviii.

## Notes to Part II

<sup>374</sup>Sweet, 268.

<sup>375</sup>There was no actual ancestral connection between the Watkin Williams Wynns of Wynnstay and the original Wynns of Gwydir. In 1719 the Gwydir family line had come to an end, and Charles's grandfather, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn (*d.* 1749), took over the estates (including Wynnstay) and baronetcy, and subsequently added Wynn to his family name. See the *DWB* entry for the Watkin Williams Wynn family at <http://yba.llgc.org.uk/en/s-WYNN-WYN-1600.html> > .

<sup>376</sup>JW.91, 29 n.

<sup>377</sup>RS to C. W. W. Wynn, 28 Oct. 1803 (MS. NLW).

<sup>378</sup>Peardon, *Transition in English Historical Writing*, 128.

<sup>379</sup>RS to J. May, 5 Aug. 1805 (MS. NYPL, Lee Kohns Memorial Collection).

<sup>380</sup>The group had been founded by Lyttelton's uncle Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham, who had been dismissed from the government by Walpole in 1733. Retiring to his family seat at Stowe, Buckinghamshire, Cobham thereafter channeled large amounts of finance into purchasing parliamentary seats for those who would oppose Walpole, particularly his young nephews. The group also included William Pitt and Richard and George Grenville.

<sup>381</sup>Samuel Johnson, *The Works of Samuel Johnson*, 6 vols. (Dublin, 1793), VI, 262. Johnson also provided some interesting information concerning the development of Lyttelton's *Life of King Henry the Second* (VI, 265-66).

<sup>382</sup>One might include his poetry in this statement as well. H.J. Jackson, for example, has argued that a series of poems which Lyttelton wrote for his dead wife Lucy Fortescue (who died at the age of 29 in 1747) were the primary inspiration for Wordsworth's Lucy poems. See 'Lucy Revived', *Romanticism on the Net XIII* (Feb. 1999), <<http://www.erudit.org/revue/ron/1999/v/n13/005843ar.html>> .

<sup>383</sup>Lyt., II, 38.

<sup>384</sup>Lyt., II, 35-70.

<sup>385</sup>Lyt., II, 71-76 and 406-11.

<sup>386</sup>JW.91, 55-63.

<sup>387</sup>Lyt., IV, 373.

<sup>388</sup>RS to J. Rickman, 12 Jan. 1803 (*NL I*, 101-02, my italics).

<sup>389</sup>Nicholas Phillipson, 'Providence and Progress: an Introduction to the Historical Thought of William Robertson', in *William Robertson and the Expansion of Empire*, ed. by Stewart J. Brown (Cambridge, 1997), 55-73 (p.57).

<sup>390</sup>Jeffrey Smitten, 'William Robertson', in *British Prose Writers, 1660-1800*, ed. by Donald T. Siebert, *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, vol. 104 (Detroit, 1991), 260-68 (p.263). I have borrowed extensively from Smitten's article for biographical information on Robertson. There is also a useful summary of his life and work on the Edinburgh University Scottish Enlightenment web page at <<http://websiterepository.ed.ac.uk/explore/av/enlightenment2006/williamrobertson.html>> . Jeffrey Smitten has also put together the most comprehensive and well-annotated Robertson bibliography at <<http://andromeda.rutgers.edu/~jlynch/C18/biblio/robertson.html>> .

<sup>391</sup>Phillipson, 'Providence and Progress', 60.

<sup>392</sup>William Robertson, *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V*, 3 vols. (London, 1769), I, 1-192.

## Notes to Part II

<sup>393</sup>BLB, 119 (entry 46). For the date and title of S.'s lecture, see Storey, 75.

<sup>394</sup>Robertson, *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V*, I, xiv-xv.

<sup>395</sup>Smitten, 'William Robertson', 265.

<sup>396</sup>FA, 433. Brading does not cite Robertson's opinion that 'of all the Spanish writers, Herrera furnishes the fullest and most accurate information concerning the conquest of Mexico, as well as every other transaction in America' (HA, I, 446), but this would appear to confirm his (Brading's) assessment.

<sup>397</sup>RS to J. Rickman, 12 Jan. 1803 (NL, I, 102); William Taylor, review (in *The Annual Review*) of Robert Orme's *Historical Fragments of the Mogul Empire ...* (1805), printed in MWT, II, 169.

<sup>398</sup>Bruce P. Lenman, 'From Savage to Scot' via the French and the Spaniards: Principal Robertson's Spanish Sources', in *William Robertson and the Expansion of Empire*, ed. by Stewart J. Brown (Cambridge, 1997), 196-209 (p.201).

<sup>399</sup>FA, 441. Brading provides an excellent summary of Robertson's South-American historiography in FA, 432-41.

<sup>400</sup>Hugh Trevor-Roper, *Queen Elizabeth's First Historian: William Camden and the Beginnings of English 'Civil History'* (London, 1971), 6.

<sup>401</sup>Sweet, XVIII.

<sup>402</sup>Richard Gough, *The History and Antiquities of Croyland Abbey* (London, 1783), v, cited in Rosemary Sweet, 'Antiquaries and Antiquities in Eighteenth-Century England', *Eighteenth-Century Studies* XXXIV 2 (winter 2001), 181-206 (p.185). I have borrowed much of the biographical information in this paragraph from Sweet's article. For another useful biographical summary see Clare Callaghan, 'Richard Gough', in *Eighteenth-Century British Historians*, ed. by Ellen M. Jenkins, *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, vol. 336 (Detroit, Mi, 2007), 160-65.

<sup>403</sup>Gough, I, VIII.

<sup>404</sup>Callaghan, 'Richard Gough', 162.

<sup>405</sup>Ibid., I, VI.

**Robert Southey's Original *Madoc*:  
a Transcript of the 1797-99 Manuscript, with a  
Detailed Analysis of its Development and Sources**

**Paul Jarman**

**A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy  
in the School of English and Modern Drama**

**Queen Mary, University of London**

**January 2010**

**Volume 2 of 2**

## The Transcript of MS.2A

### A Note on the Transcript of MS.2A

In seeking to reproduce a text of Southey's manuscript which is both faithful to the original and easily accessible to the reader, my aim has been to remove from the main body of the text all material which is not actually part of the poem itself. I have thus relegated to the textual notes any of Southey's extraneous material, such as dates and/or places of composition (as in VII.456 and XIII.194), references to borrowings from other writers (such as 'Clavigero 373' in III.452 and 'Webster' in VI.111), and Southey's own line numbers.

#### 1. Folio and Line Numbers

The only material to appear in the main body of the text which is not actual poetry therefore are the folio and line numbers. The former appear as centred headings in square brackets, and are placed at the exact point where a folio change occurs in the original manuscript. Folio numbers are preceded by a letter f., and are followed by either the letter r. for the recto or v. for the verso. The point of change over to the verso of folio 200 would thus be represented:

[f.200 v.]

Southey's practice throughout the manuscript has been to use only the recto of each folio for initial composition, and to reserve the versos either for large-scale amendments to existing text, or for additional material to be inserted into the text, on the opposite recto. (Thus amendments or additions on f.200 v. would actually relate to the existing text on f.201 r.) So far as it has been possible, I have sought to create a continuous narrative by incorporating all verso material into the text at the relevant point, rather than concluding the text on every recto page before reproducing that which is on the verso. The result of this is that some folio numbers will appear more than once (all subsequent references being followed by 'cont. '), since I am returning to that particular folio for a second or third time. For example, owing to the fact that Southey has made two separate amendments on the verso of folio 141, f.142 r. actually appears on three occasions, and f.141 v. itself on two. All folios are numbered in the original manuscript.

At various random points in each book of the poem, Southey has also inserted line numbers. It is clear however that these were usually inserted at the time of original composition, so that any subsequent amendments to the text have rendered them incorrect. It is for this reason that I have relegated all mention of Southey's own line numbering to the textual notes. I have numbered every fifth line of extant text, but the reader should also be aware of two other conventions which I have adopted (a) for dealing with ambiguous text, and (b) for numbering lines in lengthy passages of deletion.

By the term 'ambiguous text' I mean one of two possible scenarios. The first is, quite simply, a line of text about which Southey has evidently not made up his mind as to whether he wishes to retain or delete it (as in the final line of book I). The second scenario relates to one or more lines of text which, while they are wholly or substantially deleted, are nevertheless required in order that the sense of the narrative might continue (as in the three lines following line 232 in book II). The usual explanation for this second scenario is that, having deleted, or partially deleted, a particular line (or group of lines), Southey subsequently decided that he actually wished to restore that line to its original state, but he has not found any method of indicating that this is the case. This conclusion is generally supported by the fact that the line (or lines) in question appears in MS.2B exactly as it did prior to its deletion. My method for enumerating all such 'ambiguous' lines is to add lettered suffixes to the last extant line number. Thus, the above-mentioned lines in book II are numbered 232A, 232B and 232C, just as the final line of book I is numbered 368A.

Since references to deleted lines are frequently called for in both the textual and the explanatory notes, I have also adopted a system for numbering the latter. Once again, the system depends upon the last extant line for its base number, and this is suffixed with +1, +2 etc. Thus the fourth deleted line after line 100 would be referenced as line 100+4. In cases where lengthy passages have been deleted (such as the final 27 lines of book II), I have actually numbered every 10th line in the text with +10, +20 etc.

## 2. Textual Conventions

In order to represent faithfully the intricacies of the original manuscript, I have employed four conventions, each of which depicts a particular scenario within the original text. These scenarios are: underlined text, deleted text, replacement text and superimposed text.

Quite simply, all text which has been underlined in my reproduction is also underlined in the original. Southey tended to reserve underlining for book headings, but there are a few occasions (such as in the second line of the poem) where he also underlines text for emphasis.

By far the most prevalent method which Southey employs to indicate that he wished a particular piece of text to be deleted is the drawing of a horizontal line through the centre of the text in question, thus: ~~deleted text~~. On a number of occasions however, particularly when wishing to indicate the deletion of larger chunks of text, Southey has adopted a variety of alternative methods. In my reproduction, all deleted text, irrespective of Southey's chosen method of indication, appears in italics. In all cases where Southey has adopted an alternative method of indication, the italicised text will be accompanied by a textual note clarifying his procedure. It should therefore be assumed that any italicised text carrying no annotation represents Southey's standard horizontal-line deletion method.

By the term 'replacement text' I mean text which Southey has substituted in place of that which he has deleted. As mentioned above, in the case of large-scale replacements he has utilised the verso of a folio, and usually placed some kind of mark in the main text on the recto to indicate that this is where the replacement (or, in some cases, the addition) is to be inserted. The convention with which I am concerned here however, represents smaller replacements made by Southey in the main text itself. Given that these were made at a point in time after the initial period of composition, Southey, faced with an already-completed line, obviously has three choices: to write the replacement above the line (his usual practice), below the line, or, if the replacement is extremely small, to try and squeeze it into the line itself. All replacement text in my reproduction appears in angled brackets, thus: < text >, but I have also deemed it



important to inform the reader as to the position of the replacement text. This I have done by preceding the angled brackets with one of three arrow symbols. An arrow pointing up ( $\uparrow$  < text >) indicates that Southey has written the replacement text above the line; an arrow pointing down ( $\downarrow$  < text >) indicates that he has written it below the line; and an arrow pointing in both directions ( $\Updownarrow$  < text >) indicates the insertion of the replacement within the line itself.

There are several other important points to bear in mind concerning replacement text. Firstly, I should emphasise again that this is text which Southey has written *after* the initial period of composition. On a few occasions however (as in VII.252 and XIII.12), it is quite clear that Southey has made an alteration at the time of composition; that is, he has deleted a word or phrase immediately after having written it, and then continued the line with its replacement. In such cases (see the lines cited as examples), the replacement text obviously does not appear in angled brackets. In only one scenario is the question of whether Southey carried out an alteration immediately or later problematic: when the final word or phrase of a line has been deleted and replaced. The difficulty here is that, with plenty of space in the right-hand margin, Southey inevitably tacks the replacement text onto the end of the line, immediately after the deletion. For this reason, in most cases where replacement text forms the last element in a line (as in III.175 and IV.35), I have not placed it in angled brackets, since it is impossible to make an accurate judgement about the time of alteration. Finally, it should also be noted that, at the other end of the line, Southey occasionally makes use of the left-hand margin for replacement text, usually, though not always, when the deleted word or phrase is the first element in the line. In such cases of course, the result is that the replacement text then appears in my reproduction before the deleted text which it is to replace (see VII.211 and IX.46).

In addition to the representation of replacement text, it should finally be noted that angled brackets also perform one other related function: the surrounding of text which has been added at a later period, but *not* as a replacement for a deletion. In all cases, this 'added text' constitutes either one word or one whole line. In the former case, the usual explanation for such text is that Southey accidentally omitted it on first writing out the line (as in VII.438<sub>(a)</sub> and XIV.31). In the latter case, Southey has obviously

decided to add an extra line at a later date. In these instances, the whole line is surrounded with angled brackets, and it has seemed logical to precede the line with an arrow pointing in both directions (as in IX.192 and XII.67), since the added text is neither above nor below the line.

There are several occasions in the manuscript where, instead of using deletion and replacement, Southey changes a word by superimposing the new word over the original by re-forming the letters. In the majority of such cases, Southey has simply altered one or two letters in the original word in order to change it, as in III.599, where he changes 'wintry' into 'winter' by superimposing 'er' over 'ry'. On one or two occasions however, Southey has superimposed a whole word over another, as in III.594, where he has changed 'sons' into 'race'. My method for representing such changes is to italicise the original letters (since, after all, they constitute a form of deletion), and to place the superimposed letters between braces. Thus, the two examples cited here are represented as: 'wintry{er}' and 'sons{race}'. There are, of course, more complex examples where Southey has used a combination of superimposed and added text, as in VII.337, where he changed the word 'labourd' into 'labouring' by superimposing the letter i over the original d and squeezing the letters 'ng' into the line. Thus, in my reproduction, the word reads: labour*d*{i} † < ng > .

### 3. Quick Reference Key

The following is an instant guide to the textual conventions discussed above:

[f.—] (where dash is a number): folio number, followed by r. for recto or v. for verso

—A, —B, etc. (where dash is a number): numbering for lines which have been deleted, but are actually required for the continuity of the text

—+10, —+20, etc. (where dash is a number): numbering for deleted lines

text: underlined text

~~text~~: deleted text, the method used being a horizontal line drawn through the text, unless otherwise stated in textual note

↑ < text > : text added later, above the line

↓ < text > : text added later, below the line

‡ < text > : text added later, squeezed onto the line

*text*{*text*}: text superimposed over original text

## A Note on the `Reading Text'

My decision to adopt the term `reading text' to describe the text which appears on the pages facing my reproduction of the original manuscript was not a trivial one. In particular, it was a term chosen to dispel any notion that my intention was to produce an *edited* text. On the contrary, I have sought to keep editorial interference to a minimum.

The purpose of the `reading text' is twofold. Firstly, by removing all deleted words and passages and inserting their replacements, the `reading text' should provide an instant reference guide, particularly in complex passages, as to what is happening in the manuscript. Secondly—and of course this is related—the `reading text' acts as the best possible guide to Southey's final intentions at the completion of MS.2A. It is essential to reiterate here however that those `final intentions' were not always implemented in MS.2B. In other words, while the fair copy can often provide useful hints in difficult passages, it can never be an *absolute* guide to Southey's final intentions at the time of completing MS.2A.

Keeping these two aims in mind, I have restricted my silent editorial changes to those instances where one can be absolutely certain that Southey would have followed suit. The most common examples of this occur in lines where Southey has deleted the original opening word or phrase, thus leaving a new word to commence the line which, owing to its original position, does not begin with a capital letter. Knowing that Southey would unquestionably have capitalised the opening word on re-writing the line, I have deemed it acceptable to carry out this change (see III.34 and VIII.350). The same is true of the opposite scenario: when a word which has formerly commenced a line has been superseded by an addition to the beginning of the line, I have deemed it acceptable to remove its initial capital (see VII.92). With these exceptions, all other editorial changes appear in square brackets, even in those cases where I am simply adding letters which Southey has accidentally omitted, such as the final e of `rejoice' in I.212 or the v in `favoring' in II.8.

While the editorial procedures discussed above are all concerned with the correcting of Southey's text, I have also decided to add some punctuation to the `reading text' in

order to assist with the sense of the narrative. I should emphasise once again however that I have sought to keep this to a minimum—by no means wishing to produce a fully-punctuated text—and that I have not added any punctuation marks without enclosing them in square brackets. A few comments concerning my use of the quotation mark are, I think, particularly necessary. Southey's use of the single and double quotation mark is completely erratic, and can even change within the context of one speech. For the sake of consistency, I have chosen always to adopt the double quotation mark if I am adding a quotation mark which Southey has accidentally omitted, as in both cases in V.132. I have also taken the decision to always mark up quotation within quotation; that is, dialogue which is taking place within the context of a narrative which is already being spoken (see especially the lengthy narratives spoken by Madoc in book II and by Cadwallon in book VII, both of which contain numerous examples of this). Southey occasionally remembers to do this himself, in which case of course, I have not made any additions. Since all lines within spoken narrative automatically begin with a quotation mark, Southey never attempts to add a second, inner quotation mark if the commencement of a line within that narrative is also the beginning of dialogue, as in II.79 and III.152. My decision to always mark up such passages in order to make it clear to the reader that dialogue is commencing has thus led to several lines beginning: `["]text (see the examples cited).

One final and perhaps obvious point. The `reading text' is designed to be used in conjunction with the textual notes. It is frequently the ultimate practical application of what the textual notes are attempting to explain, and it therefore prevents the necessity of crowding the latter with examples. Similarly, any questions concerning the reason why a particular passage appears as it does in the `reading text' should be immediately answered by consulting the textual notes.

---

[f.1 r.]  
Madoc.

Book 1st.

The Song shall tell of Madoc, for he sought  
In unknown realms for Liberty & Peace.

Light oer the billows bounded the tall bark  
Speeding before the gale. oh then what thoughts  
5 Swelld every bosom, when the mariners,  
After long toil in oceans unexplord,  
Gazed on their native country! some delight  
To watch the distant shore with aching eye,  
Shaping to Memorys fondly-cherishd forms  
10 Each dim seen object: one, impatient grown,  
Strains the straind canvas, chiding the dull winds  
That they did lag so heavily: one grasps  
His comrades hand & bids him welcome home  
And Blesses God, & then he weeps aloud.  
15 Silent, apart from all, & musing much  
Stood Madoc; now his perilous enterprize  
Proudly remembering, now by happiest hopes  
Absorb'd, anon of anxious bodings full.  
Fair smiles the evening, onward drives the gale,  
20 And lightly bounding thro the roaring waves  
Speeds the tall bark.

[f.2 r.]

On Snowdons hoary heights  
And on the snow-clad clifts of Penmanmawr [*sic*]  
Gleamd the departing radiance fading slow.  
The plover on the pebbled beach reposed  
25 Ceasd her quick flight, no[r] longer with shrill cry  
Made pleasant music to the mariner.  
The evening mists came on, & now the bark  
Approachd where oer the shadowy sea distinct  
Rose the dark island. many a fire of joy  
30 Blazed on the shore, & oer the billowy deep  
Heaved their red splendor far. then oer the mind  
Of Madoc, fearful & uncertain thoughts  
Past rapid. did some new usurper seize  
The throne of David? had the tyrants guilt  
35 Awakened Justice to the deed of blood?  
Or blazed they for a brothers obsequies  
Victorious Murder's triumph? like the flames  
Whose lurid image on the regal towers

[f.1 r.]  
Madoc.

Book 1st.

The Song shall tell of Madoc, for he sought  
In unknown realms for Liberty & Peace.

Light oer the billows bounded the tall bark  
Speeding before the gale. oh then what thoughts  
5 Swelld every bosom, when the mariners,  
After long toil in oceans unexplord,  
Gazed on their native country! some delight  
To watch the distant shore with aching eye,  
Shaping to Memorys fondly-cherishd forms  
10 Each dim seen object: one, impatient *grown*<sup>1</sup> [*1 word*],  
Strains the straind canvas, chiding the dull winds  
That they did lag so heavily: one grasps  
His comrades hand & bids him welcome home  
And Blesses God, & then he weeps aloud.  
15 Silent, apart from all, & musing much  
Stood Madoc; now his perilous enterprize  
Proudly remembering, now by happiest hopes  
Absorb'd, anon of anxious bodings full.  
Fair smiles the evening, onward drives the gale,  
20 And lightly bounding thro the roaring waves  
Speeds the tall bark.

[f.2 r.]

On Snowdons hoary heights  
And on the snow-clad clifts of Penmanmawr  
Gleamd the departing radiance fading slow.  
The *sea-mew* ↑ < plover > on the pebbled beach reposed  
25 Ceasd her quick flight, now<sup>2</sup> longer with shrill cry  
Made pleasant music to the mariner.  
The evening mists came on, & now the bark  
Approachd where oer the shadowy sea distinct  
Rose the dark island. many a fire of joy  
30 Blazed on the shore, &<sup>3</sup> *on the regal towers*  
*Of old Aberffraw pourd a lurid glare,*  
*While its long flashes* & oer the billowy deep  
Heaved *in{th} ↓ < eir >* red splendor far. then oer the mind  
Of Madoc, fearful & uncertain thoughts  
Past rapid. did some new usurper seize  
35 The throne of David? had the tyrants guilt  
Awakened Justice to the deed of blood?  
Or blazed they for a brothers obsequies  
Victorious Murder's triumph? like the flames  
Whose lurid image on the regal towers

<sup>1</sup>The word `grown' has been faintly scored through, and an illegible word in a similarly faint ink has been tacked on at the end of the line, and also deleted. This suggests that, at some point, S. did have some doubts about `grown', but the word was retained in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>The word `now' should clearly have been `nor', as in MS.2B.

<sup>3</sup>While S. has commenced his crossing out from the word `on', it is clear that the `&' should also have been included in the deletion, since this line is now completed with `& oer the billowy deep'.

Of old Aberffraw trembled in the wind,  
 40 The quick conjectures varied. onward drives  
 The steady gale, strong thro the water  
 Rides the stately bark, the exulting sailours['] [*sic*] shouts  
 Swell louder now, for from her matchless way  
 In Mona's hallowed haven now she rests.  
 [f.3 r.]

45 Forth leapt the warriors. by the harbourd bark  
 There stood an aged man with wistful eye  
 Watching the strangers. him the Prince addressd  
 "Father—beseech you—who inhabits now  
 "Aberffraws halls? I have been absent long  
 50 "From this my native country",—  
 "it is he,—  
 "It is my dear-loved master;" cried the sire  
 And, falling on the neck of Madoc, pourd  
 Profuse the tear of transport. he no less  
 His joy indulged, for now he recognized  
 55 The aged Kynwric. guardian of his youth  
 Him had his royal father chosen forth  
 In martial thewes & discipline robust  
 To train his infancy, & he did love  
 Even as a father love the good old man.

60 "But tell me" cried the Prince, ["]how has it fared  
 "With Gwenlhian? we have ploughd the unknown deep  
 "Many a long lingering moon: has she not wept  
 "Her brother lost?"  
 "even now" the old man replied  
 "Amid the hall of merriment she sits  
 65 "A silent wretched one. oh let me haste  
 "To bless her with my tidings. we have known  
 "Much sorrow Madoc! day by day have gazed  
 "Over the ocean & with aching eye  
 "And agitated heart watchd every sail.  
 [f.4 r.]

70 "Let us not linger here."  
 then Madoc cried  
 "On to Aberffraw comrades! we have shared  
 "Long toil, & we will share the joys of home.  
 "Moor fast the bark; & onwards!"  
 So he spake  
 Then turnd to Kynwric & with rapid step  
 75 Past from the shore. high blazed the festive fires  
 And the loud clamors of tumultuous joy  
 Rose thundering—["]wherefore these festivities[?"]  
 The Prince enquired & Kynwric thus replied.

"The giddy people join in exultation  
 80 "Welcoming their new-crownd Queen; heedless the while  
 "What evils sprung from this ill-omend bride  
 "Await their falling country. David weds  
 "The English princess. he the headstrong slave  
 "Of unsubdued passions, doth so dote  
 85 "Upon this Saxon, as some witchery  
 "Spell-bound his better sense, & lethargized  
 "The British blood he drew from Owains veins.

- 40 Of old Aberffraw trembled in the wind,  
 The quick conjectures varied. onward drives  
 The steady gale, strong thro the water  
 Rides the stately bark, the exulting sailours shouts  
 Swell louder now, for from her matchless way  
 In Mona's hallowed haven now she rests.  
 [f.3 r.]
- 45 Forth leapt the warriors. by the harbourd bark  
 There stood an aged man with wistful eye  
 Watching the strangers. him the Prince addressd  
 "Father—beseech you—who inhabits now  
 "Aberffraws halls? I have been absent long  
 50 "From this my native country",—  
 "it is he,—  
 "It is my dear-loved master;" cried the sire  
 And, falling on the neck of Madoc, pourd  
 Profuse the tear of transport. he no less  
 His joy indulged, for now he recognized  
 55 The aged Kynwric. guardian of his youth  
 Him had his royal *sire appointed erst* ↑ < father chosen forth >  
 In martial thewes & discipline robust  
 To train his infancy, & he did love  
 Even as a father love the good old man.
- 60 "But tell me" cried the Prince, how has it fared  
 "With Gwenthian? we have ploughd the unknown deep  
 "Many a long lingering moon: has she not wept  
 "Her brother lost?"  
 "even now" the old man replied  
 "Amid the hall of merriment she sits  
 65 "A silent wretched one. oh let me haste  
 "To bless her with *the* ↑ < my > tidings. we have known  
 "Much sorrow Madoc! day by day have gazed  
 "Over the ocean & with aching eye  
 "And agitated heart watchd every sail.  
 [f.4 r.]
- 70 "Let us not linger here."  
 then Madoc cried  
 "On to Aberffraw comrades! we have shared  
 "Long toil, & we will share the joys of home.  
 "Moor fast the bark; & onwards!"  
 So he spake  
 Then turnd to Kynwric & with rapid step  
 75 Past from the shore. ↑ < high blazed > the festive fires *blazd high*  
 And the loud clamors of tumultuous joy  
 Rose thundering—wherefore these festivities  
 The Prince enquired & Kynwric thus replied.
- 80 "The giddy people join in exultation  
 "Welcoming their new-crownd Queen; heedless the while  
 "What evils sprung from this ill-omend bride  
 "Await their *hapless* ↑ < falling > country. David weds  
 "The English princess. he the headstrong slave  
 "Of unsubdued passions, doth so dote  
 85 "Upon this Saxon, as some witchery  
 "Spell-bound his better sense, & lethargized  
 "The British blood he drew from Owains veins.



- "Three days his halls have echoed to the song  
 "Of joyaunce",— "Oh shame shame that they should hear
- 90 "Songs of such joyaunce!" cried the indignant prince.  
 "Oh that my fathers halls where I have heard  
 "The song of Counsylvt & of Ceiriogs field  
                                   [f.5 r.]  
 "Should echo such pollution! will the Chiefs  
 "Brook this alliance—this unnatural tie?["]—
- 95 "There is no face but wears a courtly smile"  
 The old man replied. "Aberffraws aged towers  
 "Witnessd not feasts like these when Owain came  
 "In conquest & Gwalchmai struck the harp.  
 "Gwenlhian alone sits heedless of the pomp
- 100 "In solitary thoughts, for much she mourns  
 "Her hapless brethren."  
                                   "Has then ought of ill  
 "Anew befallen the ill-fated house of Owain?"  
 Cried Madoc as he felt his burning cheek  
 Crimson with sudden fear. "has the impious rage
- 105 "Of David urged him to new deeds of death[?]  
 "Alas for Hoel! fearless in the war  
 "Lovely in all the courtesies of peace  
 "And skilld to pour the soul-emoving song  
 "He was indeed my brother!"  
                                   "Evil fate"
- 110 Kynwric replied, "still follows on the house  
 "Of Owain. in the dungeon Rodri groans.  
 "from Dolwyddelan Driven his peaceful home  
 "Jorwerth sought shelter in the holy church  
                                   [f.5 v.]
- 115 ["]The murderer followed—Madoc now I tell  
 ["]Wh[o] armd the murderer gainst that gentle heart—  
 ["]That never made a foe? [f.5 r. cont.] his gallant boy  
 "In this his rightful kingdom now perchance  
 "Has not wherein to shield him from the night.  
 "Oh if my dear old master could behold  
                                   [f.6 r.]
- 120 "His children, wandering now in other lands

- "Three days his halls have echoed to the song  
 "Of joyaunce",—  
 "Oh shame shame that they should hear  
 90 "such joy<sup>1</sup> songs of ↑ < such > joyaunce!" cried the indignant prince.  
 "Oh that my fathers halls where I have heard  
 "The song of Counsyllt & of Ceiriogs field  
 [f.5 r.]  
 "Should echo to such ↑ < pollution! > *strains*. but do ↑ < will > the Chiefs  
 "Brook this alliance—this unnatural tie?—
- 95 "There is no face but wears a courtly smile"  
 The old man replied. "Aberffraws aged towers  
 "Witnessd not feasts like these when Owain came  
 "In conquest & Gwalchmai ?? struck the harp.  
 "Gwenlhian alone sits heedless of the pomp  
 100 "In solitary thoughts, for much she mourns  
 "Her hapless brethren."  
 "Has then ought of ill  
 "Anew befallen the ill-fated house of Owain?"  
 Cried Madoc as he felt his burning cheek  
 Crimson with sudden fear. "has the impious rage  
 105 "Of David urged him to new deeds of death  
 "*To stablish so his blood-cemented throne?*  
 "Alas for Hoel! fearless in the war  
 "Lovely in all the courtesies of peace  
 "And skilld to pour the soul-emoving song  
 "He was indeed my brother!"  
 "Evil fate"  
 110 Kynwric replied, "still follows on the house  
 "Of Owain. in the dungeon Rodri groans.  
 "Driven from Dolwyddelan his peaceful home<sup>2</sup>  
 "Jorwerth sought shelter in the holy church  
 [f.5 v.]  
 The murderer followed—Madoc now I tell  
 115 Wh<sup>3</sup> armd the murderer gainst that gentle heart—  
 That never made a foe?  
 [f.5 r. cont.]  
 "*And there he rests in death*. his gallant boy  
 "In this his rightful kingdom now perchance  
 "Has not wherein to shield him from the night.  
 "Oh if my dear old master could behold  
 [f.6 r.]  
 120 "His children, wandering now in other lands

<sup>1</sup>S. clearly forgot to delete `joy' when changing the word to `songs'. This was probably an immediate amendment, whereas the decision to change the positioning of `such' was almost certainly taken later, since the inserted `such' is in a different ink. S. did not attempt to capitalise `songs' to compensate for its syntactical repositioning.

<sup>2</sup>On this line, S. has placed the number 3 above `Driven', 1 above `from' and 2 above `Dolwyddelan', thus indicating that he wanted a transposition in the wording. (He does not attempt to capitalise the `from' to compensate however.) The line would thus read:  
 "from Dolwyddelan Driven his peaceful home  
 S. did not carry out the transposition in MS.2B.

<sup>3</sup>While MS.2B is of no assistance here, S. having chosen not to use the three additional lines (114-116) on f.5 v., but to restore the passage to its original state, the word is quite clearly meant to be `who'.

"Or lurking here amid their native hills  
 "Like outlaws—from a brothers tyranny!  
 "My heart has bled to think how times are changed  
 "And sometimes Madoc when mine aching eyes  
 125 "Turnd from the ocean, I have sat me down  
 "Upon the shore, & wept, & overcome  
 "With heavy thoughts have prayed in bitterness  
 "To go down to the grave!"

thus communing

They to Aberffraws open gates approachd.  
 130 The old man pausd. "were it not well" he cried  
 "That Gwenthian knew your coming? long unwont  
 "To hear the music of a voice beloved  
 "Transport may overcome her. let me bear  
 "The blessed tale—&—oh my gentle Prince  
 135 "Bear with a brothers frailties. his stern heart  
 "Knows no affection—no remorse—no tie  
 "Of kindred—& I fear me much"—

to him

Madoc. "thou good old man rest well assur'd  
 "I shall remember what to him is due,  
 140 "What to myself. not yet have I forgot  
 "The days of infancy, nor from my heart  
 "Let slip thy lessons."

Then with eager joy

Kynwric to Gwenthian hastened. her he found  
 Loathing the hall of merriment, retir'd  
 145 To her lone chamber. oer the harp inclin'd  
 The Maiden sat, waking with gentlest touch  
 [f.7 r.]

Such sounds as might unbend despairs hard brow  
 And melt him to the solace of a tear.

"Thou art most welcome Kynwric!" cried the Maid  
 150 "In sooth I am almost weary of myself—  
 "And all this revelry & mirth & song  
 "Is discord to the wretched. I did mark  
 "A vessel driving on with full swoln sails—  
 "Methought she bended hitherwards. my heart  
 155 "Indulged a foolish hope.—oh Madoc Madoc—  
 "My gallant gentle brother!"—

"nay no more

"Of these heart-breaking thoughts"—the old man replied  
 "Heaven may befriend us yet, & Madoc yet  
 "Return.—

"ill-judging kindness!" said the Maid

160 "Why wouldst thou call again that torturing Hope  
 "That like a false friend in the hour of need  
 "Deserts me? never shall that daring bark  
 "Revisit Cambrias shore! the whelming wave

- "Or lurking here amid their native hills  
 "Like outlaws—from a brothers tyranny!  
 "My heart has bled to think how times are changed  
 "And sometimes Madoc when mine aching eyes  
 125 "Turnd from the ocean, I have sat me down  
 "Upon the shore, & wept, & *overwhelmed* † < come >  
 "With heavy thoughts have prayed in bitterness  
 "To go down to the grave!"  
 thus communing  
 They to Aberffraws royal halls † < open gates ><sup>1</sup> approachd.  
 130 The old man pausd. "were it not well" he cried  
 "That Gwenthian knew your coming? long unwont  
 "To hear the music of a voice beloved  
 "Transport may overcome her. let me bear  
 "The blessed tale—&—oh my gentle Prince  
 135 "Bear with a brothers frailties. his stern heart  
 "Knows no affection—no remorse—no tie  
 "Of kindred—& I *do* fear me much"—  
 to him  
 Madoc. "thou good old man rest well assurd  
 "I shall remember what to him is due,  
 140 "What to myself. not yet have I forgot  
 "The days of infancy, nor from my heart  
 "Let slip thy lessons."  
 Then with eager joy  
 Kynwric to Gwenthian hastened. her he found  
 Loathing the hall of merriment, retir'd  
 145 To her lone chamber. *bending* oer the harp † < inclin'd >  
 The Maiden sat, waking with gentlest touch  
 [f.7 r.]  
 Such sounds as might unbend despairs hard brow  
 And melt him to the solace of a tear.  
 "Thou art most welcome Kynwric!" cried the Maid  
 150 "In sooth I am almost weary of myself—  
 "And all this revelry & mirth & song  
 "Is discord to the wretched. I did mark  
 "A vessel driving on with full swoln sails—  
 "Methought she bended hitherwards. my heart  
 155 "Indulged a foolish hope.—oh Madoc Madoc—  
 "My gallant gentle brother!"—  
 "nay no more  
 "Of these heart-breaking thoughts"—the old man replied  
 "Heaven may befriend us yet, & Madoc yet  
 "Return.—  
 "ill-judging kindness!" said the Maid  
 160 "Why wouldst thou call again that *phantom* † < torturing > Hope  
 "That like a false friend in the hour of need  
 "Deserts me? never shall that daring bark  
 "Revisit Cambrias shore! the whelming wave

---

<sup>1</sup>S. has left both 'royal halls' and 'open gates' as alternatives here, choosing the second in MS.2B.

"Rolls oer her buried masts—the hungry shark  
 165 "Has glutted him on heroes.—or perhaps  
 "Borne to some barbarous land where all were foes,  
 "Opprest by savage multitudes"—  
 she pausd  
 Checking the dreadful thought.      "But hast thou been  
 "To the harbor? haply this new havend bark  
 170 "Might bear some tidings to us"—  
 "I have been[", ]  
 [f.8 r.]  
 170A In half articulate accents he replied[.]  
 "They told me Gwenthian our dear Madoc lives—  
 "They told me he would steer his speedy course  
 "To Gwynedd."  
 with a searching eye she scannd  
 175 The old man's face that now was pale now flushd  
 With crimson—"either thou dost mock me Kynwric  
 "Or Madoc is returnd"—  
 then on her neck  
 He fell & pouird the fullness of his heart  
 In speechless joy. one moment he indulged  
 The overwhelming feelings. starting then  
 180 Forth of the door with eager transport ran.  
 Breathless she stood—she heard approaching steps—  
 She claspd her long lost brother to her breast.  
 Recovering first the aged Kynwric spake.  
 "There will be time my children to indulge  
 185 "These fond emotions. more behoves it now  
 "To seek your royal kinsman"—  
 "hasten to him["]—  
 The affrighted Gwenthian cried. ["]should David hear  
 "That we have held long conference, he would deem  
 "Some secret treason—hasten to him Madoc  
 190 "I dread his dark suspicions"—  
 deep she sighd  
 Remembering Hoel & the hapless race

- 165 "Rolls oer her buried masts—the hungry shark<sup>1</sup>  
 "Has glutted him on heroes.—or perhaps  
 "Borne to some barbarous land where all were foes,  
 "Opprest by savage multitudes"—  
 she pausd  
 Checking the dreadful thought.
- "But hast thou been  
 "To the harbor? haply this new havend bark  
 170 "Might *bring* ↓ < bear > some tidings to us"—  
 "I have been  
 [f. 8 r.]
- 170A *In half articulate* ↑ < in > *accents* he replied<sup>2</sup>  
*Replied he with a transport-trembling voice*  
 "They told me Gwenlhian our dear Madoc lives—  
 "They told me he would steer his speedy course  
 "To Gwynedd."  
 with a searching eye she scannd  
 The old man's *visage, pallid* ↑ < face that > now,<sup>3</sup> ↑ < was pale > now flushd  
 175 With crimson—"either thou dost mock me Kynwric  
 "Or Madoc is *arrived*"— ↕ < returnd" >  
 then on her neck  
 He fell & pourd the fullness of his heart  
 In speechless joy. one moment he indulged  
*His* ↑ < The > overwhelming feelings. starting then  
 180 Forth *from* ↑ < of > the door with eager *speed he* ↓ < transport > ran.  
 Breathless she stood—she heard approaching steps—<sup>4</sup>  
 She claspd her long lost brother to her breast.
- Recovering first the aged Kynwric spake.  
 "There will be time my children to indulge  
 185 "These fond emotions. more behoves it now  
 "To seek your royal kinsman"—  
 "hasten to him—  
 The affrighted Gwenlhian cried. should David hear  
 "That we have held long conference, he would deem  
 "Some secret treason—hasten to him Madoc  
 190 "I dread his dark suspicions"—  
 deep she sighd  
 Remembering Hoel & the hapless race

<sup>1</sup>The word 'shark' has been underlined, and a short sentence has been written vertically down the left-hand margin, evidently prior to the binding of the manuscript, since the binding has now cut off the beginning of two words and rendered another completely illegible. The sentence begins 'Whoever heard of a' and then there is one short word which is illegible. The next word is also lost, save for the final letter 'k' followed by a question mark, which, given the context, strongly suggests the word 'shark'. There is also a final word, of which the final three letters only 'est' are visible. We thus have a sentence: 'Whoever heard of a — [shar]k? —est'. It is difficult to say with any certainty whether this is in S.'s hand, but it is possible.

<sup>2</sup>While S. has not crossed out the words 'he replied' at the end of this line, nor the inserted word 'in', it is clear that he initially intended this line to be completely removed, and that this must have been an immediate decision, since the line which follows is a replacement line. Given that the latter was also deleted however, I can only conclude that S. finally decided to reinstate this original line, a conclusion which is further supported by the fact that the line appears in MS.2B.

<sup>3</sup>The emendations render the comma after 'now' superfluous, but S. has not deleted it.

<sup>4</sup>S. numbers this line 180.

Of Owain[,] by a tyrant brothers fears

[f.9 r.]

Outcast or dungeon'd. to the palace gate  
They passd, where now the chiefs & mariners  
195 Drew nigh. the hospitable board was spread.  
High in the hall sat David. by his side  
Emma the new crownd Queen. the foaming bowl  
Sparkled with meed. "health to our noble brother  
"Henry of England!" oer the threshold passd  
200 The ocean-roaming Prince, as the archd roof  
Echoed the acclamation. a dark frown  
Lowered oer his brow, & with its sudden gloom  
Mournd for his countrys barterd independance.

The Monarch raisd his eyes. "what men are these  
205 "That habited like sea-beat mariners  
"Approach our presence? bid them to the feast.  
"Why by my soul I recognize that face—  
"Madoc—my gallant brother!"

from his seat

He rose. strong Nature[']s impulses prevaild  
210 And to his heart he held the adventurous Chief.  
"Fill high the bowl["]—he cried. ["]my soul is glad  
"For thy return. trust me I do rejoic[e]  
"To see thee Madoc—heap again the hearth  
"For Madoc is returnd!"

loud sounds of joy

215 And wonder rung along the lofty roof.  
They heapd the hearth, they filld the bowl. the King  
Then in the Guests most honorable place  
Placed the brave mariner. the steward next

[f.10 r.]

220 Below the pillars ranged the welcome crew  
In seemly order.

On his lovely Queen

Glancing with ardent eye the Monarch cried  
"This is thy sister Madoc! thou hast been  
"Long absent. in that time our royal house  
"Hath felt sad diminution; but mine arm  
225 "Has rooted out rebellion from the land;  
"And I have stablishd now our ancient house,  
"Pledged by the ties of friendship & of blood  
"To our good brother of England. so shall Peace  
"Bless our dear country.

- Of Owain by a tyrant brothers fears  
 [f.9 r.]  
 Outcast or dungeon'd. to the palace gate  
 They passd, where now the chiefs & mariners  
 195 Drew nigh. the hospitable board was spread.  
 High in the hall sat David. by his side  
 Emma the new crownd Queen. the foaming bowl  
 Sparkled with meed. "health to our noble brother  
 "Henry of England!" oer the threshold passd  
 200 The ocean-roaming Prince, as the archd roof  
 Echoed the acclamation. a dark frown<sup>1</sup>  
 Lowered oer his brow, & with its *passing* ↑ < sudden > gloom  
 Mourn'd for his countrys barterd independance.
- The Monarch raisd his eyes. "what men are these  
 205 "That habited like sea-beat mariners  
 "Approach our presence? bid them to the feast.  
 "Why by my soul I recognize that face—  
 "Madoc—my gallant brother!"  
 from his seat  
 He rose. strong Natures impulses prevailld  
 210 And to his heart he held the adventurous Chief.  
 "Fill high the bowl—he cried. my soul is glad  
 "For thy return. trust me I do rejoic<sup>2</sup>  
 "To see thee Madoc—heap again the hearth  
 "For Madoc is returnd!"  
 loud sounds of joy  
 215 And wonder rung along the lofty roof.  
 They heapd the hearth, they filld the bowl. the King  
 Then in the Guests most honorable place  
 Placed the brave mariner. the steward next  
 [f.10 r.]  
 Below the pillars ranged the welcome crew  
 220 In seemly order. *at the plenteous board*  
 On his lovely Queen  
 Glancing with ardent eye the Monarch cried  
 "This is thy sister Madoc! thou hast been  
 "Long absent. in that time our royal house  
 "Hath felt sad diminution; but mine arm  
 225 "Has rooted out rebellion from the land;  
 "And I have stablishd now our ancient house,  
 "Pledged by the ties of friendship & of blood  
 "To our good brother of England—<sup>3</sup>  
 or  
 "Grafting a scyon from the regal tree  
 "Of England on the sceptre. so shall Peace  
 "Bless our dear country.

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 200.

<sup>2</sup>S. has accidentally omitted the final e.

<sup>3</sup>S. has enclosed this and the next two lines in a circle, obviously suggesting that both the single- and the two-line version should remain as alternative readings—a fact which is further confirmed by the word 'or'. In MS.2B S. retained the line

"To our good brother of England—so shall peace  
 and I have therefore numbered this line as his final choice.



"Long & happy years  
 230 "Await my Sovereigns!" thus the Prince replied.  
 "And long may our dear country rest in Peace  
 "For blessed is the Peace of Liberty.  
 "Enough of sorrow hath our royal house  
 "Known in the fate of battles—yet we reapd  
 235 "The harvest of renown!"  
 "Aye—many a day"  
 Rejoind the monarch, "have we led the war  
 "Scattering before our fury the pale tribes  
 "Of England. dost thou not remember brother  
 "When their invading thousands menaced us  
 240 "At Counsylvlt how we bathd our British swords  
 "In Saxon blood? we fought it lustily—  
 "Hoel & thou & I mowed down their rank[s]  
 [f.11 r.]  
 "And trampled their proud banners in the dust.  
 "That was a day indeed that I do still  
 245 "With pride bethink me of. but other fields  
 "Have made that conflict seem like womans war.  
 "Hadst thou been present Madoc on that day  
 "When with the traitor Hoel I did wage  
 "The deadly battle, thou hadst seen the war  
 250 "Of heroes."  
 Madoc thro a starting tear  
 Lightning'd his indignation.  
 "by my soul!"  
 The unheeding Tyrant added "tho I knew  
 "The rebel[']s prowess, I beheld him then  
 "And wonderd. even at the last, when faint  
 255 "With toil & wounds[,] with feeble arm he raisd  
 "His broken sword["]—  
 Then Madoc's struggling grief  
 Found utterance. "Wherefore David dost thou rouse  
 "The Memory of that dreadful deed of blood  
 "That thou shouldst wish to hide from Earth & Heaven?  
 260 "I loved the gallant Hoel. tell this tale  
 "To thy new Saxon brother! he will join  
 "Thy damned triumph for he hates the race  
 "Of Owain!"  
 Anger darkend the dark front  
 Of the stern King; his broad black brow he bent  
 265 Full on the crimsond Prince, the while his cheek  
 Grew pale with passion. "art thou then returnd  
 "To brave my power? Madoc I deemd thee wise  
 "That thou didst seek renown in other realms,  
 [f.12 r.]  
 "Leaving me undisturbd; & now thou comst  
 270 "To praise the bastard Hoel to my teeth

- "Long & happy years
- 230 "‡ < A > Wait my *liege* Sovereigns!" thus the Prince replied.  
 "And long may *this* our † < dear > country rest in Peace  
 "For blessed is the Peace of Liberty.  
 "Enough of sorrow hath our royal house  
 "Known in the fate of battles—yet we reapd  
 235 "The harvest of renown!"
- "Aye—many a day"
- Rejoind the monarch, "have we led the war  
 "Scattering before our fury the pale tribes  
 "Of England. dost thou not remember brother  
 "When their invading thousands menaced us  
 240 "At Counsyllt how we bathd our British swords  
 "In Saxon blood? we fought it lustily—  
 "Hoel & thou & I mowed down their rank!  
 [f.11 r.]  
 "And trampled their proud banners in the dust.  
 "That was a day indeed that I do still  
 245 "With pride bethink me of. but other fields  
 "Have made that conflict seem like womans war.  
 "Hadst thou been present Madoc on that day  
 "When with the traitor Hoel I did wage  
 "The deadly battle, thou hadst seen the war  
 250 "Of heroes."
- Madoc thro a starting tear  
 Lightning'd his indignation.<sup>2</sup>
- "by my soul!"
- The unheeding Tyrant added "tho I knew  
 "The rebels prowess, I beheld him then  
 "And wonderd. even at the last, when faint  
 255 "With toil & wounds with feeble arm he raisd  
 "His broken sword—
- Then Madoc's struggling thoughts † < grief ><sup>3</sup>  
 Found utterance. "Wherefore David dost thou rouse  
 "The Memory of that dreadful deed of blood  
 "That thou shouldst wish to hide from Earth & Heaven?  
 260 "I loved the gallant Hoel. tell this tale  
 "To thy new Saxon brother! he will join  
 "Thy damned triumph for he hates the race  
 "Of Owain!"
- Anger darkend the dark front  
 Of the stern King; his broad black brow he bent  
 265 Full on the crimsond Prince, the while his cheek  
 Grew pale with passion. "art thou then returnd  
 "To brave my power? Madoc I deemd thee wise  
 "That thou didst seek renown in other realms,  
 [f.12 r.]  
 "Leaving me undisturbd; & now thou comst  
 270 "To praise the bastard Hoel to my teeth

<sup>1</sup>The word `rank' clearly should be plural, as in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 250.

<sup>3</sup>Both `thoughts' and the inserted word `grief' remain here as alternatives, with S. choosing the latter in MS.2B.

"And with foul contumely revilest him  
"To whom I stand affianced, the great King  
"Our well-beloved friend."

"I hate the Saxon!"

Swift interrupted Madoc—"for not yet  
275 "Have I forgotten how on Ceiriogs banks  
"Baffled, & flying from our British sword[s]  
"The ruffian pourd his coward savagery  
"On my poor brethren—tearing out their eyes—  
"Forget that horror?—may the fire of Heaven  
280 "Blast my right hand or ever it be linkd  
"With that foul Saxon[']s!"

David's breast heavd high

His eyeballs flashd with fury, & his voice  
Strong anger choakd. him Emma by the hand  
Gently retaining held, with gentle words  
285 Calming his wrath; Gwenthian the while all pale  
Besought her generous brother. he had caught  
Emma's reproaching glance, & self reprovd  
(The warm blood flushing deeper oer his cheek)  
Thus to the Queen.

"I pray you pardon me

290 "My Sister Queen! nay you must learn to love  
"This high affection for the race of Owain,  
"Yourself the daughter of his noble house  
"By better ties than blood.["] so Madoc saw—  
[f.13 r.]

The eye of Emma eloquently spake  
295 Thanking the gentle Prince. a moments pause  
Ensued, with well-timed question Gwenthian then  
Thus to the Wanderer of the Waters spake.

"Madoc thou hast not told us yet what land  
"So long estranged thee from us. hast thou found  
300 "Those unknown worlds beyond the utmost range  
"Of ocean that thy Fancy picturd forth—

"And with foul contumely revilest him  
 "To whom I stand affianced. {,} *our*{the} *great friend* † < King >  
 "And † < our > well-beloved *brother* friend."

"I hate the Saxon!"

Swift interrupted Madoc—"for not yet  
 275 "Have I forgotten *when* † < how > on Ceiriogs banks  
 "Baffled, & flying *before* † < from > our British sword<sup>1</sup>  
 "The ruffians pourd his<sup>2</sup> coward savagery  
 "On my poor brethren—tearing out their eyes—  
 "Forget that horror?—may the fire of Heaven  
 280 "Blast my right hand or ever it be linkd  
 "With that foul Saxons!"

David's breast heavd high  
 His eyeballs flashd with fury, & his voice  
 Strong anger choakd. him Emma by the hand  
 Gently retaining held, with *magic* † < gentle > words  
 285 Calming his wrath; Gwenthian the while all pale  
 Besought her generous brother. he had caught  
 Emma's reproaching glance, & self reprovd  
 (The warm blood flushing deeper oer his cheek)  
 Thus to the Queen.

"I pray you pardon me  
 290 "*Good my liege Lady* † < My Sister Queen > ! † < nay > you *will* † < must >  
 learn to love  
 "This *warm* † < high > affection for the race of Owain,  
 "Yourself the daughter of his noble house  
 "By better ties than blood. † < believe me > & *trust me Lady* † < so Madoc  
 saw— ><sup>3</sup>

[f.13 r.]

"*The heart that thus resents a brothers wrongs*  
 "*Shall feel as deeply in its sisters cause.*

The eye of Emma eloquently spake  
 295 Thanking the gentle Prince. a moments pause  
 Ensued, with well-timed question Gwenthian then  
 Thus to the Wanderer of the Waters spake.

"Madoc thou hast not told us yet what land  
 "So long estranged thee from us. hast thou found  
 300 "Those unknown worlds beyond the utmost range  
 "Of ocean that thy Fancy picturd forth—

<sup>1</sup>The word `sword' clearly should be plural here, as in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>There is obviously a discrepancy between the noun and its possessive pronoun here. The mistake is almost certainly `ruffians', since S. corrected this into the singular in MS.2B.

<sup>3</sup>The words `so Madoc saw' are in a much finer pen than the rest of this book, and therefore suggest a later addition. The completed line

"By better ties than blood. so Madoc saw—  
 is clearly meant to link with line 294 which, originally, began a new stanza:

The eye of Emma eloquently spake  
 This is an extremely awkward link however, which is presumably why S. restored the original text in MS.2B:

By better ties than blood. believe me Lady  
 The heart that thus resents a brothers wrongs  
 Shall feel as deeply in its sisters cause.

"Or feasting at some hospitable court  
 "Abode of me forgetful? oh my Brother  
 "I have worn many hours in solitude  
 305 "And sorrow, thinking we should meet no more.  
 "Where is Cadwallon? I espied one bark  
 "Bend hitherward alone"—  
 "long is the tale  
 "Thou askest Gwenthian" said the mariner  
 "And I in truth am weary. many moons  
 310 "Have risen & waind [*sic*] since from that unknown world  
 "We spread the homeward sail. a goodly world  
 "My sister, thou shalt see its goodliness  
 "And greet Cadwallon there. with the new day  
 "Thou shalt hear all—indulge we now the feast.  
 315 "Thou knowst not with what feelings this full board  
 "Fills the sea-faring man.["]  
 [f.14 r.]

Smiling he spake  
 Then turning to the cup-bearer, receivd  
 The rich metheglin. David now releasd  
 From rising doubts with better eye beheld  
 320 his venturous kinsman—"let the Chief of song  
 "Sing to the British harp["]—the King exclaimd—  
 "Pleasant perchance to Madoc is the song  
 "He loved in earlier years!"

Then with strong voice  
 The officer made known the Monarchs will  
 325 And bade the hall be silent. loud he spake  
 Then smote the sounding pillar with his wand,  
 And they were husht; as the wayfaring man  
 Pauses to listen where the nightingale  
 Pours her rich melody from some near copse,  
 330 In lingering expectation moveless still  
 When the last warblings on the quiet air  
 Die into silence.

Father! Thee he hymnd,  
 Thee God! The Eternal One! whose Power, whose Love  
 Whose Wisdom, (Wisdom Love & Power thy self)  
 335 Tongue cannot utter, Heart cannot conceive  
 There found where sought; there present aye where loved,  
Him seek, Him love O Man! so in thine heart,  
 Fit temple then the fullness of the Lord  
 Shall dwell. he in the depth of Being framd  
 340 The imperishable Mind; in every change  
 Thro the vast circle of progressive Life  
 [f.15 r.]

He guides He guards; the Evil known shall cease,  
 [f.14 v.]  
 And the pure Spirit freed by the Enlarger Death  
 [f.15 r. cont.]  
 345 Attain[s] its destind rest, its Beings end  
 The Eternal newness of Eternal joy.

- "Or feasting at some hospitable court  
 "Abode of me forgetful? *trust me* ↓ < oh my > Brother  
 "I have *past* ↓ < worn > many hours in solitude  
 305 "And sorrow, thinking we should meet no more.  
 "Where is Cadwallon? I espied one bark  
 "Bend hitherward alone"—
- "long is the tale
- "Thou askest Gwenthian" said the mariner  
 "And I in truth am weary. many moons  
 310 "Have risen & waind since from that unknown world  
 "We spread the homeward sail. a goodly world  
 "My sister, thou shalt see its goodliness  
 "And greet Cadwallon there. with the new day  
 "Thou shalt hear all—indulge we now the feast.  
 315 "Thou knowst not with what feelings this full board  
 "Fills the sea-faring man.  
 [f.14 r.]  
 Smiling he spake  
 Then turning to the cup-bearer, receivd  
 The rich metheglin. David now releasd  
 From [*I word*] rising *jealousies* ↑ < doubts > with better eye † < beheld >  
 320 *Beheld* his venturous *brother* ↑ < kinsman >—"let the *Bard* ↓ < Chief of song >  
 "Sing to the British harp—the King exclaimd—  
 "Pleasant perchance to Madoc is the song  
 "He loved in earlier years!"
- Then with strong voice
- The officer made known the Monarchs will  
 325 And bade the hall be silent. loud he spake  
 Then smote the sounding pillar with his wand,  
 And they were *silent. oer his high-tund harp*  
*The Bard inclin'd* husht; as the wayfaring man  
 Pauses to listen where the nightingale  
 Pours her rich melody from some near copse,  
 330 In lingering expectation moveless still  
 When the last warblings on the quiet air  
 Die into silence.
- Father! Thee he hymnd,  
 Thee God! The Eternal One! whose Power, whose Love  
 Whose Wisdom, (Wisdom Love & Power thy self)  
 335 Tongue cannot utter, Heart cannot conceive  
 There found where sought; there present aye where loved,  
Him seek, Him love O Man! so in thine heart,  
 Fit temple then the fullness of the Lord  
 Shall dwell. he in the depth of Being framd  
 340 The imperishable Mind; in every change  
 Thro the vast circle of progressive Life  
 [f.15 r.]  
He guides He guards; the Evil known shall cease,  
*And the pure Spirit, enlarged* ↓ < emancipate > *then by Death*  
 [f.14 v.]  
 And the pure Spirit freed by the Enlarger Death  
 [f.15 r. cont.]  
 Attain'd<sup>1</sup> its destind rest, its Beings end  
 345 The Eternal newness of Eternal joy.

<sup>1</sup>The sense evidently demands present tense 'attains' here, as in MS.2B.

Leaving this lofty theme he struck the harp  
To Owain's praise, swift in the course of wrath,  
Father of Heroes. That proud day he sung  
When from green Erin came the insulting host,  
350 Lochlins long burthens of the flood, & they  
Who left their distant homes in evil hour  
The death-doomd Normans. there was heaviest toil  
There deepest tumult where the Dragon Race  
Of Mona trampled to the reeking earth  
355 Powers crest-falln head; there Slaughter['s] sword carvd out  
Food for the yellow-footed fowl of heaven  
When Menais waters burst with plunge on plunge  
High curling oer their banks with tempest swell  
The bloody billows heavd.  
The long past days  
360 Rushed on the mind of Madoc as he heard  
The song of triumph. on his sunburnt brow  
Sat Exultation. soon sad thoughts awoke  
[f.15 v.]  
As on the fate of all his gallant house  
Mournful he mused. oppressive memory swelld  
365 His bosom, oer his fixed eye balls swam  
The tear's dim lustre, & the loud tond harp  
Wrung on his sense in vain. its silence then  
Arousd him from the dream of other days.  
368A Ceasd is the song & all to rest retire.

---

- Leaving this lofty theme he struck the harp  
 To Owain's praise, swift in the course of wrath,  
 Father of Heroes. That proud day he sung  
 When from green Erin came the insulting host,  
 350 Lochlins long burthens of the flood, & they  
 Who left their distant homes in evil hour  
 The death-doomd Normans. there was heaviest toil  
 There deepest tumult where the Dragon Race  
 Of Mona trampled to the reeking earth  
 355 Powers crest-falln head; there Slaughter<sup>1</sup> sword carvd out  
 Food for the yellow-footed fowl of heaven  
 When *Maina* Menais waters burst with plunge on plunge  
*Over their banks heaved far with tempest swell*  
*The bloody billows.*  
 High curling oer their banks with tempest swell  
 The bloody billows heavd.
- The long past days
- 360 Rushed on the mind of Madoc as he heard  
 The song of triumph. on his sunburnt brow  
 Sat Exultation. soon sad ↑ < thoughts > awoke  
 [f.15 v.]  
 As on the fate of all his gallant house  
 Mournful he mused. oppressive memory swelld  
 365 His bosom, oer his fixed eye balls swam  
 The tear's dim lustre, & the loud tond harp  
 Struck ↑ < Wrung ><sup>2</sup> on his sense in vain. its silence then  
 Arousd him from the dream of other days.  
 368A *Ceasd is the song & all to rest retire.*<sup>3</sup>

---

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The word `slaughter' clearly needs to be turned into the genitive, as in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>As indicated, S. has written the word `Wrung' above `Struck', but he has also bracketed both words together, suggesting both as alternatives. He chose `wrung' in MS.2B.

<sup>3</sup>Although this final line is entirely crossed through, S. has placed a plus sign and a question mark in the left margin, presumably suggesting that he was undecided whether or not it should be retained. The line is present in MS.2B.



[f.16 r.]  
Madoc. Book 2nd.

Bright shone the noon tide sun. the board was spread  
High smoakd the viands & the bowl went round.  
When all were satisfied the Monarch spake  
"Now Madoc! we are curious, & to you  
5 "Once more in safety in your fathers hall  
"Pleasant will be the tale of toils endurd."

So said the King, & Madoc thus began.

"My heart beat high when to the fa[v]oring wind  
"We spread the sail. Aberffraws royal towers  
10 "And yonder holy pile that shades the deep  
"Faded away in distance."—

Then the King  
Spake interrupting. "Madoc I would learn  
"Whence the bold thought of searching seas unknown  
"Arose; for I was absent, & engaged  
15 "In wars of no light moment when Report  
"First told thy strange attempt."

The Prince replied  
"Thou shalt hear all. but if amid the tale  
"Strictly sincere I haply should rehearse  
"Ought to the King ungrateful—good my brother  
20 "Bear with involuntary fault of Truth.

"At Dinevôr I sojournd with the chief

[f.17 r.]  
"Rhys son of Gryffydh. whence with well timd speed  
"Oft on our Saxon enemies we rushd  
" Impetuous forth. there learnt I that my Sire  
25 "Was gatherd to his fathers. it were vain  
"To tell what anguish fill'd my soul, assaild  
"By many griefs for Owains antient house  
"Tottered as to its fall. that Hoel, high  
"In the proud confidence of well earnd fame[,]  
30 "Seizd on the throne, that you[,] my liege! opposd[,]  
"Vaunting a royal & legitimate birth[,]  
"And that the thirsty sword of war was drawn[,]  
"I heard, & hastend forward to prevent  
"The impious battle. all the day I sped[,]  
35 ["]Nor did the night suspend my eager course[.]  
"Where eer I past new rumors raisd new fears[.]

[f.16 r.]  
Madoc. Book 2nd.<sup>1</sup>

- Bright shone the noon tide sun. the board was spread  
High smoakd the viands & the bowl went round.  
When all were satisfied the Monarch spake  
"Now Madoc! we are curious, & to you  
5 "Once more in safety in your fathers hall  
"Pleasant will be the tale of toils endurd."
- So *spake* ↓ < said > the King, & Madoc thus began.
- "My heart beat high when to the faoring<sup>2</sup> wind  
"We spread the sail. Aberffraws royal towers  
10 "And yonder holy pile that shades the deep  
"Faded away in distance."—
- Then the King  
Spake interrupting. "Madoc I would learn  
"Whence the bold thought of searching seas unknown  
"Arose; for I was *distant* ↓ < absent >, & engaged  
15 "In wars of no light moment when Report  
"First *spake* ↓ < told > thy strange attempt."
- The Prince replied  
"Thou shalt hear all. but if amid the tale  
"Strictly sincere I haply should rehearse  
"Ought to *thine ear* ↓ < the King > ungrateful—good my *liege* ↑ < brother >  
20 "Bear with involuntary fault of Truth.
- "At Dinevôr I sojourn'd with the chief  
[f.17 r.]  
"Rhys son of Gryffyd. whence with well timd speed  
"Oft on *the* ↑ < our > *encroachments of the Saxon foes* ↑ < enemies > we rushd  
"Oft on our Saxon enemies we rushd  
"We *rushd* Impetuous forth. there learnt I that my Sire  
25 "Was gatherd to his fathers. it were vain  
"To tell what anguish *seizd* ↑ < fill'd > my soul, assaild  
"By many griefs for ↑ < when ><sup>3</sup> Owains antient house  
"Tottered as to its fall. that Hoel, high  
"In the proud confidence of well earnd fame  
30 "Seizd on the throne, that you my liege! opposd  
"Vaunting a royal & legitimate birth  
"And that the thirsty sword of war ↑ < was > drawn  
"I heard, & hastend forward to prevent  
"The impious *battle*<sup>4</sup> *fought*. all ↑ < the > day I speeded on  
35 ⚡ < Nor did the night suspend my eager course >  
"Where eer I past new rumors raisd new fears

<sup>1</sup>Note that the heading for this book differs in layout from those of the other fourteen books of the manuscript, in that the book number appears adjacent to, rather than below, the 'Madoc' title.

<sup>2</sup>The word is clearly meant to be 'favouring', as in MS.2B.

<sup>3</sup>Both 'for' and the inserted 'when' have been left as alternatives here, the former being retained in MS.2B.

<sup>4</sup>The crossing out of 'battle' was evidently an accident, since it is required for both scansion and sense, the final version of the line corresponding exactly to that in MS.2B.

"Midnight & morn & noon I hurried on  
 "And the late evening darkend when at length  
 "I pausd on Arvon. what cold horror then  
 40 "Made my blood pause when from that fatal field  
 "Thro the dead silence of the twilight rose  
 "The carrion-birds deep cry! whither to wend—  
 "Where to pursue the victor knew I not;  
 "And gazing oer the mangled carcasses  
 45 "Prophetic feelings told my sickend heart  
 "I had a brother there.  
 "Me pausing thus  
 "A voice aroud. ["]traveller the night draws on  
 "I have a cottage near, more rude belike  
 [f.18 r.]  
 "Than is your wonted dwelling, yet twill serve  
 50 "To keep away the chilling midnight winds ."  
  
 "My weariness forbade me to proceed  
 "And I was weak with hunger. I replied  
 "Thanking the courteous peasant. to his hut  
 "We passd, & as we went with faltring [*sic*] tongue  
 55 "I askd of that days fight. "they met—they fought["]  
 "Strangely he answerd "& the wiser wolves  
 "Shall feast On men more brutal than themselves.["]  
 "Half angered I rejoind, ["]not this I askd  
 "For this myself could answer. who I pray you  
 60 "Has gaind the crown? has either Chieftain died [*sic*]  
 "His hand with brothers blood?["]  
 he answerd me  
 "All these fell murderd by a brothers hand  
 "For all mankind are brethren!—more I know not  
 "These trifles do not move my quiet heart.  
 65 "Far off I markd the frantic armies join  
 "Heard their fierce shouts & saw their impious rage  
 "And wept for human folly. when the fight  
 "Was ended sought the field—if haply so  
 "I yet might save some wounded sufferer.  
 70 "My search was vain. the sword of civil war  
 "Always bites deeply. I have met with thee  
 "So have not lost my labor."  
 Now we reachd  
 "His dwelling. it was a lone and lowly hut  
 "Fast by a stream that from the neighbouring hill  
 [f.19 r.]  
 75 "Out rushing roard along.

- "Midnight & morn & noon I hurried on  
 "And the late evening darkend when at length  
 "In pausd ↑ < stayed ><sup>1</sup> on Arvon. what cold horror then  
 40 "Made my *heart sick* ↑ < blood pause > when *from* ↑ < a > ↑ < from > that  
     fatal field<sup>2</sup>  
 "Thro the dead silence of the twilight rose  
 "The carrion-birds deep *note* ↑ < cry > ! whither to wend—  
 "Whether↓ < e > to pursue the victor knew I not;  
 "And gazing oer the mangled carcasses??  
 45 "Prophetic feelings told my sickend heart  
 "I had a brother there.  
     "Me pausing thus  
 "A voice aroud. traveller the night draws on  
 "I have a cottage near, *perhaps more homely* ↓ < more rude belike >  
     [f.18 r.]  
 "Than is your wonted dwelling, yet twill serve  
 50 "To keep ↓ < away > the chilling midnight winds *away*."  
  
 "My *wearied frame* ↑ < weariness > forbade me to proceed  
 "For ↑ < And > I was weak with hunger. I replied  
 "Thanking the courteous peasant. to his hut  
 "We passd, & as we went with faltring tongue  
 55 "I askd of that days fight. "they met—they fought  
 "↓ < Strangely > He answerd "& the wiser wolves *shall feed*  
 "↑ < Shall feast > On men more brutal than themselves. *at this*  
 "Half angered I rejoind, not this I askd  
 "For this myself could answer. who I pray you  
 60 "Has gaind the crown? has either Chieftain *staind* ↓ < died >  
 "His *sword* ↑ < hand > with brothers blood?  
     he answerd me  
 "All these fell murderd by a brothers hand  
 "For all mankind are brethren!—more I know not  
 "These trifles do not move my quiet heart.  
 65 "Far off I markd the frantic armies join  
 "Heard their fierce shouts & saw their impious rage  
 "And wept for human folly. when the fight  
 "Was ended sought the field—if haply so  
 "I yet might save some wounded sufferer.  
 70 "My search was vain. the sword of civil war  
 "Always bites deeply. I have met with thee  
 "So have not lost my labor."  
     Now we reachd  
 "His dwelling. it was a lone and lowly hut  
 "Fast by a stream that from the neighbouring hill  
     [f.19 r.]  
 75 "down ↑ < out > rushing *foamd* ↑ < roard > along.

<sup>1</sup>S. has left both the original 'pausd' and the inserted 'stayed' as alternatives here, the former being retained in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>This line originally read:

"Made my heart sick when from that fatal field

S. then substituted the words 'blood pause' for 'heart sick' and 'a' for 'from'. He then decided to reinstate 'from' however, placing it above the 'a' which was already above the original 'from'. The 'a' should then have been crossed out, since it is clearly not required for the final version of the line, which corresponds exactly with MS.2b.

[f.18 v.]

beside the hearth

"There sat an old blind man; his head was raisd

"As he was listening to the coming sounds—

"And his grey locks did in the fire light shine.

"["]My father I have brought thee home a guest["],

80 "Cried he who led me, ["]& in time of need

"Even for such hospitality as ours

"The proudest may be thankful." so he said

"And then he brought me water from the brook

"And homeliest fare, & I was satisfied.

85 "This done he piled the hearth & spread around

[f.19 r. cont.]

"The rushes of repose. I laid me down

"But worn with toil & full of many fears

"Sleep came not to me.

With the earliest morn

"Up he arose. "Thou farest ill my guest

90 "Thy blood throbs fast—& languid is thine eye.

"Remain thee here—haply some hour or two

"I may be absent.["] thus he spake in tones

"Of kindliness, moved the white embers then

"And heapd the hearth & left me. the faint mists

95 "Hung on the mountain still, when he returnd

"As he had hastend much. his shoulders bore

[f.20 r.]

"A skin of meed, & in his hands a kid

"Fresh slaughterd & a pitcher of new milk.

On the pale hearth<sup>1</sup>

"Quickly he heaped fresh fuel & called forth out<sup>2</sup>  
 "From flint the embryo fire; the crackling brands  
 "Blazed high. he brought me water from the brook  
 "And homeliest fare, & I was satisfied.  
 "There runs the brook", he said to me. "go then  
 "If thou wouldst cleanse thee Stranger! this my home  
 "Has nought superfluous—& my wants are few.  
 "I wondered at the man; for tho arrayd  
 +10 "In uncooth garb & strange of speech he was  
 "Yet did his look his manner & his words  
 "No common mind betoken. to the stream  
 "I went & cleansd me; he the while removed  
 "The fragments of my meal & spread around  
 [f.18 v.]

beside the hearth<sup>3</sup>

"There sat an old blind man; his head was raised  
 "As he was listening to the coming sounds—  
 "And his grey locks did in the fire light shine.  
 80 "My father I have brought thee home a guest,  
 "Cried he who led me, & in time of need  
 "Even for such hospitality as ours  
 "The proudest may be thankful." so he said  
 "And then he brought me water from the brook  
 "And homeliest fare, & I was satisfied.  
 85 "This done he piled the hearth & spread around  
 [f.19 r. cont.]  
 "The rushes of repose. I laid me down  
 "But worn with toil & full of many fears  
 "Sleep came not to me.  
 With the earliest morn  
 "Up he arose. "Thou farest ill my guest  
 90 "Thy blood throbs fast—& languid is thine eye.  
 "Remain thee here—haply some hour or two  
 "I may be absent. thus he spake in tones  
 "Of kindness, moved the white embers then  
 "And heaped the hearth & left me. the faint mists  
 95 "Hung on the mountain still, when he returned  
 "As he had hastend much. his shoulders bore  
 [f.20 r.]  
 "A skin of meed, & in his hands a kid  
 "Fresh slaughtered & a pitcher of new milk.

<sup>1</sup>S. has crossed out lines 75+1 and 75+2 with his usual horizontal lines, and the same with line 75+14, the final line of this passage ('The fragments of my meal'). He has indicated that the remaining eleven lines (75+3-75+13) are also to be deleted by drawing two wavy vertical lines down either side of the text, which join the two horizontal lines at each end, thus creating a box which encompasses the whole passage. In addition, he has drawn a large cross in the centre of the text.

<sup>2</sup>The word 'out' has fallen outside S.'s horizontal crossing-out line, but since it is impossible to tell whether the preceding word 'forth' was individually deleted prior to the deletion of the whole line, there can be no certainty as to whether 'out' was a direct replacement for 'forth', or whether both were to stand as alternatives. Given that the entire passage was subsequently deleted, MS.2B is obviously of no assistance in this context.

<sup>3</sup>There are no symbols on either f.19 r. or f.18 v. to indicate where this insertion is to be placed, but the context makes it clear that these ten and a half lines (75<sub>(b)</sub>-85) are to replace the deletion on f.19 r.

100 "[ ]Stranger[ ]", he said, [ ]thy last nights homely fare  
 "Ill-suited one oer-wearied. take thee now  
 "Of food more grateful, so shalt thou regain  
 "due health. nor grieve tho here awhile delayd,  
 "For from this little hut thou mayst depart  
 "Not uninstructed."  
 On the man I gazed  
 105 "Scanning his visage with a curious eye.  
 "Rude was his garb, his brown locks short & crispd  
 "And his dark brow was furrowd, yet his eye  
 "Beamd kindness, such methought as yet might dwell  
 "In one whom Sorrow with no sparing hand  
 110 "Had chastend. he meantime with friendly care  
 "Prepard the grateful food. I took & eat.  
 "Then in my mind an anxious wish arose  
 "To seek the field of slaughter, & I said  
 "[ ]Wilt thou go with me to the place of blood[ ]?  
 115 "I had two brethren in the fight, my soul  
 "Presages they are not! with fruitless speed  
 "Strove I to reach them ere the fight began.[ ]"  
 "[ ]Grievest thou Young Chief" exclaimd the darkbrowd Man  
 "[ ]Grievest thou that thou art spard the glorious guilt  
 120 "Of one days carnage?[ ]" [ ]nay mistake me not[ ]"  
 "I answerd, "in abhorrence to my heart  
 "Is this inhuman rivalry—I came  
 [f.21 r.]  
 "With all a brothers love to interpose—  
 "My voice they might have heard!["]  
 The Man replied  
 125 "[ ]With all a brothers love to interpose?  
 "Saidst thou not so? then thou too art the Son  
 "Of Owain? tell me Prince, nor deem my words  
 "Flow with light import, wilt thou bow the knee  
 "To him who on a brothers corse shall rear  
 130 "His impious throne? save on that unfirm throne  
 "There is no safety for the race of Owain.["]  
 "Calmly I heard him then with brief reply  
 [f.20 v.]  
 "[ ]My brethren love me."  
 Then the blind man cried  
 135 `["]O what is princes love; what are the ties  
 `Of blood, the affections growing as we grow,  
 `If but Ambition comes! thou deemest sure  
 `Thy brethren love thee. thou hast playd with them,  
 `In childhood, shared their manhoods hopes & fears,  
 `And when ye fought together, each in fight  
 140 `Forgot himself to shield his brothers life.  
 `They may have been what once their father was

- "Stranger, he said, thy last nights homely fare  
 100 "Ill-suited one oer-wearied. take thee now  
 "Of food more grateful, so shalt thou regain  
 "due health. nor grieve tho here awhile delayd,  
 "For from this little hut thou mayst depart  
 "Not uninstructed."  
 On the man I gazed  
 105 "Scanning his visage with a curious eye.  
 "Rude was his garb, his brown locks short & crispd  
 "And his dark brow was furrowd, yet his eye  
 "Beamd kindness, such methought as yet might dwell  
 "In one whom Sorrow with no sparing hand  
 110 "Had chastend. he meantime with friendly care  
 "Prepard the grateful food. I took & eat.  
 "Then in my mind an anxious wish arose  
 "To seek the field of slaughter, & I said  
 "Wilt thou go with me to the place of blood  
 115 "I had two brethren in the fight, my [*I word*]<sup>1</sup> ↓ <heart> † <soul>  
 "Presages they are not! with fruitless speed  
 "Strove I to reach them ere the fight began.  
 "Grievest thou Young Chief" exclaimd the darkbrowd Man  
 "Grievest thou that thou art spard the glorious guilt  
 120 "Of one days carnage? nay mistake me not  
 "I answerd, "in abhorrence to my heart  
 "Is this inhuman rivalry—I came  
 [f.21 r.]  
 "With all a brothers love to interpose—  
 "My voice they might have heard!  
 The Man replied  
 125 "With all a brothers love to interpose?  
 "Saidst thou not so? then thou too art the Son  
 "Of Owain? tell me Prince, nor deem my words  
 "Flow with light import, wilt thou bow the knee  
 "To him who on a brothers corse shall rear  
 130 "His impious throne? *but* ↑ <save> on that unfirm throne  
 "There is no safety for the race of Owain.  
 "Calmly I heard him then with brief reply  
 "*They love me & I fear not.*"  
*for awhile*  
 "*He pausd then askd me with a meaning glance*  
 "*Was not thy father virtuous?"*  
 [f.20 v.]  
 "My brethren love me."  
 `The † <n> *old* ↑ <the> blind man cried  
 `O what is princes love; what are the ties  
 135 `Of blood, the affections growing as we grow,  
 `If but Ambition comes! thou deemest sure  
 `Thy brethren love thee. thou hast playd with them,  
 `In childhood, shared their manhoods hopes & fears,  
 `And when ye fought together, each in fight  
 140 `Forgot himself to shield his brothers life.  
 `*Their fathers virtues may have bred in them*  
 `They may have been what once their father was

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The deleted word ends with `eckd'.



and sure thou deemst him virtuous?["]

[f.21 r. cont.]

"at the name

"With pious warmth I cried `Oh he was good

"And brave & glorious! Gwynedds antient annals

145 "Boast not a name more noble. in the war

"Fearless he was—the Saxons found him so—

"In council wise & in the hour of peace

"Courteous, the friend of all the milder arts

"That humanize mankind, without a blot

150 "Shall Owains name live to the distant day!["]

[f.20 v. cont.]

["]There were two brethren once["], the old man replied,

`Of royal line: they loved each other well;

`And when the one was at his dying hour

`It was a comfort to him that he left

155 `So dear a brother, who would well perform

`A fathers duties to his orphan boy.

`And he did love the orphan, & the boy

`With all a childs sincerity loved him,

`And learnt to call him father. so the years

160 `Past on till when the orphan reachd the age

`Of manhood, to the throne his Uncle came;

`The young man claimd a fair inheritance

`His fathers lands: &—mark what followd Prince!

`At midnight he was seizd & to his eyes

165 `The brazen plate was held; he lookd around

[f.21 v.]

`His prison room for help, he only saw

`The ruffian forms that to the red-hot brass

`Forced his poor eyes & held his open lids

`Till the slow agony consumed the sense

170 `And when their hold relaxd, he would have given

`The wealth of worlds so he might then have seen

`Their ruffian faces! I am blind young Prince—

`And I can tell how sweet a thing it is

`To see the blessed light!

Must more be told—

175 `What farther agonies he yet endurd?

`Or hast thou known the consummated crime

`And heard Cynethas fate?'

`A painful glow

`Fevered my cheek, & for my fathers crime

`I felt the shame of guilt. the dark-browd man

180 `Beheld the burning flush. the uneasy eye

`That new not where to rest. `come we will search

`The field of war["], he cried. ["]nor let thine heart

`Admit resentment if our words have given

and sure thou deemst him virtuous?<sup>1</sup>

[f.21 r. cont.]

"at the name

"With pious warmth I cried `Oh he was good

"And brave & glorious! Gwynedds antient annals

145 "Boast not a name more noble. in the war

"Fearless he was—the Saxons found him so—

"In council wise & in the hour of peace

"Courteous, & *fond* ↑ < the friend > of all the milder arts

"That humanize mankind, without a blot

150 "Shall Owains name live to the distant day!<sup>2</sup>

"Then fixing his strong eye on me, he cried

"Thou hast forgot Cynetha!"

[f.20 v. cont.]

`There were two brethren once, the old man replied,

`Of royal line: they loved each other well;

`And when the one was at his dying hour

`It was a comfort to him that he left

155 `So dear a brother, who would *gladly pay* well perform

`A fathers duties to his orphan *child* boy.

`And he did love the orphan, & the boy

`With all a childs sincerity loved him,

`And learnt to call him father. so the years

160 `Past on till when the orphan reachd the age

`Of manhood, to the throne his Uncle came;

`The young man claimd a fair inheritance

`His fathers lands: &—mark what followd Prince!

`At midnight he was seizd & to his eyes

165 `The brazen plate was held; he lookd around

[f.21 v.]

`His prison room for help, he only saw

`The ruffian forms that to the red-hot brass

`Forced his poor eyes & held his ↓ < open > lids [*1 word*]

`Till the *pure* ↑ < slow > agony consumed the sense

170 `And when their hold relaxd, he would have given

`The wealth of worlds so he might then have seen

`Their ruffian faces! I am blind young Prince—

`And I can tell how sweet a thing it is

`To see the blessed light!

Must more be told—

175 `What farther agonies he yet endurd?

`Or hast thou known the consummated crime

`And heard Cynethas fate?'

`A painful glow

`Fevered my cheek, & for my fathers crime

`I felt the shame of guilt. the dark-browd man

180 `Beheld the burning flush. the uneasy eye

`That new not where to rest. `come we will search

`The field of war, he cried. nor let thine heart

`Admit resentment if our words have given

<sup>1</sup>S. uses '&c' at the end of this line to indicate that this is the point at which the text resumes with the half-line 'at the name' on f.21 r.

<sup>2</sup>Between this and the next line S. has placed an X, and there is a corresponding X before line 151 ('There were two brethren once') on f.20 v. to indicate where the insertion is to be placed.

185    `A pang; for [f.22 r.] I will point thee out a path  
 "Where thou mayst gather an unfading wreath  
 "Of blameless laurels. I have read thy face  
 "It wears the hue of Virtue. bear with us  
 "If [we are] harsh of speech as of appearance  
 "We have known sorrow!"  
   from his seat he rose,  
 190    `I followd, to the field of fight we passd  
 `Much musing as we went. I on his words  
 `Waking within me busy wonderment,  
 `He with raisd eye lids, & thought-bending bro[w]  
 `Some high theme pondering.                    `Now we reachd the place  
 195    `Of battle; over steeds & arms & men  
 `We held our way in silence, & I gazed  
 `Fearfully on the slain. ["]twas here["], he cried  
 `["]The war raged fiercest, where those numerous foes  
 `Lie heapd around yon warrior!" then my heart  
 200    `Smote me & my knees shook. it was the corse  
 `Of Hoel! well I knew him, tho his face  
 `With sweat & blood was clotted, stern & stiff!"  
   [f.23 r.]  
 He pausd; his heart was full, & on his tongue  
 The imperfect utterance died. a general gloom

`A pang: for I<sup>1</sup>

[f.22 r.]

"oer my cheek<sup>2</sup>

"Rushd the warm blood. "lo what Ambition prompts!

"Exclaimd the dark-browd Man. [I word]—let us go

"And search yon carnaged plain. nor thou resent

"If haply I have said ought that may wound

"Thy feelings—I will point thee out a path

185 "Where thou mayst gather an unfading wreath

"Of blameless laurels. I have read thy face

"It wears the hue of Virtue. bear with me us<sup>3</sup>

"If I am<sup>4</sup> rude<sup>5</sup> ↑ < harsh > of speech as of appearance

"I{W} ↓ < e > <sup>6</sup> have known sorrow!"

from his seat he rose,

190 `I followd, to the field of fight we passd

`Much musing as we went. I on his words

`Waking within me *the impatient sting*

`Of curious wonder the busy wonderment,

`He with raisd eye lids, & thought-bending bro<sup>7</sup>

`Some high theme pondering.

`Now we reachd the place

195 `Of battle; over steeds & arms & men

`We held our way in silence, & I gazed

`Fearfully on the slain. twas here, he cried

`The war ragd fiercest, where those *angry* ↑ < numerous > foes

`Lie heapd around yon warrior!" then my heart

200 `Smote me & my knees shook. it was the corse

`Of Hoel! well I knew him, tho his face

`With sweat & blood was clotted, stern & stiff!"

[f.23 r.]

He pausd; his heart was full, & on his tongue

The imperfect utterance died. a general gloom

<sup>1</sup>S. places `&c' at the end of this half-line to indicate that it is now to be completed by the half-line `I will point thee out a path' on f.22 r. Since the `I' in the latter is not crossed through however, we do have a small repetition. The link is confirmed by MS.2B, but, again, through the use of `&c', owing to the fact that the five deleted lines which follow also appear in the fair MS. (See the textual note to line 184+1 below.)

<sup>2</sup>These five deleted lines strangely appear in MS.2B as well, where they are similarly crossed through. They thus provide a unique instance of deletion in what is otherwise a fair copy.

<sup>3</sup>S. clearly intended to amend the sentiments expressed in this and the two subsequent lines so that they would include both Cadwallon and Cynetha. A partial amendment however, has left a mélange of singulars and plurals. In the following line (188), S. has made no attempt to pluralise `I am' in order to compensate for the amended `us', but he has changed the `I' into `we' in line 189. In MS.2B the whole passage was restored to the singular:

bear with me  
If I am harsh of speech as of appearance:—  
I have known sorrow.

<sup>4</sup>See textual note to line 187 above.

<sup>5</sup>The word `rude' is not crossed out, thus leaving `rude' and `harsh' as alternatives, the latter being retained in MS.2B.

<sup>6</sup>See textual note to line 187 above.

<sup>7</sup>S. has accidentally omitted the w.

205 Saddend the hall, & Davids cheek grew pale.  
 First with subdued feelings Madoc broke  
 The oppressive silence.           `Then the dark browd Man  
       `Beheld me with a look whose meaning spake  
       `All that could comfort sorrow[,] & he took  
 210 `My hand, & pointing to his dwelling, cried  
 "["]Go there & rest thee Prince! Thou hast much need  
 "Of rest—the care of sepulture be mine."  
       `He said nor I complied, refusing rest  
       `Till I had seen in holy ground inearthd  
 215 `My poor lost brother. "wherefore" he exclaimd  
       `(And I was awed by his severer eye)  
 "["]Wouldst thou thus pamper the distemperd mind[?]  
   [f.22 v.]  
 ["]Affliction is not sent in vain—young Man  
   [f. 23 r. cont.]  
 "From that good God—who chastens whom he loves!  
 220 "There is much healing in the bitter cup  
 "Of sorrow. go to yonder hut & rest.  
 "I will pray for thee, pitying from my soul  
 "What I have felt so sorely!"  
   I retir'd  
       `My heart partaking such love-mingled awe  
 225 `As to a Father. to the hut I went  
   [f.22 v. cont.]  
 ["]& sat me by the stream in solitude  
   [f.24 r.]  
       `And vield [*sic*] my head & brooded oer the past.  
       `He tarried long. I felt the hours pass by  
       `As in a dream of morning, when the mind,  
 230 `Half to Reality awakened, blends  
       `With airy visions & vague phantasies  
       `Her dim perception. at the last his step

- 205 Saddend the hall, & Davids cheek grew pale.  
 First with subdued feelings Madoc broke  
 The oppressive silence.     `Then the dark browd Man  
   `Beheld me with a look whose meaning spake  
   `All that could comfort sorrow.<sup>1</sup> & he took  
 210 `My hand, & pointing to his dwelling, cried  
 "Go there & rest thee Prince! Thou hast much need  
 "Of rest—the care of sepulture be mine."  
   `He said nor I complied, refusing rest  
   `Till I had seen in holy ground inearthd  
 215 `My poor lost brother. "wherefore" he exclaimd  
   ` (And I was awed by his severer eye)  
 "Wouldst thou thus pamper thy{e} distemperd mind  
 "*Of anguish? not in vain young Man! it comes*<sup>2</sup>  
   [f.22 v.]  
 Affliction is not sent in vain—young Man  
   [f. 23 r. cont.]  
 "From that good God—who chastens whom he loves!  
 220 "There is much healing in the bitter cup  
 "Of sorrow. go to yonder hut & rest.  
 "I will pray for thee, pitying from my soul  
 "What I have felt so sorely!"  
   I retir'd  
   `My heart partaking such love-mingled awe  
 225 `As to a Father. to the *cot* ↑ < hut > I went  
   [f.22 v. cont.]  
 & sat me by the stream in solitude<sup>3</sup>  
   [f.24 r.]  
   `And vield my head & brooded oer the past.  
   `He tarried long. I felt the hours pass by  
   `As in a dream of morning, when the mind,  
 230 `Half to Reality awakened, blends  
   `With airy visions & vague phantasies  
   `Her dim perception. at the last his step

---

<sup>1</sup>A period is clearly inappropriate here, since what follows is a continuation of the same sentence.

<sup>2</sup>S. places an X in the margin before this line, and a corresponding X before line 218 ('Affliction is not sent in vain') on f.22 v., thus indicating that the latter is to be the replacement line.

<sup>3</sup>S. has placed a large X in the margin before line 227 on f.24 r. ('And vield my head & brooded oer the past'). Since the line on f.24 r. has not been crossed through however, it is clear that this line is meant to be taken as an addition and not as a replacement. This fact is also confirmed by MS.2B, though it is evident that, in the latter, S. initially forgot to incorporate this additional line, since it has been squeezed between two regularly-spaced lines.

232A `Arousd me, & he cam[e] & sat him down  
 232B `In silence. but my lifted eyes met his  
 232C `And my full heart was softend. I questiond him  
 "Where is the Body? hast thou bade the Priests  
 "Say many masses for his souls repose?["]

235 `He answerd me "the Rains & dews of Heaven  
 "Will fall upon the turf that covers him  
 "And the green grass grow greener on his grave.  
 "But rouse thee Prince! there will be hours enough  
 "For sad remembrance. it befits thee now  
 240 "Take counsel for thyself. the Son of Owain  
 "Lives not in safety here."  
 `I raisd my head  
 `Oppresst by heavy thoughts. all wretchedness  
 `The present, darkness in the future lay,  
 `Fearful & gloomy both. I answerd not.

245 "["]Has Power seduced thy wishes?" he pursued  
 "["]And wouldst thou seize upon thy fathers throne?'  
 `He pausd in expectation. I replied  
 `["]Now God forbid!["]  
 [f.25 r.]  
 "["]now God indeed forbid["]  
 `Said he—"but thou art dangerous Prince! & what  
 250 "Shall shield thee from the jealous arm of Power?  
 "Remember poor Cynetha! Vengeance now  
 "Falls heavy for his wrongs—the thirsty Sun  
 "Drinks up even now the reeking blood of Owain!  
 "One Woe is past—but other Woes remain  
 255 "There is no safety here—here thou must be

- 232A `Arousd me, & he came, ↑ < enterd > ↓ < cam > & sat him down<sup>1</sup>  
 232B `In silence. but my raised eyes ↑ < lifted > met his look  
 232C `And my full heart was softend. then I spake said ↑ < questiond him >  
 "Where is the Body? hast thou bade the Priests  
 "Say many masses for his souls repose?"
- 235 `He answerd me "the Rains & dews of Heaven  
 "shall ↓ < Will > fall upon the turf that covers him  
 "And the green grass grow greener on his grave."<sup>2</sup>  
 "But rouse thee Prince?{!} there will be hours enough  
 "For sad remembrance. it befits thee now
- 240 "Take counsel for thyself. the Son of Owain  
 "Lives not in safety here."  
 `I raised my head  
 `Oppresst by heavy thoughts. all wretchedness  
 `The present, darkness in the future lay,  
 `Fearful & gloomy both. I answerd not.
- 245 "Has Power seduced thy wishes?" he pursued  
 "And wouldst thou seize upon thy fathers throne?"  
 `He paused in expectation. I replied  
 `Now God forbid!
- [f.25 r.]  
 "now God indeed forbid  
 `He cried ↑ < Said he >—"but thou art dangerous Prince! & what  
 250 "Shall shield thee from the jealous arm of Power?  
 "Remember poor Cynetha! Vengeance now  
 "Falls heavy for his wrongs—the thirsty Sun  
 "Drinks up even now the reeking blood of Owain!  
 "One Woe is past—but other Woes remain  
 255 "There is no safety here—here thou must be

<sup>1</sup>Lines 232A-232C carry such heavy deletions and amendments that it is difficult to discern with absolute certainty either what S.'s original version must have been, or, without reference to MS.2B, what his final intentions were. The only words which remain extant in these lines after the deletions are as follows:

232A: `Arousd me, & he cam[e]

232B: lifted his

232C: I questioned him

Given that the narrative makes no sense with these lines simply removed however, it is quite evident that S. wished them to be retained in some form. In the case of lines 232A and 232B, the equivalent lines in MS.2B would appear to be the most reliable guide to S.'s final intention, since they comprise all the extant words from MS.2A along with some restored deletions:

`Arousd me, & he came & sat him down

`In silence. but my lifted eyes met his

In the case of line 232C however, the equivalent line in MS.2B reads:

`And my full heart was softend. then I said

This was evidently not the line which S. envisaged at the time of making the amendments to MS.2A, since it completely ignores the extant words `I questioned him'. Following the precedent of restoration in the other two lines, it seems likely that S.'s initial intention was to graft `I questioned him' onto the original opening words `And my full heart was softend'. The stealing of one syllable (presumably by the oral elision of `softend') is not too uncommon in S.'s work, and the narrative would then read as smoothly as in the version which S. eventually adopted for MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>The close quotation mark at the end of the line is clearly an error.



"The victim or the murderer!—does thy heart  
 "Shrink from the dread alternative young Prince?  
 "What tho the asylum of the church be safe?  
 "Cold is the Cloisters comfort! wouldst thou quit  
 260 "This ill-doomed country—whither wouldst thou go[?]  
 "Where canst thou hide from Man & from the woes  
 "That Man for Man creates. poor guilty fool  
 "The Slave of others crimes—or of his own—  
 "Wicked & weak & wretched!—not for this  
 265 "Eternal Father didst thou breathe int[o] him  
 "A portion of Thyself! oh not for this  
 "That holy one of Nazareth lived & died  
 "Whom Angels heralded with Peace on Earth!["]

`I sat & gazd on him in eagerness.  
 270 `And tho he paced in silence, listened long  
 `Then I exclaimd "who art thou?"

he replied

"["]Call me Cadwallon—blessed be my God  
 "It is a name that Glory has not heard!  
 [f.26 r.]

"Prince I had once a friend whose mighty mind  
 275 "Was formd for better days. apostle zeal  
 "Inspird his heart, he walkd in righteousness  
 "Fought the good fight devoted for mankind  
 "And his reward was—martyrdom. I saw  
 "His ashes scattered to the winds of Heaven!  
 280 "But not in vain young Prince did Arnold live—  
 "His memory may not die! the holy Truths  
 "He taught shall live for ever! me the will  
 "Of Heaven preservd. uprightly I & firm  
 "Walkd in the Brescians ways, & much I saw  
 285 "Of Man, & much I suffered, ere I left  
 "The hollow-hearted race! in this my home  
 "To dwell with Peace [&] that blind man & God.["]



[f.25 v.]

So as he ceasd, we heard the old mans voice—

290 `["]Cadwallon lead me from the hut["], he cried.  
`["]And let me sit beside the brook & feel  
`The comfortable sun.["] as forth he came  
`More curiously I gazed upon his face,  
`Tho sightless as it was, & countenance  
295 `That made old age look lovely. such it seemd  
`As if a holiest quietness possessd  
`The soul, had softend down the lines of grief,  
`To a most meak endurance, had almost  
`Unmortalized the man. he by the brook  
300 `Was seated, & the comfortable sun  
`Shone on his grey hairs cheerly. ["]thou hast lost  
`A brother Prince'—he cried; ["]or the dim sense  
`Of age deceived me;—peace be with his soul  
`And may no farther vengeance on the house  
305 `of Owen fall. wilt thou come hither Prince  
`And let me feel thy face?["]—I wondered at him  
`Yet whilst his hands perusd my lineaments  
`Something like reverence filld me. ["]o my God  
`Bless this young man["]—he cried. ["]a perilous state  
310 `Is his—but let not thou his fathers sins  
`Be visited on him!'

    `I raisd my eyes  
`Enquiring to Cadwallon. `nay young Prince  
`Despise not thou the blind mans prayer', he cried  
`["]It might have given thy fathers dying hour  
315 `A hope perhaps he needed, for—young Prince  
`It is the victim of thy fathers crimes  
`That asks a blessing on thee."

[f.26 v.]

    `At his feet  
`I fell & claspd his knees. he raisd me up,  
`["]Blind as I was, a mutilated wretch,  
320 `A thing that Nature owns not—I survivd,  
`Loathing existence & with impious voice  
`I calld my God unkind & groand for death[.]  
`Years passd away, this `universal blank'  
`Became familiar & my soul reposed  
325 `On God, & I had comfort in my prayers.  
`But there were blessings for me yet in store;  
`Thy father knew not when his bloody fear  
`All hopes of an avenger had cut off,  
`That there existed then an unborn babe  
`Child of my lawless love. a broken heart

*Wondering I listened to him. thus the day<sup>1</sup>*  
*waind on & whilst his powerful eloquence*  
*Spake of a world of wickedness & woe*  
*I ceasd to think of mine own present griefs*  
*Lifted above myself. we left his hut*

[f.25 v.]

So as he ceasd, we heard the old mans voice—

Cadwallon lead me from the hut, he cried.  
 290 And let me sit beside the brook & feel  
 The comfortable sun. as forth he came  
 More curiously I gazed upon his face,  
 Tho sightless as it was, & countenance  
 That made old age look lovely. such it seemd  
 295 As if a holiest quietness possessd  
 The soul, had softend down the lines of grief,  
 To a most meak endurance, had almost  
 Unmortalized the man. he by the brook  
 Was seated, & the comfortable sun  
 300 Shone on his grey hairs cheerly. thou hast lost  
 A brother Prince'—he cried; or the dim sense  
 Of age deceived me;—peace be with his soul  
 And may no farther vengeance on the house  
 of Owen fall. wilt thou come hither Prince  
 305 And let me feel thy face?—I wondered at him  
 Yet whilst his hands perusd my lineaments  
 Something like reverence filld me. o my God  
 Bless this young man—he cried. a perilous state  
 Is his—but let not thou his fathers sins  
 310 Be visited on him!  
 I raisd my eyes  
 Enquiring to Cadwallon. `nay young Prince  
 Despise not thou the blind mans prayer', he cried  
 It might have given thy fathers dying hour  
 A hope perhaps he needed, for—young Prince  
 315 It is the victim of thy fathers crimes  
 That asks a blessing on thee."

[f.26 v.]

At his feet  
 I fell & claspd his knees. he raisd me up,  
 "Blind as I was, a mutilated wretch,  
 A thing that Nature owns not—I survivd,  
 320 Loathing existence & with impious voice  
 I calld my God unkind & I groand for death  
 Years passd away, this `universal blank'  
 Became familiar & my soul reposd  
 On God, & I had comfort in my prayers.  
 325 But there were blessings for me yet in store;  
 Thy father knew not when his bloody fear  
 All hopes of an avenger had cut off,  
 That there existed then an unborn babe  
 Child of my lawless love. a broken heart

<sup>1</sup>S. has placed an X in the margin before this line, and a corresponding X before line 288 on f.25 v. ('So as he ceasd'), thus indicating that this is the point at which the lengthy replacement passage from the versos of ff.25, 26 and 27 is to be inserted.

330 `Soon led his mother to her early grave—  
 `And many a year passd on before I knew  
 `My child existed, or Cadwallon learnt  
 `His fathers fate; for at her dying hour  
 `His mother sent him far beyond the seas  
 335 `And that most faithful friend who heard from him  
 `The parents name, till his death day preservd  
 `The secret of his birth. he sought me then.  
 `Oh—God! I did not think the bliss of Heaven  
 `Could pierce with joy so keen, as when I heard  
 340 `The name of father, when my heart once more  
 `Awoke to human ties! & such a son—  
 `So tried, so chastend by the world!—oh God  
 `I hope it has not weand my heart from heaven  
 `For I do love to live.["]  
   [f.27 v.]  
   `David—the scene  
 345 `Till death in my remembrance will endure—  
 `I have been better—David—since that day.  
  
 `When evening came Cadwallon led me forth[.]  
   [f.26 r. cont.]  
 `Fair smild the evening sky, the vocal stream  
 `Ran sparkling on & in the populous air  
 350 `The Myriad insects with incessant hum  
 `Waved their melodious wings. he bade me see  
 ["]How Nature teemd with Life & Happiness[.]  
 `His words sank deep in mine awakened heart  
 `Methought the sun shone lovelier, & the gale  
 355 `Of summer never visited my sense  
 `With such refreshing fragrance[.]  
   [f.27 r.]  
   `Thus we passed  
 `Now holding converse, otherwhile absorbd  
 `Each in his meditations, till the sound  
 `Of the near ocean loud & louder rose  
 360 `Deepening as on we drew. the sinking Sun  
 `That with dilated splendor filld the west  
 `Streamd a long line of glory oer the waves—  
 `A flood of light that made the feeble eye  
 `Shrink from its restless radiance.  
   `We approachd  
 365 `The echoing shore, & wandered on its verge  
 `In silence, watching the grey billows rise  
 `And listening as the gathered waters burst  
 `With lengthend uproar. "Prince!["] Cadwallon cried  
 [""]Deemst thou these waters spread a boundless waste?  
 370 "A borne unpassable? is nought beyond  
 "Where Fancy may repose her venturous flight[?]  
 "Lies there no shore beyond where Virtue yet

- 330 `Soon led his mother to her early grave—  
 `And many a year passd on before I knew  
 `My child existed, or Cadwallon learnt  
 `His fathers fate; for at her dying hour  
 `His mother sent him far beyond the seas  
 335 `And that most faithful friend who heard from him  
 `The parents name, till his death day preservd  
 `The secret of his birth. he sought me then.  
 `Oh—God! I did not think the bliss of Heaven  
 `Could pierce with joy so keen, as when I heard  
 340 `The name of father, when my heart once more  
 `Awoke to human *ties* ties! & such a son—  
 `So tried, so chastend by the world!—oh God  
 `I hope it has not weand my heart from heaven  
 `For I do love to live.  
 [f.27 v.]  
 `David—the scene  
 345 `Till death in my remembrance will endure—  
 `I have been better—David—since that day.  
 `When evening came Cadwallon led me forth!  
 [f.26 r. cont.]  
 `Fair smild the evening sky, the vocal stream  
 `Ran sparkling on & in the populous air  
 350 `‡ < The > Myriads of<sup>2</sup> insects with incessant hum  
 `Waved their melodious wings. he *spoke of God* ↑ < bade me see >  
 ‡ < How Nature teemd with Life & Happiness >  
 `His words sank deep in mine awakened heart  
 `Methought the sun shone lovelier, & the gale  
 355 `Of summer never visited my sense  
 `With such refreshing fragrance  
 [f.27 r.]  
 `Thus we passed  
 `Now holding converse, otherwhile absorbd  
 `Each in his meditations, till the sound  
 `Of the near ocean loud & louder rose  
 360 `Deepening as on we drew. the sinking Sun  
 `That with dilated splendor filld the west  
 `Streamd a long line of glory oer the waves—  
 `A flood of light *forcing* ↓ < that made > the feeble eye  
 `Shrink from its restless radiance.  
 `We approachd  
 365 `The echoing shore, & wandered on its verge  
 `In silence, watching the grey billows rise  
 `And listening as the gathered waters burst  
 `With lengthend uproar. "Prince! Cadwallon cried  
 "Deemst thou these waters spread a boundless waste?  
 370 "A borne unpassable? is nought beyond  
 "Where Fancy may repose her venturous flight  
 "Lies there no shore beyond where Virtue yet

<sup>1</sup>S. has placed `&c' at the end of this line to indicate that this is the point at which the original narrative on f.26 r. resumes.

<sup>2</sup>The deletion should obviously have included the word `of', thus leaving `The myriad insects', as in MS.2B.

"Might find a home?—Oh that my Soul could seize  
"The wings of the morning! soon would I behold  
375 "That distant world where yonder blessed Sun  
"Now rises in his glory!"       `Whilst he spake  
`Conviction flashd upon my startled mind  
`Like lightning on the midnight traveller.  
`My breath came short & rapid; mightiest thoughts  
380 `Heaved my tumultuous bosom. on the beach  
                                  [f.28 r.]  
`I laid me down, & gazed upon the deep,  
`The ceaseless uproar rockd my dizzy ear  
`My sight amid the unbounded world of waves  
`Was lost—immensity possessd my soul.

---

"Might find a home?—Oh that my Soul could seize  
 "The wings of the<sup>1</sup> morning! soon would I behold  
 375 "That distant world where yonder blessed Sun  
 "Now rises in his glory!"` Whilst he spake  
 `Conviction flashd upon my startled mind  
 `Like lightning on the midnight traveller.  
 `My breath came short & rapid; mightiest thoughts  
 380 `Heaved my *dilated* ↓ < tumultuous > bosom. on the beach  
 [f.28 r.]  
 `I laid me down, & gazed upon the deep,  
 `The ceaseless uproar rockd *rockd* my dizzy ear  
 `My sight amid the unbounded world of waves<sup>2</sup>  
 `Was lost—immensity possessd my soul.<sup>3</sup>

*The quick resolve was formd. Cadwallons heart<sup>4</sup>*  
*Long disciplind & dead to earthly hopes*  
*Obeyd the powerful impulse, & awoke*  
*With all its energies. earnest we sat*  
*In lofty converse oer the evening hearth,*  
*And still my agitated mind, when late*  
*I laid me down, tenacious of the [I word] theme*  
*With visions of the future enterprize*  
*Filld the brief hours of slumber. nor did Time*  
 + 10 *Abate the fervid eagerness I felt,*  
*Nor seemd the perilous project wild & vain*  
*Tranquilly pondered when the heart beat on*  
*Even, & thro my frame the unpassiond blood*  
*Flowd calm & quiet. ardently & long*  
*Cadwallon had revolvd the high design—*  
*And when secluded from the wickedness*  
*And woes of man with solitude he dwelt*  
*Still restless Fancy loved the thought, & lovd*  
*With day dream to beguile the lonely hour.*  
 + 20 *Now summoned once again among mankind*  
*To mingle, from his home Cadwallon came<sup>5</sup> went.*  
*Calmly he left the wretched race—& calm*  
*Again went forth, for every toil prepard*

---

<sup>1</sup>S. has encircled `the' and placed a question mark within the circle. I presume that he was questioning the necessity of a second `the', particularly since it adds an awkward extra syllable to the scansion. It was nevertheless retained in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 300.

<sup>3</sup>Between this and the next stanza, S. has added a strong horizontal line, thus indicating that this is where book II is to conclude.

<sup>4</sup>While this line is crossed out in the conventional way, S. has indicated that the remaining twenty-two lines of this page (384 + 2-384 + 23) are to be deleted by drawing two large diagonal lines through the whole passage, which form a large X by converging at the centre.

<sup>5</sup>The word `came' has been crossed through with a horizontal line, thus indicating that it had been deleted prior to the deletion of the whole passage.



[f.29 r.]

*For every peril danger—so to benefit<sup>1</sup>  
Man—whom he knew & pitied—& despis'd—  
Such Arnold was—he said—& such his friend  
Should be!*

---

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The same deletion procedure has been adopted for lines 384+24-384+27 on this page as for the final twenty-two lines on f.28 r. (See the textual note to line 384+1 above.)

[f.29 r. cont.]  
Madoc

Book 3.rd

5     `Not with an unmoved heart I left thy shores  
      `My native country! not without a pang  
      `As thy fair highlands lessened on the sight  
      `Cast sometimes back the involuntary glance.  
      `Bright was the morn & steady blew the gale  
      `And thro the waters swift & strong our barks  
      `Ploughd their bold way.  
              `Oh they were gallant barks  
      `As ever thro the tempests fury rode  
      `And many a tempests buffeting they bore  
10     `And many a peril weatherd! on we pressd  
      `Thitherward steering where beneath the wave  
      `The Sun pursuing still his destined course  
      `Sunk from the sight: high expectation filld  
      `All hearts; the fervid eagerness I felt  
15     `Inspired my daring comrades, they beheld  
              [f.30 r.]  
      `The uttermost point of Europe, & their shouts  
      `Spake unabated hope; & when the gale  
      `Still urgd us onward with unvarying strength  
      `They said that Heaven was with us.  
              `Oftentimes  
20     `Mounting the mast-tower top with straining ken  
      `They gazed & fancied in the distant cloud  
      `Their promised shore. nor with less anxious eyes  
      `Watchd I the waves—mine agitated mind  
      `With many thoughts was troubled; & when late  
25     `I laid me down, tenacious of the theme  
      `With visions of the perilous enterprize  
      `Filld the brief hours of rest. I had not rushd  
      `With heedless speed in the delirious hour  
      `Of feverish fancy on some wild attempt,  
30     `But oft & deeply had my tranquil thought  
      `Pondered the bold adventure, when the heart  
      `Beat calm, & calmly flowd the unpassiond blood.  
      `Therefore in full & steady confidence  
      `My soul abode; yet sometimes did I fear  
35     `The fickle mariners, now restless grown

[f.29 r. cont.]  
Madoc

Book 3.rd

- 5     `Not with an unmoved heart I left thy shores  
    `My native country! not without a pang  
    `As thy fair highlands lessened on the sight  
    `Cast sometimes back the involuntary glance.  
    `Bright was the morn & steady blew the gale  
    `And thro the waters swift & strong our barks  
    `Ploughd their bold way.  
            `Oh they were gallant barks  
    `As ever thro the tempests fury rode  
    `*Triumphant on the billows.*  
10    `And many a tempests buffeting they bore  
    `And many a peril weatherd! on we pressd  
    `Thitherward steering<sup>1</sup> where beneath the wave  
    `The Sun pursuing still his destind course  
    `Sunk from the sight: high expectation filld  
    `All hearts; the fervid eagerness I felt  
15    `Inspired my daring comrades, they beheld  
            [f.30 r.]  
    `The uttermost point of Europe, & their shouts  
    `Spake unabated hope; & when the gale  
    `Still urgd us onward with unvarying strength  
    `They said that Heaven was with us.  
            `Oftentimes  
20    `Mounting the mast-tower top with straining ken  
    `They gazed & fancied in the distant cloud  
    `Their promised shore. nor with less anxious eyes  
    `Watchd I the waves—my<sup>{ine}</sup> agitated mind<sup>2</sup>  
    `With many thoughts was troubled; & when late  
25    `I laid me down, tenacious of the theme<sup>3</sup> † < Imagination still >  
    `With visions of the perilous enterprize  
    `Filld the brief hours of *slumber* rest. I had not rushd  
    `With heedless speed in the delirious hour  
    `Of feverish fancy on some wild attempt,  
30    `But oft & deeply had my tranquil *mind* thought  
    `Pondered the bold adventure, when the heart  
    `Beat calm, & calmly flowd the unpassiond blood.  
    `Therefore † < in > full *hope* & steady confidence  
    `*possessd* my soul;<sup>4</sup> † < abode; > yet sometimes did I fear  
35    `The fickle mariners, now restless grown

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. has added a bold X above this line, just prior to the word `steering', the significance of which is not clear. No changes have been implemented in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>Lines 23-32 are a partial re-working of the deleted lines at the end of book II (384 + 6-384 + 14) on f.28 r.

<sup>3</sup>S. has left both `tenacious of the theme' and `Imagination still' as alternative readings here, retaining the former in MS.2B.

<sup>4</sup>S. has not attempted to capitalise `my' or to delete the semi-colon after `soul' in order to accommodate the syntactical alterations.

`With sick[en]ing expectation. I beheld  
 `The look of disappointment & I heard  
 `Distrusts low murmurs: darker grew their looks  
     [f.31 r.]  
 40 `Louder their murmurs, nor availd it long  
 `With timid simulation[']s prudent eye  
 `To see & not perceive. shame had awhile  
 `Repressd their fear. but fear repressd[,] like fire[,]  
 `At length bursts forth, spreads rapidly around  
 45 `And strengthens as it spreads. They spake in words  
 `That might not be mistaken. they had done  
 `What men dared do; venturd where never keel  
 `Had cut the deep before, still all was sea,  
 `A boundless waste of waters. to proceed  
 50 `Were tempting heaven. I heard with feignd surprize,  
 `And pointing then to where our fellow bark,  
 `Gay with her fluttering streamers & swoln sails,  
 `Went lightly oer the watry [sic] element,  
 `Demanded what their comrades there would deem  
 55 `Of those so bold on shore, who when a day,  
 `Perchance an hour[,] might crown their glorious toil  
 `Shrunk then, & with the cowards giddy haste  
 `Returnd to scorn? true they had venturd on  
 `In unknown seas beyond where ever keel  
 60 `Had burst the billows yet; more reason so  
 `Why they should now like him whose conquering speed  
 `Well nigh has run the race, with higher hope  
 `Press onward to the prize. but late they said  
     [f.32 r.]  
 `Marking the unchanging favour of the gale  
 `That Heaven was with us: Heaven continued still  
 65 `Fair seas & favouring skies, nor need our prayers  
 `Ask other aid; the rest was in ourselves  
 `Nature had given it when she gave to man  
 `Courage & constancy.'  
     `They answered not  
 70 `Awhile obedient, but I saw with dread  
 `The silent sullenness of cold assent.  
 `Oh with what eager earnestness I lookd  
 `At earliest daybreak oer the distant deep,  
 `How sick at heart with hope when evening closd  
 75 `Gazed thro the gathering shadows! quicker throbs  
 `Heave not the maidens bosom when she sits  
 `Watching the way her lover went to war  
 `And at each sound that comes upon the wind  
 `Turns pale. I conversd with them now in fear,  
 80 `Their looks alarmed me, & if two apart  
 `Commund, an instant heat transfusd my frame.  
 `Suspicion never made the tyrants couch  
 `More restless.  
     `All I dreaded came at last.  
 `They gatherd round me. `they had shown enough  
 `Of courage now, enough of constancy;

`With sicking<sup>1</sup> expectation. I beheld  
 `The look of disappointment & I heard  
 `Distrusts low murmurs: darker grew their looks  
     [f.31 r.]  
 40 `Louder their murmurs, nor availd it long  
 `With timid simulations prudent eye  
 `To see & not perceive. shame had awhile  
 `Repressd their fear. but fear repressd like fire  
 `At length bursts forth, spreads rapidly around  
 45 `And strengthens as it spreads. They spake in words  
 `That might not be mistaken. they had done  
 `What men dared do; venturd where never keel  
 `Had cut the deep before, still all was sea,  
 `A boundless waste of waters. to proceed  
 50 `Were tempting heaven. I heard with feignd surprize,  
 `And pointing then to where our fellow bark,  
 `Gay with her fluttering streamers & swoln sails,  
 `Went lightly oer the watry element,  
 `Demanded what their comrades there would deem  
 `Of those so bold on shore, who when a day,  
 55 `Perchance an hour might crown their glorious toil  
 `Shrunk then, & with the cowards giddy haste  
 `Returnd to scorn? true they had venturd on  
 `In unknown seas beyond where ever keel  
 `Had burst the billows yet; more reason so  
 60 `Why they should now like him whose conquering speed  
 `Well nigh has run the race, with higher hope  
 `Press onward to the prize. but late they said  
     [f.32 r.]  
 `Marking the unchanging favour of the gale  
 `That Heaven was with us: Heaven continued still  
 65 `Fair seas & favouring skies, nor need our prayers  
 `Ask other aid; the rest was in ourselves  
 `Nature had given it when she gave to man  
 `Courage & constancy.<sup>1</sup>      `They answered not  
 `Awhile obedient, but I saw with dread  
 70 `The silent sullen & < n > ess of cold assent.  
 `Oh with what eager earnestness I *gazed* lookd  
 `At earliest daybreak oer the distant deep,  
 `How sick at heart with hope when evening closd  
 `Gazed thro the gathering shadows! quicker throbs  
 75 `Heave not the maidens bosom when she sits  
 `Watching the way her lover went to war  
 `And at each sound that comes upon the wind  
 `Turns pale. I conversd with them now in fear,  
 `Their looks alarmed me, & if two apart  
 80 `Commund, an instant heat transfusd my frame.  
 `Suspicion never made the tyrants couch  
 `More restless.      `All I dreaded came at last.  
 `They *prest* ↑ < gatherd > around me. `they had shown enough  
 `Of courage now, enough of constancy;

<sup>1</sup>I presume that S. intended to write 'sickning', but he has omitted the n. He adopts the conventional spelling in MS.2B.

85 ` Still to pursue this desperate enterprize  
 ` Were impious madness. They had deemd that Heaven  
     [f.33 r.]  
 ` In favour gave to them the unchanging gale,  
 ` More reason now to fear that Heaven[,] in wrath  
 ` For mans presumptuous folly strove to pass  
 90 ` The unpassable limits of the world, had made  
 ` The winds its ministers to waft them on  
 ` Towards the death they sought. for me, if still  
 ` The mariners of yonder other bark  
 ` Held obstinately on, I might partake  
 95 ` Their folly & their fate. reply was vain,  
 ` Vain all attempt to change this fixd resolve.  
 ` They durst not, would not, still persist & tempt  
 ` Offended Heaven.'  
                     ` They waited not reply  
 ` But making signal to their fellow bark  
 100 ` Left me to meditation. soon the bark  
 ` Bore down on us & when the trumpet told  
 ` Purposd return, a shout of general joy  
 ` Thrilld me. abandond to my fortune now  
 ` I sought my solitary cabin, there  
 105 ` confusd with vague tumultuous feelings lay,  
 ` And to remembrance & reflection lost  
 ` Knew only I was wretched.  
                     Thus entranced  
 ` Footsteps aroud me, & I raisd my head  
 ` And saw Cadwallon. shame & grief [&] pride  
                     [f.34 r.]  
 110 ` And baffled hope & fruitless anger swelld  
 ` Within me. "all is over["] I exclaimd—  
                     [f.33 v.]  
 ` Yet not in me, my friend has ought of dread  
 ` Workd tardy doubts & shameful ficklness—  
 ` I have not faild Cadwallon!["] ["]nay["]—he cried  
                     [f.34 r. cont.]  
 115 ` The coward fears that persecuted me  
 ` Speak well what thou hast witnessd. a last hope  
 ` Remains; I have besought them to proceed  
 ` One only day & to mine earnestness  
 ` This have they granted. let me wait the event

- 85 `Still to pursue this desperate enterprize  
 `Were impious madness. They had deemd that Heaven  
     [f.33 r.]  
 `In favour gave to them the unchanging gale,  
 `More reason now to fear that Heaven in wrath  
 `That ↑ < For > mans presumptuous folly strove to pass  
 90 `The unpassable limits of the world, had made  
 `The winds its ministers to waft them on  
 `Towards the death they sought. for me, if still  
 `The mariners of yonder other bark  
 `Held obstinately on, I might partake  
 95 `Their folly & their fate. reply was vain,  
 `Vain all attempt to change this fixd resolve.  
 `They durst not, would not, still persist & tempt  
 `Offended Heaven.  
     `They waited not reply  
 `But making signal to their fellow bark  
 100 `Left me to meditation. soon the bark  
 `Bore down on us & when the trumpet told  
 `Purposd return, a shout of general joy  
 `Thrilld me. abandond to my fortune now  
 `I sought my solitary cabin, there  
 105 `confusd with vague tumultuous feelings lay,  
 `And to remembrance & reflection lost  
 `Knew only I was wretched.<sup>1</sup> Thus entranced  
 `Footsteps aroud me, & I raisd my head  
 `And saw Cadwallon. shame & *struggling* ↓ < grief ><sup>2</sup> p{P}ride<sup>3</sup>  
     [f.34 r.]  
 110 `And baffled hope & fruitless anger swelld  
 `Within me. "all is over I exclaimd—  
 `*Yet I have not been failing!—nay he cried<sup>4</sup>*  
 `*I have not faild my friend! nay he rejoind*  
     [f.33 v.]  
 `Yet not in me, my friend has ought of dread  
 `Workd tardy doubts & shameful ficklness—  
 `I have not faild Cadwallon! nay—he cried  
 `The coward fears<sup>5</sup>  
     [f.34 r. cont.]  
 115 `The coward fears that persecuted me  
 `Speak well what thou hast witnessd. a last hope  
 `Remains; I have besought them to proceed  
 `One only day & to mine earnestness  
 `This have they granted. let me wait the event

<sup>1</sup>S. places two short parallel vertical lines in the text at this point, which probably suggest that he wished this line to be divided into two half-lines, as it is in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>The line clearly needs another `&' at this point, which would make it correspond exactly with MS.2B.

<sup>3</sup>S. has not attempted to capitalise the other nouns.

<sup>4</sup>S. has simultaneously crossed out lines 111 + 1 and 111 + 2 with a wavy horizontal line which encompasses both. He has placed an asterisk in the margin before this line, and a corresponding asterisk before line 112 on f.33 v. to indicate a direct replacement.

<sup>5</sup>This is merely a pointer line, at the end of which S. places `&c', to clarify that the text continues on f.34 r.

120 `Here.—in yon bark I am not needed now.'  
 `One only day!—the gale blew strong, the bark  
 `Rode rapid oer the billows;—but the hours  
 `Past swift & silent on, & centered still  
 125 `We saw a dreary vacancy of sky  
 `Close round our narrow view, when this brief term,  
 `The last poor respite of our hopes, expird.  
 `Oh how my proud heart struggled! his calm look  
 `Read & reproved & pitied me. said he  
 130 `["]Repress these rebel feelings that destroy  
 `The earthly meed of Virtue; self-applause  
 `Is all she finds below—that high reward  
 `Madoc—our souls advanced beyond their age  
 `Shall yet partake. I owe no farther debt  
 `To man—but to my little hut retir'd  
 [f.35 r.]  
 135 `Will shroud myself again in solitude  
 `And disciplind & dead to worldly cares  
 `Forget the wretched race, there tranquilly  
 `Wait my deliverance & depart in peace."  
 `Even whilst he spake we heard the clamourous [*sic*] crew  
 140 `Slacken their sails & call with coward prayer  
 `For homeward winds. then in mine heart I vowed  
 `Thenceforth to walk alone, for I had leand  
 `With all the weight of my best hopes on man,  
 `And like the fool who leans upon a reed  
 145 `Fared rightly. I exclaim'd in bitterness  
 `Of self-contempt—"why what poor slaves are we  
 `When with the noblest love of humankind  
 `Our hearts oerflow—the abject sport of chance!  
 `Left to the mercy of the elements  
 150 `Or the more wayward will of such as these  
 `Blind tools & victims of their Destiny!"  
 ["]Yes Madoc" he replied "the elements  
 `Master indeed Mans weakness! look around—  
 `Not to the shores of Cambria will this bark  
 155 `Win back her shameful way! or he whose will  
 `Unchains the winds now bids them minister  
 `To aid us when all human hope is past,  
 `Or we shall soon eternally repose  
 [f.36 r.]  
 `From Lifes long voyage.'  
 as he spake I heard  
 160 `The ominous wind howl hollow. thickening clouds  
 `Hung oer the waters heavy, the gray waves  
 `Rolld higher, & the low blast rushing by  
 `Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam.  
 `Vain now were all the seamens homeward hopes  
 165 `Vain all their skill.—we drove before the storm.  
 `Pleasant it is to sit at ease & hear  
 `Of tempests & the dangers of the deep  
 `Anon to pause, & feel that we are safe,  
 `Then listen to the perilous tale again,



- 120 `Here.—in yon bark I am not needed now.'
- `One only day!—the gale blew strong, the bark  
`Rode rapid oer the billows;—but the hours  
`Past swift & silent on, & centered still  
`We saw a dreary vacancy of sky
- 125 `Close round our narrow view, when this brief term,  
`The last poor respite of our hopes, expird.  
`Oh how my proud heart struggled! his calm *eye glance* ↑ < look >  
`Read & reprov'd & pitied me. "*repress* said he  
`Repress these rebel feelings that destroy
- 130 `The earthly meed of Virtue; self-applause  
`Is all she finds below—that high reward  
`Madoc—our [*I word*] souls advanced beyond their age  
`Shall yet partake. I owe no farther debt  
`To man—but to my little hut retir'd  
[f.35 r.]
- 135 `Will shroud myself again in solitude  
`And disciplin'd & dead to *earthly* ↑ < worldly > cares  
`Forget the wretched race, there tranquilly  
`Wait my deliverance & depart in peace."
- `Even whilst he spake we heard the clamorous crew  
140 `Slacken their sails & call with coward prayer  
`For homeward winds. then in mine heart I vowed  
`Thenceforth to walk alone, for I had leand  
`With all the weight of my best hopes on man,  
`And like the fool who leans upon a reed
- 145 `Fared rightly. I exclaim'd in bitterness  
`Of self-contempt—"why what poor slaves are we  
`When with the noblest love of humankind  
`Our hearts oerflow—the abject sport of chance!  
`Left to the mercy of the elements
- 150 `Or the more wayward will of such as these  
`Blind tools & victims of their Destiny!"
- "Yes Madoc" he replied "the elements  
`Master indeed Mans weakness! look around—  
`Not to the shores of Cambria will this bark
- 155 `Win back her shameful way! or he who † < se > *bids* will  
`Unchains the winds now bids them minister  
`To aid us when all human hope is past,  
`Or we shall soon eternally repose  
[f.36 r.]
- `From Lifes long voyage.'
- `as he spake I heard
- 160 `The ominous wind howl hollow. *the thick* † < ening > clouds  
`Hung *heavy* oer the waters heavy, the gray waves  
`Roll'd higher, & the low blast rushing by  
`Swept from their sheeted sides the *silvery* ↑ < showery > foam.  
`Vain now were all the seamens homeward hopes
- 165 `Vain all their skill.—we drove before the storm.
- `Pleasant it † < is > to sit at ease & hear  
`Of tempests & the dangers of the deep  
`Anon to pause, & feel that we are safe,  
`Then listen to the perilous tale again,

170 `And with an eager & suspended soul  
 `Woo Terror to delight us. but to hear  
 `The roaring of the raging elements,  
 `To know all human skill, all human strength,  
 `Fruitless, to gaze around & only see  
 175 `The mountain wave incumbent with its bulk  
 `Of bursting waters oer the giddy bark,  
 `Oh God this is a very fearful thing!  
 `And he who once has witnessd such a scene  
 `Does never hear the wintry tempest howl  
 [f.37 r.]  
 180 `Around his home but he remembers this  
 `And thinks upon the suffering mariner.  
  
 `Onward we drove: with unabating force  
 `The tempest raged, night added to the storm  
 `New horrors, & the morn arose oerspread  
 185 `With heavier clouds. driven thus thro unknown seas  
 `For many a day at length with ceaseless toil  
 `Well nigh exhausted we perceived the winds  
 `Sink to repose.  
 `Then to the crew I spake.  
 `["]Vain were it' urged I `now to bend our course  
 190 `To Cambria, by the tempest hurried on  
 `Oer such a waste of ocean, for the way  
 `Our shattered barks unequal, & tho Heaven  
 `Might bid the gale blow fair & save from storms  
 `What should protect us from the impending ills  
 195 `Of want? one only hope remaind. proceed  
 `And Life were possible, return & Death  
 `certain.  
 `they heard me sullenly perforce  
 `Obedient to necessity. & now  
 `We saild beneath a sky where never cloud  
 200 `With purple islanded the dark green deep.  
 [f.36 v.]  
 `Bright by the blue immensity of Heaven  
 `Mirrord, the restless oceans varying hues  
 `Sparkled with glory, & the host of stars  
 `Shone with such radiance thro the unsullied night  
 205 `As markd that planet whose descent our sires[—]  
 `Erst with a holy reverence of joy[—]  
 `Beheld, & deemd the orb by Dhia sent  
 `To bear some dying Druids soul to Heaven.  
 `So tranquilly beneath this pleasant clime  
 210 `We voyaged on, wafted by such mild airs

- 170 `And with an eager & suspended soul  
 `Woo Terror to delight us. but to hear  
 `The roaring of the raging elements,  
 `To know all human skill, all human strength,  
 `Fruitless, to gaze around & only see
- 175 `The mountain wave incumbent with its *weight* bulk  
 `Of *rushing* ↑ < bursting > waters oer the giddy bark,  
 `Oh God this is a very fearful thing!  
 `And he who once has witnessd such a scene  
 `Does never hear the wintry tempest howl  
   [f.37 r.]
- 180 `Around his home but he remembers this  
 `And thinks upon the suffering mariner.
- `Onward we drove: with unabating force  
 `The tempest raged, night added to the storm  
 `New horrors, & the morn arose oerspread
- 185 `With heavier clouds. driven thus thro unknown seas  
 `For many a day at length with ceaseless toil  
 `Well nigh exhausted we perceived the winds  
 `Sink to repose.
- `Then to the crew I spake.  
 `Vain were it' urged I `now to bend our course
- 190 `To Cambria, by the tempest hurried on  
 `Oer such a waste of ocean, for the way  
 `Our shattered barks unequal, & *if* tho Heaven  
 `Should ↑ < Might > bid the gale blow fair & save from storms  
 `What should protect us from the impending ills
- 195 `Of want? one only hope remaind. *to* proceed  
 `And Life were possible, return & Death  
 `was certain.
- `sullenly they heard ↑ < me sullenly > perforce  
 `Obedient to necessity. & now  
 `We saild beneath a sky where never cloud
- 200 `With purple islanded the dark green deep.  
 `The gales are not more soothing sweet & soft<sup>1</sup>  
   [f.36 v.]
- `Bright by the blue immensity of Heaven  
 `Mirrord, the restless oceans varying hues  
 `Sparkled with glory, & the host of stars  
 `Shone with such radiance *that* ↑ < thro > the unsullied night
- 205 `As markd that planet whose descent our sires  
 `Erst with a holy reverence of joy  
 `Beheld, & deemd the orb by Dhia sent  
 `To bear some dying Druids soul to Heaven.  
 `So tranquilly beneath this pleasant clime
- 210 `We voyaged on, wafted by such mild airs—

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. has placed an asterisk in the margin prior to this line, and a corresponding asterisk before line 201 on f.36 v., thus indicating where the insertion is to be placed.





[f.38 r.]

220 `Now fearful, that worse danger, still mine heart  
`Was ill at ease. already prudent care  
`Measured with frugal hand our daily food,  
`And now I deemd that even that little dole  
`Was prodigally dealt; for all my hopes  
`And all my soul on this great enterprize  
225 `Were fixd, & therefore Fancy ever brooded  
`On disappointment, of things possible  
`Foreboding still the worst. unwillingly  
`I called the mariners around, & urged  
`What my fears counselld. sudden as I spake  
230 `A shout of joy burst forth, I raisd mine eyes  
`And saw a sea-mew slowly sail along[,]  
`His long white pinions by the sunbeam edged  
`As tho with burnishd silver.—never yet  
`Heard I so sweet a music as his cry!

[f.39 r.]

235 `He who for many a long & weary day  
`Tost by the billows, has with anxious eye  
`Watchd every changing of the changeful wind,  
`He knows what joy it is to leap to shore.  
`But who can think what feelings filld my heart,  
240 `When like a cloud the distant land arose  
`Grey from the ocean, when we left the bark  
`And cleaved with eager oars the shallow wave,  
`And stood in safety on another world!

Here Madoc pausd, but every eye still dwelt  
Expectant on him, every voice was husht  
245 In asking silence. from the cupbearer  
The ocean-roaming Chief received the bowl.  
`Often hath this metheglin' he exclaimd  
`Made my heart glad when from long labor here  
`I came to rest me in my fathers hall.  
250 `And I have heard my quickend blood throb loud,  
`When from the gold-lipt horn of victory  
`With the joy of songs we quaffd this golden juice,  
`Britains best beverage. but never yet  
255 `Even from the gold-lipt horn of victory  
`Pledged I so sweet a beverage, as when first  
`I laid me down upon that distant world

[f.38 r.]

That oer Flath-ynys loves to linger long<sup>1</sup>  
 On whose fair hills, where from the lucid cloud  
 Fed with celestial waters the young stream  
 Sends its faint melody of murmur, stands  
 The high-roofd dwelling of the Chiefs of Old.

Yet tho beneath such tranquil skies I saild<sup>2</sup>  
 Before the gentle breeze, nor of return  
 Now fearful, that worse danger, still mine heart  
 Was ill at ease. already prudent care  
 220 Measured with frugal hand our daily food,  
 And now I deemd that even that little dole  
 Were ↑ < Was > prodigally dealt; for all my hopes  
 And all my soul on this great enterprize  
 Were fixd, & therefore Fancy ever brooded  
 225 On disappointment, of things possible  
 Foreboding still the worst. unwillingly  
 I called the mariners around, & urged  
 What my fears counselld. sudden as I spake  
 A shout of joy burst forth, I raisd mine eyes  
 230 And saw a sea-mew slowly glide ↓ < sail > along  
 His long white pinions by the sunbeam edged  
 As tho with burnishd silver.—never yet  
 Heard I so sweet a music as his cry!

[f.39 r.]

He who for many a long & weary day  
 235 Tost by the billows, has with anxious eye  
 Watchd every changing of the changeful wind,  
 He knows what joy it is to leap to shore.  
 But who can think what feelings filld my heart,  
 When like a cloud the distant land arose  
 240 Grey from the ocean, when we left the bark  
 And cleaved with eager oars the shallow wave,  
 And stood in safety on another world!

Here Madoc pausd, but every eye still dwelt  
 Expectant on him, every voice was husht  
 245 In asking silence. from the cupbearer  
 The ocean-roaming Chief received the bowl.  
 Often hath this metheglin' he exclaimd  
 Made my heart glad when from long *toil I came* ↓ < labor here >  
 I came to rest me in my fathers hall.  
 250 And I have heard my quickend blood throb loud,  
 When from the *Hirlas* ↓ < gold-lipt > horn of victory  
 With the joy of songs we quaffd this golden juice,  
 Britains best beverage. but never yet  
 Even from the *Hirlas* ↓ < gold-lipt > horn of victory  
 255 Pledged I *a draught so grateful* ↓ < so sweet a beverage >, as when first  
 I laid me down upon that [*1 word*] distant *shore* ↓ < world >

<sup>1</sup>S. has indicated that lines 217 + 1-217 + 5 are to be deleted by drawing a large X through the centre of them.

<sup>2</sup>Five equally-spaced vertical lines bisect this and the next line to indicate that both are to be deleted.

[f.40 r.]

260 `And drank the cool clear waters. twas a moment  
`Oerpaying all my labours, & Remembrance  
`Thinking on cares & dangers then gone by  
`Heightend this happiness, as the summer storm  
`Makes the fresh evening lovelier.

265 `To the shore  
`The natives thronged: astonishd they beheld  
`Our winged barks, & gazd in wonderment  
`On our strange garb & bearded visnomies  
`And skin so white, in all unlike themselves.  
`I see with what enquiring eyes you ask  
`What manner men were these. unbearded they,  
`Their dark brown features so resembling each  
270 `The other, as bespake the same pursuit  
`Common to all. their brows were wrinkleless,  
`Seeming as never yet Anxiety  
`Or busy Thought had made a furrow there.  
`Loose cotton sinctures wrappd their loins. all else  
275 `Was naked, & their limbs unmanacled  
`Her best proportions to free Nature gave  
`Of strength & beauty. fearless sure they were,  
`And as they eyed us graspd their spears, as if  
`Like Britains injurd independant sons

[f.41 r.]

280 `They knew it was a very dreadful thing  
`To have an armed stranger set his foot  
`On their free country.  
`Soon the courteous carriage  
`Of men nor purporting nor fearing ill  
`Won confidence; their wild distrustful looks  
`Assumd milder meaning; over one  
285 `I cast my mantle, on anothers neck  
`Hung a red rosary & all was joy.

290 `We now besought for food: instant they read  
`Our gestures[,] but I cast a hopeless eye  
`On mountains, woods, & marshy plains around,  
`A waste of rank luxuriance; in my heart  
`I grieved to see the unculturd wilderness  
`Emblem its savage habitants, & askd  
`Why God had given his noblest gift[s] in vain!  
`Thus musing to a lake I followed them,  
295 `Left when the rivers to their summer course  
`Returnd; they scatterd on its waters drugs  
`Of most strange potency, & soon the shoals  
`Coopd there by Nature, prodigally kind,  
`Inebriate floated. as I gazed a deer  
300 `Sprung from the bordering thicket, the true shaft  
`Scarce with the distant victims blood had tinged



[f.40 r.]

- `And drank the cool clear waters. twas a moment  
 `Oerpaying all my labours, & Remembrance  
 `Thinking on cares & dangers *now* ↑ < then > gone by  
 260 `Heightend this happiness, as the summer storm  
 `Makes the fresh evening lovelier.
- `To the shore
- `The natives thronged: astonishd they beheld  
 `Our winged barks, & gazd in wonderment  
 `On our strange garb & bearded visnomies  
 265 `And skin so white, in all unlike themselves.  
 `I see with what enquiring eyes you ask  
 `What manner men were these. unbearded they,  
 `Their dark brown *features* features so resembling each  
 `The other, as bespake the same pursuit  
 270 `Common to all. their brows were wrinkleless,  
 `Seeming as never yet Anxiety  
 `Or busy Thought had made a furrow there.  
 `Loose cotton sinctures wrappd their loins. all else  
 `Was naked, & their limbs unmanacled  
 275 `Her best proportions to free Nature gave  
 `Of strength & beauty. fearless sure they were,  
 `And as they eyed us graspd their spears, as if  
 `Like Britains injurd independant sons
- [f.41 r.]
- `They knew it was a very dreadful thing  
 280 `To have an armed stranger set his foot  
 `On their free country.<sup>1</sup>
- `Soon the courteous carriage
- `Of men nor purporting nor fearing ill  
 `Won confidence; their wild distrustful looks  
 `Assumd milder meaning; over one  
 285 `I cast my mantle, on anothers neck  
 `Hung a red rosary & all was joy.  
 `*In Natures dumb & universal language*  
 `We now besought for food: instant they read  
 `Our *meaning* ↑ < gestures > but I cast a hopeless eye  
 `On mountains, woods, & marshy plains around,  
 290 `A waste of rank luxuriance; in my heart  
 `I grieved to see the unculturd wilderness  
 `Emblem its savage habitants, & askd  
 `Why God had given his noblest gift<sup>2</sup> in vain!  
 `Thus musing to a lake I followed them,  
 295 `Left when the rivers to their summer course  
 `Returnd; they scatterd on its waters drugs  
 `Of most strange potency, & soon the shoals  
 `Coopd there by Nature, prodigally kind,  
 `Inebriate floated. as I gazed a deer  
 300 `Sprung from the bordering thicket, the true<sup>3</sup> ↑ < long > *arrow* ↑ < shaft >  
 `Scarce with the distant victims blood had tinged

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 280.

<sup>2</sup>MS.2B has the plural `gifts' here, which seems to make more sense in the context.

<sup>3</sup>Both `true' and `long' have been left as alternatives here, the former being retained in MS.2B.

[f.42 r.]

- 305 `Its point, when instantly he dropt & died  
`Such deadly juice imbued it. yet on this  
`Unharmd we banquetted & I perceived  
`The wisest leech that ever in our world  
`Culd herbs of hidden virtue, was to these,  
`The rudest of the human race, compar'd  
`As a meer infant.       `Sorrowing we beheld  
310 `The night come on, but soon the night displayd  
`More wonders than it mantled. countless tribes  
`From the wood covert swarmd, & darkness made  
`Their beauties visible. one while they streamd  
`A bright blue radiance upon flowers that hid  
315 `Their gorgeous colors from the eye of day[;]  
`Now[,] motionless & dark[,] eluded search  
`Self shrouded[;] & anon starring the heaven  
`Showered up their sparkling fire.       `Our friendly hosts  
320 `Now led us to the hut, our that nights home,  
`A rude & spacious dwelling. twisted boughs  
`And canes & withies formd the walls & roof,  
`And from the unhewn trunks that pillared it  
`Low nets of interwoven reeds were hung.  
`With shouts of honour here they gatherd round me,  
325 `Ungarmented my limbs & in a net  
`With softest feathers lined a pleasant couch  
  [f.43 r.]  
`They laid & left me.       `To our ships returnd,  
`After short sojourn here, we coasted on  
`To where a mightiest river with its rush  
330 `Freshened the ocean. not the many streams  
`Of Britain tho their congregated waves  
`Pressd thro one channel, to the sea would pour  
`So huge a bulk of waters. upward now  
`Bade I the pilate bend; the gale was strong  
335 `And thro the uproar of conflicting tides  
`Safe rode our gallant barks.       `So on we saild  
`By banks now covered with impervious woods,  
`Now stretching wide & green, a marshy waste,  
`And now thro veils where Earth profusely pourd  
340 `Her treasures gatherd from the first of days  
`Wildest luxuriance. now a savage tribe,  
`By wonder from their lethargy of life

[f.42 r.]

- 305 `Its point, when instantly he dropt & died  
 `Such deadly juice imbued it. yet on this  
 `Unharmd we banquetted & I perceived  
 `The wisest leech that ever in our world  
 `Culld herbs of hidden virtue, was to these,  
 `The rudest of the human race, compard  
 `As a meer infant.     `Sorrowing we beheld  
 310 `The night come on, but soon the night displayd  
 `More wonders than it mantled. countless tribes<sup>1</sup>  
 `From the wood covert swarmd, & darkness made  
 `Their beauties visible. one while they streamd  
 `A bright blue radiance upon flowers that hid  
 315 `Their gorgeous colors from the eye of day,  
 `Now motionless & dark eluded search  
 `Self shrouded, & anon starring the heavens  
 `Showered up their sparkling fire.     `Our friendly hosts  
 `Now led us to the hut, our that nights home,  
 `A rude & spacious dwelling. twisted boughs  
 320 `And canes & withies formd the walls & roof,  
 `And from the unhewn trunks that pillared it  
 `Low nets of interwoven reeds were hung.  
 `With shouts of honour here they gatherd round me,  
 `Ungarmented my limbs & in a net  
 325 `With softest feathers lined a pleasant couch  
   [f.43 r.]  
 `They laid & left me.     `To our ships returnd,  
 `After short sojourn here, we coasted on  
 `To where a mightiest river with its *tides* rush  
 `Freshened the ocean. not the many streams  
 330 `Of Britain tho their congregated waves  
 `Rolld in ↑ < Pressd thro > one channel, to the sea would pour  
 `So huge a bulk of waters. upward now  
 `Bade I the pilate bend; the gale was strong  
 `And thro the uproar of conflicting tides  
 335 `Safe rode our gallant barks.     `So on we saild  
 `By banks now covered with impervious woods,  
 `Now stretching wide & green, a marshy waste,  
 `And now thro veils where Earth profusely pourd  
 `Her treasures gatherd from the first of days  
 340 `Wildest luxuriance. now a savage tribe,  
 `By wonder from their lethargy of life

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The exact sense of lines 310-317<sub>(a)</sub> is not immediately apparent. Though slightly altered, the equivalent lines in the published poem, with their heavier punctuation, are a useful guide:

innumerable tribes  
 From the wood-cover swarmed, and darkness made  
 Their beauties visible; one while, they streamed  
 A bright blue radiance upon flowers that closed  
 Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day;  
 Now, motionless and dark, eluded search,  
 Self-shrouded; and anon, starring the sky,  
 Rose like a shower of fire. (*Madoc*, 48-49)

345 `Awakend, welcomd us, & now we past  
 `Thro tracts all desolat[e], unheeding we  
 `How day by day past by, still urging on,  
 `Of scenes so strange & new & beautiful  
 `Insatiate.  
     `Thus in pleasant voyaging  
 `As up the wide & winding stream we went  
 `We saw a boat come gliding rapidly  
     [f.44 r.]  
 350 `Adown the current: he who sat within  
 `Pausd from his toil beholding us, then urged  
 `His long light boat & fearlessly approachd  
 `To nearer survey. soon he read aright  
 `Our gestures & with honest confidence  
 `Sprung nimble up the vessels lofty sides.  
 355 `A comely youth he was, his coarse black locks,  
 `Like as of all the tribes we yet had seen,  
 `Hung lank & long, but in his gentler eye  
 `No fierce suspicion glowed, no sullenness  
 `Of wild distrust. how much importd it  
 360 `To win one natives friendship well I knew  
 `And much & wistfully my heart desird  
 `That this might be the man. such courtesies  
 `As our short commerce with the native race  
 `Had taught, I profferd, & sincerity  
 365 `Gave force & meaning to the half-learnt forms.  
 `Whateer might gratify[,] whateer surprize[,]  
 `I bade bring forth; but most our powerful arms  
 `Fixd his attentive wonder; the keen sword  
 `Cautious he felt & iron-headed lance,  
 370 `Then sudden with empassiond gestures turnd  
 `To me, his eye all eagerness, his lips  
 `Impatient. anxious we beheld with looks  
 `Of wistful ignorance, he glanced quick around  
 `Then placed the unsheatd falchion in my hand  
 375 `A suppliant for protection; but such joy  
     [f.45 r.]  
 `Yet had I never witnessd as assent  
 `Kindled in every feature. loud he wept  
 `And claspd my knees, then falling at my feet  
 `Betokend that should be his place of rest.  
 380 `Still at my side he followd, still his eye  
 `Watchful on me was fixd & when he sat  
 `Absorb'd in thoughts that seemd to fill his soul  
 `Silent & deeply still, if I but moved  
 `Instant he started as alarmd to lose  
 385 `Him he had chosen his friend; so thus by day  
 `He left me not, & when the night came on  
 `Slept at my feet. whenever we put to land  
 `Restless he was & labourd as to show  
 `A better place lay onward. much we mused  
 390 `And vainly to interpret what the plans

- 345 `Awakend, welcomd us, & now we past  
 `Thro tracts all desolat<sup>1</sup>, unheeding we  
 `How day by day past by, still urging on,  
 `Of scenes so strange & new & beautiful  
 `Insatiate.  
 `Thus in pleasant voyaging  
 `As up the wide & winding stream we went  
 `We saw a boat come gliding rapidly  
 [f.44 r.]  
 350 `Adown the current: he who sat within  
 `Pausd from his toil beholding us, then urged<sup>2</sup>  
 `His long light boat & fearlessly approachd  
 `To nearer survey. soon he read aright  
 `Our gestures & with honest confidence  
 `Sprung nimble up the vessels lofty sides.  
 355 `A comely youth he was, his coarse black locks,  
 `Like as of all the tribes we yet had seen,  
 `Hung lank & long, but in his gentler eye  
 `No fierce suspicion glowed, no sullenness  
 `Of wild distrust. how much imported it  
 360 `To win one natives friendship well I knew  
 `And *with deep earnestness* ↑ < much & wistfully > my heart desird  
 `That this might be the man. such courtesies  
 `As our *brief* ↓ < short > commerce with the native race  
 `Had taught, I proffered, & sincerity  
 365 `Gave force & meaning to the half-learnt forms.  
 `Whateer might gratify whateer surprize  
 `I bade bring forth; but most our powerful arms  
 `Fixd his attentive wonder; the keen sword  
 `Cautious he felt & iron-headed lance,  
 370 `Then sudden with empassiond gestures turnd  
 `To me, his eye all eagerness, his lips  
 `Impatient. anxious we beheld with looks  
 `Of wistful ignorance, he glanced quick around  
 `Then placed the unsheatd falchion in my hand  
 375 `A suppliant for protection; but such joy  
 [f.45 r.]  
 `Yet had I never witnessd as assent  
 `Kindled in every feature. loud he wept  
 `And claspd my knees, then falling at my feet  
 `Betokend that should be his place of rest.  
 380 `Still at my side he followd, still his eye  
 `Watchful on me was fixd & when he sat  
 `Absorb'd in thoughts that seemd to fill his soul  
 `Silent & deeply still, if I but moved  
 `Instant he started as alarmd to lose  
 385 `Him he had chosen his friend; so thus by day  
 `He left me not, & when the night came on  
 `Slept at my feet. whenever we put to land  
 `Restless he was & labourd as to show  
 `A better place lay onward. much we mused  
 390 `And vainly to interpret what the plans

<sup>1</sup>S. has accidentally omitted the final e.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 350.

`Possessd him; yet tho doubtful this, rejoiced  
 `In our new comrade, learning after him,  
 `Well-pleasd & proud to teach, what this was calld  
 `What that, with no unprofitable toil.  
 395 `Nor light the joy I felt at hearing first  
 `The pleasant accents of my native tongue,  
 `Albeit in broken words & tones uncooth,  
 `Come from this strangers lips. so day by day  
 `We voyaged on, unknowing where he led,  
 400 `The mighty river gave a copious depth  
 `And this we knew[,] that from these savage tribes  
 `Was nought of danger, where one armed man  
 `Might thro a hostile nation mow his way[;]  
 [f.46 r.]  
 `Sure too that not a thought of ill could lurk  
 405 `In this our guileless guide.     `A different scene  
 `Rose slowly to our view of mountains piled  
 `On mountains, till the baffled eye in vain  
 `Sought for their summits in the mid-way heaven.  
 `Plinlymmons giant greatness, & the height  
 410 `Of Cader-Idris shrink compared with these,  
 `Dwarfd even like the little Saxon hills  
 `When measurd with our Gwynedds eagle haunts,  
 `Freedoms last fortress.     `At the length our guide  
 `With eager action & the joy of tears  
 415 `Gazd on the home he sought. I left the ships  
 `And with Cadwallon & a chosen band  
 `Followed his path. soon as the huts appeard  
 `He sprang with arrow-swiftness on, out-running  
 `The eyes pursuit; but long we had not lookd  
 420 `Ere forth he came, leading the gatherd tribe  
 `And hastend forward, & embraced my knees,  
 `Again with powerfulest eloquence  
 `Eye-speaking earnestness & trembling lips,  
 `Beseeching me for those who on the ground  
 425 `Fell suppliant, youths & maids & greyhaird men  
 `And mothers with their babes.  
 [f.47 r.]     `At such a scene  
 `My heart partook the agonizing joy,  
 `And feeling that I had the power to bless  
 `I felt almost a God.     `Their village stood  
 430 `A toilsome way upon the steep ascent  
 `Of mountains, over whose eternal snows  
 `The eagle could not soar, below a plain  
 `Stretchd boundless, rising on the baffled ken  
 `Like the wide ocean seen from some high cliff.  
 435 `Fair groves were there, & fertilizing streams  
 `And populous towns, & lakes that broad & blue

- ` Possessd him; yet tho doubtful this, rejoiced  
 ` In our new comrade, learning after him,  
 ` Well-pleasd & proud to teach, what this was calld  
 ` What that, with no unprofitable toil.  
 395 ` Nor light the joy I felt at hearing first  
 ` The pleasant accents of my native tongue,  
 ` Albeit in broken words & tones uncooth,  
 ` Come from this strangers lips. so day by day  
 ` We voyaged on, unknowing where he led,  
 400 ` The mighty river gave a copious depth  
 ` And this we knew that from these savage tribes  
 ` Was nought of danger, where one armed man  
 ` Might thro a hostile nation mow his way,  
 [f.46 r.]  
 ` Sure too that not a thought of ill could lurk<sup>1</sup>  
 405 ` In this our guileless guide.     ` A different scene  
 ` Rose slowly to our view of mountains piled  
 ` On mountains, till the baffled eye in vain  
 ` Sought for their summits in the mid-way heaven.  
 ` Plinlymmons giant greatness, & the height  
 410 ` Of Cader-Idris shrink compared with these,  
 ` Dwarfed even like the little Saxon hills  
 ` When measurd with our Gwynedds eagle haunts,  
 ` Freedoms last fortress.     ` At the length our guide  
 ` With eager action & the joy of tears  
 415 ` Gazd on the home he sought. I left the ships  
 ` And with Cadwallon & a chosen band  
 ` Followed his path. soon as the huts appeard  
 ` He sprang with arrow-swiftness on, out-running  
 ` The eyes pursuit; but long we had not lookd  
 420 ` Ere forth he came, leading the gatherd tribe  
 ` And hastend forward, & embraced my knees,  
 ` Again with powerfulest eloquence  
 ` Eye-speaking earnestness & trembling lips,  
 ` Beseeching me for those who on the ground  
 425 ` Fell suppliant, youths & maids & greyhaird men  
 ` And mothers with their babes.  
 [f.47 r.]     ` At such a scene  
 ` My heart partook the agonizing joy,  
 ` And feeling that I had the power to bless  
 ` I felt almost a God.  
 ` Their village stood  
 430 ` A toilsome way upon the steep ascent  
 ` Of mountains, over whose eternal snows  
 ` The eagle could not soar, below a plain  
 ` *Spread* ↑ < Stretchd > boundless, rising on the baffled ken  
 ` Like the wide ocean seen from ↑ < some > high cliff.  
 435 ` Fair groves were there, & fertilizing streams  
 ` And populous towns, & lakes that broad & blue

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 403.

`Spread their clear waters to reflected heaven;  
 `A scene that filld my heart with quietness.  
 `But other feelings in our hosts arose[.]  
 440 `They gazed & wept, a deep & silent grief  
 `Possesd them, for the goodly scene I saw  
 `Once had been theirs, there had themselves been born,  
 `And There their fathers slept.

`But in the eyes

445 `Of our young guide[,] Lincoya[,] fury flashd,  
 `He seized Cadwallons hand & calld on me  
 `And bade us follow. twas the twighlight hour  
 `And night had now hushd all things when we reachd  
 `The lake below; he from the bank unmoord  
 [f.48 r.]

450 `A long light boat, obedient we embarkd,  
 `Skilful & strong he plied the alternate oar,  
 `And swift we glided thro the placid wave:

`On the farther shore a city stood inwalled;  
 `Amid the shade of trees its dwellings rose  
 `Stately, their level roofs with turrets crown'd  
 455 `And battlements all burnishd white that shone  
 `Like silver in the moon beam. near the gate  
 []

`A massy mound with square & sloping sides,  
 `The plain above crested with four white towers,  
 `Was raisd. Lincoya led us thitherward,  
 460 `His looks were fearful & I felt his hand  
 `Chill, damp & trembling. eager & alarm'd  
 `Up the high steps we followed. freezing horror  
 `Thrilld thro me when I saw the four white towers  
 `Were reard with human skulls, & all around  
 465 `Long files of heads all gorey [*sic*] ghastly hung.  
 [f.47 v.]

`Big sweat drops started on Lincoyas brow,  
 `His cold flesh quivered, & with palsyng fear  
 `He motiond instant flight. nor seemd the fear  
 `That so convulsed him causeless, when he told  
 470 `That himself almost by miracle had fled  
 `These bloody rites, a destind sacrifice



- `Spread their clear surface ↓ < waters ><sup>1</sup> to reflected heaven;  
 `Islands of light; a blessed scene it was  
 `That seemd to ↑ < A scene that > filld my heart with quietness.  
 `But other feelings in our hosts arose  
 440 `They gazed & wept, a deep & silent grief  
 `Possessd them, for the goodly scene I saw  
 `Once had been theirs, there had themselves been born,  
 `‡ < & > There their fathers slept.  
 `But in the eyes  
 `Of our young guide Lincoya fury flashd,  
 445 `He seized Cadwallons hand & calld on me  
 `And bade us follow. twas the twilight hour  
 `And night had now hushd all things when we reachd  
 `The lake below; he from the bank unmoord  
 [f.48 r.]  
 `A long light boat, obedient we embarkd,  
 450 `Skilful & strong he plied the alternate oar,  
 `And swift we glided thro the placid wave:  
 `On the farther shore a city stood inwalled;<sup>2</sup>  
 `Amid the shade of trees its dwellings rose  
 `Stately, their level roofs with turrets crownd  
 455 `And battlements all burnishd white that shone  
 `Like silver in the moon beam. near the gate  
 shone a torch [3-5 words]<sup>3</sup>  
 `A massy mound with square & sloping sides,  
 `The plain above crested with four white towers,  
 `Was raisd. Lincoya led us thitherward,  
 460 `His looks were fearful & I felt his hand  
 `Chill, damp & trembling, eager & alarmd  
 `Up the high steps we followed. a cold ↑ < freezing > horror  
 `Thrilld thro me when I saw the four white towers  
 `Were reard with human skulls, & all around  
 465 `Long files of heads all gorey ghastly hung.<sup>4</sup>  
 [f.47 v.]  
 `Big sweat drops started on Lincoyas brow,  
 `His cold flesh quivered, & with palsyng fear  
 `He motiond instant flight. nor seemd the fear  
 `That so convulsed him causeless, when he told  
 470 `That<sup>5</sup> himself almost by miracle had fled  
 `These bloody rites, a destind sacrifice

<sup>1</sup>S. has actually bracketed the words `surface' and `waters' together, clearly leaving both as possible alternatives. MS.2B has `waters'.

<sup>2</sup>Starting from the end of this line, and written vertically down the page, are the words `Clavigero 373'.

<sup>3</sup>This is actually a complete line, but it has been scratched out with an unusual degree of thoroughness.

<sup>4</sup>S. has placed an asterisk in the margin before this line to indicate that this is where lines 466-473 from f.47 v. are to be inserted. There is no corresponding asterisk on f.47 v. however.

<sup>5</sup>Both sense and scansion demand the deletion of the word `That', which would then collate the line with MS.2B. It is not absolutely certain that the opening word is `That'. The letters `at' are perfectly clear, but the capital T at the start of the word looks as if it has been superimposed over another letter. The word definitely remains extant however, and S. has certainly not attempted to capitalise `himself' as a clue to any possible amendment.

`To damned idols, when adown the stream  
 `A wanderer borne he met our friendly barks.  
     [f.48 r. cont.]  
 475 `Silent & shuddering from the dreadful place  
 `We hastend to the shore, & reaching home  
 `Ere the grey dawn appeard, retir'd to find  
 `A brief & broken rest.  
     `The Sun was high  
 `When from late slumber & perturbed dreams  
 480 `Cadwallon rousd me. `hasten' he exclaimd—  
 `["]A strange & terrible alarm has seizd  
     [f.49 r.]  
 `This poor oppressed people, at the sight  
 `Of one, the herald it should seem of ill,  
 `Who now comes winding up the mountain path!["]  
 485 `Quickly I maild myself. Lincoya stood  
 `To wait my coming forth, & soon explaind  
 `Why fear & anguish upon every brow  
 `Hung lowering, why the women waild & wept,  
 `And screaming & convulsed the children ran  
 490 `To clasp my knees; for he who now approachd,  
 `Hooded with sable, & his half bare limbs  
 `Smeard black, was come, the ministring [*sic*] Priest, to claim  
 `Two victim children, these the tribute due  
 `To his accursed Gods.  
     `Awhile he pausd  
 495 `Gazing on us in wonder till his looks  
 `Glanced on Lincoya; then surprize & rage  
 `Possessd him & as with a masters frown,  
 `He calld on him to follow. but when the youth  
 `Replied & pointed as he spake to me,  
 `The Priest's enflamed eye interpreted  
 500 `His rapid answer, & his threatening arm  
 `Raisd up, as frequent on his homeward way  
 `He turnd & spake aloud[,] denounced on us  
 `Impending vengeance.  
     `Thus assur'd of war  
 505 `Behov'd us now with provident readiness  
 `To meet the coming danger. to the ships  
     [f.50 r.]  
 `A young Peruvian (such our hosts were calld)  
 `Our bidding bore; it bade the mariners,  
 `Leaving such guard alone as need requird,  
 `To join us arm'd for battle. let me here  
 510 `Be to their virtues just; most gallant men  
 `They were, & tho upon the unknown deep  
 `The tyranny of terror conquerd them,  
 `Save only then I ever found them serve me  
 `With true affection, patient in all toils  
 515 `Fearless in every danger.  
     "["]We are few  
 "And many are our foes" Cadwallon cried  
 `As we held council. `oer such enemies  
 `The victory is not dubious; from our arms  
 520 `Their arrows will fall harmless & their swords  
 `Blunted recoil, while thro their naked limbs,  
 `Naked or vainly fenced, our griding steel

- `To damned idols, when adown the stream  
 `A wanderer borne he met our friendly barks.  
     [f.48 r. cont.]  
 475 `Silent & shuddering from the dreadful place  
 `We hastend to the shore, & reaching home  
 `Ere the grey dawn appeared, retir'd to find  
 `A brief & broken rest.      `The Sun *rode* ↑ < was > high  
 `When from late slumber & perturbed dreams  
 `Cadwallon rousd me. `hasten' he exclaimd—  
 480 `A strange & terrible alarm has seizd  
     [f.49 r.]  
 `This poor oppressed people, at the sight  
 `Of one, the herald it should seem of ill,  
 `Who now comes winding up the mountain path!  
 `Quickly I maild myself. Lincoya stood  
 485 `To wait my coming forth, & soon explaind  
 `Why fear & anguish upon every brow  
 `Hung lowering, why the women waild & wept,  
 `And screaming & convulsed the children ran  
 `To clasp my knees; for he who now approached,  
 490 `Hooded with sable, & his half bare limbs  
 `Smeard black, was come, the ministring Priest, to claim  
 `Two *little* victim children, these the tribute due  
 `To his accursed Gods.      `Awhile he pausd  
 `Gazing on us in wonder till his looks  
 495 `Glanced on Lincoya; then surprize & rage  
 `Possessd him & *as* as with a masters frown,  
 `He calld on him to follow. but when the youth  
 `Replied & pointed as he spake to me,  
 `The Priest's enflamed eye interpreted  
 500 `His rapid answer, & his threatening arm  
 `Raisd up, as frequent on his homeward way  
 `He turnd & spake aloud denounced on us  
 `Impending vengeance.      `Thus assur'd of war  
 `Behoved us now with provident readiness  
 505 `To meet the coming danger. to the ships  
     [f.50 r.]  
 `A young Peruvian (such our hosts were calld)  
 `Our bidding bore; it bade the mariners,  
 `Leaving such guard alone as need requird,  
 `To join us armd for battle. let me here  
 510 `Be to their virtues just; most gallant men  
 `They were, & tho upon the unknown deep  
 `The tyranny of terror conquerd them,  
 `Save only then I ever found them serve me  
 `With true affection, patient in all toils  
 515 `Fearless in every danger.      "We are few  
 "And many are our foes" Cadwallon cried  
 `As we held council. `oer such enemies  
 `The victory is not dubious; from our arms  
 `Their arrows will fall harmless & their swords  
 520 `Blunted recoil, while thro their naked limbs,  
 `Naked or vainly fenced, our griding steel

`Must pierce resistless.—but new hosts may rise  
 `In endless warfare with perpetual fights  
 `Lessening our little troop, or multitudes  
 525 `Outweary us until we sink subdued  
 `With the very toil of conquest. be we fierce  
 `And terrible in combat cleaving those  
 `Who front to front stand up: but let us spare  
 `The fallen, & follow not the flying foe;  
 530 `And after such captivity as shall fill  
                                   [f.51 r.]  
 `The prisoner[']s heart with wondering gratefulness  
 `And awe, with gifts dismiss him to his home.  
 `So shall we be as Gods, & oer the mind  
 `Of this wild people win such absolute sway  
 535 `That wisdom may by best & blameless means  
 `Attain at length best end."  
                                   "Nor idly now  
 `Did young Lincoya linger: he had rousd  
 `The mountain exiles & they came in arms,  
 `Albeit not numerous[,] in the memory  
 540 `Of long oppression & revengeful hope[,]  
 `A formidable foe. nor long delayed  
 `The fierce Aztecas, soon we saw the lake  
 `Darkend beneath them, & their long array  
 `Fronting our march, a sight that well had charmd  
 545 `The unconcerned eye, for rich with gold  
 `And feathery breastplates of unnumberd hues,  
 `Shone the dread pomp.  
                                   `But weak to steel opposd  
 `Their feathery breastplates & their glittering shields;  
 `Their armed chieftains underneath our swords  
 550 `Fell like the naked multitude; their darts  
 `Recoild, the transverse stones that keen & strong  
 `Edged their wood staves rung powerless on our mail.  
 `Amazed[,] appalld to find all efforts vain  
                                   [f.52 r.]  
 `They fled; but never in the field of blood  
 555 `Encountered I with braver enemies.  
 `Our efforts with Lincoyas active aid  
 `Witheld [*sic*] pursuit & swift across the lake  
 `To their disheartend countrymen they bore  
 `Tidings of strange defeat. we to the hills  
 560 `Returnd, our friendly tribes with joy & songs,  
 `The captives sullenly as tho they went  
 `To meet the barbarous death of sacrifice  
 `With stern endurance. but ere yet we took  
 `Due rest or needful food, I bade the troops  
 565 `With water purify their hands from blood,  
 `Kneeling in reverence then to Heaven we pourd  
 `The grateful prayer of praise & raisd on high  
 `Choral thanksgiving. this performd I turnd  
 `Toward our captives, now expecting death,

- `Must pierce resistless.—but new hosts may rise  
 `In endless warfare with perpetual fights  
 `Lessening our little troop, or multitudes  
 525 `Outweary us until we sink subdued  
 `With the very toil of conquest. be we fierce  
 `And terrible in combat cleaving those  
 `Who front to front stand up: but let us spare  
 `The fallen, & follow not the flying foe;  
 530 `And after such captivity as shall fill  
   [f.51 r.]  
 `The prisoners heart with wondering gratefulness  
 `And awe, with gifts dismiss him to his home.  
 `So shall we be as Gods, & oer the mind  
 `Of this wild people win such absolute sway  
 535 `That wisdom may by best & blameless means<sup>1</sup>  
 `Attain at length best end."  
   "Nor idly now  
 `Did young Lincoya linger: he had rousd  
 `The mountain exiles & they came in arms,  
 `Albeit not numerous in the memory  
 540 `Of long oppression & revengeful hope  
 `A formidable foe. nor long delayed  
 `The fierce Aztecas, soon we saw the lake  
 `Darkend beneath them, & their long array  
 `Fronting our march, a sight that well had charmd  
 545 `The unconcerned eye, for rich with gold  
 `And feathery breastplates of unnumberd hues,  
 `Shone the dread pomp.  
   `But weak to steel opposd  
 `Their feathery breastplates & their glittering shields;  
 `Their armed chieftains underneath our swords  
 550 `Fell like the naked multitude; their darts  
 `Recoild, the transverse stones that *sharp* ↓ < keen > & strong  
 `Edged their wood staves rung powerless on our mail.  
 `Amazed appalld to find all efforts vain  
   [f.52 r.]  
 `They fled; but never in the field of blood  
 555 `Encountered I with braver enemies.  
 `Our efforts with Lincoyas active aid<sup>2</sup>  
 `Witheld pursuit & swift across the lake  
 `To their disheartend [*I word*] ↑ < countrymen > they bore  
 `Tidings of strange defeat. we to the hills  
 560 `Returnd, our friendly tribes with joy & songs,  
 `The captives *stern* & sullenly as ↓ < tho > they went  
 `To meet the barbarous death of sacrifice  
 `With stern endurance. but ere yet we took  
 `Due rest or needful food, I bade the troops  
 565 `With water purify their hands from blood,  
 `Kneeling in reverence then to Heaven we poured  
 `The grateful prayer of praise & raisd on high  
 `Choral thanksgiving. this performd I turnd  
 `Toward our captives, now expecting death,

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 534.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 555.

570 `And by Lincoya told them that our God  
 `Bade us love peace & mercy. to the feast  
 `I motiond them, that ended[,] & their hearts  
 `At once with awe & wondering gratefulness  
 `Impressd, with gifts dismissd them to their homes.

575 `Well had Cadwallon counselled. of the men  
 `Whose strength & enmity our better arms  
 `And courteous bearing conquered, one there was  
   [f.53 r.]  
 `Whose tufted hair with cotton locks adorn'd,  
 `Of valorous deeds the honorable sign,

580 `A prince proclaimed him. Aztlan boasted not  
 `A braver chief in war, nor one whose voice  
 `To more attentive silence hush'd the hall  
 `Of council. soon Huitziton return'd  
 `Proffering fair peace & equal amity

585 `To us & to the exiled mountain tribes,  
 `From dreadful tribute & hard servitude  
 `Delivered now. we ask'd not more, content  
 `With staying persecution, & assur'd  
 `That never yet the sword could from the heart

590 `Of man root out opinion's cancer roots.  
  
 `For us amid the vale they portioned forth  
 `A fair & ample portion, & all aid  
 `The while our dwellings rose alike they gave,  
 `Perus mild race & Aztlans warrior sons,

594A `With friendliest ministry. there Gwenthian now  
 595 `Cadwallon sojourns, thither I return.  
 `It is a blessed place. the rains of Heaven  
 `Fall never on that vale, yet there the flocks  
 `Perpetual pasture find & need no roof  
 `Save Heavens calm canopy, where the winter winds  
   [f.54 r.]

600 `Freeze not, & tempered thro such lucid clouds  
 `Comes the noon radiance, as transparent curl  
 `Over the mountains of the Noble Isle  
 `Involving in their bosom the spring source  
 `Of heaven-fed waters, that adown the steep

605 `Wandering make music like the half touch'd harp  
 `Whose faint notes die upon the distant ear.

- 570 `And by Lincoya told them that our God  
 `Bade us love peace & mercy. to the feast  
 `I motiond them, that ended & their hearts  
 `At once with awe & wondering gratefulness  
 `Impressd, with gifts dismissd them to their homes.
- 575 `Well had Cadwallon counselled. of the men  
 `Whose strength & enmity our better arms  
 `And courteous bearing conquered, one there was  
     [f.53 r.]  
 `Whose tufted hair with cotton locks adornd,  
 `Of valorous deeds the honorable sign,
- 580 `A prince proclaimed him. Aztlan boasted not  
 `A braver chief in war, nor one whose voice  
 `To more attentive silence hushd the hall  
 `Of council. soon Huitziton returnd  
 `Proffering fair peace & equal amity
- 585 `To us & to the exiled mountain tribes,  
 `From dreadful tribute & hard servitude  
 `Delivered now. we askd not more, content  
 `With staying persecution, & assurd  
 `That never yet the sword could from the heart
- 590 `Of man root out opinion's cancer roots.  
 `For us amid the vale they portioned forth  
 `A fair & ample portion, & all aid  
 `The while our dwellings rose *they ministerd* alike they gave,  
 `Perus mild sons {race} & Aztlans warrior sons,
- 594A `With *friendliest* ↑ < in > *ministry*. ↓ < *kindest friendship* > there Gwendlhian  
     now<sup>1</sup>
- 595 `Cadwallon sojourns, thither I return.  
 `It is a blessed place. the rains of Heaven  
 `Fall never on that vale, yet there the flocks  
 `Perpetual pasture find & need no roof  
 `Save Heavens calm canopy, where the wintry {er} winds  
     [f.54 r.]
- 600 `Freeze not, & tempered thro such lucid clouds  
 `Comes the noon radiance, as transparent curl  
 `Over the mountains of the Noble Isle  
 `Involving in their bosom the spring source  
 `Of heaven-fed waters, that adown the steep
- 605 `Wandering make music like the half touchd harp  
 `Whose faint notes die upon the distant ear.

<sup>1</sup>This line was left in an unresolved state. In its original form it read:

`with friendliest ministry. there Gwendlhian now  
 The words 'friendliest ministry' were then deleted, and the word 'in' added above 'friendliest'. S. then added 'kindest friendship' beneath 'friendliest ministry', but deleted that also. The latter addition must have been contemporary with actual composition, since it occupies a full line space of its own; i.e. it is not squeezed between two normally-spaced lines. As it stands therefore, the words which remain extant in the line are:

With in [an extant period] there Gwendlhian now

MS.2B reads exactly as the original, and I can therefore only conclude that, having considered his incomplete amendments, S. decided to reinstate the original line as his final option.

There Gwenthian I return: & surely one  
Who seeks but happiness, may find it there.["]

---



`There Gwenthian I return: & surely one  
`Who heeds not *Glorys busy vanities*  
`And ↑ < Who > seeks but happiness, may find it there.

---

[f.55 r.]  
Madoc.

Book 4th

But whilst Aberffraw echoed to the sounds  
Of mirth & music, Madocs heart was sad  
For his poor brethren, & he sought the King  
Alone; `tomorrow for Cyveiliocs court  
5 `I shall set forth' he cried. `these banquetings  
`Must not detain me[,] mindless of return.  
`I go to spread the tidings of success  
`And seek such comrades as adventurous courage  
`Shall lead beneath my banners. it may chance  
10 `That of our brethren some would enterprize  
`With me—my brother let me send abroad  
`Such invitation; so henceforth secure  
`You might forgive the past, & once again  
`Should peace & concord bless our fathers house[."]

15 `There will be time for this', replied the King  
`Hereafter, & thy easy nature sees not  
`How with such licence raising armed force  
`As for thy service, they might turn on me  
`When the fit hour arrived. I charge thee Madoc  
20 `No-ways to aid these rebel fugitives  
`The shame of Owains house."

sullen he spake

[f.56 r.]

And turnd away. nor farther commune now  
Madoc desired, nor had he more endurd,  
For in his breast bitter remembrance rose  
25 And angry anguish. musing thus he moved  
To Gwenthians chamber. she with Emma sat  
For Emma had already learnt to love  
The gentle Maid & thither had retired  
Enjoying equal converse. Gwenthian saw  
30 His brow was clouded: "I have spoke in vain  
"For my poor brethren" (to her asking fears  
Thus he replied.) "my boding timidness  
"Besought but little, to invite them forth  
"With me to peace & willing banishment—  
35 "So might their danger & the Monarchs dread  
"Have ended thus."

"And did the King refuse?"

Cried Emma. "oh believe me I will urge  
"This my first suit with duteous earnestness  
"As for my nearest kindred. now perchance

[f.55 r.]  
Madoc.

Book 4th

But whilst Aberffraw echoed to the sounds  
Of mirth & music, Madocs heart was sad  
For his poor brethren, & he sought the King  
Alone; `tomorrow for Cyveiliocs court  
5 `I shall set forth' he cried. `these banquetings  
`May ↑ < Must > not detain me mindless of return.  
`I go to *hear good* ↑ < the > ↓ < spread the > tidings of success!<sup>1</sup>  
`And seek ↑ < such > comrades as adventurous courage  
`Shall lead beneath my banners. it may chance  
10 `That of our brethren some would enterprize  
`With me—my brother let me *spread* ↑ < send > abroad  
`Such invitation; so henceforth secure  
`You might forgive the past, & once again  
`Should peace & concord bless our fathers house  
  
15 `There will be time for this', replied the King  
`Hereafter, & *thine*{y} easy nature sees not  
`That ↑ < How > with such licence raising armed force  
`As for thy service, they might turn on me  
`When the fit hour arrived. I charge thee Madoc  
20 `No ↓ < - > ways to aid these rebel fugitives  
`The shame of Owains house."

sullen he spake

[f.56 r.]

And turnd away. nor farther commune now  
Madoc desired, nor had he more endurd,  
For in his breast bitter remembrance rose  
25 And angry anguish. musing thus he moved  
To Gwenthians chamber. she with Emma sat  
For Emma had already learnt to love  
The gentle Maid & thither had retired  
Enjoying equal converse. Gwenthian saw  
30 His brow was clouded: "I have spoke in vain  
"For my poor brethren" (to her asking fears  
Thus he replied.) "my boding timidness  
"Besought but little, to invite them forth  
"With me to peace & willing banishment—  
35 "So might their danger & the Monarchs *fear* dread  
"Have ended thus."

"And did the King refuse?"

Cried Emma. "oh believe me I will urge  
"This my first suit with duteous earnestness  
"As for my nearest kindred. now perchance

-----  
<sup>1</sup>This line originally read:

`I go to hear good tidings of success

S. then deleted `good' and added `the' above, in order to create `the tidings of success'. He then crossed out `hear', but added the words `spread the' below the already-deleted `good'. Having thus added a new `the' in the phrase below the line, he should then have deleted the article above `good', since the final line, as in MS.2B, is evidently meant to read:

`I go to spread the tidings of success

40 "I have some power, & fain would I employ  
"Such influence well, for soon that little reign  
"May cease, & when indifference shall succeed,—  
"The Saxon stranger will be friendless here."

Emma was young; a lovely sacrifice  
45 To that foul king-craft that, in wedlock bands  
Linking two hearts, unknowing each of each  
[f.57 r.]

Pollutes Gods altar: in her eye there beamd  
Meak resignation, & she spake in tones  
So sweet, & of such pensive gentleness  
50 That the heart heard them. Over Madocs cheek  
The sudden flush of self-reproach suffusd  
That, he had[,] as with anger drunk[,] proclaimd  
His deadly hatred to Plantagenet  
Of her unmindful.

"You will do a deed  
55 "Will call down blessings on you" cried the Chief.  
"And surely causeless are the Monarchs fears;  
"For peace & safety now must needs be all  
"They wish, severely warnd, when Hoel fell  
"The best & bravest of my fathers house.  
60 "Heaven & the memory of a virtuous deed  
"Will well reward you. in that distant world  
"I shall be sometimes sad remembering you  
"Late known & early lost!"

The morrow came  
And ere the earliest beam of rosy light  
65 Tinged the grey dapled dawn, oer Menais shoals  
Did Madoc hold his way; he held his way  
Oer Arvons evil plain where Hoel died,  
Nor pausd he in that rocky vale where oft  
In happier days, his steed had pausd uncheckd,  
[f.58 r.]

70 That vale whose sprinkled trees & winding stream  
Often his eye had from the friendly tower  
Of Dolwyddelan traced: he saw the tower  
And like a brothers monument it smote  
His swelling heart; so oer the rocky vale  
75 He hastend on, & now far off the heights  
Of Snowdon lessend on his backward glance  
And darker now the nearer majesty  
Of Cader Idris rose. nor turnd he now  
Besides Kregennan where his infant feet  
80 Had trod Ednowains hall; he hastend on,  
And yet on Warnways waves the evening light  
Lay lingering, & distinct upon its bed  
The ancient pile of Mathrafal outstretchd



- 85 Its placid shade, when Madoc pausd & passd  
Cyveiliocs gate.  
Unmarkd he passd the gate,  
Nor rushd he forward now to greet the chief,  
For from the hall he heard the high-toned harp.  
He by the threshold stood & heard the song  
Of conquest; twas Cyveilioc struck the harp.
- 90 `Fill high the hirlas horn; to Griffith bear  
`Its frothy mead, for from his crimson lance  
`The invader fled; fill high the gold-tipt horn!  
`Heard ye in Maelor the noise of war—  
`The clang of arms—the onset—like the roar  
95 `Of oceans midnight storm? give him the horn,  
[f.59 r.]  
`Whose spear was broken & whose buckler pierced  
`With many a hostile shaft, yet still he fought,  
`He fought & conquered—let Ednyfed share  
`The generous mead, bear him the long blue horn,  
100 `Pour from the silver vase the generous mead.  
`Fill forth to Tudurs praise the hirlas horn  
`Eagle of battle, for Moreiddig fill  
`The honourable bowl, brave brethren they,  
`Wolves of the war, they kept their border well  
105 `They gladly for their countrys freedom fought  
`And soon their fame was full;—their lot is praise  
`A mournful song to me their song of praise,—  
`Brave brethren, to their honour pour the bowl  
`That now they ask no more.—we drove away  
110 `The strangers from our land; profuse of life  
`Our warriors rushd to battle, & the sun  
`Saw from his noontide fields their glorious deeds.  
`Pour thou the flowing mead—cup-bearer fill  
`The hirlas horn, for hadst thou seen the fight  
115 `Of Llidom, thou hadst known that well the chiefs  
`Deserve this honour now; Cyveiliocs shields  
`Were they in danger when the invader came—  
`Be praise & Liberty their lot on earth,  
`And peace be theirs in heaven.'
- The song had ceasd
- 120 The strings were silent when Cyveiliocs eye  
[f.60 r.]  
Glanced on the ocean wanderer, & he struck  
The high-toned harp again. `pour out the mead  
`And brim the honourable horn, & bear  
`The mead to Madocs hand; fill high the horn  
125 `A happy hour is this; who has not heard  
`Of him who first thro oceans unexplored  
`To other worlds adventurd? fill for him  
`The hirlas horn, for Madoc blameless prince—  
`Who never yet unjustly reard the sword  
130 `Lovd by his friends & dreaded by his foes.  
`Give him the hirlas horn—a happy hour  
`This to Cyveilioc when he sees again  
`His honourd friend!'  
The glow of honest pride  
Flushd Madocs cheek to hear the song of praise.

- 85 Its placid shade, when Madoc pausd & passd  
Cyveiliocs gate.  
Unmarkd he passd the gate,  
Nor rushd he forward now to greet the chief,  
For from the hall he heard the high-toned harp.  
He by the threshold stood & heard the song  
Of conquest; twas Cyveilioc struck the harp.
- 90 `Fill high the hirlas horn; to Griffith bear  
`Its frothy mead, for from his crimson lance  
`The invader fled; fill high the gold-tipt horn!  
`Heard ye in Maelor the noise of war—  
`The clang of arms—the onset—like the roar  
95 `Of oceans midnight storm? give him the horn,  
[f.59 r.]  
`Whose spear was broken & whose buckler pierced  
`With many a hostile shaft, yet still he fought,  
`He fought & conquered—let Ednyfed share  
`The generous mead, bear him the long blue horn,  
100 `Pour from the silver vase the generous mead.  
`Fill forth to Tudurs praise the hirlas horn  
`Eagle of battle, for Moreiddig fill  
`The honourable bowl, brave brethren they,  
`Wolves of the war, they kept their border well  
105 `They gladly for their countrys freedom fought  
`And soon their fame was full;—their lot is praise  
`A mournful song to me their song of praise,—  
`Brave brethren, to their honour pour the bowl  
`That now they ask no more.—we drove away  
110 `The strangers from our land; profuse of life  
`Our warriors rushd to battle, & the sun  
`Saw from his noontide fields their glorious deeds.  
`Pour thou the flowing mead—cup-bearer fill  
`The hirlas horn, for hadst thou seen the fight  
115 `Of Llidom, thou hadst known that well the chiefs  
`Deserve this honour now; Cyveiliocs shields  
`Were they in danger when the invader came—  
`Be praise & Liberty their lot on earth,  
`And peace be theirs in heaven.'
- The song had ceasd
- 120 The strings were silent when Cyveiliocs eye  
[f.60 r.]  
Glanced on the ocean wanderer, & he struck  
The high-toned harp again. `pour out the [1 word] mead  
`And brim the honourable horn, & bear  
`The mead to Madocs hand; fill high the horn  
125 `A happy hour is this; who has not heard  
`Of him who first thro oceans unexplored  
`To other worlds adventurd? fill for him  
`The hirlas horn, for Madoc blameless prince—  
`Who never yet unjustly reard the sword  
130 `Lovd by his friends & dreaded by his foes.  
`Give him the hirlas horn—a happy hour  
`This to Cyveilioc when he sees again  
`His honourd friend!
- The glow of honest pride  
Flushd Madocs cheek to hear the song of praise.

135 It ceasd; Cyveilioc rushd to greet his guest.  
 The cordial hand of fellowship was given.  
 They gave the seat of honour, & they filld  
 For him the hirlas horn. a pleasant hour  
 That for the gallant chiefs, they calld to mind  
 140 The dangers they had shared, the glorious day  
 Of Corwen & the friends that were no more,  
 And many a mournful recollection came  
 Such as the heart even in its happiest hours  
 Not undelighted owns.  
 So there was joy  
 145 In Mathraval, Cyveilioc & his chiefs  
 [f.61 r.]  
 All eagerly with wonder waiting eyes  
 List to the wanderer of the waters['] tale.  
 Nor mean the joy that kindled Madocs glance  
 Whenas he told of daring enterprize  
 150 Crownd with deserved success. intent they heard  
 Of all the blessings of that happier clime,  
 And when the adventurer spake of prompt return  
 Each on the other gazed as tho to say  
 `Methinks it were a goodly lot to dwell  
 155 `In that fair land in peace!"  
 Then spake the Prince  
 Of Powys, "Madoc at an happy hour  
 `Thy feet have sought the halls of Mathraval,  
 `For on the morrow in the eye of light  
 `Our Bards shall hold their meeting. seekest thou  
 160 `Comrades to share success? proclaim abroad  
 `Thy invitation there, & it shall spread  
 `Far as our fathers ancient tongue is known!["]  
 The mantling mead went round at Mathraval,  
 And talk of other years & other friends  
 165 Beguild the hours, till now the time of sleep  
 Came on, & they betook them to their rest,  
 Each on his bed of rushes stretchd, around



- 135 It ceas'd; Cyveilioc rush'd to greet his guest.  
 The cordial hand of fellowship was given.  
 They gave the seat of honour, & they fill'd  
 For him the hirlas horn. a pleasant hour  
 That for the gallant chiefs, they call'd to mind  
 140 The dangers they had shared, the glorious day  
 Of Corwen & the friends that were no more,  
 And many a mournful recollection came  
 Such as the heart even in its happiest hours  
 Not undelighted owns.
- So there was joy
- 145 In Mathraval, Cyveilioc & his chiefs  
 [f.61 r.]  
 All eagerly with wonder waiting eyes  
 List to the wanderer of the waters tale.  
 Nor mean the joy that kindled Madocs glance  
 Whenas he told of daring enterprize  
 150 Crownd with deserved success. intent they heard  
 Of all the blessings of that happier clime,  
 And when the adventurer spake of prompt return  
 Each on the other gazed as tho to say  
 `Methinks it were a goodly lot to dwell  
 155 `In that fair land in peace!"
- Then spake the Prince
- Of Powys, "Madoc at an happy hour  
 `Thy feet have sought the halls of Mathraval,  
 `For on the morrow in the eye of light  
 `Our Bards shall hold their meeting. seekest thou  
 160 `Comrades to share success? proclaim abroad  
 `Thy invitation there, & it shall spread  
 `Far as our fathers ancient tongue is known!
- The mantling mead went round at Mathraval,  
 And talk of other years & other friends  
 165 Beguile the hours, till now the *hour* ↑ < time > of sleep  
 Came on, & they betook them to their rest,  
 † < Each on > *Their reedy couch*. ↑ < his bed of rushes stretch'd, around > <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>On first reading the manuscript, it is difficult to ascertain why, with most of this line still empty, S. chose to place the last six inserted words well above the line—almost, in fact, touching the line before. There is also a peculiarity about the word `fire' in line 168, which is written with a heavy slant from bottom left to top right, so that the final `e' is almost touching line 167. The clue to the problem lies in MS.2B, which has restored the original lines:

Came on, & they betook them to their rest,  
 Their reedy couch.

The Sun was in the East

It is clear from this that S. wanted the half-line `Their reedy couch' to conclude a stanza, and that he wanted the new stanza to commence with the half-line `The Sun was in the East'. S. has deleted the single half-line `Their reedy couch' however, to make way for a new complete line

Each on his bed of rushes stretch'd, around  
 and a new half-line

The central fire.

To have added the former in the remaining space at the end of `His reedy couch' however, and the latter in the space before `The Sun was in the East', would certainly have negated the appearance that one stanza was to end and another to begin. By essentially leaving the second half of line 167 blank however, and by sloping the word `fire' in line 168 away from what follows (`The Sun was in the East'), S. has alerted the reader to the stanza change, and this is further confirmed by MS.2B, even though the one-and-a-half inserted lines (167-168<sub>(a)</sub>) have not been retained.

The central fire.

                                  The Sun was in the East  
When Madoc joind his host, no longer now  
170 Clad as the conquering chief of Maelor,  
In princely arms, but in his nobler robe  
Arrayd, the sky-blue mantle of the Bard.

[f.62 r.]

So for the place of meeting they set forth;  
And now they reachd Melangel[']s lonely church,  
175 Its little tower rose amid evergreens  
That grew on many a grave, by mourners there  
Traind up, the last & soothing rites of Love.  
Then Madoc pausd; `I fain would tread once more  
`This place of burial. come[,] a brief delay  
180 [`]Will not belate us, & the morn is young.  
`Tis many a year since here you pointed out  
`The image of the saint—nay be not loath—  
`We will not linger long. So soon to mount  
`The bark that shall for ever bear me hence,  
185 `I would not willingly pass by one spot  
`That wakes again the thought of other days,  
`Without a pilgrims visit[."]

.pm37

So he said  
And led Cyveilioc on where sculpturd rude  
Her image lay. `hast thou forgot my friend—  
190 `When first I was thy guest in early youth  
`How once at evening we did wander here  
`And sate beneath yon yew, whilst from thy lips  
`I heard how here a poor & hunted hare  
`To Monacella ran, & found in her  
195 `A friend? I thought when listening to the tale  
`She had a merciful heart—& that her face  
`Must sure with saintly gentleness have beam'd

[f.63 r.]

`When beasts could read its virtues. good my friend  
`So pleasant didst thou make the days when first  
200 `I won thy friendship here, that in my heart  
`Minutest recollections still will live,  
`Still be the source of joy."

As Madoc spake

His eye beheld a grave fresh strewn with flowers.  
It seemd no common sepulchre; above  
205 A sculpturd warrior lay; the blazoned shield  
Was on his breast, he lookd & knew the shield,  
A sudden chill came over him, he read  
`HERE JORWERTH LIES.'

It was his brothers grave.

Cyveilioc took his hand. `therefore it was

- The central ↑ < fire. ><sup>1</sup> The Sun was in the East  
 When Madoc join'd his host, no longer now<sup>2</sup>  
 170 Clad ↑ < as > the conquering chief of Maelor,  
 In princely arms, but in his nobler robe  
 Array'd, the sky-blue mantle of the Bard.  
 [f.62 r.]
- So for the place of meeting they set forth;  
 And now they reach'd Melangels lonely church,  
 175 Its little tower rose amid evergreens  
 That grew on many a grave, by mourners there<sup>3</sup>  
 Traind up, the last & soothing rites of Love.  
 Then Madoc paus'd; *my friend* `I fain would tread ↓ < once more >  
 `This place of burial. *to have store of time;*— ↑ < come a brief delay >  
 180 † < Will not belate us, & the morn is young. >  
 `Tis many a year since here you pointed out  
 `The image of the saint—nay be not loath—  
 `We will not linger long. So soon to mount  
 `The bark that shall for ever bear me hence,  
 185 `I would not willingly pass by one spot  
 `That wakes again the thought of other days,  
 `Without a pilgrims visit; & *almost*  
 '*A pilgrims holy sadness.*'
- So he said
- And led Cyveilioc on where sculpturd rude  
 Her image lay. `hast thou forgot my friend—  
 190 `When first I was thy guest in early youth  
 `How once at evening we did wander here  
 `And sate *beside* ↑ < neath > yon yew, whilst from thy lips  
 `I heard how here a poor & hunted hare  
 `To Monacella ran, & found in her  
 195 `A friend? I thought when listening to the tale  
 `She had a merciful heart—& that her face  
 `Must sure with saintly gentleness have beam'd  
 [f.63 r.]
- `When beasts could read its virtues. good my friend  
 `So pleasant didst thou make the days when first  
 200 `I won thy friendship here, that in my heart  
 `Minutest recollections still will live,  
 `Still be the source of joy."  
 As Madoc spake  
 His eye beheld a grave *new* ↑ < fresh > strewd{n} with flowers.  
 It seem'd no common sepulchre; *beside* above  
 205 A sculpturd warrior lay; the blazoned shield  
 Was on his breast, he look'd & knew the shield,  
 A sudden chill came over him, he read  
 `HERE JORWERTH LIES.'
- It was his brothers grave.
- Cyveilioc took his hand. `therefore it was

<sup>1</sup>See textual note to line 167 above.

<sup>2</sup>'no longer now' is a rather strange construction, and, indeed, the 'now' is absent from MS.2B. While the latter offers a smoother reading however ('no longer/clad'), since nothing replaces the 'now' in this line, it remains one syllable short.

<sup>3</sup>At the end of this line, written vertically down the page, and occupying roughly three lines, is the word 'Booker'.

210 `Madoc, that I was loath to enter here.  
`He sought the sanctuary, but close at hand  
`The murderers followed, & by yonder copse  
`The stroke of death was given. all I could  
`Madoc, was done. I laid him here to rest,  
215 `And duly have I strewd his grave with flowers.'

So saying from the burial place he led  
The silent Prince. "but lately' he pursued  
`Llewelyn, his brave son—thy favourite boy—  
`Became my guest, & earnestly I hoped  
220 `That he would make his home at Mathraval  
`He had not needed there a fathers love.

[f.64 r.]

`But restless thoughts of secret enterprize  
`Have led him thence. God prosper him in all!  
`It were a blessed day for this poor land  
225 `If ever he should mount his rightful throne.'

Thus on they past, & now they reachd the hill  
Amid whose circling stones the assembled Bards  
Held their high meeting. with the throng without  
The ocean-roaming Prince observant stood.  
230 Cyveilioc mingled with the encircled Bards  
Robed in their azure robes; bright emblems they  
Of peace & truth & unity, & like  
The heavens that oer a world of wickedness  
Spread their unclouded vault.

A noble band  
235 Their heads in reverence bare & bare of foot  
Within the stones of federation stood;  
The mild Cyveilioc for the song renowned  
As for the arm of war. there too was seen[,]  
Kindled with glowing thoughts[,] the ardent eye  
240 Of Llywarch & Cynddelw to whose harp  
Often had Madoc in his fathers hall  
Resignd the tide of feelings. But the heart  
Of Owens son was sad, he was not there  
Whose song with all a brothers fond delight  
245 He wont to hear, for under the green sod  
Of Arvon Hoel slept. now scarce the Prince  
Could read one face amid the assembled Bards  
Familiar to the eye of infancy.

[f.65 r.]

250 He knew not then that Llywarch's lays should give  
His future fame, that mid the green-robed youth  
Proud of their earliest rank, & those who stood  
In motly garments, rising-sons of song,

210 `Madoc, that I was loath to enter here.  
 `He sought the sanctuary, but close at hand  
 `The murderers followed, & by yonder copse  
 `The stroke of death was given. all I could  
 `Madoc, was done. I laid him here to rest,  
 215 `And duly have I strewd his grave with flowers.'

So saying from the burial place he led  
 The silent Prince. "but lately" he pursued  
 `Llewelyn, his brave son—thy favourite boy—  
 `Became my guest, & earnestly I hoped  
 220 `That he would make his home at Mathraf{v}al  
 `He had not needed there<sup>1</sup> a fathers love.

[f.64 r.]

`But restless thoughts of secret enterprize  
 `Have led him thence. God prosper him in all!  
 `It were a blessed day for this poor land  
 225 `If ever he should mount his rightful throne.'

Thus on they past, & now they reachd the hill<sup>2</sup>  
 Amid whose circling stones the assembled Bards  
 Held their high meeting. with the throng without  
 The ocean-roaming Prince observant stood.  
 230 Cyveilioc mingled with the encircled Bards  
 Robed in their azure robes; bright emblems they  
 Of peace & truth & unity, & like  
 The heavens that oer a world of wickedness  
 Spread their unclouded vault.

A noble band  
 235 † < Their heads in reverence bare & bare of foot >  
 Within the stones of federation stood;  
 The mild Cyveilioc for the song renowned  
 As for the arm of *battle* ↑ < war > . there ↑ < too > was seen  
 Kindled with glowing thoughts the ardent eye  
 240 Of Llywarch & Cynddelw ↑ < to > whose harp  
 Often had Madoc in his fathers hall  
 Resignd the tide of feelings. But the heart  
 Of Owens son was said<sup>3</sup>, he was not there  
 Whose *lays* ↑ < song > with all a brothers fond delight  
 245 He wont to hear, for under the green sod  
 Of Arvon Hoel slept. now scarce the Prince  
 Could read one face amid the assembled Bards  
 Familiar to the eye of infancy.

[f.65 r.]<sup>4</sup>

250 He knew not then that Llywarch's lays should give  
 His future fame, that mid the green-robed youth  
 Proud of their earliest rank, & they ↑ < ose > who stood  
 In motly garments, rising-sons of song,

<sup>1</sup>While the word is definitely `there', MS.2B has `then', which seems to make more sense in this context.

<sup>2</sup>At the end of this line, written vertically down the page, and occupying roughly seven lines, is the statement `Llywarch — preface 32'.

<sup>3</sup>This is clearly meant to be `sad', as in MS.2B.

<sup>4</sup>In the top left-hand corner of this page there is a figure 8, the significance of which is not clear.

Benvras was seen, & one whose favoured race  
Heaven with the poets sacred glow inspired  
255 The old Gwalchmai[']s not degenerate child  
And [there] another Einion;—gifted youths  
Whose after strains thro many a distant age  
Cambria shall boast & love the song that tells  
The fame of Owens house.

The rites began  
260 And on the stone of covenant was laid  
The sheathed sword. then spake the chosen chief  
"Let him who kills be killd", & bade the youth  
Who ownd the love of science & of song  
Approach the place of peace & merit there  
265 The Bards most honourable name. he spake;  
The youths advanced, they heard the ancient lore  
From earliest days preserved, they struck their harps,  
And each in due succession raisd the song.

Last in the train, as he whose greener youth  
270 Laid feeblest claim, was Caradoc; yet sure  
The eye whose ready glance can read the soul  
Had from the assembled crowd selected him  
As Natures favourite there. with rapid hand  
He struck the strings. his melancholy brow  
275 High thoughts illumd, & his dark kindling eye  
A moment on the ocean-wandering prince  
[f.66 r.]

Earnest was fixd.

"Who mounts the adventurous bark—  
`The bark that over oceans unexplored  
`Seeks other worlds? he mounts the adventurous bark  
280 `The son of Owain, he, the Prince beloved  
`Who never yet unjustly reard his sword.  
`He mounts the adventurous bark. ye ocean waves  
`Respect the blameless enterprize, ye winds  
`Waft Madoc on his way!—& winds & waves  
285 `Became his ministers, & he has found  
`The distant world!

`Who seeks the better land?  
`Who mounts the vessel for the land of peace?  
`He seeks the better land, the youth whose heart  
`Beats high for enterprize, who pants to know  
290 `Nature in all her wildest noblest forms,  
`Whose soul amid her awful beauties seems  
`Filld with the mighty joy to lose itself  
`And mingle with the scenes sublimity,  
`He seeks the better land, the adventurous youth,  
295 `He mounts the vessel for the land of peace?

`Who mounts the vessel for the distant land?  
`He who has felt the throb of pride to hear  
`Our old illustrious annals, who was taught  
`To lisp the fame of arthur, to revere

- Benvras was seen, & one whose favoured race  
 Heaven with the poets sacred glow inspired  
 255 The old Gwalchmais not degenerate child  
 And their<sup>1</sup> another Einion;—gifted youths  
 Whose after strains thro many a distant age  
 Cambria shall boast & love the song that tells  
 The fame of Owens house.  
 The rites began  
 260 And on the stone of covenant was laid  
 The sheathed sword. then spake the chosen chief  
 "Let him who kills be killd", & bade the youth  
 Who ownd the love of science & of song  
 Approach the place of peace & merit there  
 265 The Bards most honourable name. he spake;  
 The youths advanced, they heard the ancient lore  
 From earliest days preserved, they struck their harps,  
 And each in due succession raisd the song.  
  
 Last in the train, as *him* ↑ < he > whose greener youth  
 270 Laid feeblest claim, was Caradoc; yet sure  
 The eye whose ready glance *that* can read the soul  
 Had from the assembled crowd selected him  
 As Natures favourite *child* ↓ < there > . with rapid hand  
 He struck the strings. his melancholy brow  
 275 High thoughts illumd, & his dark kindling eye  
 A moment on the ocean-wandering prince  
 [f.66 r.]  
 Earnest was fixd.  
 "Who mounts the adventurous bark—  
 `The bark that over oceans unexplored  
 `Seeks other worlds? he mounts the adventurous bark  
 280 `The son of Owain, he, the Prince beloved  
 `Who never yet unjustly reard his sword.  
 `He mounts the adventurous bark. ye ocean waves  
 `Respect the blameless enterprize, ye winds  
 `Waft Madoc on his way!—& winds & waves  
 285 `Became his ministers, & he has found  
 `The distant world!  
 `Who seeks the better land?  
 `Who mounts the vessel for the land of peace?  
 `He seeks the better land, the youth whose heart  
 `Beats high for enterprize, who pants to know  
 290 `Nature in all her wildest noblest forms,  
 `Whose soul amid her awful beauties seems  
 `Filld with the mighty joy to lose itself  
 `And mingle with the scenes sublimity,  
 `He seeks the better land, the adventurous youth,  
 295 `He mounts the vessel for the land of peace?  
  
 `Who mounts the vessel for the distant land?  
 `He who has felt the throb of pride to hear  
 `Our old illustrious annals, who was taught  
 `To [*I word*] *the* lisp the fame of arthur, to revere

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. has simply made the classic schoolboy error here of confusing `their' for `there'; an error which he committed in reverse in book XIV.16. He corrected the error in MS.2B.

300 `The unconquerd soul of Caratach & call  
 `That gallant chief his countryman, who led  
 `The wrath of Britain from her chalky shores  
   [f.67 r.]  
 `To drive the Roman robber. he who loves  
 `His country, & who feels his countrys shame,  
 305 `Whose bones amid a land of servitude  
 `Could never rest in peace, who if he saw  
 `His children slaves, would feel a pang in Heaven.  
 `He mounts the bark to seek for Liberty.  
  
 `Who seeks the better land? the wretched one  
 310 `Whose joys are blasted all, who has no hope—  
 `Whose heart is sick—to whom all change is gain,—  
 `To whom remembered pleasures strike a pang  
 `That guilt alone should know, he mounts the bark—  
 `Madoc the Bard shall mount the adventurous bark,  
 315 `The Harp of Cambria shall in other lands  
 `Still chear the Cambrians heart, & its old strains  
 `Remind him of his fathers fame, the Bard  
 `Shall mount the vessel for the land of peace  
 `And liberty—O Prince receive the Bard!"

320 He ceasd the song, his cheek now fever-flushd  
 Was turnd to Madoc & his lingering eye  
 Bespake expectant hope, nor lingerd long  
 The expectant eye; impatient sprung the Prince  
 And stretchd to Caradoc the right hand pledge  
 325 Of fellowship, & haild his comrade Bard  
 With welcome, & with look that welcomd more.

Nor needed now the ocean-roaming Prince  
 Announce his enterprize, that thus the song  
 Best had announced; the tidings were gone forth  
   [f.68 r.]

330 And busy murmurs ran from man to man,  
 Whilst from the stone of covenant the sword  
 By that days chief was raisd, & he addressd  
 The meeting now fulfilld. of other climes,  
 Unheeding all beside, the multitude  
 335 Framed many a fairy scene, & on their way  
 Homeward[,] of this fair enterprize converse  
 As men half conscious of the serious thoughts  
 That stir within them, & they spread abroad  
 Tidings of invitation to a world  
 340 Where Plenty dwelt with Liberty & Peace.

Meanwhile to Mathraual Cyveilioc passd  
 With Madoc & the Bard a bidden guest.  
 So in the court of Powys pleasantly  
 The days past on, till Madoc soon, whose heart  
 345 Dwelt with Cadwallon & his distant friends,  
 Bade his kind host farewell, & bent his way  
 To Dinevawr, whence often with its Lord  
 Had he gone forth & smote the Saxon foe.  
 The son of Owen greets with reverend joy  
 350 His fathers friend; nor cold of heart did Rhys



- 300 `The unconquerd soul of Caratach & call  
 `That gallant chief his countryman, who led  
 `The wrath of Britain from her chalky shores  
     [f.67 r.]  
 `To drive the Roman robber. he who loves  
 `His country, & who feels his countrys shame,  
 305 `Whose bones amid a land of servitude  
 `Could never rest in peace, who if he saw  
 `His children slaves, would feel a pang in Heaven.  
 `He mounts the bark to seek for Liberty.
- `Who seeks the better land? the wretched one  
 310 `Whose joys are blasted all, who has no hope—  
 `Whose heart is sick—to whom all change is gain,—  
 `To whom remembered pleasures strike a pang  
 `That guilt alone should know, he mounts the bark—  
 `Madoc the Bard shall mount the adventurous bark,  
 315 `The Harp of Cambria shall in other lands  
 `Still chear the Cambrians heart, & its old strains  
 `Remind him of his fathers fame, the Bard  
 `Shall mount the *bark to seek* ↓ < vessel for > the land of peace  
 `And liberty—O Prince receive the Bard!"
- 320 He ceasd the song, his cheek now fever-flusd  
 Was turnd to Madoc & his lingering eye  
 Bespake expectant hope, nor lingerd long  
 The expectant eye; impatient sprung the Prince  
 And stretchd to Caradoc the right hand pledge  
 325 Of fellowship, & haild his comrade Bard  
 With welcome, & with look that welcomd more.
- Nor needed now the ocean-roaming Prince  
 Announce his enterprize, that thus the song  
 Best had announced; the tidings were gone forth  
     [f.68 r.]
- 330 And busy murmurs ran from man to man,  
 Whilst from the *sword* ↑ < stone > of covenant the sword  
 By that days chief was raisd, & he addressd  
 The meeting now fulfilld. of other climes,  
 Unheeding all beside, the multitude  
 335 Framed many a fairy scene, & on their way  
 Homeward of this fair enterprize converse  
 As men half conscious of the serious thoughts  
 That stir within them, & they spread abroad  
 Tidings of invitation to a world  
 340 Where Plenty dwelt with Liberty & Peace.
- Meanwhile to Mathraual Cyveilioc passd  
 With Madoc & the Bard a bidden guest.  
 So in the court of Powys pleasantly  
 The days past on, till Madoc soon, whose heart  
 345 Dwelt with Cadwallon & his distant friends,  
 Bade his kind host farewell, & bent his way  
 To Dinevawr, whence often with its Lord  
 Had he gone forth & smote the Saxon foe.  
 The son of Owen greets with reverend joy  
 350 His fathers friend; nor cold of heart did Rhys

Welcome the prince he loved, yet not with joy  
Unmingled now, nor the proud consciousness  
That in the man of tried & approv'd worth  
Could bid an equal hail. Henry had seen  
355 The lord of Dinevawr between his knees  
Vow homage; yea, the Lord of Dinevawr  
Had knelt in homage to that Saxon king  
[f.69 r.]

Who set a price upon his fathers head,  
And on whose hated race his mothers blood  
360 Cried out for vengeance. Madoc saw the shame  
That Rhys in vain would hide, & whilst he griev'd  
For the degenerate land[,] rejoiced in heart  
That he had made another country his.

Musing on thoughts like these had Madoc roam'd  
365 Alone along the Towy[']s winding banks  
When there approach'd a man in lowly garb.  
Twas evening & the unsuspecting Prince  
Knew not his visage, but he heard him call  
"Madoc!" & then in that familiar sound  
370 Knew Ririds voice, his brother; he sprang forth,  
He fell upon his neck, he wept with joy  
And anguish. "O my brother!" Ririd cried—  
`Long—very long it is since I have heard  
`The voice of kindness! let me go with thee—  
375 `I am a wanderer in my fathers land.  
`Hoel is dead & Jorwerth he has fallen  
`Beneath the murderers sword, & Rodri lies  
`Chain'd in the dungeon.—such are Davids deeds.  
380 `Let me go with thee Madoc! to some land  
`Where I may look upon the sun nor dread  
`Lest those fair beams betray me, where at night  
`I may not startle like the hunted beast  
`At every rustling leaf!

The ocean prince  
Struggled for answer with his rising heart;  
385 `Let thee go with me!—but thou didst not doubt  
[f.70 r.]

`Thy brothers love.—go with me! with what joy  
`Ririd! would I collect the remnant left,  
`The wretched remnant now of Owains house

- Welcome the prince he loved, yet not with joy  
 Unmingled now, nor the proud consciousness  
 That in the man of tried & approvd worth  
 Could bid an equal hail. Henry had seen  
 355 The lord of Dinevawr between his knees  
 Vow homage; yea, the Lord of Dinevawr  
 Had knelt in homage to that Saxon king  
   [f.69 r.]  
 Who set a price upon his fathers head,  
 And on whose hated race his mothers blood  
 360 Cried out for vengeance. Madoc saw the shame  
 That Rhys in vain would hide, & whilst he grievd  
 For the degenerate land rejoiced at ↑ < in > heart  
 That he had made another country his.
- Musing on thoughts like these had Madoc roamd  
 365 Alone along the Towys winding banks  
 When there approachd a man in lowly garb.  
 Twas evening & the unsuspecting ↑ < icious > Prince  
 Knew not his visage, but he heard him call  
 "Madoc!" & then in those {at} <sup>1</sup> familiar sounds  
 370 Knew Ririds voice, his brother; he sprang forth,  
 He fell upon his neck, he wept with joy  
 And anguish. "O my brother!" Ririd cried—  
 `Long—very long it is since I have heard  
 `The voice of kindness! let me go with thee—  
 375 `I am a wanderer in my fathers land.  
 `Hoel is dead & Jorwerth he has fallen  
 `Beneath the murderers sword, & Rodri lies  
 `Chaind in the dungeon.—such are Davids deeds.  
 `Let me go with thee Madoc! to some land  
 380 `Where I may look upon the sun nor dread  
 `Lest those {at} ff<sup>2</sup> fair beams betray me, where at night  
 `I may not startle like the hunted beast  
 `At every rustling leaf!  
   The ocean prince  
 Struggled for answer with his rising heart;  
 385 `Let thee go with me!—but thou didst not doubt  
   [f.70 r.]  
 `Thy brothers love.—go with me! with what joy  
 `Ririd! would I collect the remnant left,  
 `The wretched remnant now of Owe {ai}ns house

-----  
<sup>1</sup>As indicated, S. has superimposed `that' over `those', and yet he has not attempted to change `sounds' into the singular. In MS.2B `those' was restored.

<sup>2</sup>As in line 369 above (see textual note), S. has clearly superimposed `that' over `those', yet he has made no attempt to change either `beams' or `betray' into the singular. In contrast to line 369 however, it is not possible to arrive at S.'s final intention simply by changing both noun and verb into the singular, since this would leave a reading

    `Where I may look upon the sun nor dread  
 `Lest that fair beam betrays me

which seems to make little sense. One other possible conjecture is that S. did not intend the substituted `that' to be a singular pronoun at all, but a noun to introduce a clause of result, in which the word `fair' would be replaced with `its', thus creating `Lest that its beams betray me'. Certainly the best phraseology is in MS.2B, `Lest his fair beams', but since MS.2A offers no evidence for such a reading, it is not possible to amend the line with any certainty as to S.'s final intention.

390 `And mount the bark of willing banishment,  
 `And leave the tyrant to his Saxon friends,  
 `And Saxon yoke! & I have urged him thus,  
 `Curbd down my swelling spirit, & besought  
 `The King that I might bid our brethren come  
 395 `And share my exile, & this prayer he spurnd!—  
 `Yea he commanded me to aid them not  
 `As I had been his slave & doomd to think  
 `The very crimes of Kings were sanctified.  
 `I have a gentle pleader at his court,  
 `She may prevail. till then abide thou here—  
 400 `But not in this, the garb of fear & guilt—  
 `Come thou to Dinevor, assume thyself,  
 `The good old Rhys will bid thee welcome there,  
 `And the great palace as a sanctuary  
 `Is safe; if Emmas plea avail, and sure  
 405 `With that best eloquence will Emma plead,  
 `The heart can scarce resist, soon shalt thou join  
 `Our friends in Mona. if the Queen should fail,  
 `Ririd! I know, my brother, at what point  
 `Obedience is a sin. nay—hast thou learnt  
 410 `Suspicion? Rhys is noble, & no deed  
 `Of treacherous guilt will sully his fair fame!"

Then to the hall of Dinevor he led  
 [f. 71 r.]

His brother, doubtful still. `I bring thee, Rhys,  
 415 `A suppliant', Madoc thus addressd the chief;  
 `Thou wert my fathers friend, & in thy court  
 `I know the child of Owen will be safe.  
 `Till he shall mount with me the venturous bark  
 `Ririd will be thy guest."  
 "A welcome guest["]  
 The old warrior cried. `aye by his fathers soul  
 420 `A welcome guest at Dinevor; & would  
 `That all the sufferers of that noble house  
 `Would honour so old Rhys! David respects  
 `Deheubarth[']s strength, nor would respect it less  
 `When such protection leagued its power with heaven.'  
 425 He gave his hand to Ririd as he spake  
 Whose fears forsook him now. the board was spread,  
 The flowing bowl went round, & Owens sons  
 Betook them to their rest with hearts relieved.

390 `And mount the bark of willing banishment,  
 `And leave the tyrant to his Saxon friends,  
 `And Saxon yoke! & I have urged him thus,  
 `Curbd down my swelling spirit, & besought  
 `The King that I might bid our brethren come  
 `And share my exile, & this prayer he spurnd!—  
 395 `Yea he commanded me to aid them not  
 `As I had been his slave & doomd to think  
 `The very crimes of Kings were sanctified.  
 `I have a gentle pleader at his court,  
 `She may prevail. till then abide thou here—  
 400 `But not in this, the garb of fear & guilt—  
 `Come thou to Dinevor, assume thyself,  
 `The good old Rhys will bid thee welcome there,  
 `And the great palace as a sanctuary  
 `Is safe; if Emmas plea avail, and sure  
 405 `With that best eloquence will Emma plead,  
 `The heart can scarce resist, soon shalt thou join  
 `Our friends in Mona. if the Queen should fail,  
 `Ririd! I know, my brother, at what point  
 `Obedience is a sin. nay—hast thou learnt  
 410 `Suspicion? Rhys is noble, & no deed  
 `Of treacherous guilt will sully his fair fame!"

Then to the hall of Dinevor he led

[f. 71 r.]

His brother, doubtful still. `I bring thee, Rhys,  
 `A suppliant', Madoc thus addressd the chief;  
 415 `Thou wert my fathers friend, & in thy court  
 `I know the child of Owen will be safe.  
 `Till he ↓ < shall > *together* mount with me the venturous bark  
 `Ririd will be thy guest."  
 "A welcome guest  
 `The old warrior cried. `aye by his fathers soul  
 420 `A welcome guest at Dinevor; & would  
 `That all the sufferers of that noble house  
 `Would honour so old Rhys! David respects  
 `Deheubarths strength, & ↑ < nor > would respect it less  
 `When such protection leagued its power with heaven.'  
 425 He gave his hand to Ririd as he spake  
 Whose fears forsook him now. the board was spread,  
 The flowing bowl went round, & Owens sons  
 Betook them to their rest with hearts relieved.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Beneath this final line S. has written 'July 20'.

[f. 72 r.]  
Madoc.

Book 5.

- 5 `Farewell my brother!' cried the ocean Chief,  
`A little while farewell', as thro the gate  
Of Dinevawr he passd, to pass no more  
Its hospitable threshold. `& farewell  
5 `Friend of my father & of Owens house.  
`Twill not be told me Rhys when thy gray hairs  
`Shall to the grave go down! but oftentimes  
`In that far world shall I remember thee  
10 `And think that come the summons when it may  
10 `Thou wilt not leave a braver man behind!  
`Now God be with thee Rhys!'  
The old Chief gave  
His hand & cried, `I never gave thee yet,  
`Madoc, this hand unwillingly before.  
15 `When for a guest I spread the board, my heart  
15 `Will think on him, whom ever with most joy  
`It leapt to welcome; should I ever lift  
`The spear against the Saxon, & old Rhys  
`Has that within him yet that could uplift  
20 `The spear of freedom—I shall need the friend  
20 `Who oft has conquerd with me. when I kneel  
`In prayer to heaven, an old mans prayers shall beg  
`A blessing on thee!'  
Madoc answerd not  
But graspt his hand in silence, then sprang up  
And spurrd his courser on; so on he went  
[f. 73 r.]  
25 Bound for Aberffraw, & the third days sun  
Had past his southern heights when now he reachd  
The plain of Arvon. recollections came  
Of Hoel & Cadwallons lonely home,  
And in his heart a wish arose, once more  
30 To see that little hut. so to the hill[,]  
The mountainous hill that skirted there the plain[,]  
He bent his way, & now he reachd the brook.  
A little child amid its shallows stood  
Down bending to the stream, & strove to catch  
35 The glossy tribes that on its waters whirl  
In rapid maze: then would he raise his head  
For rest—& instantly allurd again  
Stoops to the baffling sport. but when he heard  
The horse approach he raised his head & watchd  
40 The Prince dismount, & fasten to a branch  
His steed & then draw near. the little boy  
Still fixd his blue eyes on the approaching Prince,  
His bright blue eyes. the wind just movd the curls  
That clusterd round his brow—& so he stood  
45 His smooth & ruby cheeks still lifted up  
In a most innocent wonder. Madoc took  
Gently his hand & now had askd of him  
If in the little cottage near he dwelt,  
When from the door there came a woman forth.

[f.72 r.]  
Madoc.

Book 5.

- 5     `Farewell my brother!' cried the ocean Chief,  
    `A little while farewell', as thro the gate  
    Of Dinevawr he passd, to pass no more  
    Its hospitable threshold.   `& farewell
- 10    `Friend of my father & of Owens house.  
    `Twill not be told me Rhys when thy gray hairs  
    `Shall to the grave *be laid* ↓ < go down > ! but oftentimes  
    `In that far world shall I remember thee  
    `And think that come the summons when it may
- 15    `Thou wilt not leave a braver man behind!  
    `Now God be with thee Rhys!'
- The old Chief gave
- His hand & cried, `I never gave thee yet,  
    `Madoc, this hand unwillingly before.  
    `When for a guest I spread the board, my heart
- 20    `Will think on him, whom ever with most joy  
    `It leapt to welcome; should I ever lift  
    `The spear against the Saxon, & old Rhys  
    `Has that within him yet that could uplift  
    `The spear of freedom—I shall *want* ↑ < need > the friend
- 25    `Who oft has conquerd with me. when I kneel  
    `In prayer to heaven, an old mans prayers shall beg  
    `A blessing on thee!
- Madoc answerd not
- But graspt his hand in silence, then sprang up  
    And spurrd his courser on; so on he went
- [f.73 r.]
- 30    Bound for Aberffraw, & the third days sun  
    Had past his southern heights when now he reachd  
    The plain of Arvon. recollections came  
    Of Hoel & Cadwallons lonely home,  
    And in his heart a wish arose, once more
- 35    To see that little hut. so to the hill  
    The mountainous hill that skirted there the plain  
    He bent his way, & now he reachd the brook.  
    A little child amid its shallows stood  
    Down bending to the stream, & strove to catch
- 40    The glossy tribes that on its waters whirl  
    In rapid *waves* maze: then would he raise his head  
    For rest—& instantly allurd again  
    Stoops to the baffling sport. but when he heard  
    The *Prince dismount* horse approach he raised his head & watchd
- 45    The Prince dismount, & fasten to a branch  
    His steed & then draw near. the little boy  
    Still fixd his blue eyes on the approaching Prince,  
    His bright blue eyes. the wind just movd the curls  
    That clusterd round his brow—& so he stood
- His smooth & ruby cheeks still lifted up  
    In a most innocent wonder. Madoc took  
    Gently his hand & now had askd of him  
    If in the little cottage near he dwelt,  
    When from the door there came a woman forth.

50 She saw the Prince & stopt, with such a fear  
 As a poor bird who[,] hastening to her nest[,]  
 Lights on a bough hard by if she behold  
 Some curious foot approach the secret place.  
 [f. 74 r.]

55 Howbeit, advancing soon she now approachd  
 The approaching Prince & with a timid air  
 Inquird, if journeying over Arvons plain  
 He had been wildered there. `not so' replied  
 The gentle Prince; `but I had known this hut  
 `In years that are departed, & I came  
 60 `Once more to trace what Memory oftentimes  
 `Has pictured, this clear brook, & yonder hill.  
 `I thought I should have found it desolate;  
 `Has it been long your dwelling?'

`We have dwelt  
 `Some years' she answerd `here; my child & I.  
 65 `Wil't [*sic*] please you enter & partake such food  
 `As we can give?" still timidly she spake  
 But with a courtesy that seemd assured  
 By him with whom she conversed. and he thankd  
 The friendly proffer, & towards the hut  
 70 They passd, & in his arms he took the child.  
 `Has he no father?' Madoc cried & wishd  
 The words unsaid, for oer her cheek the glow  
 Of painful recollections quick suffusd,  
 And she replied, `he perishd in the war."

75 They enterd now the hut & she brought forth  
 New milk & oaten bread. `three years have past["]  
 Exclaimd the ocean wanderer, `since I found  
 `A timely welcome here, fatigued & sick.  
 `Twas when that battle had been waged hard by  
 [f. 75 r.]

80 `Wherein Prince Hoel perishd.'

She grew pale,  
 Suddenly pale, & with a feeble voice  
 `It was that fight' she cried `that made me thus  
 `A friendless mother. you were in the fight—  
 `So I conceive you. how did Hoel fall?  
 85 `Was his death soon? or with his mortal wounds  
 `Long did he struggle?"

As she spake the tear  
 Dimmd Madocs eye & hid from him her eyes  
 Swimming & cheek now feverd. he replied—  
 `I was not in the war, but I beheld  
 90 `After where Hoel lay, as one who fell  
 `Oppressd by many foes & gashd with wounds,  
 `Yet still unyielding: & at Davids court  
 `I learnt he perishd thus.—but you are moved—  
 `You weep at what I tell—did you then know  
 95 `Prince Hoel?'

she replied `oh no—my lot  
 `Was humble—& my loss a humble one—  
 `Yet was it all to me!—I weep to think  
 `That he who loved me well, died there perhaps  
 `Oppressd by many foes & gashd with wounds



- 50 She saw the Prince & stopt, with such a fear  
 As *some* ↑ < a > poor bird who hastening to her nest  
 Lights on a bough hard by if she behold  
 Some curious foot approach the secret place.  
 [f. 74 r.]
- Howbeit, advancing soon she now approachd  
 55 The approaching Prince & with a timid air  
 Inquird, if journeying over Arvons plain  
 He had been wildered there. `not so' replied  
 The gentle Prince; `but I had known this hut  
 `In years that are departed, & I came  
 60 `Once more to trace what Memory oftentimes  
 `Has pictured, this clear brook, & yonder hill.  
 `I thought I should have found it desolate;  
 `Has it been long your dwelling?'  
 `We have dwelt  
 `Some years' she answerd `here; my child & I.  
 65 `Wil't please you enter & partake such food  
 `As we can give?" still timidly she spake  
 But with a courtesy that seemd assured  
 By him with whom she conversed. *so*{an}d he thankd  
 The friendly proffer, & towards the hut  
 70 They passd, & in his arms he took the child.  
 `Has he no father?' Madoc cried & wishd  
 The words unsaid, *when* ↑ < for > oer her cheek the glow  
 Of painful recollections quick suffusd,  
 And she replied, `he perishd in the war."
- 75 They enterd now the hut & she brought forth  
 New milk & oaten bread. `three years have past  
 Exclaimd the ocean wanderer, `since I found  
 `A timely welcome here, fatigued & sick.  
 `Twas when that battle had been waged hard by  
 [f. 75 r.]
- 80 `Wherein Prince Hoel perishd.'  
 She grew pale,  
 Suddenly pale, & with a feeble voice  
 `It was that fight' she cried `that made me thus  
 `A friendless mother. you were in the fight—  
 `So I conceive you. how did Hoel fall?  
 85 `Was his death soon? or with his mortal wounds  
 `Long did he struggle?"  
 As she spake the tear  
 Dimmd Madocs eye & hid from him her eyes  
 Swimming & cheek now feverd. he replied—  
 `I was not in the war, but I beheld  
 90 `After where Hoel lay, as one who fell  
 `Oppressd by many foes & gashd with wounds,  
 `Yet still unyielding: & at Davids court  
 `I learnt he perishd thus.—but you are moved—  
 `You weep at what I tell—did you then know  
 95 `Prince Hoel?'  
 she replied `oh no—my lot  
 `Was humble—& my loss a humble one—  
 `Yet was it all to me!—I weep to think  
 `That he who loved me well, died there perhaps  
 `Oppressd *with* ↑ < by > many foes & gashd with wounds

100 `Like Hoel, for he was a brave brave man!"

Thus as they conversed had the gathering clouds  
Deepened & now they fell. the heavy rain  
Dashd in the brook rebounding from its waves  
Like little arrows up, or sailing on

105 In vaulted bubbles rapidly that burst  
[f.76 r.]

And rapidly arose. a passing storm,  
And Madoc waiting till its force was spent  
Lookd round the little hut & there beheld  
A harp; he passd his fingers oer the strings  
110 And woke sweet sounds. the child attentive came  
Pleasd by the sounds, & leant on Madocs knee  
And bade him play again, so Madoc playd,  
For he had skill in minstrelsy, & raisd  
The song, it was a song that Hoel framd.

115 `I have harnessd thee, my steed of shining grey  
`And thou shalt bear me to the dear white walls—  
`I love the white walls by the verdant bank,  
`That glitter in the sun, where bashfulness  
`Loves to behold the sea mew glide along  
120 `I love the glittering walls—beside them speaks  
`The mad-resounding wave; for there she dwells  
`The shapely maid, fair as the ocean spray  
`With cheeks as lovely as the apple flower,  
`Or the warm glow of eve. I pine for her—  
125 `In crowded halls my spirit is with her,—  
`Sleepless I lie & think on her at night—  
`And happiness is gone & health is lost,  
`And gone the flush of youth, & I am pale  
`As the pale ocean on a sunless morn.  
130 `I grieve for her who spurns a love like mine.'

He ceasd & laid his hand upon the child[:]  
["]And didst thou like the song.["] the child replied  
`Oh yes! it is a song my mother loves  
[f.77 r.]

`And so I like it too!' he stoopt & kissd

100 `Like Hoel, for he was a brave brave man!"

Thus as they conversed had the gathering clouds  
Deepened & now they fell. the heavy rain  
Dashd in the brook rebounding from its waves  
Like little arrows up, or sailing on

105 In vaulted bubbles rapidly that *brok*<sup>1</sup> burst  
[f.76 r.]

And rapidly arose. a passing storm,  
And Madoc waiting till its force was spent  
Lookd round the little hut & there beheld  
A harp; he passd his fingers oer the strings  
110 And woke sweet sounds. the child attentive came  
Pleasd by the sounds, & leant on Madocs knee  
And bade him play again, so Madoc playd,  
For he had skill in minstrelsy, & raisd  
The song, it was a song that Hoel framd.

115 `I have harnessd thee, my steed of shining grey  
`And thou shalt bear me to the dear white walls—  
`I love the white walls by the verdant bank,  
`That glitter in the sun, where bashfulness  
`Loves to behold the sea mew glide along  
120 `I love the glittering walls—beside them speaks  
`The mad-resounding wave; for there she dwells  
`The shapely maid, fair as the ocean spray  
`With cheeks as lovely as the apple flower,  
`Or the warm glow of eve. I pine for her—  
125 `In crowded halls my spirit is with her,—  
`Sleepless I lie & think on her at night—  
`And happiness is gone & health is lost,  
`And gone the flush of youth, & I am pale  
`As the pale ocean on a sunless morn.  
130 `I grieve for her who spurns a love like mine.'

He ceasd & laid his hand upon the child  
And didst thou like the song. the child replied  
`Oh yes! it is a song my mother loves  
[f.77 r.]

‡ < ` > And *when he ceasd* ↑ < so I like it too! > he stoopt *to* ↑ < & >  
kiss ‡ < d > *the child*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>The word has been deleted with a wavy, rather than the usual horizontal line.

<sup>2</sup>This line originally read:

And when he ceasd he stoopt to kiss the child  
and it thus presents a rare instance in S.'s narrative writing of a lack of clarity as to the identity of the subject. The first personal pronoun ('And when he ceasd') refers to the child, but the second ('he stoopt to kiss') refers to Madoc. In the original version of the line, young Hoel had clearly finished speaking—though there is no sign of a close quotation mark at the end of line 133—, but S. then decided to extend this speech with the words 'And so I like it too', and thus added an open quotation mark at the start of line 134. S. then decided to change the description of Madoc's action from the infinitive ('he stoopt to kiss') into the past ('& kissd'). While these changes did prevent the repetition of 'he', the reader is still forced to wait until the next line for clarification as to the identity of the remaining pronoun, since the amended line reads, rather awkwardly:

'And so I like it too!' he stoopt & kissd  
It nevertheless remained thus in MS.2B.

135 The boy who still was leaning on his knee,  
 Already grown familiar. `I should love  
 `To bear him with me far across the seas',  
 Cried Madoc: `for methinks that in his face  
 140 `I catch the semblance of a dear dead friend  
 `And could be as his father. wilt thou cross  
 `The seas with Madoc?'  
 `Madoc!' she exclaimd  
 `Oh art thou Madoc?["]—& she fell & claspd  
 His knees—`oh take him with thee oer the sea,  
 `And be a father to thy brothers child—  
 145 `The friendless child of Hoel!"  
 Long it was  
 Ere that in eithers breast the painful joy  
 Was calmd. one while he gazed upon the child  
 Intently reading there his brothers lines,  
 Then caught him up & kissd his little cheek  
 150 Anon he gazd again with tears, & vowd  
 That he should never need a fathers love.  
  
 At length when copious tears had now relieved  
 Her burthend heart, & many a faltering speech  
 In tears had ended, she exclaimd—`oh Prince  
 155 `How long 't has been my dearest prayer to Heaven  
 `To see thee once & to thy love commit  
 `This helpless little one! for many a time  
 `In phrase so fond did Hoel tell thy worth  
 `That it has wakened agony in me  
 [f.78 r.]  
 160 `To think I could not as a sister claim  
 `Thy friendship. therefore was it that till now  
 `I knew thee not, for I have beggd of him  
 `That he would never let thy virtuous eye  
 `Look on my guilt & make me feel my shame.  
 165 `Madoc I did not dare to see thee then,  
 `Do not despise me now!—I have almost  
 `Forgiven myself, & whilst I have performd  
 `A mothers duties in this solitude  
 `I thought myself forgiven."  
 with that she claspd  
 170 His hand & bowd her face on it & wept.  
 He raisd her up, & prest her trembling lips  
 To his, & gave the sisters soothing name.  
  
 `I was his captive Madoc,—by the war  
 `Made friendless. he preservd me—& he soothed  
 175 `With tenderest care my grief. oh—you can tell  
 `How gentle he could be! & how his eyes  
 `So full of life & kindness, could win  
 `All hearts to love him! Madoc I was young—  
 `I had no friend but him;—& when I gave  
 180 `This infant to his arms—when with such joy  
 `He viewd it oer & oer again & prest

- 135 The *listening child* ↑ < boy who > still † < was > leaning on his knee,  
 Already grown familiar. `I should love  
 `To bear him with me far across the seas',  
 Cried Madoc: `for methinks that in his face  
 `I catch the semblance of a dear dead friend  
 140 `And could be as his father. wilt thou cross  
 `The seas with Madoc?'  
 `Madoc!' she exclaimd  
 `Oh art thou Madoc?—& she fell & claspd  
 His knees—`oh take him with thee oer the sea,  
 `And be a father to thy brothers child—  
 145 `The friendless child of Hoel!"  
 Long it was  
 Ere that in eithers breast the painful joy  
 Was calmd. one while he gazed upon the child  
 Intently reading there his brothers lines,  
 Then caught him up & kissd his little cheek  
 150 Anon he gazd again with tears, & vowd  
 That he should never need a fathers love.  
 At length when copious tears had now relieved  
 Her burthend heart, & many a faltering speech  
 In tears had ended, she exclaimd—`oh Prince  
 155 `How long 't 'has' been my dearest prayer to Heaven  
 `To see thee once & to thy love commit  
 `This helpless little one! for many a time  
 `In phrase so fond did Hoel tell thy worth  
 `That it has wakened agony in me  
 [f.78 r.]  
 160 `To think I could not as a sister claim  
 `Thy friendship. therefore was it that till now  
 `I knew thee not, for I have beggd of him  
 `That he would never let thy virtuous eye  
 `Look on my guilt & make me feel my shame.  
 165 `Madoc I did not dare to see thee then,  
 `Do not despise me now!—I have almost  
 `Forgiven myself, & whilst I have performd  
 `in A mothers duties in this solitude  
 `I thought myself forgiven."  
 with that she claspd  
 170 His hand & bowd her face on it & wept.  
 He raisd her up, & prest her trembling lips  
 To his, & gave the sisters soothing name.  
 `I was his captive Madoc,—by the war  
 `Made friendless. he preservd me—& he soothed  
 175 `With tenderest care my grief. oh—you can tell  
 `How gentle he could be! & how his eyes  
 `So full of life & kindness, could win  
 `All hearts to love him! Madoc I was young—  
 `I had no friend but him;—& when I gave  
 180 `This infant to his arms—when with such joy  
 `He viewd it oer & oer again & prest

-----  
 'The single quotation mark before `has' is evidently an error, presumably induced by the abbreviating of the previous word `it'.

185 `A fathers kiss upon its cheek, & turnd  
`To me, & made me feel more keenly yet  
`A mothers keen delight, oh I was proud  
`To think my child in after years should say  
`Prince Hoel was his father!

[f.79 r.]

        `So I lived,  
`Tho not without my melancholy hours  
`And lonely pangs, yet happy, till the day  
`Of Owens death. I need not tell thee Prince  
190 `How deadly sick it made my heart, to hear  
`That Hoel was calld King; nor with what tears  
`I welcomed him in that last little hour  
`Ambition gave to love. he was not changed—  
`Still gentle, still affectionate, I think

.pm1  
195 `His heart misgave him, & that he lookd back  
`With something like repentance. when I spake  
`Of David & my fears, he smild upon me,  
`But twas a smile that came not from the heart—  
`A most ill-boding smile!—oh Madoc—Madoc—  
200 `You know not with what misery I saw  
`His parting steps—with what a horrible hope  
`I watchd for tidings!

        `At the last it came—  
`Came like a thunderbolt, the dreadful tale.  
205 `I sought the field, with many a weary step  
`I sought the field that I might see once more  
`That dear dear face & lay him in the grave.  
`Oh Madoc there were many widows there,  
`But none with grief like mine! I lookd around,  
`Yea movd the ghastly bodies of the dead  
210 `To search for him in vain—a frenzying hope  
`Seizd me—that it was agony to lose.

        `Night came—I did not dread the storm of night—  
        [f.80 r.]

215 `But my dear child preservd me, & I sought  
`The shelter of this hut, twas tenantless—  
`And when my reason came at length—I thought  
`That I might hide the child of Hoel here  
`A little while till I could dangerless  
`Seek thee, & claim thy care. & here I dwelt,  
220 `A woman whom[,] like me[,] that fatal day  
`Had widowed, friended me,—around the foot  
`Of yonder heathy hill her dwelling stands.  
`Often she came to sooth me, & her care  
`Supplied my little wants. to her I gave  
225 `The useless ornaments that ill beseemd  
`My alterd state; they had been Hoel's gift  
`And I have sometimes pleasd myself to think  
`He might approve their use if he beheld  
`His Elen now. she brought me in exchange  
230 `The goat you see upon yon craggy bank  
`Browsing[,] her kids beside her—& the harp.

- `A fathers kiss upon its cheek, & turnd  
 `To me, & made me feel more keenly yet  
 `A mothers keen delight, oh I was proud  
 185 `To think my child in after years should say  
 `Prince Hoel was his father!  
 [f.79 r.]
- `So I lived,  
 `Tho not without my melancholy hours  
 `And lonely pangs, yet happy, till the day  
 `Of Owens death. I need not tell thee Prince  
 190 `How deadly sick it made my heart, to hear  
 `That Hoel was calld King; nor with what tears  
 `I welcomed him in that last little hour  
 `Ambition gave to love. he was not changed—  
 `Still gentle, still affectionate, I think  
 195 `His heart misgave him, & that he lookd back  
 `With something like repentance. when I spake  
 `Of David & my fears, he smild upon me,  
 `But twas a smile that came not from the heart—  
 `A most ill-boding smile!—oh Madoc—Madoc—  
 200 `You know not with what *agony* ↑ < misery > I saw  
 `His parting steps—with what a horrible hope  
 `I watchd for tidings!  
 `At the last it came—  
 `Came like a thunderbolt, the dreadful tale.  
 `I sought the field, with many a weary step  
 205 `I sought the field that I might see once more  
 `That dear dear face & lay him in the grave.  
 `Oh Madoc there were many widows there,  
 `But none with grief like mine! I lookd around,  
 `Yea movd the ghastly bodies of the dead  
 210 `To search for him in vain—a frenzying hope  
 `Seizd me—that it was agony to lose.  
 `Night came—I did not dread the storm of night—  
 [f.80 r.]
- `But my dear child preservd me, & I sought  
 `The shelter of this hut, twas tenantless—  
 215 `And when my reason came at length—I thought  
 `That I might hide the child of Hoel here  
 `A little while till I could dangerless  
 `Seek thee, & claim thy care. & here I dwelt,  
 `A woman whom like me that fatal day  
 220 `Had widowed, friended me,—around the foot  
 `Of yonder heathy hill her dwelling stands.  
 `Often she came to sooth me, & her care  
 `Supplied my little wants. to her I gave  
 `The useless ornaments that ill beseemd  
 225 `My alterd state; they had been Hoel's gift<sup>1</sup>  
 `And I have sometimes pleasd myself to think  
 `He might approve their use if he beheld  
 `His Elen now. she brought me in exchange  
 `The goats you see upon yon craggy bank  
 230 `Browsing her kids beside her—& the harp.

<sup>1</sup>The word 'gift' is also singular in MS.2B.

`Madoc the harp is as a friend to me—  
`I sing to it the songs that Hoel loved  
`And Hoels own sweet strains,—it comforts me—  
`And gives me joy in grief.

235 `I heard from her  
`Tales of an old blind man & of his son  
`Who had their dwelling here, most lonely men,  
`And how they left it, but few days it seemd  
`Before it shelterd me, to go, she said  
`To some new land that lay beyond the seas

[f.81 r.]

240 `companions of Prince Madoc. So I learnt  
`To bound my wishes here, & for three years  
`This place has been my sojourn. oftentimes  
`It grievd me that young Hoel should grow up  
`So friendless & obscure, till Time subdued  
245 `That vain regret, who softens all regrets,  
`And I became contented & resignd  
`To that most righteous will that cannot err.  
`Yet when I knew how Davids merciless wrath  
`Pursued his brethren,—I have had my fears—  
250 `And when I heard you speak of Davids court  
`As of a scene you knew—it woke such dread!—  
`But you will love the child!

"Both—both—" he cried

255 `Both shall go with me to the land of peace  
`And we shall all be happy.—soon we spread  
`The sail for that good land. Elen till then  
`I have a sister who will welcome you,  
`For also she is yours. nor tremble you  
`A little while to dwell in Davids court.  
`Tomorrow I will come & bear you hence,  
260 `Expect me then. night bids me now depart.'

So saying he arose & loosd his steed  
And hastend oer the plain. he reachd a house  
On the wood-side of Osiers close entwined  
And entered there & to its master gave  
265 The loosend sword; they brought him water then  
And washd the strangers feet, so for that night

[f.82 r.]

He was their welcome guest. a happy man  
He laid him down, & oer his slumbering mind  
Vague recollections of the day deeds past.

270 And Elen also laid her down with thoughts  
So chearing to her heart that restlessness  
Became a comfort; & when morning dawnd



- `Madoc the harp is as a friend to me—  
 `I sing to it the songs that Hoel loved  
 `And Hoels own sweet strains,—it comforts me—  
 `And gives me joy in *tears*. † < grief. >  
`I heard from her
- 235 `Tales of an old blind man & of his son  
 `Who had their dwelling here, most lonely men,  
 `And how they left it, but few days it seemd  
 `Before it shelterd me, to go, she said  
 `To some new land that lay beyond the seas  
[f.81 r.]
- 240 `companions of Prince Madoc. So I learnt  
 `To bound my wishes here, & for three years  
 `This place has been my sojourn. oftentimes  
 `It grievd me that young Hoel should grow up  
 `So friendless & obscure, till Time subdued
- 245 `That vain regret, who softens all regrets,  
 `And I became contented & resignd  
 `To that most righteous will that cannot err.  
 `Yet when I knew how Davids merciless wrath  
 `Pursued his brethren,—I have had my fears—
- 250 `And when I heard you speak of Davids court  
 `As of a *place* † < scene > you knew—it woke such dread!—  
 `But you will love the child!  
"Both—both—" he cried
- `Both shall go with me to the land of peace  
 `And we shall all be happy.—*you must leave*  
 `This hut & come with me. soon shall we spread<sup>1</sup>
- 255 `The sail for that good land. Elen till then  
 `I have a sister who will welcome you,  
 `For also she is yours. nor tremble you  
 `A little while to dwell in Davids court.  
 `Tomorrow I will come & bear you hence,
- 260 `Expect me then. night bids me now depart.<sup>1</sup>
- So saying he arose & loosd his steed  
 And hastend oer the plain. he reachd a house  
 On the wood-side of Osiers close entwined  
 And entered there & to its master gave
- 265 The loosend sword; they brought him water then  
 And washd the strangers feet, so for that night  
[f.82 r.]
- He was their welcome guest. a happy man  
 He laid him down, & oer his slumbering mind  
 Vague recollections of the day deeds past.
- 270 And Elen also laid her down with thoughts  
 So chearing to her heart that restlessness  
 Became a comfort; & when morning dawnd

-----  
<sup>1</sup>While S. evidently wanted this and the previous line to amalgamate into one, it is difficult to be absolutely certain whether he intended the result to be one complete line or two half-lines. The former seems far more likely, firstly because S. has not deleted the dash after 'happy' in the line above, thus leaving it extant as the linking punctuation mark, and secondly because this would leave line 254 as one complete line, exactly as in MS.2B. We are however left with a superfluous open single quotation mark at the start of this line.

Prepard to leave her solitary hut.  
 And often did young Hoel to the door  
 275 Run out, his little eyes all bright with hope,  
 To watch with eager joy when Madoc came.  
 He came & once again made desolate  
 That solitary hut, & blest the place  
 Now rendered to remembrance doubly dear.

280 They left the wilds of Arvon now, they passd  
 Oer Menais ebbing tide, & now arrived  
 Where by the brook that enters ocean there,  
 Aberffraw stood. Gwenthian again beheld  
 Her brother; and with mingled grief & joy,  
 285 And painful thoughts that made her restless eyes  
 Bend downward[,] Elen from the Maid received  
 A sisters welcome. Kenric he too came,  
 And hope had made the old mans heart throb now  
 As with young feelings. he to the window led  
 290 The Prince, & pointed where the tall masts rose  
 And the long streamers rolld their wavin[g] folds  
 On curling like the serpent of the stream.  
 "There Madoc are they moord—six gallant barks",  
 Kenric exclaimd,—` & new adventurers flock  
 295 "Daily to follow thee. We have a Bard  
   [f.83 r.]  
 `Arrived, he saw thee at Cyveiliocs court—  
 `Oh Madoc it will do my old heart good  
 `To hear his hairstrung harp in other lands  
 `And think of Britain, of the beautiful isle!  
 300 `When shall we spread the sail? I long to go—  
 `To leave this country, where in every place  
 `I am as one who in a churchyard walks  
 `And sees on every side the tombs of those  
 `Whom once he held most dear.—& I should go  
 305 `Without one lingering wish! if we could bear  
 `Ririd from hence, & break poor Rodri's chains  
 `Thy lion-hearted brother—& that boy—  
 `If he were with us Madoc—that dear boy  
 `Llewelyn!'

  then the Prince to Gwenthian turnd—  
 310 `Hast thou heard ought my sister if the heart  
 `Of David softens? will his wrath relax?—  
 `And may the sons of Owen safely seek  
 `Their native isle?["]  
   `Oh Madoc'—she replied—  
 `A hard & unrelenting heart has he!  
 315 `The gentle Emma told me she had faild—  
 `And this was all she said, but in her eye  
 `I saw much anguish Madoc! she complains not  
 `And yet I know in bitterness laments  
 `The hour which brought her as a victim here.'

320 `Then will I seek the monarch', Madoc cried  
 And forth he went. cold welcome David gave

- Prepard to leave her solitary hut.  
 And often did young Hoel to the door  
 275 Run out, his little eyes all bright with hope,  
 To watch with eager joy when Madoc came.  
 He came & once again made desolate  
 That solitary hut, & blest the place  
 Now rendered to remembrance doubly dear.
- 280 They left the wilds of Arvon now, they passd  
 Oer Menais ebbing tide, & now arrived  
 Where by the brook that enters ocean there,  
 Aberffraw stood. Gwenthian again beheld  
 Her brother; and with mingled grief & joy,  
 285 And painful thoughts that made her restless eyes  
 Bend downward Elen from the Maid received  
 A sisters welcome. Kenric he too came,  
 And hope had made the old mans heart throb now  
 As with young feelings. he to the window led  
 290 The Prince, & pointed where the tall masts rose  
 And the long streamers rolld their [*I word*] ↑ < wavin > <sup>1</sup> folds  
 On curling like the serpent of the stream.  
 "There Madoc are they moord—*twelve* ↑ < six > gallant barks",  
 Kenric exclaimd,— & new adventurers flock  
 295 "Daily to follow thee. We have a Bard  
 [f.83 r.]  
 `Arrived, he saw thee at Cyveiliocs court—  
 `Oh Madoc it will do my old heart good  
 `To hear his ↓ < hairstrung > harp in other lands  
 `And think of Britain, of the beautiful isle!  
 300 `When shall we spread the sail? I long to go—  
 `To leave this country, where in every place  
 `I am as one who in a churchyard walks  
 `And sees on every side the tombs of those  
 `Whom once he held most dear.—& I should go  
 305 `Without one lingering wish! & if we could bear  
 `Ririd from hence, & break poor Rodri's chains  
 `Thy lion-hearted brother—& that boy—  
 `If he were with us Madoc—that dear boy  
 `Llewelyn!  
 then the Prince to Gwenthian turnd—  
 310 `Hast thou heard ought my sister if the heart  
 `Of David softens? will his wrath relax?—  
 `And may the sons of Owen safely seek  
 `Their native isle?  
 `Oh Madoc'—she replied—  
 `A hard & unrelenting heart has he!  
 315 `The gentle Emma told me she had faild—  
 `And this was all she said, but in her eye  
 `I saw much anguish Madoc! she complains not  
 `And yet I know in bitterness laments  
 `The hour which brought her as a victim here.'
- 320 `Then will I seek the monarch', Madoc cried  
 And forth he went. cold welcome David gave

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. has accidentally omitted the g.

Such as had child a suppliant, but the Prince  
Fearless began. `at Dinevor I found  
`Our brother Ririd, David, & he prayd  
[f.84 r.]

325 `That he might go with me to banishment.  
`He is the guest of Rhys, & at his court  
`Awaits to know if he may venture here  
`And mount the vessel. let me say to him  
`His fathers hall is open.'

then the King  
330 Sternly replied, `did I not tell thee Madoc  
`Ere thou didst leave Aberffraw, that thy suit  
`Displeasd me? & command thee as thy King  
`To shun this rebel race?'

An angry glow  
Came over Madocs cheek. `yes I have errd["]  
335 He answerd. `as a King didst thou command  
`And still my heart rememberd in thy tones  
`A brothers voice. bethink thee yet again—  
`I am thy surety here, he comes alone—  
340 `The assembled force of yonder armament  
`Is mine. I tell thee David tis thy fears  
`That make thy danger. call to mind my brother  
`How firm a buckler to our fathers throne  
`We formd—be just & they will buckler thee.

345 `Are there no moments David when the days  
`Of childhood rise again? let Rodri loose  
`Restore him to his birthright; thou mayest hold  
`His body chaind, but thus wouldst thou subdue  
`His noble spirit!"

"Leave me" cried the King.  
350 `Thou knowest the theme is hateful to my ear.  
`I have the mastery now & idle words  
`Shall never thrust me Madoc from the throne  
`That this right arm in battle hardly one.

[f.85 r.]  
`There shall he lie till Nature set him free  
`And so deliver both. trespass no more!'

355 `A little yet bear with me" Madoc cried.  
`I leave this country soon, for ever leave it  
`Let me behold my brother, least [sic] he think  
`My summer love is withered[,] &[,] in wrath[,]  
`Remember me hereafter."

"Leave me Madoc—  
360 "Speedily—ere indulgence grow a crime",  
Exclaimd the monarch. "do not tempt my wrath  
"Thou knowest me."

"Aye!" the Ocean chief replied.  
"I know thee David—& I pity thee  
"Thou poor, suspicious, miserable, man!  
365 "Friend hast thou none except thy country's foe,  
"That hateful Saxon[,] he whose bloody hand

- Such as had child a suppliant, but the Prince  
 Fearless began. `at Dinevor I found  
 `Our brother Ririd, David, & he prayd  
 [f.84 r.]
- 325 `That he might go with me to banishment.  
 `He is the guest of Rhys, & at his court  
 `Awaits to know if he may venture here  
 `And mount the vessel. let me say to him  
 `His fathers hall is open.'
- then the King
- 330 Sternly replied, `did I not tell thee Madoc  
 `Ere thou didst leave Aberffraw, that thy suit  
 `Displeasd me? & command thee as thy King  
 `To shun this rebel race?'
- An angry glow
- 335 Came over Madocs cheek. `yes I have errd  
 He answerd. `as a King didst thou command  
 `And still my heart rememberd in thy tones  
 `A brothers voice. bethink thee yet again—  
 `I am thy surety here, he comes alone—
- 340 `The assembled force of yonder armament  
 `Is mine. I tell thee David tis thy fears  
 `That make thy danger. call to mind my brother  
 `How firm a buckler to our fathers *house* throne  
 `We formd—be just & they will buckler thee.
- 345 `Are there no moments David when the days  
 `Of childhood rise again? let Rodri loose  
 `Restore him to his birthright; thou mayest hold  
 `His body chaind, but thus wouldst thou subdue  
 `His noble spirit!"
- "Leave me" cried the King.
- 350 `Thou knowest the theme is hateful to mi{y}ne ear.  
 `I have the mastery now & idle words  
 `Shall never thrust me Madoc from the throne  
 `That this right arm in battle hardly one.  
 [f.85 r.]
- 355 `There shall he lie till Nature set him free  
 `And so deliver both. trespass no more!'
- 355 `A little yet bear with me" Madoc cried.  
 `I leave this country soon, for ever leave it  
 `Let me behold my brother, least he think  
 `My summer love is withered & in wrath  
 `Remember me hereafter."
- "Leave me Madoc—
- 360 "Speedily—ere indulgence grow a crime",  
 Exclaimd the monarch. "do not tempt my wrath  
 "Thou knowest me."
- "Aye!" the Ocean chief replied.
- 365 "I know thee David—& I pity thee  
 "Thou poor, suspicious, miserable, man!  
 "Friend hast thou none except thy country's foe,  
 "That hateful Saxon he whose bloody hand

"Tore out thy brothers eyes, & for thy kin[,]  
"Thyself hast made of them worst enemies!  
"What if the lion Rodri were abroad?  
370 "What if Llewelyn's banners were displayd—  
"The sword of England could not save thee then!  
"Frown not & menace not—for what am I  
"That I should fear thine anger!" so he said  
And turnd indignant from the wrathful King.

---

"Tore out thy brothers eyes, & for<sup>1</sup> thy kind  
"Thyself hast made of them worst enemies!  
"What if the lion Rodri were abroad?  
370 "What if Llewelyn's banners were displayd—  
"The sword of England could not save thee then!  
"Frown not & menace not—for what am I  
"That I should fear thine anger!" so he said  
And turnd indignant from the wrathful King.

---

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The word `for' has certainly been superimposed over a shorter word, possibly `of'.

[f.86 r.]  
Madoc.

Book 6.

- At evening Kenric sought the Prince, his cheek  
Was pale[,] & troubled was the old man's eye  
As forth he drew him. "I was now alone  
Walking above the palace by the stream  
5 And Madoc there I saw that gallant boy  
Llewelyn. he has venturd here he says  
To see thee once again, oh hasten to him—  
And make him fly this place.'
- he hastend there
- 10 And claspd the adventurer with a fathers love  
"Oh come with me Llewelyn!" cried the Prince,  
And leave this wretched country. come with me  
And fly a land that soon must be subdued!"
- "No by my God!" the high-hearted youth exclaimd  
It never shall be said Llewelyn left  
15 His fathers murderer on his fathers throne!  
I am the rightful King of this poor land.  
Go thou & wisely go. I must remain  
Madoc to save my people. in my heart  
I feel strong hope. give me thy blessing Uncle!"
- 20 "God prosper thee', exclaimd the ocean chief  
And I almost Llewelyn share thy hopes  
Beholding what thou art. I shall not hear  
In that far land thy fate, but I will send  
[f.87 r.]  
My daily prayers to Heaven for thy success.'
- 25 Tidings of me["], replied the adventurous youth  
Will never reach that land—thou canst not know  
Llewelyns fate, but Uncle this be sure  
It shall not be inglorious. fare thee well—  
God be thy guide!"
- Approaching feet alarmd
- 30 The youth & he retreated thro the gloom.  
Twas Caradoc who came, he met the chief.  
"I have been roaming by the port", quoth he,  
The streamers ripled in the gentle gale  
Like a smooth river on a summer eve,  
35 Bright on the waters shone the long slant ray,  
The sea mew rising on the rising wave  
Saild quietly along. a placid scene—  
And would that we were in mid ocean now  
That bending oer the deep at such an hour  
40 The gentle motion & the restless waves  
And the roar of closing waters as we passd  
Might rock me to repose. when shall we sail?  
A melancholy thing it is to walk  
Along the shore & see the bark that soon  
45 Shall bear us over ocean far away.'





`Soon', cried the searcher of the seas, 'our sails  
 `Shall swell before the wind to that good land  
 `My country now, & Caradoc I trust  
 `Thou wilt be happy there. we shall look back  
 50 `Upon our friends in Britain, & the thought  
     [f.88 r.]  
 `Will have its joys more grateful to the heart  
 `As not unmixd with sorrow. I shall go  
 `Almost without regret, & bear with me  
 `All that I hold most dear.'  
                                 `And I' replied  
 55 The Bard, `should go without one childish pang  
 `For I leave none in Britain who will mourn  
 `When Caradoc is gone. would we were gone—  
 `I could be happier any where than here.'  
  
 `Art thou distrest?' exclaimd the ocean Prince  
 60 `In hours of sorrow I have loved the friend  
 `Who listend to my griefs, & such a friend  
 `Would Madoc be to thee."  
                                 The youth replied  
 `Mine is a common tale. I loved a maid  
 `And she lov'd me, a nobler suitor came  
 65 `Equalling her birth, her father bade her leave  
 `Her hearts unworthy object, she obeyd—  
 `And I am foolish still—a common grief.'  
  
 `And soon shall other scenes & other thoughts  
 `Afford best remedy.' the Prince replied.  
 70 `Fair is the season now, a few short days  
 `And we will mount the bark. wilt thou the while  
 `To Dinevor? I have a brother there  
 `He may not safely enter Davids realms.  
 `Embark with him & to our armament  
 75 `Make sail. that done we voyage far away.'  
  
 So spake the Prince, & with the following dawn  
 For Dinevor the obedient Bard departs.  
     [f.89 r.]  
 Meantime adventurers still to Mona flock  
 And Madoc from the throng selects who best  
 80 May suit such enterprize; the vessels ride  
 Prepared, the Bard & Ririd reach the port,  
 And now the second morn shall see their sails  
 Loosd to the wind. in Davids hall he sat,  
 The Roamer of the waves, & shared the feast  
 85 And heard the song. it spake of Owens fame,  
 When with his Normans & the assembled force  
 Of Guienne & Gascony, & Anjous host,  
 The Flemings aid & Englands chosen strength  
 Along the ascent of Berwyn many a day  
 90 The Saxon vainly on his mountain foes  
 Denounced his impotent vengeance. Madoc gave

`Soon', cried the searcher of the seas, 'our sails  
 `Shall swell before the wind to that good land  
 `My country now, & Caradoc I trust  
 50 `Thou wilt be happy there. we shall look back  
 `Upon our friends in Britain, & the thought  
   [f.88 r.]  
 `Will have its joys more grateful to the heart  
 `As not unmixd with sorrow. I shall go  
 `Almost without regret, & bear with me  
 `All that I hold most dear.'  
   `And I' replied  
 55 The Bard, `should go without one childish pang  
 `For I leave none in Britain who will mourn  
 `When Caradoc is gone. would we were gone—  
 `I could be happier any where than here.'  
  
 `Art thou distrest?' exclaimd the ocean Prince  
 60 `In hours of sorrow I have loved the friend  
 `Who listend to my griefs, & such a friend  
 `Would Madoc be to thee."  
   The youth replied  
 `Mine is a common tale. I loved a maid  
 `And she lov'd me, a nobler suitor came  
 65 `Equalling her birth, her father bade her leave  
 `Her hearts unworthy object, she obeyd—  
 `And I am foolish still—a common grief.'  
  
 `And soon shall other scenes & other thoughts  
 `Afford best remedy.' the Prince replied.  
 70 `Fair is the season now, a few short days  
 `And we will mount the bark. wilt thou the while  
 `To Dinevor? I have a brother there  
 `He may not safely enter Davids realms.  
 `Embark with him & to our armament  
 75 `Make sail. that done we voyage far away.'  
  
 So spake the Prince, & with the following dawn  
 For Dinevor the obedient Bard departs.<sup>1</sup>  
   [f.89 r.]  
 Meantime adventurers still to Mona flock  
 And Madoc from the throng selects who best  
 80 May suit such enterprize; the vessels ride  
 Prepared, the Bard & Ririd reach the port,  
 And now the second morn shall see their sails  
 Loosd to the wind. in Davids hall he sat,  
 The Roamer of the waves, & shared the feast  
 85 And heard the song. it spake of Owens fame,  
 When with his Normans & the assembled force  
 Of Guienne & Gascony, & Anjous host,  
 The Flemings aid & Englands chosen strength  
 Along the ascent of Berwyn many a day  
 90 The Saxon vainly on his mountain foes  
 Denounced his impotent vengeance. Madoc gave

<sup>1</sup>In MS.2B, lines 76-77 form a stanza of their own, but since line 77 completes folio 88 r. in MS.2A, it is impossible to be absolutely certain whether this was S.'s original intention.

His spirit to the song, he felt the theme  
In every pulse, the recollection rose  
That in Aberffraw, in his fathers hall,  
95 He never more should share the feast or hear  
The echoing song, his yearning heart was full  
Painfully full, & forth he calld the King.  
They passd the palace gates. then Madoc stretchd  
His hand towards the ocean & exclaimd  
100 `Tomorrow David over these wide waves  
`I go, tomorrow leave, for ever leave  
`My fathers land—o David o my brother!  
`Bear with me now, if yet again I plead  
`For Owens children, who so many a day  
105 `Have shared our infant sports, have shared the toils  
`And dangers of our manhood. bear with me.

[f.90 r.]

`I go tomorrow—O release our brethren  
`Recall the wanderers home, & link them to thee  
`By cordial confidence, by benefits  
110 `That bless the giver. David be not thou  
`As is the black & melancholy yew  
`That strikes into the grave its baleful roots  
`And prospers on the dead. the Saxon King—  
`Deem not I blame him now—an hour like this  
115 `Hath softened all my harsher feelings down,  
`Nor will I hate him, for his sisters sake  
`Thy gentle Queen, whom that our God may bless,  
`And blessing her, bless thee & our dear country—  
`Shall never be forgotten in my prayers.  
120 `But he is far away, & should there come  
`The dangerous hour upon thee, if thy brethren  
`Wearied with suffering & made desperate  
`Should lift the sword, or young Llewelyn spread  
`His banners & demand his fathers crown—  
125 `Were it not trusting to a broken reed  
`To lean on foreign aid? I urge thee not  
`For answer now,—but sometimes o my brother  
`Sometimes recall to mind my parting words,  
`And think of them, when I am far away,  
130 `As twere the death-bed counsel of the friend  
`Who loved thee best!

The affection of his voice  
So mild, so solemn softened Davids heart,  
He saw his brothers eyes suffused with tears  
Shine in the moon-beam as he spake, the King  
135 Remembered his departure, & he felt

[f.91 r.]

Feelings that long from his disnated breast  
Ambition had expelled; he could almost  
Have followed their strong impulse. from the shore  
Madoc with quick & agitated step  
140 Had sought his home, the Monarch slow returnd,  
Serious & slow, & laid him down that night

- His spirit to the song, he felt the theme  
 In every pulse, the recollection rose  
 That in Aberffraw, in his fathers hall,  
 95 He never more should share the feast or hear  
 The echoing song, his yearning heart was full  
 Painfully full, & forth he call'd the King.  
 They pass'd the palace gates. then Madoc stretch'd  
 His hand towards the ocean & exclaim'd  
 100 `Tomorrow David *on{v} † < er > these restless ↑ < wide > waves*  
 `I go, tomorrow leave, for ever leave  
 `My fathers land—o David o my brother!  
 `Bear with me now, if yet again I plead  
 `For Owens children, who so many a day  
 105 `Have shared our infant sports, have shared the toils  
 `And dangers of our manhood. bear with me.  
 [f.90 r.]  
 `I go tomorrow—O release our brethren  
 `Recall the wanderers home, & link them to thee  
 `By cordial confidence, by benefits  
 110 `That bless the giver. David be not thou  
 `As is the black & melancholy yew<sup>1</sup>  
 `That strikes into the grave its baleful roots  
 `And prospers on the dead. the Saxon King—  
 `Deem not I blame him now—an hour like this  
 115 `Hath softened all [*1 word*] my harsher feelings down,  
 `Nor [*1 word*] will I hate him, for his sisters sake  
 `Thy gentle Queen, whom that our God may bless,  
 `And blessing her, bless thee & our dear country—  
 `Shall never be forgotten in my prayers.  
 120 `But he is far away, & should there come  
 `The dangerous hour upon thee, if thy brethren  
 `Wearied with suffering & made desperate  
 `Should lift the sword, or young Llewelyn spread  
 `His banners & demand his fathers crown—  
 125 `Were it not trusting to a broken reed  
 `To lean on foreign aid? I urge thee not  
 `For answer now,—but sometimes o my brother  
 `Sometimes recall to mind my parting words,  
 `And think of them, when I am far away,  
 130 `As twere the death-bed counsel of the friend  
 `Who loved thee best!  
 The affection of his voice  
 So mild, so solemn softened Davids heart,  
 He saw his brothers eyes suffused with tears  
 Shine in the moon-beam as he spake, the King  
 135 Remembered his departure, & he felt  
 [f.91 r.]  
 Feelings that long from his disnatured breast  
 Ambition had expelled; he could almost  
 Have followed their strong impulse. from the shore  
 Madoc with quick & agitated step  
 140 Had sought his home, the Monarch slow return'd,  
 Serious & slow, & laid him down that night

<sup>1</sup>Written vertically down the left-hand margin, commencing from the start of this line and occupying roughly three lines, is the word 'Webster'.

With painful recollections, & such thoughts  
As might, if Heaven had willd it, have maturd  
To penitence & peace.

- The Morning came,
- 145 Busy the morn[,] & when the noon arrived[,]  
The assembled emigrants[,] in the stately pile  
Reard to St. Cybis honour, their last mass  
Devoutly hear & join the earnest prayer.  
That ended[,] as the Chieftain past the gate
- 150 A boy addressd him. `pray you gentle Sir  
`Which is the lady Gwenlhian?' Madoc markd  
The Princess in the throng, the impatient boy  
Prest there & fell upon his knee, & cried  
`A boon—a boon dear Lady!' she lookd down—
- 155 `I am a poor unfriended orphan boy—  
`Born to fair promises & better hopes,  
`Now destitute. oh let me go with you  
`Your page, & you indeed shall find in me  
`The truest faithfulest boy that ever served
- 160 `A noble mistress! & believe me Lady  
`I shall not be quite profitless, for well  
`I know the virtues of all healing herbs,  
`And with a gentle & a skilful hand  
`Can touch the warriors wound, & I can do  
[f.92 r.]
- 165 `The Leech[']s part. & to beguile the hours  
`The many tedious hours that needs must pass  
`On the wide ocean, I have store of tales  
`Such as might win the eager multitude  
`To silence, & for melancholy moods
- 170 `Tales of hard fortune & distressful loves—  
`And of poor orphans friendless in the world  
`Like me;—you must not—will not say me no—  
`I have no hope dear Lady but from you!

- 175 Twas a fair boy[,] one to whose earnest eye  
And earnest voice, so musically sweet,  
It had not sure been easy to refuse  
The boon he beggd. `Yes thou shouldst go with me'  
Gwenlhian replied, `if only my assent  
`Needed,—but haste to Madoc & to him
- 180 `Prefer thy suit, & I will follow thee  
`And aid thee in petition.' the glad boy  
Hastes to the Ocean Prince, & begs his boon,  
And ere his tale was ended, Gwenlhian came.  
She spake not, for her brother read her eye
- 185 And answered—`friendless boy & destitute!  
`Thou hast done well to seek me. thy request  
`Gwenlhian is granted. tell me boy thy name!'  
`Mervyn', he cried,—["]the most unhappy boy  
`Till now, that ever felt ill-fortunes power!'

With painful recollections, & such thoughts  
As might, if Heaven had willd it, have maturd  
To penitence & peace.

- The Morning came,
- 145 † < Busy the morn & when the noon arrived >  
The assembled emigrants in the stately pile  
Reard to St. Cybis honour, their last mass  
Devoutly hear & join the earnest prayer.  
That ended as the Chieftain past the gate
- 150 A boy addressd him. `pray you gentle Sir  
`Which is the lady Gwenthian?' Madoc markd  
The Princess in the throng, the impatient boy  
Prest there & fell upon his knee, & cried  
`A boon—a boon dear Lady!' she lookd down—
- 155 `I am a poor unfriended orphan boy—  
`Born to fair promises & better hopes,  
`Now destitute. oh let me go with you  
`Your page, & you indeed shall find in me  
`The truest faithfulest boy that ever served
- 160 `A noble mistress! & believe me Lady  
`I shall not be quite profitless, for well  
`I know the virtues of all healing herbs,  
`And with a gentle & a skilful hand  
`Can touch the warriors wound, & *aptly* ↓ < I can > do  
  [f.92 r.]
- 165 `The Leeches<sup>1</sup> part. & to beguile the hours  
`The many tedious hours that needs must pass  
`On the wide ocean, I have store of tales  
`Such as might win the eager multitude  
`To silence, & for melancholy moods
- 170 `Tales of hard fortune & distressful loves—  
`And of poor orphans friendless in the world  
`Like ↑ < me > ;—you must not—will not say me no—  
`I have no hope dear Lady but from you!
- Twas a fair boy one to whose earnest eye
- 175 And earnest voice, so musically sweet,  
It had not sure been easy to refuse<sup>2</sup>  
The boon he beggd. `Yes thou shouldst go with me'  
Gwenthian replied, `if only my assent  
`Needed,—but haste to Madoc & to him
- 180 `Prefer thy suit, & I will follow thee  
`And aid thee in petition.' the glad boy  
Hastes to the Ocean Prince, & begs his boon,  
And ere his tale was ended, Gwenthian came.  
She spake not, for her brother read her eye
- 185 And answered—`friendless boy & destitute!  
`Thou hast done well to seek me. thy request  
`Gwenthian is granted. tell me boy thy name!  
`Mervyn', he cried,—the most unhappy boy  
`Till now, that ever felt ill-fortunes power!'

-----  
<sup>1</sup>This should clearly be the possessive `leech's'.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 175.

190 Where wert thou Caradoc! when that fair boy  
Told his false tale? for hadst thou heard his voice  
His gentle voice, so musically sweet,  
And seen his earnest eye, it would have warmd

[f.93 r.]

Thy languid heart, & thou hadst voyaged on  
195 The happiest man that ever yet forsook  
His native country! he on board the bark  
Leant oer the vessels side, & there he stood  
And gazed, almost unconscious why he gazed,  
Towards those distant mountains where she dwelt  
200 Senena, his beloved. Caradoc!  
Senena, thy beloved is at hand,  
Her golden locks are clipt, & her blue eye  
Is wandering oer the throng in search of thee,  
For whose dear sake she has forsaken all.  
205 Thou deemest [*sic*] her false, that her weak constancy  
Shrunk from her fathers anger, that she lives  
Anothers victim bride. but she has fled  
Her fathers anger, & the man she loathed  
Her destined husband, she is on the shore,  
210 Senena, blue-eyed Maid, a seemly boy  
To share thy fortunes, to reward thy love  
And to the land of peace to follow thee  
Over the ocean waves.

By Madocs side

The page still stood rejoicing in his hopes  
215 Accomplishd, when the King drew near, his cheek  
Pale, & his eye-balls fevered. he apart  
Summoned the Prince. 'before the dawn', he cried  
'I sent a speedy messenger to loose  
'Rodri from thraldom, that in peace with thee  
220 'He might depart;—Madoc he brings me back  
'Tidings of his escape, last night he fled—  
'Is he on board thy ships?["]

[f.94 r.]

'I would he were!'

Madoc replied. "with what a lightened heart  
'Then should I leave thee! one alone is there  
225 'Ririd.—alas that this was done so late!'

'Reproach me not!" half sullenly the King  
Answering exclaimd. 'Madoc reproach me not!  
'Thou knowest how hardly I attaind the throne,  
'And is it strange that I should guard with care  
230 'The precious prize? suffice it the attempt  
'At milder means was made. Rodri has burst  
'His prison—be the evil on his head!  
'Blame me not now, my brother, least [*sic*] sometimes  
'I call to mind again thy parting words  
235 'In sorrow.'

'God be with thee!' Madoc cried.

'And if at times the harshness of a heart,  
'Too prone to wrath, have paind thee, let these tears



190 Where wert thou Caradoc! when that fair boy  
Told his false tale? for hadst thou heard his voice  
His gentle voice, so musically sweet,  
And seen his earnest eye, it would have warmd  
[f.93 r.]

Thy languid heart, & thou hadst voyaged on  
195 The happiest man that ever yet forsook  
His native country! he on board the bark  
Leant oer the vessels side, & there he stood  
And gazed, almost unconscious why he gazed,  
Towards those distant mountains where she dwelt  
200 Senena, his beloved. Caradoc!  
Senena, thy beloved is at hand,  
Her golden locks are clipt, & her blue eyes  
Is wandering oer the throng in search of thee,  
For whose dear sake she has forsaken all.  
205 Thou deemest her false, that her weak constancy  
Shrunk from her fathers anger, that she lives!  
Anothers victim bride. but she has fled  
Her fathers anger, & the man she loathed  
Her destined husband, she is on the shore,  
210 Senena, blue-eyed Maid, a seemly boy  
To share thy fortunes, to reward thy love  
And to the land of peace to follow thee  
Over the ocean waves.

By Madocs side

The page still stood rejoicing in his hopes  
215 Accomplishd, when the King drew near, his cheek  
Pale, & his eye-balls fevered. he apart  
Summoned the Prince. `before the dawn', he cried  
`I sent a speedy messenger to loose  
`Rodri from *pris* thraldom, that in peace with thee  
220 `He might depart;—Madoc he brings me back  
`Tidings of his escape, last night he fled—  
`Is he on board thy ships?

[f.94 r.]

`I would he were!'

Madoc replied. "with what a lightened heart  
`Then should I leave thee! one alone is there  
225 `Ririd.—alas that this was done so late!'

`Reproach me not!" half sullenly the King  
Answering exclaimd. `Madoc reproach me not!  
`Thou knowest how hardly I attaind the throne,  
`And is it strange that I should guard with care  
230 `The precious prize? suffice it the attempt  
`At milder means was made. Rodri has burst  
`His prison—be the evil on his head!  
`Blame me not now, my brother, least sometimes  
`I call to mind again thy parting words  
235 `In sorrow.'

`God be with thee!' Madoc cried.

`And if at times the harshness of a heart,  
`Too prone to wrath, have paind thee, let these tears

-----  
 1S. numbers this line 205.

`Efface all faults. I leave thee—O my brother  
`With all a brothers feelings.'

So he spake  
240 And graspt with trembling tenderness his hand  
Then to the shore moved on. the shore was throngd  
With multitudes, the water gay with boats  
That bore the adventurers to the ready barks.  
Emma with feelings painfully subdued  
245 Still followed Gwenthian to the extremest shore.  
Now on the plank she stood, then from her neck  
[f.95 r.]

Did Emma loose the rosary, & exclaim  
`Yet ere we part change with me! dear—dear—Gwenthian  
`My sister—loved too well or lost too soon—  
250 `I shall betake me often to my beads,  
`Nor ever tell them[,] Gwenthian[,] of thy name  
`Unmindful. thou too wilt remember me  
`Still in thy orizons. but God forbid  
`That ever misery should make thee find  
255 `These beads thy only comforter!'

She said  
And kissd the pendant cross, as each to each  
Transferrd the mutual gift. nor Gwenthian spake[.]  
She held her close, a strong convulsive sob  
Spake the last parting. Madoc too past on  
260 In silence, but he prest on Emmas lips  
A brothers kiss, & Emma felt the tear  
That told its fullness. She with dizzy eyes  
Still gazed, nor saw the laden boat move off—  
The dashing of the oars awakened her,  
265 She heard their lessening sound.

Two hearts alone,  
Two hearts alone of all the embarking throng,  
Of all the thousands who beheld the scene  
Throbbed with unmingled joy, eagerly glad[,]  
His blue eyes sparkling at the novel scene[,]  
270 Young Hoel saw the boat glide swiftly on  
Thro the calm element; & Elen felt  
It was a comfort that she had no friend  
[f.96 r.]

Amid her native land. they reach the bark.  
The sailors['] shouts ring oer the level waves,  
275 The sails are loosd, & with the gentle gale  
Slow from the hallowed haven they depart.

By this the eve came on, & the broad moon  
Rolld thro the rifted clouds. with the slow wind  
Slowly they saild along. St. Cybis pile  
280 Diminishd now in distance dim was seen,  
When they beheld a little boat urge on  
Towards the fleet. lightly the little boat  
Cut thro the yielding waves, & now arrived  
Beside the Chieftains vessel, one enquired  
285 If Madoc was on board, the answer given

'Efface all faults. I leave thee—O my brother  
'With all a brothers feelings.'

So he spake

240 And graspt with trembling tenderness his hand  
Then to the shore moved on. the shore was throngd  
With multitudes, the water gay with boats  
That bore the adventurers to the ready barks.  
Emma with feelings painfully subdued  
245 Still followed Gwenthian to the extremest shore.  
Now on the plank she stood, then from her neck  
[f.95 r.]

Did Emma loose the rosary, & exclaim  
'Yet ere we go ↓ < part > change with me! dear—dear—Gwenthian  
'My sister—loved too well or lost too soon—  
250 'I shall betake me often to my beads,  
'Nor ever tell them Gwenthian of thy name  
'Unmindful. thou too wilt remember me  
'Still in thy orizons. but God forbid  
'That ever misery should make thee *feel* find  
255 'These beads thy only comforter!'

She said

And kissd the pendant cross, as each to each  
Transferrd the mutual gift. nor Gwenthian spake  
She held her close, a strong convulsive sob  
Spake the last parting. Madoc too past on  
260 In silence, but he prest on Emmas lips  
A brothers kiss, & Emma felt the tear  
That told its fullness. She with dizzy eyes  
Still gazed, nor saw the laiden boat move off—  
The dashing of the oars awakened her,  
265 She heard their lessening sound.†

Two hearts alone,

Two hearts alone of all the embarking throng,  
Of all the thousands who beheld the scene  
Throbbd with unmingled joy, eagerly glad  
His blue eyes sparkling at the novel scene  
270 Young Hoel saw the boat glide swiftly on  
Thro the calm element; & Elen felt  
It was a comfort that she had not friend  
[f.96 r.]

Amid her native land. they reach the bark.  
The sailors shouts ring oer the level waves,  
275 The sails are loosd, & with the gentle gale  
Slow from the hallowed haven they depart.

By this the eve came on, & the broad moon  
Rolld thro the rifted clouds. with the slow wind  
Slowly they saild along. St. Cybis pile  
280 Diminishd now in distance dim was seen,  
When they beheld a little boat urge on  
Towards the fleet. lightly the little boat  
Rose Cut thro the yielding waves, & now arrived  
Beside the Chieftains vessel, one enquired  
285 If Madoc was on board, the answer given

†S. numbers this line 264.

Swift he ascended up the lofty side.  
 Wondering the ocean chief again beheld  
 Llewelyns face. his comrade knew he not,  
 A meagre man, severe of brow, his eye  
 290 Stern. `thou dost view me Madoc["], he exclaimd  
 `As twere a strangers face. I marvel not,  
 `The long afflictions of his prison house  
 `Have changed thy brother much!'

`Rodri!["] he cried—

295 `And art thou come to share my fate, to sail  
 `To peace & liberty?'

`not so, not so["],

He answered with a stern & bitter smile,  
 `This gallant boy hath given me Liberty  
 [f.97 r.]

300 `And I will pay him with his fathers throne!  
 `Aye by my fathers soul!—last night we left  
 `The house of bondage, & in the rock caves  
 `By day we found our safety. now we steer  
 `Our way for Ireland. Madoc I rejoice  
 `In this brief moment once again to clasp  
 305 `My brother to my heart, that thou mayst bear  
 `My wishes with thee.'

Then the Chief exclaimed—

`Llewelyn—Rodri—tho your cause be just  
 `Yet spare your wretched country! let him reign  
 `Not for his sake but hers! if still convulsd  
 `By civil discord, if her British blood  
 310 `Must stream to satisfy her childrens rage,  
 `How shall enfeebled Britain still support  
 `The struggle with the Saxon?'

`Nor severe,

`Nor long I trust our struggle', Rodri cried.  
 `Mona will welcome me her rightful Lord,  
 315 `And in the day of trial who so weak  
 `As that poor miserable King whom fear  
 `Not love supports? short is the contest then.["]  
 `And better', cried Llewelyn, `civil strife  
 `With all its dread convulsions than the calm  
 320 `Of patient servitude. I love my country  
 `I love the country of my fathers. Madoc  
 [f.98 r.]

`My visions in the night, my dreams by day  
 `Are of her welfare. I shall mount the throne  
 `Yes Madoc! & the Bard of after days

Swift he ascended up the lofty side.  
 Wondering the ocean chief again beheld  
 Llewelyns face. his comrade knew he not,  
 A meagre man, severe of brow, his eye  
 290 Stern. `thou dost view me Madoc, he exclaimd  
 `As twere a strangers face. I marvel not,  
 `The long afflictions of his prison house  
 `Have changed thy brother much!'`  
 `Rodri! he cried—  
 `And art thou come to share my fate, to sail  
 295 `To peace & liberty?'`  
 `not so, not so,  
 He answered with a stern & bitter smile,  
 `This gallant boy hath given me Liberty  
 [f.97 r.]  
 `And I will pay him with his fathers throne!  
 `Aye by my fathers soul!—last night we left  
 300 `The house of bondage, & in the rock caves  
 `By day we found our safety. now we steer  
 † < `Our way > `Our way for Ireland *friendly shore*. † < Madoc I rejoice > †  
 `In this brief moment once again to clasp  
 `My brother to my heart, that thou mayst bear  
 305 `My wishes with thee.'`  
 Then the Chief exclaimed—  
 `Llewelyn—Rodri—tho your cause be just  
 `Yet spare your wretched country! let him reign  
 `Not for his sake but hers! if still convulsd  
 `By civil discord, if her British blood  
 310 `Still † < Must > stream to satisfy her childrens rage,  
 `How shall enfeebled Britain still support<sup>2</sup>  
 `The struggle with the Saxon?'`  
 `Nor severe,  
 `Nor long I trust our struggle', Rodri cried.  
 `Mona will welcome me her rightful Lord,  
 315 `And in the day of trial who so weak  
 `As that poor miserable King whom fear  
 `Not love supports? *the contes* short is the *trial* † < contest > then.  
 `And better', cried Llewelyn, `civil strife  
 `With all its dread convulsions than the calm  
 320 `Of patient servitude. I love my country  
 `I love the country of my fathers. Madoc  
 [f.98 r.]  
 `My visions in the night, my dreams by day  
 `Are of her welfare. I shall mount the throne  
 `Yes Madoc! & the Bard of after days

<sup>1</sup>There can be no doubt that this line originally read:

'Our way for Ireland friendly shore.

I presume this to have been a fleeting experiment however, firstly because 'Ireland' was never genitively completed, and secondly because the line is two syllables short. S. must then have deleted both 'Our way'—including the single open quotation mark—and 'friendly shore', and added 'Madoc I rejoice' beneath the latter. The line would then have read:

For Ireland. Madoc I rejoice

so that S. still clearly intended to add two further syllables to the close of the line. In the end however, he restored 'Our way', with a new open quotation mark, in the extreme left-hand margin.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 310.

325 `Who harps of Arthurs & of Owens deeds  
 `Shall with the worthies of his country rank,  
 `Llewelyns name. dear Uncle—fare thee well!  
 `Almost I wish the duties of my birth  
 `Less noble, that I then might go with thee  
 330 `Companion of thy gallant enterprize.  
 `Think often of Llewelyn who will oft  
 `Remember thee in love!

  for the last time  
 He graspt his Uncles hand, & Rodri gave  
 The last adieu, & down the vessel side  
 335 Swift they descend & loose their little boat.

So over ocean by the calm moon-light,  
 Madoc saild on with all his company.  
 A nobler crew filld not that fated bark  
 That bore the first adventurers of the waves,  
 340 To seek the Colchian prize. nor richlier fraught  
 Urganda[']s dragon bark unfurld her wings,  
 To that defended chamber when she bore  
 Galaor, Esplandian, & the peerless Knight  
 Of Gaul, & Oriana, lovely still!

---

325 `Who harps of Arthurs & of Owens deeds  
`Shall *to* with the worthies of his country rank,  
`Llewelyns name. dear Uncle—fare thee well!  
`Almost I wish the duties of my birth  
`Less noble, that I then might go with thee  
330 `Companion of thy gallant enterprize.  
`Think often of Llewelyn who will oft  
`Remember thee in love!

for the last time

He graspt his Uncles hand, & Rodri gave  
The last adieu, & down the vessel side  
335 Swift they descend & loose their little boat.

So over ocean by the calm moon-light,  
Madoc saild on with all his company.  
A nobler crew filld not that fated bark  
That bore the first adventurers of the waves,  
340 To seek the Colchian prize. nor richlier fraught  
Urgandas dragon bark unfurld her wings,  
To that defended chamber when she bore  
Galaor, Esplandian, & the peerless *son* Knight  
Of *Perion*, *all the flower of chivalry*. ↓ < Gaul, & Oriana, lovely still! ><sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 343, and below the line, at the end of the book, he has written `Sept. 30'.

[Madoc.]

[Book 7.]

[f.100 r.]

He shouts the joyful tale, they come, they come!  
Adown the steep descent with headlong speed  
He bounds along, he mounts the light canoe  
And drives the oar with rapid strength to meet  
5 The chief he loves.

Lincoya he is there  
Madoc, the chief beloved! he knows thee now  
And shares thy deep delight. from yonder hills  
He hears the echoing joy, he sees his friend,  
He greets Cadwallon, & his quickened heart  
10 Throbs with the fullness of accomplished hope.

`Prince', cried Cadwallon, `thou hast much to learn.



[f. 99 r.]<sup>1</sup>  
[Madoc.]

[Book 7.]

[f. 100 r.]

He shouts the joyful tale, they come, they come!  
Adown the steep descent with headlong speed  
He bounds along, he mounts the light canoe  
And drives the oar with rapid strength to meet  
5 The chief he loves.

Lincoya he is there  
Madoc, the chief beloved! he knows thee now  
And shares thy deep delight. from yonder hills  
He hears the echoing joy, he sees his friend,  
He greets Cadwallon, & his quickened heart  
10 Throbs with the fullness of accomplished hope.

'Prince', cried Cadwallon, 'thou hast much to learn.

---

<sup>1</sup>Folio 99 is entirely missing from the Keswick manuscript, but a thin strip of paper remaining in the binding shows that the folio was torn out after the MS. had been bound. This, coupled with the fact that the missing folio must have contained the heading for, and opening lines of, book VII, is clear evidence that it was not removed by S. himself.

Allowing for the occasional variation between manuscripts, one can, with a considerable degree of confidence, supply the missing lines from MS.2B. In the latter, there are 21 lines before that which reads

He shouts the joyful tale, they come, they come!  
the first line on f. 100 r. of this manuscript. That the missing folio contained exactly 21 lines is proven by the fact that S. numbers the line

'Whose true attachment makes me poor in praise.'  
57, and that this line is the 36th from the top of f. 100. Any emendations which S. may have made within those 21 lines must, of course, remain a mystery. The whole passage in MS.2B reads as follows:

MADOC.

Book the seventh.

Now go your way, ye gallant company!  
God & good Angels guard ye as ye go!  
Blow fairly winds of Heaven! ye ocean waves  
Swell not in anger to that fated fleet,  
For not of conquest greedy, not the sons  
Of Commerce, merchandizing blood, they seek  
The distant land. blow fairly winds of Heaven!  
Ye ocean waves bear safe your blameless load!

Fair blew the winds of Heaven, the ocean waves  
Bore safe their blameless load. then with what joy  
They saw the distant land like evening clouds  
Verging the sea, how gladly once again  
Felt the earths firm footing, how heart-happy bent  
Up that vast river their delightful way!  
Who stands on yonder rock, yon mountain rock  
And gazes down the stream? for many a week  
He on that rock has felt the morning dews,  
For many a week at evening down the stream  
Intent & anxious gazed. he sees their masts,  
Fear quickens every pulse; forward he leans,  
He strains his eager sight, they come! they come!

15 `The Aztecas are our foes, & from their force  
`Retird in time & waiting thy return  
`We dwell amid the mountains, a retreat  
15 `Strong as the safety of our snowdon holds.  
`Thither I guide thee now, & soon this power  
`Shall end protracted danger. look not Gwenthian  
`Towards thy brother with that eye of fear!  
20 `These are not Saxon foes.—a little while  
20 `And all things will be well.'

Then Madoc left  
The guarded ships & to the hills he went.  
`Death has bereaved thee Madoc of one friend',  
Cadwallon cried, `my father. Heaven has calld  
`The good man to his rest. not long his age  
[f.101 r.]

25 `Struggled, but patiently did he endure,  
`In faith anticipating blessedness,  
`Already more than man in that dread hour  
`When man is meanest. his were the best joys  
30 `The pious know, & his last prayer was praise.  
30 `The good old man remembered thee in death  
`And blest thee ere he died.

        `In peace he died  
`Ere one alarm disturbd us, since that time  
`We have been sore beset, & thou hadst found  
35 `Our fleshless bones trophied on yonder plain  
35 `To Aztlan's cursed gods, but for this youth,  
`Whose true attachment makes me poor in praise.'

40 `And our Peruvians?' Madoc cried. `they share  
`Our fortunes' said Cadwallon, `& our strength  
`Has still sufficed to save them. but anon  
40 `All shall be told thee. lo! they come to greet  
`Their long-expected friend!'

        And down the slope  
He saw them speeding on[,] a joyful train.  
They crowd around the chief, the gentle race,  
Shout his dear name, & clasp his honoured knees  
45 And weep for very joy. then in his heart  
What feelings thrilld, what noble happiness,  
With which esteemd, poor was the pride that swelld  
The soul of Cortes, when, in after days,  
[f.102 r.]

50 Victor on Tonan, or when amid hills  
Of pestilent slain[,] in Mexico he stood  
The hero conqueror, & in thought compar'd  
His consummated work with Cæsars deeds  
And Alexanders fame.

        Thus circled in,  
And welcoming his recollected friends  
55 Madoc past on, & now they reachd their place

`The Aztecas are our foes, & from their force  
 `Retird in time & waiting thy return  
 `We dwell amid the mountains, a retreat  
 15 `Strong as the safety of our snowdon holds.  
 `Thither I guide thee now, & soon this power  
 `Shall end protracted danger. look not Gwenthian  
 `Towards thy brother with that eye of fear!  
 `These are not Saxon foes.—a little while  
 20 `And all things will be well.'

Then Madoc left  
 The guarded ships & to the hills he went.  
 `Death has bereaved thee Madoc of one friend',  
 Cadwallon cried, `my father. Heaven has calld  
 `The good man to his rest. not long his age  
 [f.101 r.]

25 `Struggled, but patiently did he endure,  
 `In faith anticipating blessedness,  
 `Already more than man in that dread hour  
 `When man is meanest. his were the best joys  
 `The pious know, & his last prayer was praise.  
 30 `The good old man remembered thee in death  
 `And blest thee ere he died.

`In peace he died  
 `Ere one alarm disturbd us, since that time  
 `We have been sore beset, & thou hadst found  
 `Our fleshless bones trophied on yonder plain  
 35 `To Aztlans cursed gods, but for this youth,  
 `Whose true attachment makes me poor in praise.<sup>1</sup>

`And our Peruvians?' Madoc cried. `they share  
 `Our fortunes' said Cadwallon, `& our strength  
 `Has still sufficed to save them. but anon  
 40 `All shall be told thee. lo! they come to greet  
 `Their long-expected friend!'

And down the slope  
 He saw them speeding on a joyful train.  
 They crowd around the chief, the gentle race,  
 Shout his dear name, & clasp his honoured knees  
 45 And weep for very joy. then in his heart  
 What feelings thrilld, what noble happiness,  
 † < With > To<sup>2</sup> which *compared* † < esteemd > , poor was the pride that swelld  
 The soul of Cortes, when, in after days,  
 [f.102 r.]

Victor on Tonan, *nor* † < or > when amid hills  
 50 Of pestilent slain in Mexico he stood  
 The hero conqueror, & in thought compard  
 His consummated work with Cæsars deeds  
 And Alexanders fame.

Thus circled in,  
 And welcoming his recollected friends  
 55 Madoc past on, & now they reachd their place

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 57.

<sup>2</sup>S. added `With' in the left-hand margin, but did not delete `To', thus leaving both as alternatives, choosing `with' in MS.2B.

Of sojourn. twas a place amid the hills  
 Such in its site as the benignant Heaven  
 Formd it for men opprest, their strong retreat.  
 Vainly might marshalld myriads strive to force  
 60 Those mountain portals, strait, & overbrowd  
 By rocks & woods, like that immortal pass  
 Where with his glorious friends Leonidas  
 Died, in obedience to their countrys laws.

`Here Kenric!' Madoc cried. `these craggy straits  
 65 `And mountain streams & overhanging woods  
 `And these low dwellings of intwisted boughs,  
 `May make thee think of Britain.'  
 `& this hut'  
 Cadwallon said & smiled, `this reed-roofd hut  
 `Gwenlhian must be thy palace. twas reard up  
 70 `With lesser labour than Aberffraws towers,  
 `Yet safer Lady are its wattled sides  
 `Than Gwynedhs palace walls, & thou wilt find  
 [f.103 r.]  
 `Tranquillity beneath its roof of reeds.

`Look Madoc! dost thou see that laiden herd  
 75 `Whom to our sheep an European eye  
 `Might liken? bear they not their burthern well,  
 `Towards the ships, fruits herbs & animal meat?  
 `This also is our work, I made them first  
 `Associate with the comforts & the toils  
 80 `Of mans protection. our Peruvian friends—  
 `They are not now the rude unprovident race  
 `Whose thoughtless summer[s] heap no winter store.  
 `Much Madoc have I done, & our best hopes  
 `All had been realized, but that the Priests  
 85 `Of Aztlan had well nigh destroyed the life  
 `Their fellow craftsmen spared in Italy,  
 `When Arnold died, the martyr.'  
 Now beneath  
 The roof of reeds they sat, & shared the board.  
 That done, Cadwallon to the ocean-prince  
 90 Began his tale.  
 `Thou knowest what friendly aid  
 `The men of Aztlan gave us when in the vale  
 [']Peaceful We pitchd our tents, & by what arts  
 `We won respect & love, if rightly power  
 `Displayed in mercy, & exampld good,  
 95 `Deserve that dubious name. nor when thy bark  
 `Fell down the stream for distant Britain bound,  
 `Declined their friendship, or relaxd our zeal.  
 `I still pursued our plans, the glorious plans  
 [f.104 r.]  
 `Which contemplated in my solitude

Of sojourn. twas a place amid the *height* hills  
Such in its site as the benignant Heaven  
Formd it for men opprest, their strong retreat.  
Vainly might marshalld myriads strive to force  
60 Those mountain portals, strait, & overbrowd  
By rocks & woods, like that immortal pass  
Where with his glorious friends Leonidas  
Died, in obedience to their countrys laws.

    `Here Kenric!' Madoc cried. `these craggy straits  
65 `And mountain streams & overhanging woods  
`And these low dwellings of intwisted boughs,  
`May make thee think of Britain.'  
  `& this hut'  
Cadwallon said & smiled, `this reed-roofd hut  
`Gwenlhian must be thy palace. twas reard up  
70 `With lesser labour than Aberffraws towers,  
`Yet safer Lady are its wattled sides  
`Than Gwynedhs palace walls, & thou wilt find  
  [f.103 r.]  
`Tranquillity beneath its roof of reeds.

    `Look Madoc! dost thou see that laiden herd  
75 `Whom to our sheep an European eye  
`Might liken? bear they not their burthern well,  
`Towards the ships, fruits herbs & animal meat?  
`This also is our work, I made them first  
`Associate with the comforts & the toils  
80 `Of mans protection. our Peruvian friends—  
`They are not now the rude unprovident race  
`Whose thoughtless summer heap<sup>1</sup> no winter store.  
`Much Madoc have I done, & our best hopes  
`All had been realized, but that the Priests  
85 `Of Aztlan had well nigh destroyed the life  
`Their fellow craftsmen spared in Italy,<sup>2</sup>  
`When Arnold died, the martyr.'

  Now beneath  
The roof of reeds they sat, & shared the board.  
That done, Cadwallon to the ocean-prince  
90 Began his tale.  
  `Thou knowest what friendly aid  
`The men of Aztlan gave us when in the vale  
‡ < Peaceful > `We pitchd our tents *in peace*, & by what arts  
`We won respect & love, if *fitly* ↓ < rightly > power  
`Displayed in mercy, & exempld good,  
95 `Deserve that dubious name. nor when thy bark  
`Fell down the stream for distant Britain bound,  
`Declined their friendship, or relaxd our zeal.  
`I still pursued our plans, the glorious plans  
  [f.104 r.]  
`Which contemplated in my solitude

-----  
<sup>1</sup>There is obviously a discrepancy here between the singular noun `summer' and the plural verb `heap'.  
S. probably intended `summer' to be plural, as in MS.2b.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 107.

100   `Had been to me, as are his dreams of Heaven  
      `To some repentant Monk, a solacing  
      `From which he wakes in sorrow. Peace on earth,  
      `Goodwill to man, these tidings of great joy  
105   `That harbingerd the promis'd Nazarene,  
      `This law of perfect love, which to obey  
      `Rewards obedience, in my heart I kept,  
      `A quickened seed that leavened all its thoughts  
      `And words & actions. soon our infant town  
      `Arose, the idle wilderness return'd  
110   `Rich increase to our toil, the serpent race,  
      `And all the beasts of violence, retired  
      `From mans asserted empire. all things seem'd  
      `So fairly flourishing as Heaven had blest  
      `Our labour. curious still the Aztecan race  
115   `Delighted long in frequent intercourse,  
      `To us still welcome, for by daily use  
      `Their uncooth accents to our sense conveyed  
      `Familiar import, & as I had hope  
      `They, by examples slow but certain power  
120   `Won over, would forsake their evil ways,  
      `For laws & faith & happiness like ours.  
  
      `Hence[,] Madoc[,] danger grew. the exampl'd good  
      `A slow & strengthening influence had obtain'd.  
      `The strangers gods were mightier in the war[,]  
125   `Milder in peace, so thought the multitude,  
      `Or such the alarmed priests their dangerous thoughts  
                                  [f.105 r.]  
      `Forboded. to their idols bloody shrines  
      `Few were the proffered victims, few the youths  
      `And virgins to the temple toils devote.  
130   `Soon we perceived that never Priest approached  
      `Our dwelling place; from Prince Huitziton  
      `We learnt that in their temples had been heard  
      `Wailings & loud lament; the eternal fire  
      `Burnt dim & dismally, a doubtful flame;  
135   `And from the censers that at morning steam'd  
      `Their odours to the sun, [a] cloud arose  
      `Noxious & foul. The Gods made manifest  
      `Their anger. even Huitziton whose heart  
      `Still was with us, less frequent sought us now,  
140   `Colder his friendship, or at times indulg'd,  
      `A gloominous & silence followed it,  
      `As twere a crime repented.  
                                  `Signs like these  
      `Alarm'd our people; me they little moved,  
      `For private feelings at that time possess'd  
145   `My soul, Cynetha's age apace declined,  
      `Exhausted Nature to her last abode  
      `Was sinking. to my father all my thoughts  
      `My hours were given. I sate by his bed side,  
      `And pray'd with him, & talk'd with him of death

- 100 `Had been to me, as are his dreams of Heaven  
 `To some repentant Monk, a solacing  
 `From which he wakes in sorrow. Peace on earth,  
 `Goodwill to man, these tidings of great joy  
 `That harbingerd the promis'd Nazarene,  
 105 `This law of perfect love, which to obey  
 `Rewards obedience, in my heart I kept,  
 `A quickened seed that leavened all its thoughts  
 `And words & actions. soon our infant town  
 `Arose, the idle wilderness return'd  
 110 `Rich increase to our toil, the serpent race,  
 `And all the beasts of violence, retired  
 `From mans asserted empire. all things seem'd  
 `So fairly flourishing as Heaven had blest  
 `Our labour. curious still the Aztecan race  
 115 `Delighted long in frequent intercourse,  
 `To us still welcome, for by daily use  
 `Their uncooth accents to our sense conveyed  
 `Familiar import, & as I had hope  
 `They, by examples slow but certain power  
 120 `Won over, would forsake their evil ways,  
 `For laws & faith & happiness like ours.
- `Hence Madoc danger grew. the exampled good  
 `A slow & strengthening influence had obtain'd.  
 `The strangers gods were mightier in the war  
 125 `Milder in peace, so thought the multitude,  
 `Or such the alarmed priests their dangerous thoughts  
   [f.105 r.]  
 `Forboded. to their idols bloody shrines  
 `Few were the proffered victims, few the youths  
 `And virgins to the temple toils devote.  
 130 `Soon we perceived that never Priest approached  
 `Our dwelling place; from Prince Huitziton  
 `We learnt that in their temples had been heard  
 `Wailings & loud lament; the eternal fire  
 `Burnt dim & dismally, a doubtful flame;  
 135 `And from the censers that at morning steamd  
 `Their odours to the sun, &<sup>l</sup> cloud arose  
 `Noxious & foul. The Gods made manifest  
 `Their anger. even Huitziton whose heart  
 `Still was with us, less frequent sought us now,  
 140 `Colder his friendship, or at times indulged,  
 `A gloominous & silence followed it,  
 `As twere a crime repented.
- `Signs like these  
 `Alarm'd our people; me they little moved,  
 `For private feelings at that time possess'd  
 145 `My soul, Cynetha's age apace declined,  
 `Exhausted Nature to her last abode  
 `Was sinking. to my father all my thoughts  
 `My hours were given. I sate by his bed side,  
 `And pray'd with him, & talk'd with him of death

-----  
<sup>1</sup>MS.2B has `a cloud arose', which clearly makes more sense. The letter here however is very definitely one of S.'s `&' signs.

150 `And life to come. O Madoc! those were hours  
`That in her anguish gave my soul a joy,  
`I think of them in solitude & feel  
`The comfort of my faith.  
[f.106 r.]  
`He left the world  
`Pure chastened Spirit from his God to meet  
155 `The meed of patient suffering. in the vale  
[`]He lies[—]There Madoc when we leave these holds  
`At evening will I lead thee, we will talk  
`Of the good man, of the meek piety  
`With which he bore his cross, & that dear hope  
160 `That made his death-bed happy. `Now it chanced  
`In Aztlan, that a day of festival  
`Came round[.] to see the strange solemnity  
`Some of our settlers to the city went.  
`The mummerly of the priests, the chearful pomp  
165 `That past in long procession, & their hymns  
`Sung to wild music, for a while pleasd well  
`These new beholders; but their hearts recoild  
`When they beheld the wretched victims led  
`To the bloody altar. wisely then, with zeal  
170 `Suppressd, tho hardly, from the abhorred rites  
`They turnd away, & now were wending home,  
`When from the multitude a loud uproar  
`Calld back their sight, & one they saw fly on,  
`Swift as his fears could urge him, from the town  
175 `Fast followed. he a prisoner who had fled  
`The death of sacrifice, now reaching them  
[f.107 r.]  
`With the dum rhetoric of looks & signs  
`Pleaded for life. what followed thou mayest know.  
`It was not in their nature to reject  
180 `A prayer like that, they stopt & checkt pursuit,  
`And blood was spilt.  
`I knew not what had fallen,  
`Till at our tents the fugitive arrived,



- 150 `And life to come. O Madoc! those were hours  
 `That in her anguish gave my soul a joy,  
 `I think of them in solitude & feel  
 `The comfort of my faith.  
   [f. 105 v.]  
   in the vale
- He lies—<sup>1</sup>  
   [f. 106 r.]  
   `He left the world
- 155 `Pure chastened Spirit from his God to meet  
 `The meed of patient suffering. in the *grave* vale  
 `I laid his mortal parts. in the vale he lies.  
 † < He lies ><sup>2</sup> `There Madoc when we leave these *mountain* holds  
 `At evening will I lead thee, we will talk  
 `Of the good man, of the meek piety  
 `With which he bore his cross, & that dear hope
- 160 `That made his death-bed happy.       `Now it chanced  
   `In Aztlan, that a day of festival  
   `Came round to see the strange solemnity  
   `Some of our settlers to the city went.  
   `The mummerly of the priests, the chearful pomp
- 165 `That past in long procession, & their hymns  
 `Sung to wild music, for a while pleasd well  
 `These new beholders; but their hearts recoild  
 `When they beheld the wretched victims led  
 `To the bloody altar. wisely then, with zeal
- 170 `Suppressd, tho hardly, from the abhorred rites  
 `They turnd away, & now were wending home,  
 `When from the multitude a loud uproar  
 `Calld back their sight, & one they saw fly on,  
 `Swift as his fears could urge him, from the town
- 175 `Fast followed. he a prisoner who had fled  
 `The death of sacrifice, now reaching them  
   [f. 107 r.]  
   `With the dum rhetoric of looks & signs  
   `Pleaded for life. what followed thou mayest know.<sup>3</sup>  
   `It was not in their nature to reject
- 180 `A prayer like that, they stopt & checkt pursuit,  
 `And blood was spilt.  
   `I knew not what had *chanced* † < fallen > ,  
 `Till at our tents the fugitive arrived,

-----  
<sup>1</sup>These are the only five words on f.105 v., where they are placed parallel to lines 155-156 on f.106 r., evidently representing replacement words for these lines. As the latter will show however, S. must then have decided that it was just as easy to implement the changes into the lines themselves, the only major alteration required being the entire deletion of line 155+1 (the original 156). There is one slight difference between the proposed amendment on f.105 v. and that which actually appeared in lines 155-56 themselves. The former also has a dash after 'He lies', and while S. frequently uses the dash after any amendments which he has placed on verso folios as an indication that the text on the corresponding recto continues unchanged from this point, in this instance I believe it to be a genuine punctuation mark, even though he omits it in the implemented changes on f.106 r. Some punctuation is, after all, needed between 'He lies' and 'there Madoc'.

<sup>2</sup>See the textual note to line 153<sub>(a)</sub>+2 above.

<sup>3</sup>S. numbers this line 200.

185     `And soon our comrades reachd us, hardly saved  
           `With loss of two left dead. time was not now  
           `For prudent counsel. to their charge I left  
           `The suppliant, gave my bidding, & unarmd  
           `Alone I hastend to the town.             `I reachd  
 190     `The astonishd multitude & sought their King  
           `Coanocotzin. then to him I said,  
           `For use had made me ready in their tongue,  
           `["]Be peace between us Sire. an evil thing  
           `Has fallen this day. I come to testify  
           `Our sorrow, & to reconcile the strife  
           `We neither sought nor wishd.["]  
   `Beside the King  
 195     `There stood a priest, a more ill-visaged man  
           `Never did yet awaken in my heart  
           `Involuntary loathing. he exclaimd  
           `["]Give back the victim!"  
   `["]There was once a man["]  
           `I answerd ["]in whose bosom a poor bird  
   [f.108 r.]  
 200     `Sought shelter from the hawk that followed it.  
           `He killd the little suppliant, & for that  
           `Himself to death was doomd.["]  
   `the King still heard  
           `In silence, but the furious Priest again  
           `Exclaimd, `give back the victim, or thyself  
 205     `Die on the altar.["]  
   `["]I stand here unarmd'  
           `Calm I replied. ["]in friendship am I come  
           `Bearing the words of peace. by night my people  
           `Expect me at their tents. if then I come not  
           `In arms they seek me on the morrow here.'  
 210     `Then to the King I turnd, ` O King the God  
           `[`]Whom we obey commands us to protect  
           `The suppliant, two of us have fallen—let them  
           `Be as the victims for him.'  
   `Yet again  
 215     `The Priest had answerd but the generous Chief  
           `Forbade his speech. `Friend thou hast spoken well["],  
           `Coanocotzin cried, ["]depart in peace,  
           `For we are still as brethren."  
   `Thus it seemd  
           `The danger was gone by, & we pursued  
           `Our peaceful toil, nor purporting ought ill  
 220     `Nor ought suspecting. our Peruvian friends  
   [f.109 r.]  
           `The gentlest & most unoffending race  
           `That ever Nature formd, with constant love  
           `And reverence almost like idolatry

- `And soon our comrades reachd us, hardly saved  
 `With loss of two left dead. time was not *then* now  
 185 `For prudent counsel. to their charge I left  
 `The suppliant, gave my bidding, & unarmd  
 `Alone I hastend to the town.     `I reachd  
 `The astonishd multitude & sought their *King Chief King*  
 `Coanocotzin. then to him I said,  
 190 `For use had made me ready in their tongue,  
 `Be peace between us Sire. an evil thing  
 `Has fallen this day. I come to testify  
 `Our sorrow, & to reconcile the strife  
 `We neither sought nor wishd.     `Beside the King  
 195 `There stood a priest, a more ill-visaged man  
 `Never did yet awaken in my heart  
 `Involuntary loathing. he exclaimd  
 `Give back the victim!'     `There was once a man  
 `I answered in whose bosom a poor bird  
   [f.108 r.]  
 200 `Sought shelter from the hawk that followed it.  
 `He killd the little suppliant, & for that  
 `Himself to death was doomd.     `the King still heard  
 `In silence, but the furious Priest again  
 `Exclaimd, `give back the victim, or thyself  
 205 `Die on the altar.     `I stand here unarmd'  
 `Calm I replied. in friendship am I come  
 `Bearing the words of peace. by night my people  
 `Expect me at their tents. if then I come not  
 `In arms they seek me on the morrow here.'  
 210 `Then to the King I turnd, `couldst thou O King the God  
 `Believe our *plighted faith, if we betrayd*  
 `This man, who trusted even his life to us?'<sup>1</sup>  
 † < Whom > `The God we † < obey > serve commands us to protect  
 `The suppliant, two of us have fallen—*be they* † < let them >  
 `Be as the victims for him.     `Once † < Yet > again  
 `The Priest had answered but the generous Chief  
 215 `Forbade his speech. `Friend thou hast spoken well,  
 `Coanocotzin cried, depart in peace,  
 `For we are still as brethren."     `Thus it seemd  
 `The danger was gone by, & we pursued  
 `Our peaceful toil, nor purporting ought ill  
 220 `Nor ought suspecting. our Peruvian friends  
   [f.109 r.]  
 `The gentlest & most unoffending race  
 `That ever Nature formd, with constant love  
 `And reverence almost like idolatry

<sup>1</sup>As indicated here, S. has left the words `to us?' extant, but since they make no sense within the context of the amended narrative, they clearly should have been included in the deletion.

225 `Save that with fear unmingled, aided still  
`Our labour, & with docile willingness  
`Our arts & comforts learnt. those patient beasts  
`Whom thou beheldest bearing to the ships  
`Their burden, I reclaimed, the astonishd tribes  
230 `Beheld the unreasoning brutes subdued to toil  
`And clung more closely to their friends, whose power  
`Seemd so surpassing great. fair smild our fields  
`Throngd with the harvest, numerous were our flocks,  
`The common toil of all, for all procured  
235 `Comfort & ease & plenty. often times  
`When I beheld the growing happiness  
`I thought perhaps the Brescian[']s angel spirit  
`Beheld his friend, & felt a joy in heaven.

240 `Meantime the men of Aztlan held with us  
`More frequent intercourse. the priests again  
`Became our guests, & even their savage chief  
`The dark Tezozomoc[,] who would have moved  
`The monarch to my death, relaxing now  
`With busy kindness strove to prove his zeal  
245 `Of friendship. I encouraged as I could  
`The frequent intercourse, suspecting nought  
[f.110 r.]  
`Nor conscious of the subtle-minded men  
`I dealt with, how inveterate in revenge,  
`How patient in deceit. Lincoya first  
250 `Forboded danger; his alarmed love  
`Gave me quick warning, & discovered all.

255 `Thou canst remember Madoc, he had fled  
`The death of sacrifice when down the stream  
`We met the wandering youth. imperfect use  
`Of language, from thy knowledge kept his tale  
`Ere thy departure. little didst thou think  
`That by the chance that saved Lincoya then,  
`Our lives should be preserved.

260 `Among the Gods  
`Of Aztlan, one there is the Chief adord  
`Tezcalipoca, of created things  
`Maker & master deemd. I have beheld  
`His idol form, on trophied skulls he sits  
`Hideous & huge, a shield is on his arm  
`And in his black right hand the uplifted lance  
265 `Threatens. to him the annual sacrifice,  
`Most solemn of the nations bloody rites,

- 225 `Save that with fear unmingled, aided still  
 `Our labour, & with docile willingness  
 `Our arts & comforts learnt. those patient beasts  
 `Whom thou beheldest bearing to the ships  
 `Their burden, I reclaimed, the astonishd tribes  
 230 `Beheld the unreasoning brutes subdued to toil  
 `And clung more closely to their friends, whose power  
 `Seemd so surpassing great. fair smild our fields  
 `Throngd with the harvest, numerous were our flocks,  
 `The common toil of all, for all procured  
 `Comfort & ease & plenty. often times  
 235 `When I beheld the growing happiness  
 `I thought perhaps the Brescians angel spirit  
 `Beheld his friend, & felt a joy in heaven.
- 240 `Meantime the men of Aztlan held with us  
 `More frequent intercourse. the priests again  
 `Became our guests, & even their savage chief  
 `The dark Tezozomoc who would have moved  
 `The monarch to my death, relaxing now  
 `With busy kindness strove to prove his zeal  
 `Of friendship. I encouraged as I could  
 245 `The frequent intercourse, suspecting nought  
   [f.110 r.]  
 `Nor conscious of the subtle-minded men  
 `I dealt with, how inveterate in revenge,  
 `How patient in deceit. Lincoya first  
 `Forboded danger; his alarmed love  
 250 `Gave me quick warning, & discovered all.
- 255 `Thou canst remember Madoc, he had fled  
 `The death of sacrifice when *doomd* down the *tide* stream<sup>1</sup>  
 `We met the wandering youth. imperfect use  
 `Of language, from thy knowledge kept his tale  
 `Ere *this*{y} departure. little didst thou think  
 `That by the chance that saved Lincoya then,  
 `Our lives should be preserved.
- `Among the Gods  
 260 `Of Aztlan, one there is the Chief adord  
 `Tezcalipoca, of created things  
 `Maker & master deemd. I have beheld  
 `His idol form; on trophied skulls he sits  
 `Hideous & huge, a shield is on his arm  
 `And in his black right hand the uplifted lance  
 265 `Threatens. to him the annual sacrifice,  
 `Most solemn of the nations bloody rites,

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The first deleted word in this line is very clearly `doomd', which indicates that S. must have had a very different sense in mind when he began composing the line, and that he radically altered the idea during composition. (This is obviously enhanced by the fact that `down' was not added later, above or below the line, but on the line itself.) The second deleted word is almost certainly `tide', but it appears as though S. tried to change the initial t into an s, probably with the intention of turning `tide' into `stream'. In the end however, he simply tacked `stream' on to the end of the line.

`Devotes their choicest victim[,] he [who] now  
[`]From all whom evil fortune has subdued  
`To their unsparing hands, Electe[d] forth  
`For shapeliest form & comliest countenance,

[f.111 r.]

- 270 `The worthy victim. to this dreadful lot  
`Was young Lincoya chosen. for 12 months  
`It is the custom that this chosen youth  
`Garbd like the God who claims him, in the town  
`Receives high honours, worshippd there by all,  
275 `The Idols living image. twenty days  
`Before the fatal festival arrives,  
`As twere to make the wretch in love with life,  
`Four maids, the loveliest of the land, are his  
`In spousals. with Lincoya all these rites  
280 `Duly were kept, & at the stated time  
`Four maids, the loveliest of the land, were his.  
`Of these was one whose gentle virtues gaind  
`His heart, who loved him & who pitied him.  
`She is the daughter of an aged Priest,  
285 `I oftentimes have seen her, & in truth  
`Compared with Britains maids so beautiful  
`Or with the dark-eyed daughters of the South,  
`She would be lovely still. her cotton vest  
`Falls to the knee & leaves her olive arms  
290 `Bare in their beauty. loose, luxuriant, long  
`Flow the black tresses of her glossy hair  
`Mild is her eye[']s jet lustre—& her voice!—  
`A soul that harbourd evil never breathd  
`Such winning tones!  
`Thou knowest how manfully

- `Devotes their choicest victim. *fairest youth* he now<sup>1</sup>  
 ‡ < From > `Of all whom evil fortune has subdued  
 `To their unsparing hands, *is he calld* ↓ < Electe ><sup>2</sup> forth  
 `For shapeliest form & comliest countenance,  
 [f.111 r.]  
 270 `The worthy victim. to this dreadful lot  
 `Was young Lincoya chosen. for 12<sup>3</sup> months  
 `It is the custom that this chosen youth  
 `Garbd like the God who claims him, in the town  
 `Receives high honours, worshipping there by all,  
 275 `The Idols living image. twenty days  
 `Before the fatal festival arrives,  
 `As twere to make the wretch in love with life,  
 `Four maids, the loveliest of the land, are his  
 `In spousals. with Lincoya all these rites  
 280 `Duly were kept, & at the stated time  
 `Four maids, the loveliest of the land, were his.  
 `Of these was one whose gentle virtues gaind  
 `His heart, who loved ↑ < him > & who pitied him.  
 `She is the daughter of an aged Priest,  
 285 `I oftentimes have seen her, & in truth  
 `Compared with Britains maids so beautiful  
 `Or with the dark-eyed daughters of the South,  
 `She would be lovely still. her cotton vest  
 `Falls to the knee & leaves her olive arms  
 290 `Bare in their beauty. loose, luxuriant, long  
 `Flow the black tresses of her glossy hair  
 `Sweet ↑ < Mild > is her eyes *dark languish* ↑ < jet lustre > —& her voice!—  
 `A soul that harbourd evil never breathd<sup>4</sup>  
 `Such winning tones!  
 `Thou knowest how manfully

-----  
<sup>1</sup>This final word is very badly written, and `now' is simply my nearest approximation. However, it not only makes little sense within the existing context, but it also leaves the line one syllable too short. A careful examination of the amendments to this and the next line however, may offer a plausible explanation which would render `now' as an acceptable reading. In the original version, S. began an entirely new sentence in this line, a sentence which did not finish until line 270, and ran thus:

fairest youth  
 `Of all whom evil fortune has subdued  
 `To their unsparing hands, is he calld forth  
 `For shapeliest form & comliest countenance,  
 `The worthy victim.

S. must have considered that this was not a particularly good sentence, since it is pretty clear that the amendments were intended to change it into the final clause of the previous sentence; that beginning `to him the annual sacrifice' on line 264. This would easily explain the replacement of `fairest youth' with `he', since the pronoun would then logically refer to `their choicest victim'. What S. obviously should have done therefore is to replace the period after `victim' with a comma. I suggest that he then intended to conclude the line with the phrase `he who now', but that he accidentally omitted `who'. (He may even have started to superimpose `who' over `now', which would account for its lack of clarity.) This would have created a perfectly acceptable final clause. MS.2B is of no assistance here, since S. entirely restored this and the following two lines to their original state prior to the deletions.

<sup>2</sup>Note the two peculiarities about the word which S. has added here: firstly, he has clearly omitted the final d, and secondly, the initial E is definitely a capital, the reason for which is not apparent.

<sup>3</sup>It is rare for S. to write figures as numerals in his manuscript poetry, though it does happen again in this Manuscript (XII.52). He changed it into `twelve' in MS.2B.

<sup>4</sup>S. numbers this line 317.

[f.112 r.]

295 `With what a stoic constancy these tribes  
`Welcome their death in battle or in bonds  
`The victim captives. to Lincoyas mind  
`Long preparation now had made his fate  
`Familiar, & he says the thought of death  
300 `Broke not his sleep, nor mingled with his dreams  
`Till Coatel was his. but then it woke—  
`It hung, it prest upon him, like a weight  
`Upon a man scarce struggling with the waves.  
`And when her soul was full of tenderness  
305 `That thought recurring to her, she would rest  
`Her cheek on his & weep.       `The day drew on,  
`And now the eve preceding it was come.  
`What will not woman, gentle woman, dare  
`When strong affection stirs her spirit up?  
310 `She gathered herbs that like our poppy bear  
`The seed of sleep, & with the temple food  
`Mingled their power, herself the food partook  
`So best to lull suspicion, & the youth  
`Instructed well, when all were laid asleep  
315 `Fled far away.       `After our conquering arms  
`Freed the Peruvians from their wretched yoke,  
`Lincoya needed but his Coatel  
`To fill his sum of earthly happiness.  
`Her to the temple had her fathers vow  
320 `Awhile devoted, & some moons were still



[f.112 r.]

- 295 `With what a stoic constancy these tribes  
 `Welcome their death in battle or in bonds  
 `The victim captives. to Lincoyas mind  
 `Long preparation now had made his fate  
 `Familiar, & he says the thought of death  
 300 `Broke not his sleep, nor mingled with his dreams  
 `Till Coatel was his. but then it woke—  
 `It hung, it prest upon him, like a weight  
 `Upon a man scarce struggling with the waves.  
 `And when her soul was full of tenderness  
 305 `That thought recurring to her, she would rest  
 `Her cheek on his & weep.  
                                   `The day drew on,  
 `And now the eve preceding it was come.  
 `What will not woman, gentle woman, dare  
 `When strong affection stirs her spirit up?  
 310 `She gathered herbs that like our poppy bear  
 `The seed of sleep, & with the temple food  
 `Mingled their power, herself the food partook  
 `So best to lull suspicion, & the youth  
 `Instructed well, when all were laid asleep  
 315 `Fled far away.  
                                   `After our conquering arms  
 `Freed the Peruvians from their wretched yoke,  
 `Lincoya needed but his Coatel  
 `To fill his sum of earthly happiness.  
 `Her to the temple had her fathers vow  
 320 `Awhile devoted, & some moons were yet still  
                                   [f.113 r.]<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Folios 113 and 114 have been torn from the manuscript, evidently after it had been bound. Unlike the loss of f.99 however, the absence of these two folios does not generate a straightforward case of missing text.

F.113 has been removed from the manuscript by means of an almost diagonal tear, commencing roughly one-third of the way across the page at the top, and ending in the left-hand margin at the bottom. In other words, we are left with a small, axe-shaped fragment of paper in the top left-hand corner. As indicated here, this contains the fragments of four lines, but there is also sufficient blank space below these lines to indicate conclusively that S. wrote nothing further on this particular folio. F.114 has been removed by means of a straighter tear from top to bottom, but has left a jagged strip of paper in the left-hand margin, much of which, particularly towards the bottom of the page, protrudes to well beyond the area of the paper on which S. would normally have commenced writing. It remains completely blank however, which strongly suggests that S. had made no use of the folio—or, at least, of the recto—prior to its removal.

From what remains of the four lines on f.113, it seems likely that they would have corresponded exactly to the equivalent lines in MS.2B, which read:

- "To pass away, ere yet she might become  
 "A sojourner with us, Lincoya's wife,  
 "When his suspicions omened coming ill  
 "From Aztlan's treacherous Priests.

The next puzzling fact is that the last two of these lines were repeated by S. on f.115 r. (lines 321-322<sub>(a)</sub>), almost as if he wished to discard the first two. Without these however, the narrative would make no sense whatsoever. Further proof that S. wished to include all four lines in a final version lies in the fact that he numbered the fragment half-line on this folio 'From Aztlan's treac' 348, and that he was careful to repeat the number for the completed version of the line (322<sub>(a)</sub>) on f.115 r.

It should finally be noted that f.115 r. commences with a large figure 12 in the top right-hand corner. It is possible that this was S.'s way of indicating that he wanted to discard anything he had written on ff.113-14, and that the text was to continue from f.112. Again, the only objection to this reading would be the absence of lines 320A and 320B, which are essential for the continuation of the

[f.113 r.]

320A `To pass away ere yet she [might become]

320B `A sojourner with us, Lin[coya's wife,]

[f.115 r.]

`When his suspicions omened coming ill

`From Aztlan's treacherous priests.

`He bade me think

`How after the late fray their commerce sprung,

`And dread the sudden kindness of a foe.

325 `I startled at his words. Tezozomoc

`Profuse of warm professions, lavishing

`Lip-friendship, & Huitziton, a man

`Of tried good will, cold now, a seldom guest,

`Sullen, uneasy, bearing in his heart

330 `Something that rankled there, these things were strange.

`The omens too had ceas'd, we heard no more

`Of twilight voices, nor the unholy clouds

`Steamed from the morning incense. why was this?

`Then I remembered what I knew of man

335 `And felt distrustful.

`On a following day

`The young Peruvian sought his Coatel.

`He found her labouring with a wretchedness

`She sought not to conceal, & when the youth

`Expressed his fears, he saw her tawny cheek

340 `Whiten, & on his neck she fell & wept.

`She told him something dreadful was at hand[,]

`She knew not what. that in the dead midnight

`Coanocotzin at Mexitlis shrine

`Had stood with all his chiefs, that victims then

345 `Had bled, & vows, that were not named been vowed

`With most mysterious horror. that but late

`When to her father of the future days

`She spake, & of Lincoya, & her lot

[f.116 r.]

`Among the strangers, he had frowned, and strove

350 `Beneath dissembled anger to conceal

`Oppressive grief. she knew not what to fear

`Yet something dreadful surely was at hand

[f.113 r.]

- 320A `To pass away ere yet she  
 320B `A sojourner with us, Lin  
 `When his suspicions om  
 `From Aztlan's treac<sup>1</sup>

[f.114 r.]<sup>2</sup>

[f.115 r.]

- `When his suspicions omened coming ill  
 `From Aztlan's treacherous priests.<sup>3</sup>
- `He bade me think
- `How after the late fray their commerce sprung,  
 `And dread the sudden kindness of a foe.
- 325 `I startled at his words. Tezozomoc  
 `Profuse of warm professions, lavishing  
 `Lip-friendship, & Huitziton, a man  
 `Of tried good will, cold now, a seldom guest,  
 `Sullen, uneasy, bearing in his heart
- 330 `Something that rankled there, these things were strange.  
 `The omens too had ceas'd, we heard no more  
 `Of twilight voices, nor the unholy clouds  
 `Steamed from the morning incense. why was this?  
 `Then I remembered what I knew of man
- 335 `And felt distrustful.
- `On a following day
- `The young Peruvian sought his Coatel.  
 `He found her labour'd {i} † < ng > with a wretchedness  
 `She sought not to conceal, & when the youth  
 `Express his fears, he saw her tawny cheek
- 340 `Whiten, & on his neck she fell & wept.  
 `She told him something dreadful was at hand  
 `She knew not what. that in the dead midnight  
 `Coanocotzin at Mexitlis shrine  
 `Had stood with all his chiefs, that victims then
- 345 `Had bled, & vows, *she knew not what* † < that were not named > been vow'd  
 `With most mysterious horror. that but late  
 `When to her father of the future days  
 `She spake, & of Lincoya, & her lot
- [f.116 r.]
- 350 `Among the strangers, he had frownd, and strove  
 `Beneath dissembled anger to conceal  
 `Oppressive grief. she knew not what to fear  
 `Yet something dreadful surely was at hand

-----  
 ...Continued...

narrative.

In conclusion then, a comparison with MS.2B actually shows that, in spite of two missing folios, only three and a half words ('might become' on line 320A and '[Lin]coya's wife' on line 320B) would appear to be needed to complete the text. It is for this reason that I have included the first two incomplete lines on f.113 as semi-numbered lines, but not the second two, as these are repeated in their entirety on f.115.

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 348. See textual note to f.113 r. above.

<sup>2</sup>This folio is missing from the manuscript. See textual note to f.113 r. above.

<sup>3</sup>S. numbers this line 348. See textual note to f.113 r. above.

And she was wretched.

[f.115 v.]

When the youth returned  
Making me share his fears, Huitziton  
355 Was in our dwellings, and that crafty Priest  
Whom Nature characterd so legibly  
That when his tongue spake fair, his face proclaimd  
The undisguisable fraud. I calld them forth.  
360 [""]There should be peace between us', I began  
[""]Why is it otherwise?"

The priest replied  
[""]Is there not peace Cadwallon? seek we not  
More frequent and more friendly intercourse  
Even we, the servants of our countrys gods  
Whose varying and offended rites so long  
365 Estranged us from you? Otherwise those Gods  
Have now ordaind. why therefore is this doubt?"

[""]The Power that led us hither[""] I replied  
[""]Over the world of waters, who hath saved  
And who will save his people, warns us now.'  
370 Then on Huitziton I fixd my eye.  
[""]Danger is near', I cried. 'I know it near—  
It comes from Aztlan!'

his disordered cheek  
Confirmd me, yet he answered with a pride  
Like angry innocence—'I am in your hands  
375 And you believe me treacherous. kill me now.'

[""]Not so, Huitziton, not so' I cried

[f.116 v.]

[""]You were the strangers friend & yet again  
That wisdom may return. We are not changed—  
380 Lovers of Peace[,] we know when danger comes  
To make the evil on the guilty head  
Fall heavily & sure. bethink you well  
Whom you would make your foes. pass a few moons  
Our brethren will be here, & should they find  
That Aztlan has been false—oh hope not then  
385 By force or flight to baffle or elude  
The inevitable vengeance. time is yet—  
And we are willing friends or ready foes  
Such as you seek us."

Saying this I left  
The astonishd men. Their unprovided minds  
390 Faild them to answer, & they bent their course  
That instant homewards.

[f.116 r. cont.]

As it chanced that day  
One of our comrades strayd beyond the town  
Way-wilderd, nor recovered he his path

`And she was wretched.<sup>1</sup>  
   [f.115 v.]  
   `When the youth returnd  
 355 `Making me share his fears, Huitziton  
 `Was in our dwellings, and that crafty Priest  
 `Whom Nature characterd so legibly  
 `That when his tongue spake fair, his face proclaimd  
 `The undisguisable fraud. I calld them forth.  
 360 "There should be peace between us", I *replied* began  
 `Why is it otherwise?"  
   `The priest replied  
 `Is there not peace Cadwallon? seek we not  
 `More frequent and more friendly intercourse  
 `Even we, the servants of our countrys gods  
 `Whose varying and offended rites so long  
 365 `Estranged us from you? Otherwise those Gods  
 `Have now ordaind. why therefore is this doubt?'  
  
 `The Power that led us hither I replied  
 `Over the world of waters, who hath saved  
 `And who will save his people, warns us now.'  
 370 `Then on Huitziton I fixd my eye.  
 `Danger is near', I cried. `I know it near—  
 `It comes from Aztlan!'  
   `his disordered cheek  
 `Confirmd me, yet he answered with a pride  
 `Like angry innocence—`I am in your hands  
 375 `And you believe me treacherous. kill me now.'  
  
 `Not so, Huitziton, not so' I cried  
   [f.116 v.]  
 `You were the strangers friend & yet again  
 `That wisdom may return. We are not changed—  
 `Lovers of Peace we know when danger comes  
 380 `To make the evil on the guilty head  
 `Fall heavily & sure. bethink you well  
 `Whom you would make your foes. pass a few moons  
 `Our brethren will be here, & should they find  
 `That Aztlan has been false—oh hope not then  
 385 `By force or flight to baffle or elude  
 `The inevitable vengeance. time is yet—  
 `And we are willing friends or ready foes  
 `Such as you seek us."  
   `Saying this I left  
 `The astonishd men. Their unprovided minds  
 390 `Faild them to answer, & they bent their course  
 `That instant homewards.  
   [f.116 r. cont.]  
   `As it chanced that day  
 `One of our comrades strayd beyond the town  
 `Way-wilderd, nor recovered he his path

<sup>1</sup>S. has drawn a gate sign (#) at the end of this line, which corresponds with another prior to line 353<sup>(b)</sup> on f.115 v., thus indicating that this is where the lengthy addition (lines 353<sup>(b)</sup>-391<sup>(a)</sup>) which span the versos of ff.115 and 116) is to be placed.

395 `Till night came on where by the moon he knew  
 `The neighbouring walls of Aztlan. Thence surprizd  
 `He saw a numerous train at that still hour  
 `Women and children issue from the gat[e];  
 `As tho the whole collected multitude  
 400 `Of helpless ones had from some threatened town  
 `Fled the near siege. he woke me with his tale—  
 `I sought Lincoya and from him I learnt  
 `That when an hour of danger was at hand  
 `This ever was their wisdom to secure  
 405 `Their babes and women thus by timely flight.  
 `He bade me arm as I regarded life  
 `And summon all our strength.       `My prudent fear  
 `Had centinell'd [*sic*] our town, the alarm arousd  
 `The expectant Britons[,] & our kindled fires  
 `Blazd thro the treacherous night. when morn appeard  
 410 `Huitziton returnd, he came a foe  
 `The herald of the war.       `That duty done  
 `Then for himself the noble chief began.  
                                   [f.117 r.]  
 `["]The burthen of my heart is taken off.  
 `If war must come, & so our Gods decree,  
 415 `The war of open enemies is well.  
 `The purposed treachery made me loathe myself  
 `Condemnd to bear a part, with lion rage  
 `Huitziton would drink his enemies['] blood—  
 420 `Not serpent like creep to him as he slept  
 `And give the secret death. why came ye here  
 `To offend our dreadful Gods? I loved you well  
 `And I must expiate in your blood that crime!  
 `Why strangers did you leave your fathers land?["]  
  
 425 `Even now, the herald of the war that gave  
 `No hope of peace, his heart was still with us.  
 `He told us he had ever been our friend  
 `Till that the Gods by fearful prodigies  
 `Made manifest their wrath, such dire portents  
 `That[,] at the last[,] before Mexitlis shrine[,]  
 430 `The solemn vow was pledged, the midnight vow  
 `To offer up his hated enemies  
 `One sacrifice, for this the priest assumd  
 `The front of friendship, & himself, albeit  
 435 `Loathing the coward treason. the last night  
 `Was destined to the deed, but for my words

- `Till *at the* ↑ < *mild* > night ↑ < came on > ↓ < where > *he* by the *young* moon  
 ↑ < he > knew  
 395 `The neighbouring walls of Aztlan. Thence surprizd  
 `He saw a numerous train at that still hour  
 `Women and children issue from the gat<sup>1</sup>;  
 `As tho the whole collected multitude  
 `Of helpless ones had from some threatened town  
 400 `Fled the near siege. he woke me with his tale—  
 `I sought Lincoya and from him I learnt  
 `That when an *hour* ↑ < *time* > ↑ < hour > of danger was at hand  
 `This ever was their wisdom to secure  
 `Their babes and *children* ↑ < women > thus by timely flight.  
 405 `He bade me arm as I regarded life  
 `And summon all our strength.<sup>2</sup>  
 `My *timely strength* ↑ < prudent fear >  
 `Had centinell'd our town, the alarms *soon* arousd  
 `The expectant Britons & our kindled fires  
 `Blazd thro the treacherous night. when morn appeard  
 410 `Huitziton returnd, he came a foe  
 `The herald of the war.  
 `That duty done  
 `Then for himself the noble chief began.  
 [f.117 r.]  
 `The burthen of my heart is taken off.  
 `If war must come, & so our Gods decree,  
 415 `The war of open enemies is well.  
 `The purposed treachery made me loathe myself  
 `Condemnd to bear a part, *a beast of prey* with lion rage  
 `Huitziton would drink his enemies<sup>3</sup> blood—  
 `Not *like the snake* ↓ < serpent like > creep to him as he slept  
 420 `And give the secret death. why came ye here  
 `To offend our dreadful Gods? I loved you well  
 `And I must expiate in your blood that crime!<sup>4</sup>  
 `Why strangers did you leave your fathers land?<sup>5</sup>  
 `Even now, the herald of the war that gave  
 425 `No hope of peace, his heart was still with us.  
 `He told us he had ever been our friend  
 `Till that the Gods by fearful prodigies  
 `Made manifest their wrath, such dire portents  
 `That at the last before Mexitlis shrine  
 430 `The solemn vow was pledged, the midnight vow  
 `To offer up his hated enemies  
 `One sacrifice, for this the priest *had* assumd  
 `The front of friendship, & himself, albeit  
 `Loathing the coward treason. the last night  
 435 `Was destined to the deed, but for my words

<sup>1</sup>S. has accidentally omitted the final e.

<sup>2</sup>At the end of this half-line, in large brackets, S. has written `Berkeley Tues. 9 Oct.'

<sup>3</sup>See textual note to VIII.38.

<sup>4</sup>S. numbers this line 448.

<sup>5</sup>Under this line, in slightly smaller letters than usual, S. has written `Coleford. Wed. 10. Oct.'

˘ Announced foreknowledge of the danger near,  
˘ Coanocotzins nobler will prevaild,  
˘ And we were open foes.

˘ All hope was vain

[f.118 r.]

440 ˘ Of peace to be preserved. for war—thou knowest  
˘ Advantaged as we were, with all our aids  
˘ Of skill & tempered arms, how perilous  
˘ The doubtful chance. our dwellings were intrenched  
˘ But round their valley site the foe might spread  
445 ˘ And gird us in, circled like forest beasts  
˘ To death. I wavered not, & tho our fields  
˘ With ample increase blest the harvester,  
˘ And tho our comfortable dwellings, now  
˘ Familiar the dear name of home had gaind,  
450 ˘ All we forsook, & in these mountain holds  
˘ Sought safety. ˘ In what ordered strength we marchd  
˘ I need not tell, nor how our powerful arms  
˘ Repelld the frequent fierceness of attack.  
˘ Suffice it that with little loss we reachd  
455 ˘ The place by Nature guarded; here as oft  
˘ Victorious as assailed, protecting still  
˘ Our faithful tribes we have awaited thee.["]

---



`Announced foreknowledge of the danger near,<sup>1</sup>  
`Coanocotzins nobler will prevaile,  
`And ↑ < we ><sup>2</sup> were open foes.

`All hope was vain

[f.118 r.]

440 `Of peace to be preserved. for war—thou knowest  
`Advantaged as we were, with all our aids  
`Of skill & tempered arms, how perilous  
`The doubtful chance. our dwellings were intrenched  
`But round their valley site the foe might spread  
`And gird us in, circled like forest beasts  
445 `To death. I wavered not, & tho our fields  
`With ample increase blest the harvester,  
`And tho our comfortable dwellings, now  
`Familiar the dear name of home had gaine,  
`All we forsook, & in these mountain holds  
450 `Sought safety. In what ordered strength we marchd  
`I need not tell, nor how our powerful arms  
`Repelld the frequent fierceness of attack.  
`Suffice it that with little loss we reachd  
`The place by Nature guarded; here as oft  
455 `Victorious as assailed, protecting still  
`Our faithful tribes we have awaited thee.<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>Written in the left-hand margin before this line is: `Bwlch. Sun. 14 Oct.'

<sup>2</sup>S. has actually placed an up-arrow just before `were' to show where the accidentally-omitted `we' was to be inserted.

<sup>3</sup>Beneath this final line S. has written `*Llantown*. Oct. 15. Monday 98.', and beneath the deleted `*Llantown*' is `*Longtown*'.



[f.119 r.]  
Madoc.<sup>1</sup>

Book 8.

By the third hour of morning Caradoc  
Came from the ships, a captive followed him  
Guarded & bound, a savage stern-eyed man  
Upon whose brow a *tyger* ↑ < lion > courage lowered,  
5 A fierce contempt, a sullen haughtiness  
That Fortune could not tame.  
  `Prince!' cried the Bard—  
`This, the first conquest of our arms I bring.  
`A bloodless conquest, *yet* ↑ < tho > not likely gaind,  
10 `For never with a wilier enemy,  
`With one of suppler ↑ < *or more of firey* > ↓ < or more furious > strength *or*  
  *deadlier rage*<sup>2</sup>  
`Waged I the war. alone upon the shore  
`But at a distance from the ships so safe  
`That the [*I word*] raisd voice might reach them had I ↑ < strayd >  
15 `When *like a lion* from *his* ↑ < *the brake* > *couching place*<sup>3</sup> ↑ < a bank of reeds  
  his lurking place >  
`*Fiercely* † < T > he ↑ < savage > leapt, & aimd the sudden blow.<sup>4</sup>  
`Well was it that the hauberks close linkd chains  
`Hung oer my shoulders, or that sudden blow  
`Had sent me to the dead, I grappled with him  
20 `Yet ↑ < he > had *he* haply, but for speedy aid  
  [f.120 r.]  
`Burst from my hold.'

-----  
<sup>1</sup>At the start of this book, directly to the right of `Madoc', S. has written `Nov. 23. 1798.'

<sup>2</sup>This line originally read:

    `With one of suppler strength or deadlier rage  
S. then deleted `or deadlier rage' and placed an addition above the line to make it read:  
    `With one of suppler or more of firey strength  
the awkward metricality of which presumably caused him to delete the addition above the line and  
replace it with a new addition below, thus leaving the line to read, as in MS.2B:  
    `With one of subtler or more furious strength

<sup>3</sup>This is a complex line, the individual stages of which are not easy to reconstruct. Clearly the original line read:

    `When like a lion from his couching place  
but even this could not have been S.'s initial thought, since the last two letters of `like' are heavily written over another word which has now been obliterated. Two possible conjectures for the original word might be `lift' or `light', either of which would surely suggest an unfinished present participle. S. then crossed out `like a lion' and `his couching place', and added `the brake' above, which was presumably the origin of another unfinished idea, since it left the incomplete line `When from the brake'. S. then deleted `the brake', making a new complete line:

    `When from a bank of reeds his lurking place  
It is interesting to note that S. re-used the original simile (`When like a lion from his couching place') in IX.115, where it is left extant. This opens up two possibilities: either S. deleted the simile here, after having composed Book IX, on realising that he had used it again, or he deleted it immediately, and decided to re-use it in a more appropriate context. Interestingly, in MS.2B, the line is both restored at this point, and used again in Book IX.

<sup>4</sup>This line originally read:

    `Fiercely he leapt, & aimd the sudden blow.  
S. then deleted `Fiercely', placed a capital T before `he', and added `savage' above the line.

`Let us again attempt  
 `What milder means may profit.' Madoc cried.  
 `Bid him return Cadwallon[,] & bear with him  
 `To Aztlan, profferd peace.'  
 Cadwallon heard,  
 25 And thus bespake the Aztecan. `Warrior  
 `Return to Aztlan, tell the assembled chiefs  
 `Madoc forgives the past, that all the wrongs  
 `By treachery purposed or by force essayed  
 `Shall be as things forgotten. he would be  
 30 `Their friend again. Chief—wilt thou faithfully  
 `This proffered friendship to the nation bear  
 `Price of thy freedom?'  
 `Aye!" the Savage cried  
 `Faithfully to the Chiefs shall it be told,  
 `And I will dart my spirit into them  
 35 `And make them scorn the proffer. seek ye peace?  
 `Oh woman-hearted men! the tree of peace  
 `Then only thrives when planted by the valiant  
 `Upon an enemies [*sic*] grave! fools—fools—fly hence  
 `Fly hence—for Aztlan suffers on her soil  
 40 `No living stranger.'  
 [f.121 r.]  
 `Do thy bidding Chief!["]  
 Calmly rejoind Cadwallon . `to her choice  
 `Aztlan must answer, be it peace or war.  
 `Thou hast beheld our ships with gallant men  
 `Freighted, a numerous force. & for our arms,—  
 45 `Surely thy nation hath acquired of them  
 `Disastrous knowledge!'  
 `Curse upon your arms!'  
 Exclaimd the Aztecan. `is there one among you  
 `Will lay that cowardly advantage by,  
 `And meet me man to man in equal fight?  
 50 `That I might grapple weaponless with him  
 `On yonder rock, place breast to breast, & strive  
 `In manly opposition, till the one  
 `Dashd down yon shattering precipice should feed  
 `The mountain eagle. give me I beseech you  
 55 `That joy!"  
 `As wisely', cried Cynethas son,  
 `A foe might challenge thee, & bid thee let  
 `Thy strong right hand hang idle in the fray  
 `That so his weakness with thy strength might cope  
 `In equal battle! not in wrongful war  
 60 `The tyrants of our weaker bretheren [*sic*]  
 `Wield we these dreadful arms; but when assaild  
 [f.122 r.]  
 `By fraud & force, when called upon to aid  
 `The feeble & oppressed, shall we not

`Yet once ↑ < Let us > again attempt

`What milder means may proffer{↑ < it > }.' Madoc cried.  
`Bid him return Cadwallon & bear with him  
`To Aztlan, profferd peace.'

Cadwallon heard,

25 And thus bespake the Aztecan. `Warrior  
`Return to Aztlan, tell the assembled chiefs  
`Madoc forgives the past, that all the wrongs  
`By treachery purposed or by force essayed  
`Shall be as things forgotten. he would be  
30 `Their friend again. Chief—wilt thou faithfully  
`This proffered friendship to the nation bear  
`Price of thy freedom?'

`Aye!" the Savage cried

`Faithfully to the Chiefs shall it be told,  
`And I will dart my spirit into them  
35 `And make them scorn the proffer. seek ye peace?  
`Oh woman-hearted men! the tree of peace  
`Then only thrives when planted by the *bold* ↓ < valiant >  
`Upon an enemy{ie}s<sup>1</sup> grave! fools—fools—fly hence  
`Fly hence—for Aztlan suffers on her soil  
40 `No living stranger.'

[f.121 r.]

`Do thy bidding Chief!

Calmly ↑ < rejoind > Cadwallon *answered*. `for ↑ < to > her choice  
`Aztlan must answer, be it peace or war.  
`Thou hast beheld our ships with gallant men  
`Freighted, a numerous force. & for our arms,—  
45 `Surely thy nation hath acquired of them  
`Disastrous knowledge!'

`Curse upon your arms!'

Exclaimd the Aztecan. `is there one among you  
`Will lay that cowardly advantage by,  
`And meet me man to man in equal fight?  
50 `That I might grapple weaponless with him  
`On yonder rock, place breast to breast, & strive  
`In manly opposition, till the one  
`Dashd down *the* ↓ < yon > shattering precipice should feed  
`The mountain eagle. give me I beseech you  
55 `That joy!"

`As wisely', cried Cynethas son,  
`A foe might challenge thee, & bid thee let  
`Thy strong right hand hang idle in the fray  
`That so his weakness with thy strength might cope  
`In equal battle! not in wrongful war  
60 `The tyrants of our weaker bretheren  
`Wield we these dreadful arms; but when assaild

[f.122 r.]

`By fraud & force, when called upon to aid  
`The feeble & oppressed, shall we not

---

<sup>1</sup>This is a good example of S.'s apparent confusion as to the proper use of the apostrophe in certain circumstances. By changing `enemys' into `enemies', he clearly wished to highlight the fact that the noun was meant to be possessive, and yet the sense evidently demands a singular genitive (`enemy's') rather than a plural. While the question of singular or plural is more ambiguous, there is a similar example (again with the word `enemy') in VII.418.

65       `Then put our terrors forth & thunderstrike  
       `The guilty?"               Silently the savage heard[,]

Joy brightened in his eye as they unloosd  
 His bonds; & now he felt his liberty  
 And left the mountain dwellings. down the heights  
 Bounds the delivered chief, he hastens oer

70       The plain below & dashes in the lake  
       And plies with stress & strength his sinewy limbs  
       And forces thro the waves his buoyant bulk.  
       Now on the shore freely & fast he breathes  
       And shakes the water from his dripping locks,

75       A moments pause of rest, then thro the gate  
       Pursued his way. green garlands deck the gate,  
       Gay are the temples with green bows affixd.  
       Pale in the sun the fire of sacrifice  
       Flames high, the victims wait beside, they wait

80       Impatient of delay & fear prolongd.  
       The Priest before Tezcalipocas shrine  
       Watches the maize-strewn threshold to announce  
   [f.123 r.]

The footsteps of the God. for this the day  
 When to his favoured city he vouchsafes

85       His annual presence, & with unseen feet  
       Imprints the maize-strewn threshold, followed soon  
       By all whose altars with eternal fires  
       Aztlan illumed & fed with human blood,  
       Mexitli, woman born, who from the womb,

90       Child of no mortal sire, leapt terrible,  
       The armd avenger of his mothers fame,  
       And whose high will the subject winds obey  
       Quetzalcoal, & Tlaloc[,] water-God,  
       And all the host of Deities whose power

95       Repays with blessing Aztlans pious zeal,  
       Health & rich increase giving to her sons  
       And withering in the war her enemies.  
       So taught the priests & such the Aztecan faith  
       And therefore were the temples green with bows

100       The gates green garlanded, & by the fire  
       The victims with the steam of sacrifice  
       Prepared to greet their coming.

  With his train  
 Of warrior chiefs, Coanocotzin stood  
 That when the Priest proclaimd the enterd God,

105       Before the present Deity his lips  
       Might breathe effectual prayer. the assembled Chiefs  
   [f.124 r.]

Saw Tlalala approach, more welcome now  
 As one whose absence from the appointed rites  
 Had wakend fear & wonder. he approachd,  
 110       `No cold irreverence on this sacred day'  
       He cried, `has led me distant. I went forth

- 65 *`Like angry Deities {y}*<sup>1</sup> ↑ < Then > put our terrors forth & thunderstrike  
*`And thunder-strike the guilty?* ↓ < The guilty?" > Silently the savage heard
- Joy brightened in his eye as they unloosd  
 His bonds; & now he felt his liberty  
 And left the mountain dwellings. down the heights  
 Bounds the delivered chief, he hastens oer
- 70 The plain below & dashes in the lake  
 And plies with stress & strength his sinewy limbs  
 And forces thro the waves his buoyant bulk.  
 Now on the shore freely & fast he breathes  
 And shakes the water from his dripping locks,
- 75 A moments pause of rest, then thro the gate  
 Pursued his way. green garlands deckd the gate,  
 Gay are the temples with green bows affixd.  
 Pale in the sun the fire of sacrifice  
 Flames high, the victims wait beside, they wait
- 80 Impatient of delay & fear prolongd.  
 The Priest before Tezcalipocas shrine  
 Watches the maize-strewn threshold to announce  
 [f.123 r.]
- The footsteps of the God. for this the day<sup>2</sup>  
 When to his favoured city he vouchsafed{s}
- 85 His annual presence, & with unseen feet  
 Imprints the maize-strewn threshold, followed soon  
 By all whose altars with eternal fires  
 Aztlan illumed & fed with human blood,  
 Mexitli, woman born, who from the womb,
- 90 Child of no mortal sire, leapt terrible,  
 The armd avenger of his mothers fame,  
 And whose high will the *obedient* ↓ < subject > winds obey  
 Quetzalcoal, & Tlaloc water-God,  
 And all the host of Deities whose power
- 95 Repays with blessing Aztlans pious zeal,  
 Health & rich increase giving to her sons  
 And withering in the war her enemies.  
 So taught the priests & such the Aztecan faith  
 And therefore were the temples green with bows
- 100 The gates green garlanded, & by the fire  
 The victims with the steam of sacrifice  
 Prepared to greet their coming.
- With his train
- Of warrior chiefs, Coanocotzin stood  
 That when the Priest proclaimd the enterd God,
- 105 Before the present Deity his lips  
 Might breathe effectual prayer. the assembled Chiefs  
 [f.124 r.]
- Saw Tlalala approach, more welcome now  
 As one whose absence from the appointed rites  
 Had wakend fear & wonder. he approachd,
- 110 *`No cold irreverence on this sacred day'*  
 He cried, *`has led me distant. I went forth*

<sup>1</sup>S. had superimposed *`deity'* over *`deities'* prior to his deletion of the whole phrase.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 82.

115     `To dip my javelin in the strangers blood,  
           `A sacrifice methought our Gods had loved  
           `To scent & hastened eager to enjoy[.]  
           `I faild & fell a prisoner. but their fear  
           `Releasd me, coward fears or idiot hopes  
           `That like Huitziton I might become  
           `Their friend, & merit chastisement from heaven  
 120     `Pleading the strangers cause. they bade me go  
           `And proffer peace. Chiefs were it possible  
           `That tongue of mine could win you to that shame  
           `I would up tear the member tho my soul  
           `Followed its bloody roots. the Stranger finds  
           `No peace in Aztlan but the peace of Death!'

125     `Tis bravely said', Huitziton exclaim'd,  
           `And rightly mayst thou boast, young Tlalala,  
           `For thou art brave in battle, but methinks  
           `Thou mightst have spared the censure of my fault.  
           `No law forbade, no wisdom could foresee  
 130     `Guilt in the strangers friendship, when my voice  
                                   [f.125 r.]  
           `Pleaded for proffered peace; but when the Gods  
           `In prodigies made evident their wrath,  
           `Did I not to that manifested will  
           `Yield quick obedience? bravely hast thou said  
 135     `And brave thou art, young Tyger of the war!  
           `But thou hast dealt with other enemies  
           `Than these impenetrable men, with foes  
           `Whose conquerd Gods lie idle in their chains  
           `And with tame weakness brook captivity.  
 140     `When thou hast met the strangers in the fight  
           `And in the doings of the fray outdone  
           `Huitziton, revile him then as one  
           `Slow to defend his country & his faith.  
           `Till then with reverence as beseems thy youth  
 145     `Respect thou his full fame!'

                                  `I wrong it not,  
           `I wrong it not', the young Aztecan cried;  
           `But, truly, as I hope to equal it,  
           `Honour thy well-earnd glory, but this peace—  
           `Say there is none,—that it shall never be,—  
 150     `Never as long as there are Gods in Heaven  
           `Or men in Aztlan.'

                                  `That[,] the Gods themselves  
           `Have answerd!' King Coanocotzin cried.  
           `A holier spirit never yet possessd  
           `Aztlan; the general danger has compelld  
 155     `A general zeal; daily the victim[']s heart  
                                   [f.126 r.]  
           `Steams up its incense, & from every voice  
           `The contrite prayer ascends. the holiest rites  
           `Our nation knows & the most solemn forms  
           `Of penitence observed will bring on us  
 160     `A blessing from above. peace must not be  
           `With the enemies of the Gods, & soon I trust  
           `Their present influence shall strengthen us  
           `And make the good cause triumph.'



- `To dip my javelin in the strangers blood,  
 `A sacrifice methought our Gods had loved  
 `To scent & hastened eager to *to* enjoy  
 115 `I faild & fell a prisoner. but their fear  
 `Releasd me, coward fears or idiot hopes  
 `That like Huitziton I might become  
 `Their friend, & merit chastisement from heaven  
 `Pleading the strangers cause. they bade me go  
 120 `And proffer peace. Chiefs were it possible  
 `That *speech* ↓ < tongue > of mine could win you to that shame  
 `I would up tear the member *even* tho my *life* soul  
 `Followed its bloody roots. the Stranger finds  
 `No peace in Aztlan but the peace of Death!'
- 125 `Tis bravely said', Huitziton exclaim'd,  
 `And rightly mayst thou boast, young Tlalala,  
 `For thou art brave in battle, but methinks  
 `Thou mightst have spared the censure of my fault.  
 `No law forbade, no wisdom could foresee  
 130 `Guilt in the strangers friendship, when my voice  
   [f.125 r.]  
 `Pleaded for proffered peace; but when the Gods  
 `In prodigies made evident their wrath,  
 `Did I not to that manifested will  
 `Yield quick obedience? bravely hast thou said  
 135 `And brave thou art, young Tyger of the war!  
 `But thou hast dealt with other enemies  
 `Than these impenetrable *foes* ↑ < men >, with *men* † < foes >  
 `Whose conquerd Gods lie idle in their chains  
 `And with tame weakness brook captivity.  
 140 `When thou hast met the strangers in the fight  
 `And in the doings of the fray outdone  
 `Huitziton, revile † < him > then as *then* † < one >  
 `Slow to defend his country & his faith.  
 `Till then with reverence as beseems thy youth  
 145 `Respect thou his full fame!'
- `I wrong it not,  
 `I wrong it not', the young Aztecan cried;  
 `But, truly, as I hope to equal *thee* † < it, >  
 `Honour thy well-earnd glory, but this peace—  
 `Say there is none,—that it shall never be,—  
 150 `Never as long as there are Gods in Heaven  
 `Or men in Aztlan.'
- `That the Gods themselves  
 `Have answerd!' King Coanocotzin cried.  
 `A holier spirit never yet possessd  
 `Aztlan; the general danger has compelld  
 155 `A general zeal; daily the victims heart  
   [f.126 r.]  
 `Steams up its incense, & from every voice  
 `The contrite prayer ascends. the holiest rites  
 † < Our > `Our ↑ < The > nation knows & the most solemn forms  
 `Of penitence observed will bring on us  
 160 `A blessing from above. peace must not be  
 `With the enemies of the Gods, & soon I trust  
 `Their present influence shall strengthen us  
 `And make the good cause triumph.'

whilst they spake

165 The ceaseless sound of song & instruments  
Rung thro the air, now rising like the voice  
Of angry ocean, sinking now & soft  
As the mild murmurs of the unseen brook;  
The horn & shrill-toned pipe, & drum that gave  
170 Its music to the hand, & hollowed wood  
Drum-like whose thunders ever & anon  
Commingling with the seashell[']s spiral roar  
Closed the full harmony. & now the eve  
Past on, & thro the twilight visible  
175 The frequent fire flies brightening beauties shone.  
Anxious & often now the Priest surveyd  
The maize-strewn threshold, for the wonted hour  
Was come, & yet no footsteps of the God.  
More radiant now the fire of sacrifice  
180 Fed to full fury blazed, & its red smoke  
Imparted to the darker atmosphere  
Such obscure light as oer Vesuvius seen  
[f.127 r.]  
Or pillared over Etnas midnight head  
Makes darkness dreadful. in the captives['] cheek  
185 Then might a deeper paleness have been seen  
And a more fearful meaning in their eyes,  
Expecting momentarily the pang of death.  
Soon in the multitude a doubt arose  
That none durst mention[,] least his neighbours fear  
190 Divulged[,] should strengthen his. the hour was past  
And yet no foot had markd the sprinkled maize.

Now every moment gave their doubts new force  
And each alarmed eye disclosed the fear  
That trembled on the tongue, when to the King,  
Emaciate like some bare anatomy  
195 And ghastly pale[,] Tezozomoc was led  
By two upholding Priests. for ten long months  
In prayer & fasts & solitude that Priest  
Had dwelt amid the forest, so the Gods  
In times of peril from his rank required,  
200 Severest penance, yet to the public weal  
Most salutary in its sure effect  
Of wrath appeasd, & he had dwelt ten months  
In prayer & fasts & solitude, till now  
Might each particular bone of his lean limbs  
205 Be traced, & in his starved & boney face  
[f.128 r.]  
The living eye lookd strange, a ghostly sight.

The multitude as they beheld the Priest  
Stood in impatient silence. he began,  
`O King they are not come! they will not come,  
210 `The Gods of Aztlan, till the strangers blood  
`Smoke on their altars. but they have beheld  
`My rigid fasts & lacerated frame,

whilst they spake

165 The ceaseless sound of song & instruments  
 Rung thro the air, now rising like the voice  
 Of *troubled* ↓ < angry > ocean, sinking now & soft  
 As the mild murmurs of the unseen brook;  
 The horn & shrill-toned pipe, & drum that gave  
 Its music to the hand, & hollowed wood

170 Drum-like whose thunders ever & anon  
 Commingling with the seashells spiral roar  
 Closed the full harmony. & now the eve  
 Past on, & thro the twilight visible  
 The frequent fire flys brightening beauties shone.

175 Anxious & often now the Priest surveyd  
 The maize-strewn threshold, for the wonted hour  
 Was come, & yet no footsteps of the God.  
 More radiant now the fire of sacrifice  
 Fed to full fury blazed, & its red smoke

180 Imparted to the darker atmosphere  
 Such obscure light as oer Vesuvius seen  
 [f.127 r.]  
 Or pillared over Etnas midnight *height* head  
 Makes darkness dreadful. in the captives cheek  
 Then might a deeper paleness have been seen

185 And a more fearful meaning in their eyes,  
 Expecting momentarily the pang of death.  
 Soon *in* in the multitude a doubt arose  
 That none durst mention least his neighbours fear  
 Divulged should strengthen his. the hour was past

190 And yet no foot had markd the sprinkled maize.<sup>1</sup>

Now every moment gave their doubts new force  
 And each alarmed eye disclosed the fear  
 That trembled on the tongue, when to the King,  
 Emaciate like some bare anatomy

195 And ghastly pale Tezozomoc was led  
 By two upholding Priests. for ten long months  
 In prayer & fasts & solitude that Priest  
 Had dwelt amid the forest, so the Gods  
 In times of peril from his rank required,

200 Severest penance, yet to the public weal  
 Most salutary in its sure effect  
 Of wrath appeasd, & he had dwelt ten months  
 In prayer & fasts & solitude, till *now*? now  
 Might each particular bone of his lean limbs

205 Be traced, & in his starved & boney face  
 [f.128 r.]  
 The living eye lookd strange, a ghostly sight.

The multitude as they beheld the Priest  
 Stood in impatient silence. he began,  
 `O King they are not come! they will not come,

210 `The Gods of Aztlan, till the strangers blood  
 `Smoke on their altars. but they have beheld  
 `My rigid fasts & lacerated frame,

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 189.

215 `Have heard my ceaseless prayers in solitude  
`And their revealed pleasure has removed  
`The danger of my country. who is here  
`That to the strangers dwelling place dare go  
`And work the will of Heaven?<sup>1</sup>  
Scarce had he said,  
Than Tlalala exclaimd, `I am the man.'

220 `Then hear.' Tezozomoc replied. `ye know  
`Long fasts & solitary watchfulness  
`For more especial intercourse with Heaven  
`Make fit the purified spirit: & all eyes  
`May witness that with no relaxing zeal  
225 `Did I my solemn penance. much I feard  
`For Aztlan's sins, & oft in bitterness  
`Have groand & bled for her iniquity.  
`But chiefly for this solemn day the fear  
[f.129 r.]

230 `Was strong upon me, lest her Gods[,] estranged  
`In anger[,] should not come, & we be left  
`A spiritless & God-abandoned race,  
`A warning to the earth. for ten long months  
`Has the raw maize & running water been  
`My only food, but not a grain of maize  
235 `Has stayd the craving appetite[,] nor drop  
`Of water could my parchd & feverd tongue,  
`Since yester sun arose. fasting I prayd  
`And praying gashd my limbs, & all the night  
`I watchd & wept & supplicated Heaven,  
`Till the weak flesh, its life blood almost draind,  
240 `Sunk with the long austerity, a dread  
`Of death came over me, a chill that seemd  
`To loosen every limb ran thro my viens, [sic]  
`My eyes grew dim & I could feel my heart  
`Throb slow & feebly as if every throb  
245 `Were its last effort. on the earth I fell  
`Senseless: but sudden like as one whose soul  
`Freed by the agony of mortal wounds  
`Revives in all the blissful ease of Heaven,  
`I woke & raisd my eyelids, & beheld  
250 `A light that seemd to penetrate & heal  
`The strengthend frame. before me visible  
[f.130 r.]

255 `Stood Coatlantona, a wreath of flowers  
`Circl'd her hair & from their odorous leaves  
`Streamd the blue radiance of innocuous fire.  
`She spake—hear Aztlan & O King attend—  
`She spake, `not yet the offended Gods relax  
`Their anger; they require the strangers blood  
`The foretaste of their banquet. let their will  
`Be known to Aztlan, & the brave perform

- `Have heard my ceaseless prayers in solitude  
 `And their revealed pleasure has removed  
 215 `The danger of my country. who is here  
 `That to the strangers dwelling place dares go  
 `And work the will of Heaven?<sup>1</sup>  
 Scarce had he said,  
 Than Tlalala exclaimd, `I am the man.'
- `Then hear.' Tezozomoc replied. `ye know  
 220 `Long fasts & ↑ < solitary > watchfulness & *solitude*  
 `For more especial ↑ < immediate > <sup>1</sup> intercourse with Heaven  
 `Make fit the purified spirit: & all eyes  
 `May witness that with no relaxing zeal  
 `Did I my solemn penance. much I feard  
 225 `For Aztlans sins, & oft in bitterness  
 `Have groand & bled for her iniquity.<sup>2</sup>  
 `But chiefly for this solemn day the fear  
 [f.129 r.]
- `Came ↑ < Was > strong upon me, lest her Gods estranged  
 `In anger should not come, & we be left  
 230 `A spiritless & God-abandoned race,  
 `A warning to the earth. for ten long months  
 `Has the raw maize & running water been  
 `My only food, but not a grain of maize  
 `Has stayd the craving appetite nor drop  
 235 `Of [2 letters] water coold my parchd & feverd tongue,  
 `Since yester sun arose. fasting I prayd  
 `And praying gashd my limbs, & all ↑ < the > night long  
 `I watchd & wept & supplicated Heaven,  
 `Till the weak flesh, its life blood almost draind,  
 240 `Sunk with the long austerity, a dread  
 `Of death came over me, a chill that seemd  
 `To loosen every limb ran thro my viens,  
 `My eyes grew dim & I could feel my heart  
 `Throb slow & feebly as if every throb  
 245 `Were its last effort. on the earth I fell  
 `Senseless: but sudden like as one whose soul  
 `Freed by the agony of mortal wounds  
 `Revives in all the blissful ease of Heaven,  
 `I woke & raisd my eyelids, & beheld  
 250 `A light that seemd to penetrate & heal  
 `The strengthend frame. before me visible  
 [f.130 r.]
- `Stood Coatlantona, a wreath of flowers  
 `Circled her hair & from their odorous leaves  
 `Streamd the blue radiance of innocuous fire.  
 255 `She spake—hear Aztlan & O King attend—  
 `She spake, `not yet the offended Gods relax  
 `Their anger; they require the strangers blood  
 `The foretaste of their banquet. let their will  
 `Be known to Aztlan, & the brave perform

<sup>1</sup>S. has surrounded both `especial' and the added word `immediate' with large brackets, thus leaving both as alternatives. He retained `especial' in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 225.

260 `Their bidding. I meantime will seek & sooth [*sic*]  
 `With all a mothers power Mexitlis wrath,  
 `So let the Maidens daily with fresh flowers  
 `Garland my temple!'

`Daily with fresh flowers

265 `Garland her temple Aztlan! & revere  
 `The gentle mother of thy guardian God.'

`And let the brave", exclaimd young Tlalala  
 `Perform her bidding! Servant of the Gods  
 `Declare their will. is it that I should seek  
 `The strangers & in the first that meets my way  
 270 `Plunge deep the holy weapon? say but to me  
 `Do this! & I will joy to do the deed  
 `Tho my lifes blood should mingle with the foes.'  
 [f.131 r.]

`O brave young Chief!' Tezozomoc replied.  
 `With better end may the pleasd Gods reward  
 275 `Thy pious valour! but a deed like this  
 `They ask not. couldst thou from their mountain holds  
 `Allure some stranger, that with heedless speed  
 `Pursuing thee an ambushd band might rise  
 `Swift on the unsuspecting enemy  
 280 `And intercept return: then hitherwards  
 `The captive might be led, & Aztlans Gods  
 `On their own altars see the sacrifice  
 `well pleasd, & Aztlans sons inspirited  
 `Behold the omen of assured success.  
 285 `Thou knowest that Tlaloc[']s annual festival  
 `Is near at hand, a strangers child would prove  
 `A victim now whose value would draw down  
 `His certain favour. more I need not say  
 `Chuse thou the force for ambush, & thyself  
 290 `Alone or with a chosen comrade seek  
 `The mountain dwellers.'

Instant as he ceasd

Ocelopan exclaimd, `I go with thee  
 `O Tlalala my friend! if one alone  
 `Might have the honour of this enterprize  
 [f.132 r.]

295 `My love would yield it thee—but thou wilt need  
 `A comrade,—Tlalala! I go with thee.'

The Chief replied, `whom should my heart select  
 `Its tried companion else but thee[,] so oft  
 `My brother in the battle? we will go  
 300 `Shedder of blood! together will we go  
 `Now ere the midnight.'  
 `Warriors pause awhile.'

Tezozomoc exclaimd, `& ere ye go  
 "Devote yourselves to Heaven.' feebly he spake  
 As with exhausted weakness, struggling then  
 305 `Bedew Mexitli's altar with your blood  
 `And go beneath his guidage. I have yet

- 260 `Their bidding. I meantime will seek & sooth<sup>1</sup>  
`With all a mothers power Mexitlis wrath,  
`So let the Maidens daily with fresh flowers  
`Garland my temple!'  
                                `Daily with fresh flowers  
`Garland her temple Aztlan! & revere  
265 `The gentle mother of thy guardian God.'
- `And let the brave", exclaimd young Tlalala  
`Perform her bidding! Servant of the Gods  
`Declare their will. is it that I should seek  
`The strangers & in the first that meets my way  
270 `Plunge deep the holy weapon? say but to me  
`Do this! & I will *gladly* ↓ < joy to > do the deed  
`Tho my lifes blood should mingle with the foes.'  
                                [f.131 r.]  
`O brave young Chief!' Tezozomoc replied.  
`With better end may the pleasd Gods reward  
275 `Thy pious valour! but a deed like this  
`They ask not. couldst thou from their mountain holds  
`Allure some stranger, that with heedless speed  
`Pursuing thee an ambushd band might rise  
`Swift on the unsuspecting enemy  
280 `And intercept return: then hitherwards  
`The captive might be led, & Aztlans Gods  
`On their own altars see the sacrifice  
`well pleasd, & Aztlans sons inspirited  
`Behold the omen of assured success.  
285 `Thou knowest that Tlalocs annual festival  
`Is near at hand, a strangers child would prove  
`A victim now whose value would draw down  
`His certain favour. more I need not say  
`Chuse thou the force for ambush, & thyself  
290 `Alone or with a chosen comrade seek  
`The mountain dwellers.'
- Instant as he ceasd  
Ocelopan exclaimd, `I go with thee  
`O Tlalala my friend! if one alone  
`Might have the *glory* honour of this enterprize  
                                [f.132 r.]  
295 `My love would yield it thee—but thou wilt need  
`A comrade,—Tlalala! I go with thee.'
- The Chief replied, `whom should my heart select  
`Its tried companion else but thee so oft  
`My brother in the battle? we will go  
300 `Shedder of blood! together will we go  
`Now ere the midnight.'
- `Warriors pause awhile.'  
Tezozomoc exclaimd, `& ere ye go  
"Devote yourselves to Heaven." feebly he spake  
As with exhausted weakness, struggling then  
305 `Bedew Mexitli's altar with your blood  
`And go beneath his guidage. I have yet

-----  
<sup>1</sup> `sooth' is also the spelling in MS2B.

'Strength to offic[i]ate & to bless your zeal.'

So saying[,] to the temple of the God  
He led the way. the warriors followed him,  
310 And with his Chiefs Coanocotzin went  
To grace in all solemnity the rites.  
They pass the wall of serpents & ascend  
The massy fabric. four times they surround  
Its ample square, the fifth they reach its height.

[f.133 r.]

315 There on the level height two temple towers  
Were reard. the one Tezcalipoca[']s shrine  
Supreme of Heaven, where now the wily priest  
Stood watchful for his presence & observed  
The maize strewn threshold. His the other pile  
320 By whose peculiar patronage & power  
Aztlan was blest, Mexitli—woman-born[.]  
At either entrance flamed the eternal fire  
With holiest reverence kept & to the weal  
Of Aztlan deemd essential as the Sun  
325 In the firmament. They entered bare of foot.

There on his azure throne[,] from whose four sides  
Four hideous snakes disclosed their grinning fangs,  
The giant idol sate, around his neck  
A loathsome collar of the hearts of men  
330 His choicest food, & round his monster bulk  
A sculpturd serpent wreathd his scales of gold.  
One hand upreard a club, the other held  
The shield & overall [sic] suspended hung  
The banner of the nation. they beheld  
335 In awe & knelt before the Terrible God.

[f.134 r.]

'Guardian of Aztlan!' cried Tezozomoc  
'Who to thy mortal mother gav'st the reign  
'Oer every herb & flower, & endless life  
'Among the Gods, herself immortal now;  
340 'Whilst Coatlantona intreats [sic] thy love  
'For thine own people, they with fear approach  
'Thy awful fane, who know no fear beside,  
'And offer up the worthiest sacrifice,  
'The blood of heroes.'

Then the Priest addressd [sic]



`Strength to officate<sup>1</sup> & to bless your zeal.'

So saying to the temple of the God  
 He led the way. the warriors followed him,  
 310 And with his Chiefs Coanocotzin went  
 To grace in all solemnity the rites.  
 They pass the wall of serpents & ascend  
 The massy fabric. four times they surround  
 Its ample square, the fifth they reach its height.

[f.133 r.]

315 There on the level height two temple towers  
 Were reard. the one Tezcalipocas shrine  
 Supreme of Heaven, where ↑ < now > the wily priest  
 Stood watchful for his presence & observed  
 The maize strewn threshold. His the other pile  
 320 By whose peculiar patronage & power  
 Aztlan was blest, Mexitli—woman-born  
 At either entrance flamed the eternal fire  
 With holiest reverence kept & to the weal  
 Of Aztlan deemd essential as the Sun  
 325 In the firmament. They entered bare of foot.

There on his azure throne from whose four sides  
 Four hideous snakes disclosed their grinning fangs,  
 The giant idol sate,<sup>2</sup> around his neck  
 A loathsome collar of the hearts of men  
 330 His choicest food, & round his monster bulk  
 A sculpturd serpent wreathd his *golden* scales of gold.  
 One hand upreard a club, the other held  
 The shield & overall<sup>3</sup> suspended hung  
 The banner of the nation. they beheld<sup>4</sup>  
 335 In awe & knelt before the Terrible God.

[f.134 r.]

`Guardian of Aztlan!' cried Tezozomoc  
 `Who to thy mortal mother gav'st the reign  
 `Oer every herb & flower, &<sup>5</sup> endless life  
 `Among the Gods, herself immortal now;  
 340 `Whilst Coatlantona intreats thy love  
 `For thine own people, they with fear approach  
 `Thi{y}s awful fane, who know no fear beside,  
 `And offer to ↓ < up > ↑ < up > thee worthiest sacrifice,<sup>6</sup>  
 `The blood of heroes.'

Then the Priest address

<sup>1</sup>The missing i was evidently an accident, since S. corrected the spelling in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>S. changes the archaic spelling into `sat' in MS.2B.

<sup>3</sup>S. corrected `overall' into two separate words in MS.2B.

<sup>4</sup>S. numbers this line 333.

<sup>5</sup>MS.2B has `with endless life', which seems more appropriate in the context.

<sup>6</sup>The word `up' has been added twice on this line, once in pencil directly below the deleted word `to', and again in ink above the space between `to' and `thee'. The final e of `thee' has been deleted in both pencil and ink.

- 345 The ready warriors. `stretch your arms & make  
 `The offering to the God.' they their bare arms  
 Stretchd forth, & pierced them with the aloe thorn.  
 Then in a golden vase Tezozomoc  
 Received the mingled streams & held it high
- 350 Towards the imaged idol & exclaimd,  
 `Terrible God! the guardian of our realm  
 `Receive thine incense! let the steam of blood  
 `Ascend delightful to thee! so mayest thou  
 `Still to thy chosen people lend thine aid,
- 355 `And these blaspheming strangers from the earth  
 `Be swept away as erst the monster race  
 [f.135 r.]  
 `Of Mammuth, Heavens fierce ministers of wrath,  
 `Who draind the lakes in thirst, & for their food  
 `Exterminated nations, &, as when
- 360 `Their dreadful ministry of wrath fulfilld,  
 `Ipalnemoani, He by whom we live,  
 `Bade thee go forth, & with thy lightnings fill  
 `The vault of Heaven & with thy thunders rock  
 `The rooted earth, till of the monster race,
- 365 `Their monumental bones alone remaind;  
 `So arm thy favoured people with thy might  
 `Terrible God! & purify the land  
 `From these blaspheming foes."  
 He said & gave
- 370 Ocelopan the vase. "Chiefs ye have pourd  
 `Your strength & courage to the Terrible God,  
 `Devoted to his service. now receive  
 `The beverage he has hallowed, & with this  
 `Your mingled blood, a deeper courage drink  
 `And ampler strength.'
- 375 Ocelopan received  
 The bloody vase & drank & gave the draught  
 In silence to his friend. young Tlalala  
 Then draind the offering. `braver blood than this'  
 He cried, `my lips can never taste; but soon  
 [f.136 r.]
- 380 `Grant me Mexitli! a more grateful draught,  
 `The strangers life!'  
 `Are all the rites performd?"  
 Ocelopan exclaimd; "all things are done;"  
 Answerd the Priest —["]go & the guardian God  
 `Of Aztlan be your guide!'  
 They left the fane—
- 385 Lo! as Tezozomoc was passing by  
 The eternal fire, the eternal fire blazed up  
 A long blue flame;—he started—he exclaimd  
 `The God! the God!' Tezcalipocas Priest

- 345 The ready warriors. `stretch your arms & make  
 `The offering to the God.' they their bare arms  
 Stretchd forth, & pierced them with the aloe thorn.  
 Then in a golden vase Tezozomoc  
 Received the mingled streams & held it high
- 350 As to↑ < wards ><sup>1</sup> the imaged idol & exclaimd,  
 `Terrible God! the guardian of our realm  
 `Receive thine incense! let the steam of blood  
 `Ascend delightful to thee! so mayest thou  
 `Still to thy chosen people lend thine aid,
- 355 `And these blaspheming strangers from the earth  
 `Be swept away as erst the monster race  
   [f.135 r.]  
 `Of Mammuth, Heavens fierce ministers of wrath,  
 `Who drained the lakes in thirst, & for their food  
 `Exterminated nations, &, as when
- 360 `Their dreadful ministry of wrath fulfilld,  
 `Ipalnemoani, He by whom we live,  
 `Bade thee go forth, & with thy lightnings fill  
 `The vault of Heaven & with thy thunders rock  
 `The rooted earth, till of the monster race,
- 365 `Their monumental bones alone remaind;  
 `So arm thy favoured people with thy might  
 `Terrible God! & purify the land  
 `From these blaspheming foes."  
   He said & gave  
 Ocelopan the vase. "Chiefs ye have pourd
- 370 `Your strength & courage to the Terrible God,  
 `Devoted to his service. now receive  
 `The beverage he has hallowed, & with this  
 `Your mingled blood, a deeper courage drink  
 `And ampler strength.'
- Ocelopan received
- 375 The bloody vase & drank & gave the draught  
 In silence to his friend. young Tlalala  
 Then draind the offering. `braver blood than this'  
 He cried, `my lips can never taste; but soon  
   [f.136 r.]  
 `Grant me Mexitli! a more grateful draught,
- 380 `The strangers life!'  
   `Are all the rites performd?"  
 Exclaimd Ocelopan;<sup>2</sup> "all things are done;"  
 † < Answerd > T{t}he Priest *rejoind*—go & the guardian God  
 `Of Aztlan be your guide!'  
   They left the fane—  
 Lo! as Tezozomoc was passing by
- 385 The eternal fire, the eternal fire blazed up  
 A long blue flame;—he started—he exclaimd  
 `The God! the God!' Tezcalipocas Priest

<sup>1</sup>S. has not attempted to capitalise `towards' to compensate for the fact that it now commences the line.

<sup>2</sup>S. has placed a figure 1 above `Ocelopan' and a 2 above `exclaimd', clearly indicating that the two words were to be transposed; a transposition which he carried out in MS.2B.

Echoed the welcome cry `The God! the God!  
`For lo his footsteps mark the maize strewn floor.'  
390 A mighty shout from all the multitude  
Of Aztlan rose, they cast into the fire  
The captives whose last shrieks of agony  
Mingled unheeded with the cries of joy.  
Then louder from the spiral seashell[']s folds  
395 Roard the full swell, & from the hollow wood  
Pealed deeper thunders. round the choral band  
The circling Nobles[,] gay with gorgeous plumes,  
And gems that sparkled to the midnight fire[,]  
[f.137 r.]  
400 Moved in the solemn dance. each in his hand  
In measurd movements lifts the plumey shield  
And shakes the pebbled globe to measured sound.  
With quicker step the inferiour [*sic*] Chiefs without[,]  
Equal in number but in just array[,]  
405 The spreading radii of the mystic wheel  
Revolve[,] &[,] uttermost[,] the youths roll'd round  
In motions rapid as their quickend blood.  
So thus with song & harmony the night  
Passd on in Aztlan, & all hearts rejoiced.

---

Echoed the welcome cry `The God! the God!'<sup>1</sup>  
 `For lo his footsteps mark the maize strewn floor.'  
 390 A mighty shout from all the multitude  
 Of Aztlan rose, they cast *amid* ↑ < into > the fire  
 The captives whose last shrieks of agony  
 Mingled unheeded with the cries of joy.  
 Then louder from the spiral seashells folds  
 395 Roard the full swell, & from the hollowed wood  
 Pealed deeper thunders. round the choral band  
 The circling Nobles gay with gorgeous plumes,  
 And gems that sparkled to the midnight fires  
 [f.137 r.]  
 Moved in the solemn dance. each in his hand  
 400 In measurd movements lifts the plumey shield  
 And shakes the pebbled globe to measured sound.  
 With quicker step the inferiour Chiefs without  
 Equal in number but in just array  
 The spreading radii of the mystic wheel  
 405 *Dance on*, ↑ < Revolve > & uttermost the youths *wheeld* ↑ < roll'd > round  
 In motions rapid as their quickend blood.<sup>2</sup>  
 So thus with song & harmony the night  
 Passd on in Aztlan, & all hearts rejoiced.<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>The close quotation mark at the end of this line is clearly an error, since the priest's exclamation continues on the next line.

<sup>2</sup>The first two letters of the word `blood' have clearly been superimposed over two now unidentifiable letters that were there previously.

<sup>3</sup>S. numbers this line 407, and below it is written `December 2.'

[f.138 r.]  
Madoc.

Book 9.

Meantime from Aztlan on their enterprize  
Ocelopan, &, tyger of the war,  
Young Tlalala set forth: a chosen band  
Followed their steps & thro the silent night  
5 Silent they travelled on. after a way  
Circuitous & far thro lonely tracks  
They reachd the mountains, & amid the shade  
Of thickets covering the unculturd slope  
Their patient ambush placed. The Chiefs alone  
10 Held on, till winding in ascent they reachd  
The heights that oer the strangers mountain holds  
Impended. there they stood, & by the moon  
That yet with undiminishd lustre shone  
High in the dark blue heaven, with searching eyes  
15 Explored the steep descent. precipitous  
The rock beneath them rose, a sudden clift  
Bare & unbroken: in its midway holes,  
Where never hand could reach or eye intrude  
The eagle builds her eyry. [*sic*] farther on  
20 Its interrupted crags & ancient woods

[f.139 r.]

Offered a difficult way, from crag to crag,  
A painful toil & perilous, they past,  
And now stretchd out amid the thick close shrub  
That by the entrance of the mountain holds  
25 The steep side covered, watchfully they crouch  
Themselves unseen.

By this the stars grew pale.  
The morning broke, & oer the eastern sky  
Dawnd the first radiance. yet no foot had markd  
The early dews, nor sound of man was heard.  
30 Then first Ocelopan beheld where near  
Beneath the shelter of a half roofd hut  
A stranger lay in sleep. he pointed him  
To Tlalala. the Tyger lookd around[.]  
None else was near. "Shall I descend?" he said  
35 `And strike him? there is none to witness it;—  
`We offered to the Gods our mingled blood  
`Last night, & now I deem it they present  
`An offering that shall more propitiate them  
`And omen sure success. I will go down  
40 `And kill!"

he said & gliding like a snake  
Approachd where Caradoc in sleep was laid[.]

[f.140 r.]

Peaceful he slept & pleasant were his dreams  
Of Britain & the blue eyed Maid he loved.

[f.138 r.]  
Madoc.

Book 9.

Meantime from Aztlan on their enterprize  
Ocelopan, &, tyger of the war,  
Young Tlalala set forth: a chosen band  
Followed their steps & thro the silent night  
5 Silent they travelled on. after a way  
Circuitous & far thro lonelie {y}st tracts {k} † < s > <sup>1</sup>  
They reachd the mountains, & amid the shade  
Of thickets covering their unculturd slope  
Their patient ambush placed. The Chiefs alone  
10 Held on, till winding in ascent they reachd  
The heights that oer the strangers mountain holds  
Impended. there they stood, & by the moon  
That yet with undiminishd lustre shone  
High in the dark blue † < heaven, > with searching eyes  
15 Explored the steep descent. precipitous  
The rock beneath them rose, a sudden clift  
Bare & unbroken: in its midway holes,  
Where never hand could reach or eye intrude  
The eagle builds her eyry. farther on  
20 Its interrupted crags & ancient woods  
[f.139 r.]  
Offered a difficult way, from crag to crag,  
A painful toil & perilous, they past,  
And now stretchd out amid the thick close shrub  
That by the entrance of the mountain holds  
25 The steep side covered, watchfully they crouch  
Themselves unseen.  
By this the stars grew pale.  
The morning broke, & oer the eastern sky  
Dawnd the first radiance. yet no foot had markd  
The early dews, nor sound of man was heard.  
30 Then first Ocelopan beheld where near  
Beneath the shelter of a half roofd hut  
A stranger *slept* lay in sleep. he pointed him  
To Tlalala. the Tyger lookd around  
None else was *by* † < near > . "Shall I descend?" he said  
35 `And strike him? there is none to witness it;—  
`We offered to the Gods our mingled blood  
`Last night, & now I deem it they *have given* † < present >  
`An offering that shall more propitiate them  
`And omen sure success. I will go down  
40 `And kill!'  
he said & gliding like a snake  
Approachd where Caradoc in sleep was laid  
[f.140 r.]  
Peaceful he slept & pleasant were his dreams  
Of Britain & the blue eyed Maid he loved.

---

<sup>1</sup>In both cases on this line, S. has superimposed one letter over two. He placed the letter y over ie in 'loneliest' to make it 'lonely', and the letter k over ts in 'tracts' to make it 'track'. He then pluralised 'track' by adding another s.

45 The Aztecan now stood over him, he knew  
His conqueror & the power of vengeance gave  
A sullen joy. once hast thou scaped my arm  
But what shall save thee now, the Tyger thought  
Exulting, & he raised his javelin up  
50 To strike. that instant o'er the Britons harp  
The gale of morning past, & swept its strings  
Into a soft & most sweet harmony  
That seemed no earthly tones. the Savage man  
Suspends his stroke. he looks astonished round  
No human hand is near—& hark—again  
55 The aerial music swells & dies away.  
Then first the heart of Tlalala felt fear—  
He deemed that some protecting Spirit lived  
Beside the stranger[,] & abashed withdrew.

60 'A God protects him' to Ocelopan  
Whispering he said. 'didst thou not hear the sound  
'That entered into me & fixed my arm  
'Powerless above him?'

'Was it not a voice  
[f.141 r.]

65 'From thy own Gods to strengthen thee", replied  
His sterner comrade, '& make evident  
'Their pleasure in the deed?' 'nay!" Tlalala  
Rejoined. "they speak in terrors & in storms,  
'The thunder is their voice that peals thro Heaven  
'Or rolling underneath makes the earth rock  
70 'In tempest & destroys the sons of men.  
'It was no sound of theirs Ocelopan  
'No voice to hearten, for I felt it pass  
'Unmanning every limb—yea it relaxed  
'The sinews of my soul. Shedder of blood!  
75 'I cannot lift my hand against the man.—  
'Go if thy heart be stronger!'

But as he spake

Young Caradoc arose, of strange escape  
Unconscious[,] & by this the stirring sounds  
Of day were heard, increasing now, as all



45 The Aztecan now stood over him, he knew  
 His conqueror & the power of vengeance gave  
 A sullen joy. once hast thou scaped my arm  
 But what shall save thee now, the Tyger thought  
 Exulting, & he raisd his javelin up  
 To strike. that instant oer the Britons harp  
 50 The gale of morning past, & swept its strings  
 Into a soft & most sweet harmony  
 That seemd no earthly tones. the Savage man  
 Suspends his stroke. he looks astonishd round  
 No human hand is near—& hark—again  
 55 The aerial music swells & dies away.  
 Then first the heart of Tlalala felt fear—  
 He deemd that some protecting Spirit *stood* ↓ < lived >  
 Beside the stranger & abashd withdrew.<sup>1</sup>

60 `A God protects him' to Ocelopan  
 Whispering he said. `didst thou not hear the sound  
 `That entered into me & fixd my arm  
 `Powerless above him?'

    `Was it not a voice

        [f.141 r.]

65 `From thy own Gods to strengthen thee", replied  
 His sterner comrade, `& make evident  
 `Their pleasure in the deed?' `nay!" Tlalala  
 Rejoind. "they speak in terrors & in storms,  
 `The thunder is their voice that peals thro Heaven  
 `Or rolling underneath makes the earth rock  
 `In tempest & destroys the sons of men.  
 70 `It was no sound of theirs Ocelopan  
 `No voice to hearten, for I felt it pass  
 `Unmanning every limb—yea it relaxd  
 `The sinews of my soul. Shedder of blood!  
 `I cannot lift my hand against the man.—  
 75 `Go if thy heart be stronger!'

        But as he spake

Young Caradoc arose, of strange escape  
 Unconscious & the danger crouching near,  
 Sorrowing he woke for in his dream his soul  
 Was with Senena. & by this the ↑ < stirring > sounds  
 Of day were heard, *more* increasing now, & soon ↑ < now > ↑ < as all ><sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 58.

<sup>2</sup>The first alteration on this line clearly happened before S. had actually completed it. He must have begun by writing `Of day were heard, more', but immediately deleted `more' and completed the line with `increasing now, & soon'. Rejecting `& soon' however, he then began a new phrase with `now', but deleted this as well, before a second replacement word could be added. Finally, he settled for `as all', but the deletion of the next two lines leaves a rather awkward link:

Of day were heard, increasing now, as all

Now to their toil betakes them.

(See also the textual note to line 79 below.) This must also have been S.'s opinion, since the equivalent lines in MS.2B were substantially altered:

Of day were heard, increasing now, & now

Each to his toil betakes him.

80 Now to their toil betake them. some to fell  
The stately wood, some from its levelld bulk  
Hew the huge limbs, some drag the heavy wain,  
And others in the measured earth plant firm  
[f.142 r.]

85 The stakes, or, knitting them with osiers, form  
The dwelling place of man. others meantime  
Driving their patient llamas down the hights  
Seek on the water side the reeds & canes[,]  
[f.141 v.]

Light roofd & suited to the gentle sky[.]  
[f.142 r. cont.]

90 The woodmans measured strokes, the regular saw,  
The wain slow creaking, & the voice of man  
Answering his fellow, or in single toil  
Chearing his labour with a chearful song,  
Made a strange medley to the savage chiefs  
[f.141 v. cont.]

Who beast-like in their silent lurking place  
Crouchd close & still, observant of their prey.  
[f.142 r. cont.]

95 All overseeing & directing all  
From place to place moved Madoc & beheld  
The dwellings rise. young hoel at his side  
Ran on, best pleasd when by his Uncles side  
Courting indulgent love; & now they came

100 Beside the half roofd hut of Caradoc  
Of all the mountain dwellings that the last.  
The little boy in very wantonness  
Would quit his Uncles hold, & haste away

- The woodmans measured stroke, the regular saw*<sup>1</sup>  
*The wain slow creaking labours chearful noise* ↑ < din >  
 Each ↑ < Now > to † < t > his{ei}r toil betakes † < t > hi{e}m. some to fell<sup>2</sup>
- 80 The stately wood, some from its levelld bulk  
 Hew the huge limbs, some drag the heavy wain,  
 And others in the measured earth plant firm  
 [f.142 r.]
- The stakes, or, knitting them with osiers, form  
 The dwelling place of man. others meantime
- 85 Driving their patient llamas down the hights  
 Seek on the water side the reeds & canes.  
 [f.141 v.]
- Light roofd & suited to the gentle sky<sup>3</sup>  
 [f.142 r. cont.]
- The woodmans measured strokes, the regular saw,<sup>4</sup>  
 The wain slow creaking, & the voice of man
- 90 Answering his fellow, or in single toil  
 Chearing his labour with a chearful song,  
 Made a strange medley to the savages sons chiefs  
*Who like the bloodfed beasts were crouching near*<sup>5</sup>  
 [f.141 v. cont.]
- Who beast-like in their silent lurking place  
 Crouchd close & still, observant of their prey.  
 [f.142 r. cont.]
- 95 All overseeing & directing all  
 From place to place moved Madoc & beheld  
 The dwellings rise. young hoel at his side  
 Ran on, best pleasd when by his Uncles side  
 Courting indulgent love; & now they came
- 100 Beside the half roofd hut of Caradoc  
 Of all the mountain dwellings that the last.  
 The little boy in very wantonness  
 Would quit his Uncles hold, & haste away

<sup>1</sup>S. has not deleted lines 78+1 and 78+2 separately with his conventional horizontal lines, but has linked the two lines together with a wavy line between the two. The exception to this is the word 'noise' on line 78+2, which has been crossed through with a horizontal line, evidently because it was individually deleted to make way for 'din' prior to the larger deletion.

<sup>2</sup>The two superimpositions on this line ('their' for 'his' and 'them' for 'him') have left a grammatical incongruity with the singular verb 'betakes'. (See textual note to line 78 above for S.'s corrected version in MS.2B.)

<sup>3</sup>S. has placed a small cross prior to this line at the top of f.141 v., and a corresponding cross in the margin prior to line 88 ('The woodmans measured strokes') on f.142 r., thus indicating clearly that this is where the added line is to be inserted. While S. omitted this line from MS.2B, its place of insertion is further confirmed by the published poem, even though the text was altered:

others along the lake,  
 From its shoal-waters, gather reeds and canes,  
 Light roofing, suited to the genial sky.  
 The woodman's measured stroke, the regular saw ... (*Madoc*, 286.)

In order to make sense of this inserted line however, one obviously needs to change the period at the end of line 86 ('Seek on the water side') into a comma.

<sup>4</sup>Lines 88 and 89 are partially recycled versions of the deleted lines (78+1 and 78+2) on f.141 r.

<sup>5</sup>S. has placed a large X in the margin before this line, thus indicating that this is where lines 93-94 on f.141 v. are to be added. The latter appear roughly a quarter of the way down the page, and are preceded by a small mark that looks something like an apostrophe.

105 With childhoods giddy speed, then laugh aloud  
To tempt pursuit, now running to the hut  
Now towards the entrance of the mountain pass.  
But wheresoeer he ran Ocelopan  
His heedless course pursued with lion-eye  
110 In breath-suspending vigilance. Ah me!  
The little wretch towards his lurking place

[f.143 r.]

Draws near, & calls on Madoc, & the Prince  
Doubts not the danger nigh & follows not  
The childish lure. nearer the thicket now  
Young Hoel runs & stops & calls again—  
115 Then like a lion from his couching place  
Ocelopan leapt forth & seizd his prey.

Loud shriekd the affrighted child as in his arms  
The Aztecan graspd him, & the startled Prince  
Beheld the Savage hastening down the steep.  
120 Quick as instinctive love could urge his limbs  
He follows, & he now almost has reachd  
The encumbered ravisher, & hope inspires  
New speed,—yet nearer now—& nearer still—  
And lo the child holds out his little arms!  
125 That instant as the Prince had almost laid  
His hand upon the child, young Tlalala  
Leapt on his neck, & soon[,] tho Madocs strength  
With frenzy-fury shook him from his hold[,]  
Far down the steep Ocelopan had fled.

130 Ah what avails it now that those by whom  
Madoc was standing to survey their toil  
Have missd their Chief & spread the quick alarm.  
What now avails it that with distant aid  
His gallant friends haste down? regarding nought  
[f.144 r.]

135 But Hoel, but the wretched Elens grief,  
He rushes on, & ever as he draws  
Near to the child the Tyger Tlalala  
Impedes his way—& now they reach the place  
Of ambush & the ambushd men arise—  
140 And Madoc is their prisoner.

Caradoc

In vain thou ledest on the late pursuit!  
In vain Cadwallon thy alarmed love  
Caught the first sound of evil! they pour down  
Tumultuous from their holds; a half armd troop,  
145 Each with such weapons as his hasty hand  
Could seize[,] they rush to rescue. gallant men  
Your valour boots not—it avails not now  
That thro the Aztecan enemies ye drive  
With your heart strength the sword; it boots not now.  
150 They with their force, their death, delay your speed,

- 105 With childhoods giddy speed, then laugh aloud  
 To tempt pursuit, now running to the hut  
 Now towards the entrance of the mountain pass.  
 But wheresoeer he ran Ocelopan  
 His heedless course pursued with lion-eye  
 In breath-suspending vigilance. Ah me!
- 110 The little wretch towards his lurking place  
 [f.143 r.]  
 Draws near, & calls on Madoc, & the Prince<sup>1</sup>  
 Doubts not the danger nigh & follows not  
 The childish lure. nearer the thicket now  
 Young Hoel runs & stops & calls again—
- 115 Then like a lion from his couching place<sup>2</sup>  
 Ocelopan leapt forth & seizd his prey.
- Loud shriekd the affrighted child as in his arms  
 The Aztecan graspd him, & the startled Prince  
 Beheld the Savage hastening down the steep.
- 120 Quick as instinctive love could urge his limbs  
 He follows, & he now almost has reachd  
 The encumbered *savage* ↑ < ravisher >, & *this* ↑ < & > hope inspires  
 New speed,—yet nearer now—& nearer still—  
 And lo the child holds out his little arms!
- 125 That instant as the Prince had almost laid  
 His hand upon the child, young Tlalala  
 Leapt on his neck, & soon tho Madocs strength  
 With frenzy-fury shook him from his hold  
 Far down the steep Ocelopan had fled.
- 130 Ah what avails it now that those by whom  
 Madoc was standing to survey their toil  
 Have missd their Chief & spread the quick alarm.  
 What now avails it that with distant aid  
 His gallant friends haste down? regarding nought  
 [f.144 r.]
- 135 But Hoel, but the wretched Elens grief,  
 He rushes on, & ever as he draws  
 Near to the child the Tyger Tlalala  
 Impedes his way—& now they reach the place  
 Of ambush & the ambushd men arise—
- 140 And Madoc is their prisoner.
- Caradoc
- In vain thou ledest on the late pursuit!  
 In vain Cadwallon thy alarmed love  
 Caught the first sound of evil! they pour down  
 Tumultuous from their holds; a half armd troop,
- 145 Each with such weapons as his hasty hand  
 † < Could > *Had* seized they rush to rescue. gallant men  
 Your valour boots not—it avails not now  
 That thro the Aztecan enemies ye drive  
 With your heart strength the sword; it boots not now.
- 150 They with their force, their death, delay your speed,

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 111.

<sup>2</sup>S. has recycled this simile from VIII.15, where it was deleted. See the textual note to the relevant line above.

And far away their eager comrades bear  
 Your captive Prince. in vain his noble heart  
 Swells in his breast with suffocating rage—  
 In vain he struggles, they have bound his limbs  
 155 With the tough osiers, & his struggles now  
 But bind more cuttingly the osier band.  
 They hasten on & while they bear their prize  
 [f.145 r.]  
 And while their ill doomd comrades in the fight  
 Impede pursuit, foremost afar of all  
 160 Ocelopan, holding the child aloft  
 With unabating strength by joy inspired,  
 To Aztlan speeds.  
 Good tidings travel fast[:]  
 The chief is seen, he hastens on, he bears  
 The child on high!—thro Aztlan spreads the news,  
 165 Each to his neighbour tells the joyful tale—  
 The spreading joy increases, for he comes—  
 Joy joy to Aztlan! with success he comes—  
 Tlaloc has given his victim.  
 Ah! poor child  
 They from the gate swarm out to welcome thee,  
 170 Warriors & men grown grey, & youth[s] & maids  
 Exulting forth they crowd—the mothers throng  
 To view thee, & whilst thinking of thy doom  
 They clasp their own dear infants to their breast  
 With deeper tenderness, delighted know  
 175 Thee their atonement. he poor child admires  
 Their strange array, with wonder he beholds  
 [f.146 r.]  
 Their olive limbs half bare, their plumey helms,  
 And gazes round & round where all was new  
 Forgetful of his fears. but when the Priest  
 180 Approachd & took him from the warriors arms  
 Then Hoel screamd & from that hideous man  
 Averting—to Ocelopan he turnd  
 And would have clung to him,—so dreadful late  
 Stern as he was & terrible of eye,  
 185 Less dreadful than the Priest, whose dark aspect  
 That Nature with her harshest characters  
 Had featured, art made harsher. a black hood  
 Cowled him, his hair untrimmd with cotton cords  
 Inwoven & close clotted with black gum,  
 190 A loathsome mass, hung long: his limbs were smeard  
 Black. but his countenance a deeper dread  
 Than all the horrors of that outward garb  
 Struck with quick instinct to young Hoels heart.  
 It was a face whose settled sullenness  
 195 No gentle feeling ever had disturbd,  
 That when he graspd a captives living heart  
 Lost not its calm composure.  
 Such he was

And far away their eager comrades bear  
 Your captive Prince. in vain his noble heart  
 Swells in his breast with suffocating rage—  
 In vain he struggles, they have bound his limbs  
 155 With the tough osiers, & his struggles now  
 But bind more cuttingly the osier band.  
 They hasten on & *bear away* ↓ < while they bear > their prize

[f.145 r.]

And while their ill doomd comrades in the fight  
 Impede pursuit, foremost afar of all  
 160 Ocelopan, holding the child aloft  
 With unabating strength by joy inspired,  
*Eager t{T}o Aztlan speeds.<sup>1</sup>*

Good tidings travel fast

The chief is seen, he hastens on, he bears  
 The child on high!—thro Aztlan spreads the news,  
 165 Each to his neighbour tells the joyful tale—  
 The spreading joy increases, for he comes—  
 Joy joy to Aztlan! with success he comes—  
 Tlaloc has given his victim.

Ah! poor child

They from the gate swarm out to welcome thee,  
 170 Warriors & men grown grey, & youth<sup>2</sup> & maids  
 Exulting forth they crowd—the mothers throng  
 To view thee, & whilst thinking of thy doom  
 They clasp their own dear infants to their breast  
 With deeper tenderness, delighted know  
 175 Thee their atonement. he poor child admires  
 Their strange array, with wonder he beholds

[f.146 r.]

Their olive limbs half bare, their plumey helms,  
 And gazes round & round where all was new  
 Forgetful of his fears. but when the Priest  
 180 Approachd & took him from the warriors arms  
 Then Hoel screamd & from that hideous man  
 Averting—to Ocelopan he turnd  
 And would have clung to him,—so dreadful late  
*Sullen of brow* ↑ < Stern as he was > & terrible of eye,  
 185 Less dreadful than the Priest, whose dark aspect  
 That Nature with her harshest characters  
 Had featured, art made harsher. a black hood  
 Cowled him, his hair untrimmd with cotton cords  
 Inwoven & close clotted with black gum,  
 190 A loathsome mass, hung long: his limbs were smeard  
 Black. but his countenance a deeper dread  
 † < Than all the horrors of that outward garb >  
 Struck with quick instinct to young Hoels heart.  
 It was a face whose settled sullenness  
 195 No gentle feeling ever had disturbd,  
 That when he graspd a *victims* captives living heart  
 Lost not its calm composure.

Such he was

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 162.

<sup>2</sup>In MS.2B the word 'youth' is plural, which is clearly necessary for the sense here.

Who took the child of Elen, heeding not  
[f.147 r.]  
His cries & screams, & arms in suppliant guise  
200 Stretched out to all around, & struggling vain.  
He to the temple of the Water God  
Conveyed his victim: by the threshold there  
The ministring [*sic*] virgins stood, a comely band  
Of high-born damsels[,] to the temple rites  
205 Vowd by their parents['] zeal. gladly to them  
The little Hoel leapt, their gentle looks  
No fear excited, & he lookd around  
Pleas'd & surprized, unconscious to what end  
These things were tending. oer the rush-strewn floor  
210 They to the imaged idol led the child  
Now not reluctant, & they raisd the hymn.

`God of the Waters, at whose will the streams  
`Flow in their wonted channels, & diffuse  
`Their plenty round, the blood & life of earth,  
215 `At whose command they swell & oer their banks  
`Burst with resistless ruin making vain  
`The toils & hopes of man—behold this child,  
`O strong to bless, & mighty to destroy  
`Tlaloc behold thy victim! so mayest thou  
220 `Restrain the rivers in their wonted banks,  
`And bless the labours of the husbandman!

[f.148 r.]

`God of the Mountains, at whose will the clouds  
`Cluster around the heights, who sendest them  
`To shed their fertilizing showers, & raise  
225 `The drooping herb & oer the plenteous vale  
`Spread the green freshness; at whose voice the hills  
`Grow black with storms, whose wrath the thunder speaks,  
`Whose bow of terror shoots the lightning bolts  
`To blast the works of man,—behold this child,  
230 `O strong to bless & mighty to destroy!  
`Tlaloc behold thy victim! so mayest thou  
`Lay by the lightning arrows of thy wrath,  
`And bid the genial rains & dews descend.

235 `O thou companion of the powerful God,  
`Companion & beloved; when he treads  
`The mountain heights whose breath diffuses round  
`A summer sweetness; when he rides the waves,  
`Whose presence is the sunshine & the calm,  
`Aiauh! O green-robed Goddess! see this child  
240 `Behold thy victim! so may thy mild voice  
`Win Tlaloc[']s favour for the pious land,  
`And Aztlan flourish in thy prospering smile!

[f.149 r.]

245 `Young spirits, ye whom Aztlans piety  
`Has given to Tlaloc to enjoy with him  
`For aye the cool delights of Tlalocan,  
`Young spirits of the happy! who have left



- Who took the child of Elen, heeding not  
 [f.147 r.]  
 His cries & screams, & arms in suppliant guise  
 200 Stretchd out to all around, & struggling vain.<sup>1</sup>  
 He to the temple of the Water God  
 Conveyed his victim: by the threshold there  
 The ministring virgins stood, a comely band  
 Of high-born damsels to the temple rites  
 205 Vowd by their parents zeal. gladly to them  
 The little Hoel leapt, their gentle looks  
 No fear excited, & he lookd around  
 Pleasd & surprized, unconscious to what end  
 These things were tending. oer the rush-strewn floor  
 210 They to the imaged idol led the child  
 Now not reluctant, & they raisd the hymn.
- ˘God of the Waters, at whose will the streams  
 ˘Flow in their wonted channels, & diffuse  
 ˘Their plenty round, the blood & life of earth,  
 215 ˘At whose command they swell & oer their banks  
 ˘*Pour*{Burst} with resistless ruin making vain  
 ˘The toils & hopes of man—behold this child,  
 ˘O strong to bless, & mighty to destroy  
 ˘Tlaloc behold thy victim! so mayest thou  
 220 ˘Restrain the rivers in their wonted banks,  
 ˘And bless the labours of the husbandman!  
 [f.148 r.]
- ˘God of the Mountains, at whose will the clouds  
 ˘Cluster around the heights, who sendest them  
 ˘To shed their fertilizing showers, & raise  
 225 ˘The drooping herb & oer the plenteous vale  
 ˘Spread the green freshness; at whose voice the hills  
 ˘Grow black with storms, whose wrath the thunder speaks,  
 ˘Whose bow of terrors shoots the lightning bolts  
 ˘To blast the works of man,—behold this child,  
 230 ˘O strong to bless & mighty to destroy!  
 ˘Tlaloc behold thy victim! so mayest thou  
 ˘Lay by the lightning arrows of thy wrath,  
 ˘And bid the genial rains & dews descend.
- ˘O thou companion of the powerful God,  
 235 ˘Companion & beloved; when he treads  
 ˘The mountain heights whose breath diffuses round  
 ˘A summer sweetness; when he rides the waves,  
 ˘Whose presence is the sunshine & the calm,  
 ˘Aiauh! O green-robed Goddess! see this child  
 240 ˘Behold thy victim! so may thy mild voice  
 ˘Win Tlalocs favour for the pious land,  
 ˘And Aztlan flourish in thy prospering smile!  
 [f.149 r.]
- ˘Young spirits, ye whom Aztlans piety  
 ˘Has given to Tlaloc to enjoy with him  
 245 ˘For aye the cool delights of Tlalocan,  
 ˘Young spirits of the happy! who have left

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 200.



`Your heaven this day, unseen assistants here,  
 `Behold your comrade, see the chosen child  
 `Doomd thro the lonely cave of Death to pass  
 250 `Like you, to join you in the eternal joy!'

Now from the rush-strewn temple they depart,  
 And with the sound of song & instruments  
 Seek the lake side. the sacred bark was there  
 All gay with gold & garlanded with flowers,  
 255 And with green boughs oercanopied. four maids  
 Leading the smiling boy ascend the bark,  
 Four rowers urge them on, the priests behind  
 Follow, & all the long solemnity.  
 The lake is overspread with boats, the sun  
 260 Shines on their gilded side<sup>1</sup>, their feathery *helms* crowns,  
 The sparkling waters; & all things look glad.  
 Young Hoel with delight beholds the pomp,  
 His little heart throbs joyful & he thinks  
 Upon his mother only now to wish  
 265 That she partook the sight, meantime the Maids  
 Weave garlands for his head & pour the song.

[f.150 r.]

`Oh happy thou whom early from the world  
 `The Gods require, not by the wasting worm  
 `Of sorrow slow-consumed, nor doomd to feel  
 270 `The pang of sickness nor the sword of war  
 `Nor the long miseries of protracted age,  
 `But calld in youth, the chosen of the God  
 `To share his joys. soon shall thy rescued soul,  
 `Child of the Stranger in his blissful world  
 275 `Mix with the blessed spirits. for not thine  
 `Amid the central darkness of the earth  
 `To endure the eternal blank, not thine to live  
 `Dead to all objects of *of* eye, ear & sense  
 `In the long horrors of one endless night  
 280 `With endless being curst. even now for thee  
 `Thy comrade spirits wait, for thee even now  
 `The banquet is prepar'd of heavenly food  
 `Whose piercing odours *might with life endue*  
 `The *tenantless corpse*.<sup>2</sup>

[f.149 v.]

in the dying man

Could breathe new life<sup>3</sup>

[f.150 r. cont.]

the bowers of Tlalocan

285 `Expect thee to enjoy their cool delights,

<sup>1</sup>The word `side' makes better sense in the plural, as in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>In the manuscript this is not a separate half-line, but is completed with `the bowers of Tlalocan', which is obviously not deleted. I have been forced to split the line, in order to insert the corrected second half of the line from f.49 v. (`in the dying man'). `the bowers of Tlalocan' is now line 284<sub>(b)</sub>, where it forms the second half-line to the newly-inserted `Could breathe new life'.

<sup>3</sup>There is no insertion mark on either f.149 v. or on f.150 r. to indicate where the two half-lines on this folio are to be added. However, they are placed on f.149 v. directly opposite the corresponding lines on f.150 r., and fit perfectly into the narrative here.

`The God will welcome thee his chosen child  
`And Aiauh love thee with a mothers love.  
`Child of the Stranger dreary is thy way  
`Darkness & Famine thro the cave of Death  
[f.151 r.]

290 `Must guide thee, happy thou when on thy night  
`The morning of the eternal day shall dawn.'

So as they sung young Hoels song of death  
With rapid strength the boatmen plied their oars  
And thro the waters swift they glided on.  
295 And now to shore they drew. the sloping bank  
Rose high with stately woods beauteous & bold  
And rocks or peering thro the forest shade  
Or rising from the lake & with their bulk  
Glassing its subject waters. half-way up  
300 A cavern pierced the rock; no human foot  
Had trod its depths, nor sunbeam ever pierced  
Its long recesses & most sacred gloom.  
To Tlaloc it was hallowed, and the stone  
That closed its entrance never was removed  
305 Save when the annual festival returnd  
And in its womb a child was sepulchred  
The living victim. Up the winding path  
That to the entrance of that cavern led  
Circuitous & long, the train ascends,  
310 But many a time upon that long ascent  
Young Hoel would have pausd with weariness  
Exhausted now; they urge him on—poor child  
[f.152 r.]

They urge him on—where is Cadwallons aid—  
Where is the sword of Caradoc, the strength  
315 Of Madoc now? Oh better had he lived  
Unknowing & unknown on Arvons plain,  
And trod upon his noble fathers grave  
With peasant feet unconscious! they have reachd  
The cavern now—& from its mouth the Priests  
320 Roll the huge portal. thitherward they lead  
The child of Elen—a cold air came out  
That chilld him & his feet recoil; in vain  
His feet recoil; in vain he turns to fly  
Affrighted at the gloom that spread around  
325 Sudden—the mouth is closed—& he is left  
In solitude & darkness left to die.

That morn from Aztlan Coatel was sent  
Amid the woods & crags to gather flowers  
For Coatlantonas unbloody shrine;  
330 Such flowers as in the solitary wilds  
Hiding their modest beauties made their worth  
More valued by its rareness. twas to her  
A grateful task, not only for she fled  
Those bloody rites to which nor reverent awe

`The God will welcome thee his chosen child  
 `And Aiauh love thee with a mothers love.  
 `Child of the Stranger dreary is thy way  
 `Darkness & Famine thro the cave of Death  
 [f.151 r.]

290 `Must guide thee, happy thou when on thy night  
 `The morning of the eternal day shall dawn.'

So as they sung young Hoels song of death  
 With rapid strength the boatmen plied their oars  
 And thro the waters swift they glided on.  
 295 And now to shore they drew. the sloping bank  
 Rose high with stately woods beauteous & bold  
 And rocks or peering thro the forest shade  
 Or rising from the lake & with their bulk  
 Glassing its subject waters. half-way up  
 300 A cavern pierced the rock; no human foot  
 Had trod its depths, nor sun † < beam > ever pierced  
 Its long recesses & most sacred gloom.  
 To Tlaloc it was hallowed, and the stone  
 That closed its entrance never was removed  
 305 Save when the annual festival returnd  
 And in its womb a child was sepulchred  
 The living victim. Up the winding path  
 That to the entrance of that cavern led  
 Circuitous & long, the train ascends,  
 310 But many a time upon that long ascent  
 Young Hoel would have pausd with weariness  
 Exhausted now; they urge him on—poor child  
 [f.152 r.]

They urge him on—where is Cadwallons aid—  
 Where is the sword of *Madoc* † < Caradoc > , where the strength  
 315 Of *Gwynedd* † < Madoc > now? Oh better had he lived  
 Unknowing & unknown on Arvons plain,  
 And trod upon his noble fathers grave  
 With peasant feet unconscious! they have reachd  
 The cavern now—& from its mouth the Priests  
 320 Roll the huge portal. thitherward they lead  
 The child of Elen—a cold air came out  
 That chilld him & his feet recoil; in vain  
 His feet recoil; in vain he turns to fly  
 Affrighted at the gloom that spread around  
 325 Sudden—the mouth is closed—& he is left  
 In solitude & darkness left to die.<sup>1</sup>

That morn from Aztlan Coatel was sent  
 Amid the woods & crags to gather flowers  
 For Coatlantonas unbloody shrine;  
 330 Such flowers as in the solitary wilds  
 Hiding their modest beauties made their worth  
 More valued by its rareness. twas to her  
 A grateful task, not only for she fled  
 Those bloody rites to which nor reverent awe

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 326.

[f.153 r.]

- 335 Nor frequent custom could familiarize  
Her gentle heart & teach it to put off  
All womanly feelings; but that from all eyes  
Escaped & all obtrusive fellowship  
She in that solitude might send her soul  
340 To where Lincoya with the strangers dwelt.  
She from a crag amid the bordering woods  
Gazed on the lake below, the sounds of song  
And instruments in softened harmony  
Had reached her where she strayd, & she beheld  
345 The pomp & listened to the harmony  
A moment with delight; but then a fear  
Came on her for she knew with what design  
The Tyger & Ocelopan had sought  
The dwellings of the stranger. now the boats  
350 Drew nearer & she saw the strangers child.  
She watchd them land below, she saw them wind  
The ascent—& now from that abhorred cave  
The stone is rolld away, & now the child  
From light & life is cavernd. Coatel  
355 Thought of his mother then, of all the ill  
Her fear would fancy & how worse than all  
That even a mothers maddening fears could frame  
His dreadful fate! she thought of this & bowd

[f.154 r.]

- Her face upon her knees, & gave her mind  
360 To anguish. sudden in the brake beside  
A rustling rousd her—& from out the shrubs  
A raven rose.  
She moved towards the place  
Led by an idle impulse as it seemd  
To view from whence the carrion bird had fled.  
365 The bushes overhung a narrow chasm  
That pierced the hill, upon its mossgrown [*sic*] sides  
Shade-loving herbs & flowers luxuriant grew  
And jutting crags made easy the descent.  
A little way descending Coatel  
370 Stoopd for the flowers, & heard, or thought she heard  
A feeble sound below. she raisd her head  
And anxiously she listened to the sound  
Not without fear. feebly again & like  
A distant cry it came & then she thought  
375 Perhaps it was the voice of that poor child  
By the slow pains of hunger doomd to die.  
She shudderd at the thought & dropt a tear  
Of unavailing pity; but the sound  
Came nearer & her trembling heart conceivd  
380 A dangerous hope. the raven from that chasm

[f.153 r.]

- 335 Nor frequent custom could familiarize  
 Her gentle heart & teach it to put off  
 All womanly feelings; but that from all eyes  
 Escaped & all obtrusive fellowship  
 She in that solitude might send her soul  
 340 To where Lincoya with the strangers dwelt.  
 She from a crag amid the bordering woods  
 Gazed on the lake below, the sounds of song  
 And instruments in softened harmony  
 Had reached her where she strayd, & she beheld  
 345 The pomp & listened to the harmony  
 A moment with delight; but then a fear  
 Came on her for she knew with what design  
 The Tyger & Ocelopan had sought  
 The dwellings of the stranger. now the boats  
 350 *Came* ↑ < Drew > nearer & she *knew* ↑ < saw > the strangers child.  
 She watchd them land below, she saw them wind  
 The ascent—& now from that abhorred cave  
 The stone is rolld away, & now the child  
 From light & life is cavernd. Coatel  
 355 Thought of his mother then, of all the ills  
 Her *love* ↑ < fear > would fancy & how worse than all  
 That even a mothers maddening fears could frame<sup>1</sup>  
 His dreadful fate! she thought of this & bowd

[f.154 r.]

- Her face upon her knees, & gave her mind  
 360 To anguish. sudden in the brake beside  
 A rustling rousd † < her > —& from out the shrubs<sup>2</sup>  
 A raven rose.  
 She moved towards the place  
 Led by an idle impulse as it seemd  
 To view from whence the carrion bird had fled.  
 365 The bushes overhung a narrow chasm  
 That pierced the hill, upon its mossgrown sides  
 Shade-loving herbs & flowers luxuriant grew  
 And jutting crags made easy the descent.  
 A little way descending Coatel  
 370 Stoopd for the flowers, & heard, or thought she heard  
 A feeble sound below. she raisd her head  
 And anxiously she listened to the sound  
 Not without fear. feebly again & like  
 A distant cry it came & then *in* † < s > her thought  
 375 Perhaps it was the voice of that poor child  
 By the slow pains of hunger doomd to die.  
 She shudderd at the thought & dropt a tear  
 Of unavailing pity; but the sound  
 Came nearer & her trembling heart conceivd  
 380 A dangerous hope. the raven from that chasm

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The word 'frame' is not entirely legible here. The letters 'fr' are very clear, but the last three letters are squeezed in very tightly at the end of the line, and would be difficult to decipher with absolute certainty without the assistance of MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 361.

[f.155 r.]

Had fled, perchance accustomed in the cave  
To find his banquet[,] & by living feet  
Alarmed,—there was an entrance then below,  
And were it possible that she could save  
385 The strangers child—Oh what a joy it were  
To tell Lincoya that!

It was a thought  
That made her heart with terror & delight  
Throb audible. from crag to crag she past  
Descending & beheld the low-arch'd way  
390 Enter the hill. a feeble light shone in  
Reflected from the chasm that she herself  
Obstructed half, as stooping on she went.  
The arch grew loftier & the increasing gloom  
Filld her with more affright, & now she pausd  
395 For on a sudden & abrupt descent  
She stood, & feard its unseen depth; her heart  
Faild, & she back had hastend, but the cry  
Reachd her again, the near & evident cry  
Of that most pitiable innocent.  
400 Again adown the dark descent she lookd  
Straining her sight, by this her strengthend sight  
Became adapted to the gloom around

[f.156 r.]

And her dilated eye balls now received  
Dim sense of objects near. something below  
405 White in the darkness lay; it markd the depth—  
Still Coatel stood dubious, but she heard  
The wailings of the child & his loud sobs.  
Then clinging to the rock with fearful hands  
Her feet explored below, & twice she felt  
410 Firm footing, ere her fearful hold relaxd.  
The sound she made along the hollow rock  
Ran echoing, Hoel heard it & he came  
Feeling along the side, a dim dim light  
Broke on the darkness of his sepulchre,  
415 A human form drew near him;—he sprang on  
Screaming with joy, & clung to Coatel  
And cried 'take take me from this dismal place.'  
She answerd not, she understood him not,  
But claspd the little victim to her breast  
420 And shed delightful tears.

But from that place  
Of solitude & horrors Coatel  
Durst not convey the child, tho in her heart  
There was a female tenderness that yearnd  
As with a mothers love to cherish him.  
425 She hushd his clamours, fearful lest the sound  
Might reach some other ear, she kissd away  
The tears fast streaming down his little cheeks[,]



[f.155 r.]

Had fled, perchance accustomed in the cave  
 To find his banquet & by living feet  
 Alarmd,—there was an entrance then below,  
 And were it possible that she could save  
 385 The strangers child—Oh what a joy it were  
 To tell Lincoya that!

It was a thought  
 That made her heart with terror & delight<sup>1</sup>  
 Throb audible. from crag to crag she past  
 Descending & beheld the low-archd way  
 390 Enter the hill. a feeble light shone in  
 Reflected from the chasm that she herself  
 Obstructed half, as stooping on she went.  
 The arch grew loftier & the increasing gloom  
 Fild her with more affright, & now she pausd  
 395 For on a sudden & abrupt descent  
 She stood, & feard its unseen depth; her heart  
 Faild, & she back had hastend, but the cry  
 Reachd her again, the near & evident cry  
 Of that most pitiable innocent.  
 400 Again adown the dark descent she lookd  
 Straining her sight, by this her strengthend sight  
 Became adapted to the gloom around

[f.156 r.]

And her dilated eye balls now received  
 Dim sense of objects near. something below  
 405 White in the darkness lay; it markd the depth—  
 Still Coatel stood dubious, but she heard  
 The wailings of the child & his loud sobs.  
 Then clinging to the rock with fearful hands  
 Her feet explored below, & twice she felt  
 410 Firm footing, ere her fearful hold relaxd.  
 The sound she made along the hollow cave rock  
 † < Ran > Past echoing, Hoel heard it & he came  
 Feeling along the side, a dim dim light  
 Broke on the darkness of his sepulchre,  
 415 A human form drew near him;—he sprang on  
 Screaming with joy, & clung to Coatel  
 And cried 'take take me from this dismal place.'  
 She answerd not, she understood him not,  
 But claspd the little victim to her breast<sup>2</sup>  
 420 And shed delightful tears.

But from that place  
 Of solitude & horrors Coatel  
 Durst not convey the child, tho in her heart  
 There was a female tenderness that yearnd  
 As with a mothers love to cherish him.  
 425 She hushd his clamours, fearful lest the sound  
 Might reach some other ear, she kissd away  
 The tears fast streaming down his little cheeks

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 387.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 419.

[f.157 r.]

430 She gave him food that in the morn she brought  
For her own wants from Aztlan. some few words  
Of Cambrias ancient language she had learnt  
From her Lincoya in those happier days  
Of peace, when Aztlan was the strangers friend.  
Aptly she learnt what willingly he taught[,]  
Terms of endearment & the words that spake  
435 At parting quick return; she on the child  
The endearing terms bestowd, & if it chanced  
Imperfect knowledge or some difficult sound  
Checkd her hearts utterance, the gentle tone  
The fond caress intelligibly spake  
440 Affections language.

But when she arose  
And would have climbd the ascent, the affrighted child  
Close claspd her & his tears interpreted  
The prayer to leave him not. again she wipd  
His tears away, again of soon return  
445 Assurd & soothd him, till reluctantly  
And weeping, but in silence, he unloosd  
His grasp, & up the difficult ascent  
Coatel climbd, & to the light of day  
Returning with her flowers she journeyd home.

---

[f.157 r.]

She gave him food that in the morn she brought  
For her own wants from Aztlan. some few words  
430 Of Cambrias ancient language she had learnt  
From her Lincoya in those happier days  
Of peace, when Aztlan was the strangers friend.  
Aptly she learnt what willingly he taught  
Terms of endearment & the words that spake  
435 At parting quick return; she on the child  
The endearing terms bestowd, & if it chanced  
Imperfect knowledge or some difficult sound  
Checkd her hearts utterance, the gentle tone  
The fond caress intelligibly *told* spake  
440 Affections language.

But when she arose  
And would have climbd the ascent, the affrighted child  
Close claspd her & his tears interpreted  
The prayer to leave him not. again she wipd  
His tears away, again of soon return  
445 Assurd & soothd him, till reluctantly  
And weeping, but in silence, he unloosd  
His grasp, & up the difficult ascent  
Coatel climbd, & to the light of day  
Returning with her flowers she journeyd home.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this final line 449, and below it is written 'December 15. 1798.'

[f.158 r.]  
Madoc.

Book 10.

By this a second time had Aztlan heard  
The tidings of success. the Tyger comes,  
A frantic joy inflames his furious eyes,  
He shouts his vow atchieved, [sic] & scarce outstrippd  
5 By his exultant speed, his followers bear  
The captive Prince. at that so welcome sight  
Loud rose the glad acclaim, nor knew they yet  
That he who there lay patient in his bonds,  
Expecting the inevitable lot,  
10 Was Madoc. patient in his bonds he lay  
Exhausted with vain efforts, desperate now,  
And silently resigned. but when the King  
Approached the prisoner, & beheld his face  
And knew the Chief of Strangers, at that sound  
15 Electric joy shot thro the multitude,  
Loud as the raging of the hurricane  
Their thundering transports peald. a deeper joy[,]  
A nobler triumph kindled Tlalala,  
As limb by limb his eye surveyed the Prince  
20 With a calm fierceness. & by this the Priests  
Approached their victim, clad in the white robe  
Of sacrifice that from the shoulders fell

[f.159 r.]

As from the breast, unbending, broad & strait, [sic]  
Leaving their black arms bare. the blood-red vest,  
25 The turquoise pendant from his down-drawn lip,  
The crown of glossy feathers, whose green hue  
Vied with his emerald ear-drops, markd their Chief  
Tezozomoc, whose thin & ghastly cheek  
Lookd ghastlier now with triumph. But when first  
30 They laid their hands upon the captive Prince,  
Updarted Tlalala his eagle eye.  
`Away, away, he shall not perish so!  
The warrior cried—`not tamely by the knife  
`Stretchd on the jasper stone his blood shall flow,  
35 `The Gods of Aztlan love a warrior Priest—  
`I am their Priest today!

A murmuring  
Ran thro the train—nor waited he to hear  
Denial thence, but on the multitude  
Aloud he called. `When first our fathers seizd  
40 `This land, there was a savage chief who stopt  
`Their progress; he had gaind the rank he bore  
`By long probation; stripes that laid his flesh  
`All bleeding bare[,] had forced not one complaint  
`["]Not[,] when the working bowels might be seen[,]`

[f.158 r.]  
Madoc.<sup>1</sup>

Book 10.

By this a second time had Aztlan heard  
The tidings of success. the Tyger comes,  
A frantic joy inflames his furious eyes,  
He shouts his vow atchieved, & scarce outstrippd  
5 By his exultant speed, his followers bear  
The captive Prince. at that so welcome sight  
Loud rose the glad acclaim, nor knew they yet  
That he who there lay patient in his bonds,  
Expecting the inevitable lot,  
10 Was Madoc. patient in his bonds he lay  
Exhausted with vain efforts, desperate now,  
And *sullenly* ↑ < silently > resigned. but when the King  
Approached the prisoner, & beheld his face  
And knew the Chief of Strangers, at that sound  
15 Electric joy shot thro the multitude,  
Loud as the raging of the hurricane  
Their thundering transports peald. a deeper joy  
A nobler triumph kindled Tlalala,  
As limb by limb his eye surveyed the Prince  
20 With a calm fierceness. & by this the Priests  
Approached their victim, clad in the white robe  
Of sacrifice that from the shoulders fell  
[f.159 r.]  
As from the breast, unbending, broad & strait,  
Leaving their black arms bare. the blood-red vest,  
25 The turquoise pendant from his down-drawn lip,  
The crown of glossy feathers, whose green hue  
Vied with *the* ↑ < his > emerald ear-drops, markd their Chief  
Tezozomoc, whose thin & ghastly cheek  
Lookd ghastlier now with triumph. But when first  
30 They laid their hands upon the captive Prince,  
Updarted Tlalala his eagle eye.  
`Away, away, he shall not perish so!'  
The warrior cried—`not tamely by the knife  
`Stretchd on the jasper stone his blood shall flow,  
35 `The Gods of Aztlan love a warrior Priest—  
`I am their Priest *this* † < to > day!'  
A murmuring  
Ran thro the *Priests* ↑ < train > —nor waited he to hear  
Denial thence, but on the multitude  
Aloud he called. `When first our fathers seizd  
40 `This land, there was a savage chief who stopt  
`Their progress; he had gaind the rank he bore  
`By long probation; stripes that laid his flesh  
`All bleeding bare had *not* forced not one complaint  
† < Not when the working bowels might be seen >

---

<sup>1</sup>At the start of this book, directly to the right of 'Madoc', S. has written 'Feby. 8, 1799.'

45 `One motion. hand-bound he had been confind  
 `Where myriad insects on his nakedness  
 `Fixd deep their poisonous anger, & no start  
     [f.160 r.]  
 `Convulsive shook his flesh. last in a net  
 `Suspended, he had felt the agony  
 50 `Of fire slow piercing to his inmost bones,  
 `And breathd the suffocating smoke that filld  
 `His lungs with fire, without a groan, a sigh[,]  
 `A look bewraying sense, so gallantly  
 `Had he subdued his nature. This brave man  
 55 `Met Aztlan in the war, & put her chiefs  
 `To shame. our elders have not yet forgot  
 `How from the slaughterd brother of their King  
 `He stript the skin, & formd of it the drum  
 `Whose sound affrighted armies. with this man  
 60 `My father coped in battle, here he led him  
 `A victim to the God, & man to man  
 `Slew him in equal fight. I was a child  
 `Just old enough to lift my fathers shield,  
 `But I remember on that glorious day  
 65 `When from the sacred combat he returnd  
 `His hand all reeking with the hot heart-blood,  
 `How in his arms he took me & besought  
 `The God whom he had served to bless his boy  
 `And make me like my father. men of Aztlan  
 70 `Mexitli heard that prayer, here I have brought  
 `The stranger chief, the noblest sacrifice  
 `That ever graced the altars of the God,  
     [f.161 r.]  
 `And let his death be noble. so my boys  
 `Shall in the day of battle think of me  
 75 `And as I followed my brave fathers steps,  
 `Pursue my path of glory.'  
     Ere the Priest  
 Could frame denial, had the Monarchs look  
 Bespoke assent. `refuse not this!' he cried[.]  
 `O servant of the Gods! he has not here  
 80 `His arms to save him, & the Tygers strength  
 `Yields to no mortal foe.' then for his sword  
 He calld & bade Huitziton address  
 The Stranger Chief.  
     Huitziton began  
 `The Gods of Aztlan triumph, & thy blood  
 85 `Must wet their altars. Prince thou shalt not die  
 `The cowards death, but[,] sworded & in fight[,]

45 `One *motion*.<sup>1</sup> hand-bound he had been confind  
 `Where myriad insects on his nakedness  
 `Fixd deep their poisonous anger, & no start  
     [f.160 r.]  
 `Convulsive shook his flesh. last in a net  
 `Suspended, he had felt the agony  
 50 `Of fire slow piercing to his inmost bones,  
 `And breathd the suffocating smoke that filld<sup>2</sup>  
 `His lungs with fire, without a groan, a sigh  
 `A look bewraying sense, so gallantly  
 `Had he subdued his nature. This brave man  
 55 `Met Aztlan in the war, & put her chiefs  
 `To shame. our elders have not yet forgot  
 `How from the slaughterd brother of their King  
 `He stript the skin, & formd of it a{t}he drum  
 `Whose sound affrighted armies. with this man  
 60 `My father coped in battle, here he led him  
 `A victim to the God, & man to man  
 `Slew him in equal fight. I was a child  
 `Just old enough to lift my fathers shield,  
 `But I remember on that glorious day  
 65 `When from the sacred combat he returnd  
 `His hand all reeking with the hot heart-blood,  
 `How in his arms he took me & besought  
 `The God whom he had served to bless his boy  
 `And make me like my fathers. men of Aztlan  
 70 `Mexitli heard that prayer, here I have brought  
 `The stranger chief, the noblest sacrifice  
 `That ever graced the altars of the God,  
     [f.161 r.]  
 `And let his death be noble. so my boys  
 `Shall in the day of battle think of me  
 75 `And as I followed my brave fathers steps,  
 `Pursue my path of glory.'  
     Ere the Priest  
 Could frame denial, had the Monarchs look  
 Bespoke assent. `refuse not this!' he cried  
 `O servant of the Gods! he has not here  
 80 `His arms to save him, & the Tygers strength  
 `Yields to no mortal foe.' then for his sword  
 He calld & bade Huitziton address  
 The Stranger Chief.  
     Huitziton began  
 `The Gods of Aztlan triumph, & thy blood  
 85 `Must wet their altars. Prince thou shalt not die  
 `The cowards death, but *armd* ↑ < sworded > & in *the* fight

-----  
<sup>1</sup>While the word `motion' has been clearly deleted, S. did not offer a replacement word. He retained `motion' in MS.2B, and chose `movement' in the published version. The latter, complete with punctuation, is also a useful guide to the whole four-line phrase, which remains rather confused in the manuscript:

stripes, which laid his flesh  
 All bleeding bare, had forced not one complaint;  
 Not, when the working bowels might be seen,  
 One movement ... (*Madoc*, 308.)

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 58.

`Fall as becomes the valiant. should thine arm  
`Subdue in battle six successive foes,  
`Life, liberty & honour will repay  
90 `The noble conquest. Madoc hope not this!  
`Strong are the brave of Aztlan.'

Then they loosed  
The Ocean Chieftains bonds, they rent away  
His garments, & with songs & shouts of joy  
Led to the place of blood the victim Prince.

[f.162 r.]

95 The stone of blood was round, the half raised ar[m]  
Of one of manly growth who stood beside  
Might rest upon its height; the circle small,  
An active boy might almost bound across,  
Nor for the combat needed ampler space,  
100 For in its centre was the prisoners foot  
Fast fettered down. thus fettered Madoc stood,  
A buckler light & small of canes overlaid  
With beaten gold he held, his sword the King  
Honouring a noble enemy had given,  
105 A weapon tried in war. to Madocs grasp  
Strange & unwieldy, twas a broad strong staff  
Thick set with transverse stones, on either side  
Keen-edged as Syrian steel. but when he felt  
The weapon, Madoc called to mind his deeds  
110 Done on the Saxon in his fathers land,  
And hope arose within him. nor tho now  
Naked he stood, did fear[,] for that[,] assail  
His steady heart, for often had he seen  
His gallant countrymen with naked breasts  
115 Rush on their iron coated enemy  
And force the conquest.

Now had Tlalala  
Arrayed him for the fight, a cotton plate

[f.163 r.]

Close quilted[,] mailed his breast, in whose thick folds  
The strong-driven arrow[']s stoney head might hang  
120 Unharming; over that the plated gold,  
Twas spotted like the tygers speckled pride  
And told the warriors rank; it fenced his arms  
Half way, half way his thighs, the rest was bare  
But on his front a hideous helm appeared  
125 Carved like a tygers head with grinning jaws



- `Fall as becomes the valiant. should thine arm  
 `Subdue in battle six successive foes,  
 `Life, liberty & honour will repay  
 90 `The noble conquest. Madoc hope not this!  
 `Strong are the brave of Aztlan.'  
Then they loosd  
 The Ocean Chieftains bonds, they rent away  
 His garments, & with songs & shouts of joy  
 Led to the place of blood the victim Prince.  
[f.162 r.]  
 95 The stone of blood was round, the *upstretchd hand* ↑ < half raised ar > <sup>1</sup>  
 Of one of manly *stature from below* ↑ < growth who stood beside >  
 Might *just attain* ↑ < rest upon > its height; the circle small,  
 An active boy might almost bound across,  
 Nor for the combat needed ampler space,  
 100 For in its centre was the prisoners foot  
 Fast fettered down. thus fettered Madoc stood,  
 A buckler light & small of canes overlaid  
 With beaten gold he held, his sword the King  
 Honouring a noble enemy had given,  
 105 A weapon tried in war. to Madocs grasp  
 Strange & unwieldy, twas a *thick* broad ↓ < strong > staff  
 Set *t{T}hick*<sup>2</sup> with transverse stones, on either side  
 Keen-edged as Syrian steel. but when he felt  
 The weapon, Madoc calld to mind his deeds  
 110 Done on the Saxon in his fathers land,  
 And hope arose within him. nor tho now  
 Naked he stood, did fear for that assail  
 His steady heart, for often had he seen  
 His gallant countrymen with naked breasts  
 115 Rush on their iron coated enemy  
 And force the conquest.  
Now had Tlalala  
 Arrayed him for the fight, a cotton plate  
[f.163 r.]<sup>3</sup>  
 Close quilted maild his breast, in whose thick folds<sup>4</sup>  
 The strong-driven arrows *iron* ↑ < stoney > head might hang  
 120 Unharming; over that the plated gold,  
 Twas spotted like the tygers speckled pride  
 And told the warriors rank; it fenced his arms  
 Half way, half way his thighs, the rest was bare  
 But on his front a hideous helm appeared  
 125 Carved like a tygers head with grinning jaws

-----  
<sup>1</sup>While MS.2B is of no assistance here, the phrase 'upstretchd hand' having been restored, the unfinished word was surely meant to be 'arm'.

<sup>2</sup>The superimposition of a capital over a small t was probably S.'s way of reminding himself that he actually wanted the first two words in the line to be transposed, as in MS.2B: 'Thick set with transverse stones'.

<sup>3</sup>This folio is in extremely poor condition, and has a large brown stain through the centre of the text.

<sup>4</sup>S. numbers this line 117.

And keen white teeth extended to devour.  
 And now towards the stone of sacrifice[,]  
 Prepared he past, when from the press around  
 A warriors voice was heard, & clad in arms  
 130 And shaking in his hand the angry sword  
 Ocelopan rushd on, & calld a[loud]  
 On Tlalala & claimd the holy fight.  
 The Tyger heeded not, but on the stone  
 Ascended stood, & turnd him to the war.  
 135 Fierce leaping forward came Ocelopan,  
 And bounded up the ascent, & seizd the youth[.]  
 `Why wouldst thou rob me of a deed like this?  
 `I have a boy at home—he shall not point  
 `At Tlalala, & say, `there is the man  
 140 `Who slew the chief of strangers!["] Tlalala  
 `Yield me the fight, or turn on me & prove  
 `Who merits best the glory.'  
 [f.164 r.]

Rousd to rage  
 The Tyger answerd not. he raisd his sword  
 And they had waged the battle, but the Priest  
 145 Came hastening up, & by their common Gods  
 And by their common country bade them cease  
 That impious strife, & let the lot decide  
 From whom Mexitli should that day receive  
 His noble victim. both unsatisfied  
 150 Tho both obedient heard. two equal shafts,  
 So to the eye they seemd, the Priest produced,  
 His mantle hid their points, & Tlalala  
 Drew forth the broken lot. a bitter smile  
 Darkened his cheek as with a curse he threw  
 155 The unfriendly shaft to earth. "Shedder of blood  
 `Thine is the deed' he cried. `but shouldst thou fall  
 `Mine is the fight of vengeance." & almost  
 The Tyger hoped Ocelopan might fall,  
 As sullenly retiring from the stone  
 160 He mingled with the crowd.

Now on the stone,  
 Prepard, they stood. the multitude around  
 Breathless & still[,] behold. Ocelopan  
 A savage joy inflaming his dark eyes,  
 Surveyed his foe, & wondered to survey  
 [f.165 r.]  
 165 The breast so broad, the bare & brawney [*sic*] limbs  
 Of unmatchd strength, the eye of Madoc too  
 Dwelt on his foe; his countenance was calm,  
 Something more pale than wonted, like a man  
 Prepard to meet his death. Ocelopan  
 170 Furious began the fight, now here, now there,

And gla[3-4 letters]<sup>1</sup> keen white teeth extended to devour.  
 And now towards the stone of sacrifice  
 Prepared he past, when from the press around  
 A warriors voice was heard, & clad in arms  
 130 And shaking in his hand the angry sword  
 Ocelopan rushd on, & calld a<sup>2</sup>  
 On Tlalala & claimd the holy fight.  
 The Tyger heeded not, but on the stone  
 Ascended stood, & turnd him to the war.  
 135 Fierce leaping forward came Ocelopan,  
 And bounded up the ascent, & seizd the youth  
 `Why wouldst thou rob me of a deed like this?  
 `I have a boy at home—he shall not point  
 `At Tlalala, & say, `there is the man  
 140 `Who slew the chief of strangers! Tlalala  
 `Yield me the fight, or turn on me & prove  
 `Who merits best the glory.'

[f.164 r.]

Rousd to rage

The Tyger answerd not. he raisd his sword  
 And they had waged the battle, but the Priest  
 145 Came hastening up, & by their common Gods  
 And by their common country bade them cease  
 That impious strife, & let the lot decide  
 From whom Mexitli should that day receive  
 His noble victim. both unsatisfied  
 150 Tho both obedient heard. two equal shafts,  
 So to the eye they seemd, the Priest produced,  
 His mantle hid their points, & Tlalala  
 Drew forth the broken lot. a bitter smile  
 Darkened his cheek as with a curse he threw  
 155 The unfriendly shaft to earth. "Shedder of blood  
 `Thine is the deed' he cried. `but shouldst thou fall  
 `Mine is the fight of vengeance." & almost  
 The Tyger hoped Ocelopan might fall,  
 As sullenly retiring from the stone  
 160 He mingled with the crowd.

Now on the stone,

Prepard, they stood. the multitude around  
 Breathless & still behold. Ocelopan  
 A savage joy inflaming his dark eyes,  
 Surveyed his foe, & wondered to survey  
 [f.165 r.]  
 165 The breast so broad, the bare & brawney limbs  
 Of unmatched strength, the eye of Madoc too  
 Dwelt on his foe; his countenance was calm,  
 Something more pale than wonted, like a man  
 Prepard to meet his death. Ocelopan  
 170 Furious began the fight, now here, now there,

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The rest of this word has been too heavily scratched out to read, but one possible conjecture might be the word `glaring'.

<sup>2</sup>Apart from the letter a, this word has been completely obliterated by the above-mentioned stain (see the textual note to f.163 r.above). The word is almost certainly `aloud', supplied from both MS.2B and the published poem (*Madoc*, 312).

aright, aleft, [*sic*] above, below, he wheeld  
 The rapid sword, still Madocs rapid eye  
 Pursued each motion, & with sudden care  
 Met all attack. nor did the ocean Prince  
 175 Yet aim the sword to wound, but held it forth  
 Another shield to save him, till his hand  
 Familiar with its weight & shape uncouth  
 Might wield it well to vengeance. thus he stood  
 Baffling the impatient foe, whose vain attempts  
 180 So oft reiterate had stung to wrath  
 His savage spirit, more exasperate now,  
 For from the eager multitude he heard  
 Amid the din of undistinguishd sounds  
 The Tygers murmured name. fiercer he dealt  
 185 His frequent blows, but still the wary Prince  
 Or broke its force or bent him from the blow,  
 And now retiring & advancing now  
 [f.166 r.]  
 As one free foot permitted, still provokd  
 And baffled still the Aztecan. & sometimes  
 190 With cautious strength did Madoc aim attack  
 Mastering each moment now with abler sway  
 The acquainted sword. But tho as yet unharmd  
 In life or limb, more perilous the strife  
 Each moment grew, for with repeated strokes  
 195 Battered & broken now the shield hung loose,  
 And shouts of triumph from the multitude  
 Arose, as piece-meal they beheld it fall,  
 And saw the Prince exposed.

That welcome sight

Those welcome shouts inspired Ocelopan[.]  
 200 He felt each limb new-strung—impatient now  
 Of conquest long delayed[,] with wilder rage  
 He drives the weapon. Madocs lifted sword  
 Received its edge, & shivered with the blow,  
 A shriek of transport bu[r]st from all around—  
 205 The Aztecan yelld a yell of savage joy  
 And raisd his sword again. Madoc beheld  
 The coming death, he darted out his hand  
 Instinctively to save, & caught his arm  
 In its mid fall, & drove the broken staff  
 [f.167 r.]  
 210 Full in the Aztecans face. beneath his eye  
 It forced its way, & where the nasal nerve

- aright, aleft, above, below, he wheeld  
 The rapid sword, still Madocs rapid eye  
 Pursued each motion, & with sudden care  
 Met all attack. nor did the ocean Prince  
 175 Yet aim the sword to wound, but held it forth  
 Another shield to save him, till his hand  
 Familiar with its weight & shape uncouth  
 Might wield it well to vengeance. thus he stood  
 Baffling the impatient foe, whose vain attempts  
 180 So oft reiterate had stung to wrath  
 His savage spirit, more exasperate now,  
 For from the eager multitude he heard  
 Amid the din of undistinguishd sounds  
 The Tygers murmured name. fiercer he *aimd* dealt  
 185 His frequent blows, but still the wary Prince  
 Or broke its force or bent him from the blow,  
 And now retiring & advancing now  
 [f.166 r.]  
 As one free foot permitted, still provokd  
 And baffled still the [1 word]<sup>1</sup> Aztecan. & sometimes  
 190 With cautious strength did Madoc aim attack  
 Mastering each *moment* ↑ < *movement* > ? ↑ < moment > now with abler sway  
 The acquainted sword. But tho as yet unharmd  
 In life or limb, more perilous the strife  
 Each moment grew, for with repeated strokes  
 195 Battered & broken now the shield hung loose,  
 And shouts of triumph from the multitude  
 Arose, as piece-meal they beheld it fall,  
 And saw the Prince exposed.<sup>2</sup>  
 That welcome sight  
 Those welcome shouts inspired Ocelopan  
 200 He felt each limb new-strung—impatient now  
 Of conquest long delayed with wilder rage  
 He drives the weapon. Madocs lifted sword  
 Received its edge, & shivered with the blow,  
 A *burst* ↑ < *yell* > ↑ < *shriek* > of transport *rose* ↑ < *burst* > ↑ < *bust* ><sup>3</sup> from  
 all around—  
 205 The Aztecan yelld a yell of savage joy  
 And raisd his *arm* ↑ < *sword* > again. Madoc beheld  
 The coming death, *instinctively* he darted out his hand  
 Instinctively to save, & caught his arm  
 In its mid fall, & drove the broken staff  
 [f.167 r.]  
 210 Full in the Aztecan's face. beneath his eye  
 It forced its way, & where the *sense that feels* ↑ < *nasal nerve* >

<sup>1</sup>The missing word is very short, and is heavily crossed through. The first letter looks like a capital A, which may suggest that S. had simply made an error in writing the word 'Aztecan'.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 197.

<sup>3</sup>In writing 'burst' for the third time on this line, S. accidentally omitted the r.

Spread[s its] fine fibrils oer the [mazy] bon[e]  
Burst thro, & slanting upward in the brain  
Drove deep its jagged point.

Madoc himself

- 215 Stood at his fall astonishd, at escape  
Unhoped & strange success. the multitude  
Beheld & they were silent, & they stood  
Gazing in terror. but the Tygers heart  
Admitted other thoughts. it was a joy  
220 To Tlalala, & forth he sprung & up  
The stone of sacrifice, & sword & shield  
Demanded for his foe. then in that pause  
Upon Ocelopan he fixd his eye,  
And contemplated firm the bleeding wound  
225 And kindled in his soul the hot desire  
Of vengeance. nor to Madoc was the sting  
Of anger wanting, when in Tlalala  
He knew the captive whom his voice had freed,  
The man whose wily ambush had destroyd  
230 Young Hoel & himself, for sure he deemd  
Young Hoel was with God, & he himself  
At his last hour arrived. & now he graspd  
A second sword & held the shield again  
And from the stone of death Ocelopan  
[f.168 r.]  
235 Was borne away, & fresh in arms, & fierce  
With all that makes a savage thirst for blood,  
Hope, vengeance, valour, superstitious hate,  
A second foe came on. by this the Prince  
Could wield his weapon well, & dreading now  
240 Lest in protracted combat he should stand  
Again unshielded, he put forth his strength.  
As oft assailing as assaild, & watchd  
So well the Tygers motions, & received  
The Tygers blows so warily, & aimd  
245 His own so fierce & fast, that in the crowd  
Was doubt & fear, & angrily the Priests  
Reproachd their monarch that his voice forbade  
The certain death.

*Each odour branches oer* ↑ < Spread their fine fibrils oer the bon > its mazy  
seat,<sup>1</sup>

Burst thro, & slanting upward in the brain  
Drove deep its jagged point.

Madoc himself

- 215 Stood at his fall astonishd, at escape  
Unhoped & strange success. the multitude  
Beheld & they were silent, & they stood  
Gazing in terror. but the Tygers heart  
Admitted other thoughts. it was a joy  
220 To Tlalala, & forth he sprung & up  
The stone of sacrifice, & sword & shield  
Demanded for his foe. then in that pause  
Upon Ocelopan he fixd his eye,  
And contemplated firm † < t > his {e} bleeding wound  
225 And kindled in his soul the hot desire  
Of vengeance. nor to Madoc was the sting  
Of anger wanting, when in Tlalala  
He knew the captive whom his voice had freed,  
The man whose wily ambush had destroyd  
230 Young Hoel & himself, for sure he deemd  
Young Hoel was with God, & he himself  
At his last hour arrived. & now he graspd  
A second sword & held the shield again  
And from the stone of *blood* ↓ < death > Ocelopan  
[f.168 r.]  
235 Was borne away, & fresh in arms, & ff2-3 letters]d fierce  
With all that makes a savage thirst for blood,  
Hope, vengeance, valour, superstitious hate,  
A second foe came on. by this the Prince  
Could wield his weapon well, & dreading now  
240 Lest in protracted combat he should stand  
Again unshielded, he put forth his strength.  
As oft assailing & ↑ < as > assaild, & watchd  
So well the Tygers motions, & received  
The Tygers blows so warily, & aimd  
245 His own so fierce & fast, that in the crowd  
Was doubt & fear, & angrily the Priests  
Reproachd their monarch that his voice forbade  
The certain death.

<sup>1</sup>This line originally read:

Each odour branches oer its mazy seat

S. then deleted 'Each odour branches oer', and wrote 'Spread their fine fibrils oer the bon'—the final word of which was evidently meant to read 'bone'—above the deleted phrase. Leaving 'its mazy' in place, he then deleted the final word 'seat', thus producing a line which actually reads:

Spread their fine fibrils oer the bon[e] its mazy

S. clearly intended to place the adjective 'mazy' before 'bon[e]', but both the original word 'the' and the added word 'its' remain, one of which must be superfluous. The final problem with the line is that the plural verb 'spread' and the possessive pronoun 'their' are referring to the singular noun phrase 'nasal nerve' from line 211. S. corrected this grammatical error in MS.2B, and also slightly altered the wording:

Spreads its fine fibres oer the mazy bone

This is our clearest guide as to his final intention, but the line remained unresolved in MS.2A. That S. was content with neither version is illustrated by the fact that, in the published poem, he returned to a version which was much closer to his original idea:

and where the nasal nerves

Branch, in fine fibrils, o'er their mazy seat ... (*Madoc*, 316.)

But soon a murmur rose  
Amid the multitude, & they who stood  
250 So thickly throngd, & with such eager eyes  
Late watchd the fight, now hastily broke up  
And with disordered speed & sudden arms  
Rush to the city gates. more fiercely then  
The Tyger fought, conscious of what had chanced,  
255 And hope invigoured now the Britons heart  
For well he weend Cadwallon was at hand  
Leading his gallant friends. aright he weend  
Cadwallon was at hand, his gallant friends  
Rushd from their mountains with impetuous speed

[f.169 r.]

260 To save or to revenge. nor long endured  
The combat now; the Priests ascend the stone  
And bid the Tyger hasten to protect  
His country & his Gods; & hand & foot  
Binding the captive Prince they bear him thence  
265 And lay him in the temple. then his heart  
Resignd itself to death, & Madoc thought  
Of Elen & his sister & he felt  
That death was dreadful. but not so the King  
Permitted, but not so had God decreed,  
270 Noble the King of Aztlan, he had given  
The warrior[']s death to Madoc, nor the Priests  
Dared disobedience. Madoc lay in bonds  
And solitude, the distant battl[e] reachd  
His ear, he lay expectant & almost  
275 Wishd for the dangers of the fight again.

Not unprepared Cadwallon found the sons  
Of Aztlan, not defenceless were her walls,  
But when the strangers distant march was seen  
From forth her gates issued a ready host  
280 Who to the fight disposed them. these the King  
Coanocotzin had with timely care  
And provident for danger orderd thus.  
Forth issuing from the gates they met the foe  
And with the sound of dissonant instruments

[f.170 r.]

285 And with their shouts & screams & yells drove back  
The Britons['] fainter war-cry, as the swell  
Of ocean flowing onward, up its course  
Forces the river stream. their darts & stones  
Fell like the rain drops of the summer shower,  
290 So fast, & on the helmet & the shield  
On the strong corselet & the twisted mail  
So innocent they fell. but not in vain  
Fled from Deheubarths bows of twisted twigs  
The better pointed shafts. their iron deaths  
295 Fell fast upon the naked multitude,  
And even thro the chieftains cotton vests



But soon a murmur rose  
 Amid the multitude, & they who stood  
 250 So thickly throughd, & with such eager eyes  
 Late watchd the fight, now hastily broke up  
 And with disordered speed & *hasty* ↑ < sudden > arms  
 Rush to the city gates. more fiercely then  
 The Tyger fought, conscious of what had chanced,  
 255 And hope invigoured now the Britons heart  
 For well he weend Cadwallon was at hand  
 Leading his gallant friends. aright he weend  
 Cadwallon was at hand, his gallant friends  
 Rushd from their mountains with impetuous speed  
 [f.169 r.]  
 260 To save or to revenge. nor long endured  
 The combat now; the Priests ascend the stone  
 And bid the Tyger hasten to protect  
 His country & his Gods; & hand & foot  
 Binding the captive Prince they bear him thence  
 265 And lay him in the temple. then his heart  
 Resignd itself to death, & Madoc thought  
 Of Elen & his sister & he felt  
 That death was dreadful. but not so the King  
 Permitted, but not so had God decreed,  
 270 Noble the King of Aztlan, he had given  
 The warriors death to Madoc, nor the Priests  
 Dared disobedience. Madoc lay in bonds  
 And solitude, the *sound of tumult* ↓ < distant battl > <sup>1</sup> reachd  
 His ear, he lay expectant & almost  
 275 Wishd for the dangers of the fight again.<sup>2</sup>

Not unprepared Cadwallon found the sons  
 Of Aztlan, not defenceless were her walls,  
 But when the strangers distant march was seen  
 From forth her gates issued a ready host  
 280 Who to the fight disposed them. these the King  
 Coanocotzin had with timely care  
 And provident for danger orderd thus.  
 Forth issuing from the gates they met the foe  
 And with the sound of dissonant instruments  
 [f.170 r.]  
 285 And with their shouts & screams & yells drove back  
 The Britons fainter war-cry, as the swell  
 Of ocean flowing onward, up its course  
 Forces the river stream. their darts & stones  
 Fell like the rain drops of the summer shower,  
 290 So *innocent* fast, & on the helmet & the shield  
 On the strong corselet of{&} the twisted mail  
 So innocent they fell. but not in vain  
 Fled from Deheubarths bows of twisted twigs  
 The better pointed shafts. their iron deaths  
 295 Fell fast upon the naked multitude,  
 And even thro the chieftains cotton vests

<sup>1</sup>S. accidentally omitted the final e.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 274.



And feathery breast plates & effulgent gold  
Pierced to the life.

- This danger to escape,
- 300 By valourous daring best, the Aztecan moved  
To closer battle. then the battle raged,  
For either host alike inspir'd by all  
That stings to will & strengthens to perform  
Strove now with all their powers. then did the sons  
305 Of Aztlan fiercely hurl their stone-tipt spears,  
Drive down their stone-edged staves, & wheel around  
The forceful club. in vain the Aztecan hand  
Now by its line recalled the spear discharged,  
That from the strangers iron panoply  
[f.171 r.]
- 310 Baffled & blunted fell, in vain they drove  
Their stone edged falchions there, the broken edge  
Inflicts no second wound, nor ought availd  
On the strong buckler, on the crested helm  
The rude-wrought club. whilst with their wonted *power* ↑ < strength >  
315 The men of Gwyneth thro their fenceless foes  
Those lances thrust, whose terrors had so oft  
Affrayd the Saxon, & whose *strong-driven* ↑ < full-forced > points  
So oft had pierced the Normans knightly arms;  
Whilst thro the feathery breast-plate or thin gold  
Passd the keen iron as thro yielding flesh,  
320 And on the crown of plumes whose [1 word] ↑ < gorgeous > hues  
Availd not, on the helm of sculpturd wood  
With shattering force the maces iron weights<sup>1</sup>  
Fell & destroyd. fast underneath those arms  
The men of Aztlan sunk, & whoso sunk  
325 That instant was the sufferer borne away  
Dead or disabled, that no cheering sight  
Of slaughtered foes might to the strangers soul  
Give hope & strength & courage. fast they fell  
‡ < And fast were resupplied > Man<sup>2</sup> after man, *succeeding to the death*  
*As wave that follows wave against a rock*  
330 ‡ < succeeding > *Bursting with idle force* ↑ < to the death > , nor in the town  
Did now the *pat*<sup>3</sup> crowds of slaughterd countrymen  
Borne every moment in & piled in heaps,  
Work ought of fear. 'oh happy!' cried the Priests  
[f.172 r.]
- 335 `Your brethren who have fallen! already they  
`Have join'd the company of blessed Souls,  
`Already they with harmony & song  
`And in the dance of beauty are gone forth  
`To follow down his western path of light  
`Yon Sun, the Prince of Glory, from the world  
340 `Retiring to the Palace of his rest.

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 321.

<sup>2</sup>S. obviously placed the insert in the margin, but since there was insufficient space for the whole phrase, the word 'resupplied' was actually written below 'And fast were'. He did not attempt to change 'Man' to lower case.

<sup>3</sup>This is clearly a word which S. never finished.

`Oh happy they who for their countrys cause  
`And for their Gods shall die the brave mans death[,]  
`Them will their country consecrate with praise  
`Them will the Gods reward.' they heard the Priests  
345 Intoxicate, & from the gates swarnd out  
Tumultuous to the fight of martyrdom.

But when Cadwallon momentarily beheld  
The increasing force, & saw with what a rage  
Of drunken valour to the fight they prest,  
350 His wisdom well resolved, he formd the troops  
Of Britain into one collected mass.  
Three equal sides it offerd to the foe  
Close & compact, no multitude could break  
The condenced strength. its narrow point prest on  
355 Entering the throngs resistance like a wedge  
Still from behind impelld. so thought the Chief  
Likeliest the gates of Aztlan might be gaind,  
And Hoel & the Prince be saved, if yet  
They were among mankind. nor could the force

[f.173 r.]

360 Of hostile thousands break that strength condensed;  
Against whose iron sides the stream of fight  
Rolld unavailing, as the ocean waves  
That idly round some insulated rock  
Foam furious, warning with their silvery dash  
365 The mariner far off. nor could the point  
Of that compacted body tho it bore  
Right on the foe, & with united force  
Prest on to enter, thro the multitude  
Win passage now. its onward efforts there  
370 Advanced not, like some galley where the tide  
Rolls thro a narrow channel its strong course[,]  
At every stroke the oar-men to their oars  
Give all their weight & strength, yet only stem  
The violence.

By this a second troop

375 Of Britons to the town advanced, for war  
Impatient & revenge. Cadwallon there,  
With tidings of their noble Prince enthralld  
Had summoned from the ships. that dreadful tale  
Rousd them to fury, wretched then was he  
380 Who from the fight withheld [*sic*] was doomd to guard  
The ships in idle duty! wretched he  
In that inaction left to meditate  
And feel the loss, without an enemy  
On whom to wreak the rage of maddening grief.

[f.174 r.]

385 Them Ririd led, in whom a brothers love  
Had calld not up more spirit-stirring pain  
Than trembled then in every British heart

`Oh happy they who for their countrys cause  
 `And for their Gods shall die the brave mans death  
 `Them will their country consecrate with praise  
 `Them will the Gods reward.' they heard the Priests  
 345 Intoxicate, & from the gates swarnd out  
 Tumultuous to the fight of martyrdom.

But when Cadwallon momentarily beheld  
 The increasing force, & saw *what* with what a rage  
 Of drunken valour to the fight they prest,  
 350 His wisdom well resolved, he formd the troops<sup>1</sup>  
 Of Britain into one collected mass.  
 Three equal sides it offerd to the foe  
 Close & compact, no multitude could break  
 The condenced strength. its narrow point prest on  
 355 Entering the throngs resistance like a wedge  
 Still from behind impelld. so thought the Chief  
 Likeliest the gates of Aztlan might be gaind,  
 And Hoel & the Prince be saved, if yet  
 They were among mankind. nor could the force  
 [f.173 r.]

360 Of hostile thousands break that strength condensed;  
 Against † < whose ><sup>2</sup> iron sides the stream of fight  
 Rolld unavailing, as the ocean waves  
 That idly round some insulated rock  
 Foam furious, warning with their silvery dash  
 365 The mariner far off. nor could the *front* point  
 Of that compacted body tho it bore  
 Right on the foe, & with united force  
 Prest on to enter, thro the multitude  
 Win passage now. its onward efforts there  
 370 Advanced not, like some galley where the tide  
 Rolls thro a narrow channel its strong course  
 At every stroke the oar-men to their oars  
 Give all their weight & strength, yet only stem  
 The violence.

By this a second troop  
 375 Of Britons to the town advanced, for war  
 Impatient & revenge. Cadwallon there,  
 With tidings of their noble Prince enthralld  
 Had summoned from the ships. that dreadful tale  
 Rousd them to fury, wretched then was he  
 380 Who from the fight witheld was doomd to guard  
 The ships in idle duty! wretched he  
 In that inaction left to meditate  
 And feel the loss, without an enemy  
 On whom to wreak the rage of maddening grief.  
 [f.174 r.]

385 Them Ririd led, in whom a brothers love  
 Had calld not up more spirit-stirring pain  
 Than trembled then in every British heart

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 350.

<sup>2</sup>S. has superimposed the word `whose' over a much shorter and now illegible word, the result being that it is very squashed between `against' and `iron'.

So dear to all was Madoc. on they came,  
The multitudes of Aztlan from their shock  
390 Recoild.  
    & hark! above the din of fight  
Another shout heard like the thunderpeal [*sic*]  
Amid the war of winds! Lincoya comes  
Leading the mountain dwellers. Aztlan then  
Had fled appalld but in that dangerous hour  
395 Her faith preserved her. from the gate her Priests  
Rushd desperate out, & to the foremost ranks  
Forced their wild way & fought with martyr zeal.  
Thro all the host contagious fury spread,  
Nor had the sight enabled more their souls  
400 To mightiest efforts, had Mexitli[,] clad  
In all his imaged terrors[,] gone before  
Their way, & driven upon the stranger foes  
His giant club destroying. then more fierce  
The conflict grew, the din of arms, the yells  
405 Of savage rage, the shrieks of agony,  
The groans of death commingled in one roar  
Of undistinguishd horrors, while the Sun  
    [f. 175 r.]  
Retiring slow beneath the plains far verge  
Pourd on the heights a last & tranquil gleam.

---

So dear to all was Madoc. on they came,  
The multitudes of Aztlan from their shock  
390 Recoild.  
    & hark! above the din of fight  
Another shout heard like the thunderpeal  
Amid the war of winds! Lincoya comes  
Leading the mountain dwellers. Aztlan then  
Had fled appalld but in that dangerous hour  
395 Her faith preserved her. from the gate her Priests  
Rushd desperate out, & to the foremost ranks  
Forced their wild way & fought with martyr zeal.  
Thro all the host contagious fury spread,  
Nor had the sight enabled more their souls  
400 To mightiest efforts, had Mexitli *stood* clad  
In all his imaged terrors gone before  
Their way, & driven upon the stranger foes  
His giant club destroying. then more fierce  
The conflict grew, the din of arms, the yells  
405 Of savage rage, the shrieks of agony,  
The groans of death commingled in one roar  
Of undistinguishd horrors, while the Sun  
    [f.175 r.]  
Retiring slow beneath the plains far verge  
Pourd on the heights a last & tranquil gleam.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this final line 409, and beneath it is written 'Saturday. Feby. 23. 99.' Below this, someone has added '1799' in pencil.

[f.176 r.]  
Madoc.

Book 11.

Madoc meantime in bonds & solitude  
Lay listening to the tumult. oh how then  
His full heart throbbd, how then with idle strength  
He struggled for enlargement, as without  
5 The city walls the sound of battle roard,  
Whilst all things near were still, nor foot of man  
Nor voice in that deserted part were heard.  
At length one light & solitary step  
Approached the place, a female past the door.  
10 From Madocs busy mind her image past  
Quick as the form that causd it, but not so  
From Coatel the recollection fled  
That Madoc lay in bonds. that thought possessd  
Her soul & made her[,] as she garlanded  
15 The shrine of Coatlantona with flowers[,]  
Tremble in strong emotion.

It was now  
The twilight hour; in that deserted part  
Remote from danger, none could see her steps,  
The gate was near. the momentary thought  
20 Shot thro her[,] she delayed not to reflect,  
And hastened to the Prince. She seizd the Knife  
[f.177 r.]

Of sacrifice that by the altar hung,  
And cut his bonds, & with an eager eye  
Motioning haste & silence[,] from the gate  
25 His unknown saviour led the astonishd Prince.  
Fearful & fast along the forest way  
He followed. now beside the chasm they stood,  
She beckoned & descended, & drew out  
From underneath her vest, a cage, or net  
30 Rather it might be called[,] so fine the twigs  
That wove it, where confined two fireflies lent  
Their lustre. by that lustre first the Prince  
Beheld the features of his lovely guide,  
And thro the entrance of the cavern gloom  
35 Then followed fearless.

Now had they attaind  
The abrupt descent. there Coatel held forth  
Her living lamp, & turning, with a smile,  
Sweet as good Angels wear when they behold  
Rewarded virtue in their mortal charge—  
40 Pointed where little Hoel slept below.  
Never had Madoc till that sight endurd  
The extreme of joy: a momentary glance  
Told him the whole, for that which Coatel  
White in the darkness in the depth had seen,



[f.176 r.]  
Madoc.<sup>1</sup>

Book 11.

Madoc meantime in bonds & solitude  
Lay listening to the tumult. oh how then  
His full heart throbbd, how then with idle strength  
He struggled for enlargement, as without  
5 The city walls the sound of battle roard,  
Whilst all things near were still, nor foot of man  
Nor voice in that deserted part were heard.  
At length one light & solitary step  
Approached the place, a female past the door.  
10 From Madocs busy mind *ther figure* ↑ < image > past  
Quick as the form that causd it, but not so  
From Coatel the recollection fled  
That Madoc lay in bonds. that thought possessd  
Her soul & made her as she garlanded  
15 The shrine of Coatlantona with flowers  
Tremble *with* ↓ < in > strong emotion.

It was now

The twilight hour; in that deserted part  
Remote from danger, none could see her steps,  
The gate was near. the momentary thought  
20 Shot thro her she delayed not to reflect,  
And hastened to the Prince. She seizd the Knife

[f.177 r.]

Of sacrifice that by the altar hung,  
And cut his bonds, & with an eagerness eye  
Motioning haste & silence from the gate  
25 His unknown saviour led the astonishd Prince.  
Fearful & fast along the forest way  
He followed. now beside the chasm they stood,  
She beckoned & descended, & drew out  
From underneath her vest, a cage, or net  
30 Rather it might be called so fine the twigs  
That wove it, where confined two fireflies lent  
Their lustre. by that lustre first the Prince  
Beheld the features of his lovely guide,  
And thro the entrance of the caverns<sup>2</sup> gloom  
35 Then followed fearless.

Now had they attaind

The abrupt descent. there Coatel held forth  
Her living lamp, & turning, with a smile,  
Sweet as good Angels wear when they behold  
Rewarded virtue in their mortal charge—  
40 Pointed where little Hoel slept below.  
Never had Madoc till that sight endurd  
The extreme of joy: a momentary glance  
Told him the whole, for that which Coatel  
White in the darkness *had* in the depth had seen,

<sup>1</sup>At the start of this book, directly to the right of `Madoc', S. has written `Tuesday. 26. Feby. 99.'

<sup>2</sup>The s of `caverns' has been scored through with a vertical line, which is unusual for S..

[f.178 r.]

45 Distinctly now appeared, an infants bones,  
And Hoel as he slept, upon the skull  
Had laid his hand. but when that well known voice[,]  
His uncles voice[,] aroud him, with a scream  
That echoed thro the caverns winding length,  
50 He stretchd his arms to reach him. Madoc hushd  
His dangerous transport, raisd him up the ascent,  
And followed Coatel again, whose face  
Tho joyful tears streamd down it, tokened still  
An anxious haste. down the wood-path they went  
55 And coasting now the lake, her eager eye  
First what they sought beheld, a light canoe  
Moord to the bank. then in her arms she took  
The child & kissd him with maternal love,  
And placed him in the boat. but when the Prince  
60 With looks & gestures & imperfect words[,]  
Such as the look the gesture well explaind[,]  
Urged her to follow, dubiously she stood.  
A dread of danger for the thing she had done  
Came on her, & Lincoya rose to mind.  
65 Almost she had resolved, but then she thought  
Of her dear father whom that flight would leave  
Alone in age, how he would weep for her

[f.179 r.]

As one among the dead, & to the grave  
Go sorrowing; or if ever it were known  
70 What she had dared, that on his head the weight  
Of punishment would fall. that dreadful thought  
Resolved her, & she waved her head, & raisd  
Her hand to bid the Prince depart in speed  
With looks whose painful seriousness forbade  
75 All farther effort. yet unwillingly  
And boding evil, Madoc from the shore  
Pushd off the little boat. she on the boat  
Stood gazing for a moment lost in thought,  
Then struck into the woods.

Swift thro the lake

80 Madocs strong arm impelld the light canoe.  
Fainter & fainter to his distant ear  
The sound of battle came, & now the Moon  
Rose in the heavens & pourd oer lake & land  
A soft & mellowing ray. along the shore  
85 Elen was wandering with distracted steps  
And groaning for her child. she saw the boat  
Approach, & as on Madocs naked limbs

[f.180 r.]

And on his countenance the moon beam fell  
And as she saw the child in that dim light,  
90 It seemed as tho the Spirits of the dead  
Were floating on the waters, & she stood

[f.178 r.]

45 Distinctly now appeared, an infants bones,  
 And Hoel as he slept, upon the skull  
 Had laid his hand. but when that well known voice  
 His uncles voice aroused him, with a scream  
 That echoed thro the caverns winding length,  
 50 He stretchd his arms to reach him. Madoc hushd  
 His dangerous transport, raisd him up the ascent,  
 And followed Coatel again, whose face  
 Tho joyful tears streamd down it, tokened still  
 An anxious haste. down the wood-path they went  
 55 And coasting now the lake, her eager eye  
 First what they<sup>1</sup> sought beheld, a light canoe  
 Moord to the bank. then in her arms she took  
 The child & kissd him with maternal love,  
 And placed him in the boat. but when the Prince  
 60 With looks & gestures & imperfect words  
 Such as the look the gesture well explaind  
 Urged her to follow, dubiously she stood.  
 A dread of danger for the thing she had done  
 Came on her, & Lincoya rose to mind.  
 65 Almost she had resolved, but then she thought  
 Of her dear father whom that flight would leave  
 Alone in age, how he would weep for her

[f.179 r.]

As one among the dead, & to the grave  
 Go sorrowing; or if ever it were known  
 70 What she had dared, that on his head the weight  
 Of punishment would fall. that dreadful thought  
 Resolved her, & she waved her head, & raisd  
 Her hand to bid the Prince depart in speed  
 With looks whose painful seriousness forbade  
 75 All farther effort. yet unwillingly  
 And boding evil, Madoc from the shore  
 Pushd off the little boat. she on the boat  
 Stood gazing for a moment lost in thought,  
 Then struck into the woods.

Swift thro the lake

80 Madocs strong arm impelld the light canoe.  
 Fainter & fainter to his distant ear  
 The sound of battle came, & now the Moon  
 Rose in the heavens & pourd oer lake & land  
 A soft & mellowing ray. along the shore  
 85 Elen was wandering with distracted steps  
 And groaning for her child. she saw the boat  
 Approach, & as on Madocs naked limbs

[f.180 r.]

And on his countenance the moon beam fell  
 And as she saw the child in that dim light,  
 90 It seemd as tho the Spirits of the dead  
 Were floating on the waters, & she stood

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The construction here is rather poor, since, at first glance, it appears as though the plural pronoun 'their' refers to the singular noun 'eye' on the previous line. S. retained the exact construction however both in MS.2B and the published poem (*Madoc*, 346), and it is therefore clear that the pronoun actually refers to Madoc and Coatel.

With open lips that breathed not & fixd eyes  
Watching the unreal shapes. but when the boat  
Approachd & Madoc landed & she saw  
95 His step substantial, & the child came near,  
She moved not, spake not, breathd not, then at once  
Fell senseless on the sand.

But who can tell  
But who can feel her agony of joy  
When by the care of Madoc calld to life  
100 She saw her child, she heard once more the name  
Of mother from that voice that sure she thought  
Had pourd upon some Priests regardless ears  
Its last vain prayer for life. no tear relieved  
The insupportable feeling that convulsed  
105 Her swelling breast. she lookd & lookd, & felt  
The child, lest some delusion should have mockd  
Her soul to madness, then the gushing joy  
Burst forth, & with caresses & with tears  
She mingled broken thanksgiving to heaven.

[f.181 r.]

110 Now up the heights they hastened, to the hut  
Where Gwenthian sat in sorrow. her they found  
Silently watching by the pale moonlight  
Her brothers arms, while Mervyn at her feet  
Kneeling & clasping his dear Ladys knees,  
115 Amidst his idle consolation, hid  
Often his face to weep.

the Prince approachd[,]  
He caught her stunn'd with transport in his arms.

But Madoc lingered not, his eager soul  
Was in the war. in haste he donnd his arms,  
120 And as he felt his own good sword again  
Exulting playd his heart. `Boy'—he exclaimd  
To Mervyn, "arm thyself & follow me—  
`For in this conquest we shall break the power  
`Of this blood thirsty foe, & in thine age  
125 `Wouldst thou not wish when the young men crowd round  
`To hear thee tell of all these various fates,  
`Would thou not wish to add [""]I also fought  
`In that days conflict["]?"

Mervyns cheek turnd pale

130 One moment, then with terror all suffusd  
Grew fever-flushd. `nay brother!" Gwenthian cried,  
`He is too young for battles!' but the Prince  
With erring judgement[,] in that fear flushd cheek[,]  
Beheld the glow of enterprizing hope

[f.182 r.]

135 And youthful courage. "I was such a boy  
`Gwenthian!' he cried "at Counsylvlt, & that day  
`In my first field with stripling arm smote down  
`Many a tall Saxon. wouldst thou keep him here  
`And rob him of his glory?—see his cheek

With open lips that breathed not & fixd eyes  
 Watching the unreal shapes. but when the boat  
 Approached & Madoc landed & she saw  
 95 His step substantial, & the child came near,  
 She moved not, spake not, breathd not, then at once  
 Fell senseless on the sand.

But who can tell  
 But who can feel her agony of joy  
 When by the care of Madoc calld to life  
 100 She saw her child, she heard once more the name  
 Of mother from that voice that sure she thought  
 Had pourd upon some Priests regardless ears  
 Its last vain prayer for life. no tear relieved  
 The insupportable feeling that convulsed  
 105 Her swelling breast. she lookd & lookd, & felt  
 The child, lest some delusion should have mockd  
 Her soul to madness, then the gushing joy  
 Burst forth, & with caresses & with tears  
 She mingled broken thanksgiving to heaven.

[f.181 r.]

110 Now up the heights they hastened, to the hut  
 Where Gwenthian sat in sorrow. her they found  
 Silently watching by the pale moonlight  
 Her brothers arms, while Mervyn at her feet  
 Kneeling & clasping his dear Ladys knees,  
 115 Amidst his idle consolation, hid  
 Often his face to weep.

the Prince approachd  
 He caught her stunn'd with transport in his arms.

But Madoc lingered not, his eager soul  
 Was in the war. in haste he donnd his arms,  
 120 And as he felt his own good sword again  
 Exulting playd his heart. `Boy'—he exclaimd  
 To Mervyn, "arm thyself & follow me—  
 `For in this conquest we shall break the power  
 `Of this blood thirsty foe, & in thine age  
 125 `Wouldst thou not wish when the young men crowd round  
 `To hear thee tell of all these various fates,  
 `Would thou not wish to add I also fought  
 `In that *nights* ↓ < days > conflict?"

Mervyns cheek turnd pale

130 One moment, then with terror all suffusd  
 Grew fever-flusht. `nay brother!" Gwenthian cried,  
 `He is too young for battles!' but the Prince  
 With erring judgement in that fear flushd cheek  
 Beheld the glow of enterprizing hope

[f.182 r.]

And youthful courage. "I was such a boy"<sup>1</sup>  
 135 `Gwenthian!' he cried "at Counsyllt, & that day  
 `In my first field with stripling arm smote down  
 `Many a tall Saxon. wouldst thou keep him here  
 `And rob him of his glory?—see his cheek

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The close quotation mark at the end of this line is clearly an error, since Madoc's speech continues on the next line.

How fast it crimsons at the unworthy thought!  
140 `Arm arm! & to the battle."  
How her heart  
Then panted! how with late regret and vain  
Senena wishd that Gwenthian then had heard  
The secret trembling on her lips so oft,  
So oft by shame withheld. [*sic*] availd not now  
145 Regret & woman fear! her delicate limbs  
She maild, comprest her bosoms swelling pride  
Beneath the iron, on her golden locks  
The helmets overheavy [*sic*] load she placed,  
Hung on her neck the shield, & tho the sword  
150 She swung beside her lightest she had chosen,  
Tho in her hand she held the slenderest spear,  
Alike oerwielderly [*sic*] for the maidens grasp  
The sword & ashen lance. & as she touchd  
The murderous point an icy shudder ran  
155 Thro every fibre of her trembling frame,  
She thought she could have fallen on Gwenthians neck  
And told her all: but when she saw the Prince

[f.183 r.]

Imperious shame forbade her, & she felt  
It were an easier thing to die than speak.  
160 Yet ere Senena to the war went forth  
She prest the hand of Gwenthian to her lips  
And Gwenthian felt them burning—on her brother  
Again she calld to leave the boy with her.  
But from the tent already he was gone,  
165 And soon beside him, Mervyn down the height  
Toild underneath his arms.

They to the field  
Hastened, the field of blood. far off the shout  
Of battle, the barbarian yell, the din  
Of dissonant instruments broke thro the night,  
170 And nearer now, the days uprise disclosed  
The horrors of the scene. still unallayd  
By slaughter raged the fury of the war.  
Nor had the sons of Cambria ever lived  
To see the morning sun, but that their foes  
175 With obstinate piety forbore to kill  
That so upon their altars they might lay  
The living victims, hence their utmost force  
To bear away the prisoners was applied,  
Hence Cambrias safety.

When the Prince had reachd  
180 His countrymen, he lifted up his voice  
[f.184 r.]

And thundered ["Madoc! Madoc!["] whoso heard  
The sound astonishd turnd, & when they saw  
The countenance that open helm disclosd,  
They echoed ["]Madoc! Madoc!["] thro the host  
185 Spread the miraculous joy—he lives—he lives—  
Madoc—he comes in arms. Lincoya heard,  
Lincoya saw, his hand was raisd to fall



In death upon a foe;—he stayd the stroke  
`Go bear the tidings to thy countrymen  
190 `Madoc is with us! that the strangers God  
`Hath saved the stranger Prince!' astonishment  
Seizd on the Aztecan—upon all who heard  
Amazement & dismay, & Madoc now  
Stood in the foremost battle, & his sword,  
195 His own good sword, flashd like the sudden death  
Of lightning in their eyes.

The Aztecan King

Heard & beheld, & in his manly heart  
A gallant thought arose, forward he moved  
And in the clash of battle, front to front,  
200 Encounterd Madoc. a strong-staturd man  
Coanocotzin stood, one well who knew  
The ways of war, & never yet in fight  
Had found an equal foe. adown his back  
The feathery robe of majesty fell long.

[f.185 r.]

205 Gold fenced his arms & legs, upon his helm  
[f.184 v.]

A sculpturd snake protends his arrowy tongue,  
Above a plumey coronet arose  
Compareless with the rainbow hues of light,  
Or with the evening glories that the sun  
210 Slants oer the moving many-colourd deep.  
Such its surpassing beauty, oer the breast  
And oer the golden breast-plate of the King,

[f.185 r. cont.]

A feathry cuirass, beautiful to eye,  
Light as the robe of peace yet strong to save—  
215 For baffled fell the falchions strong driven edge  
On its smooth softness. on his arm he held  
A buckler high & huge of beaten gold—  
And so he stood, guarding his thighs and legs  
His breast & shoulders also with the bulk  
220 Of his broad shield.

In compleat mail opposed  
Towerd Madoc in his strength. the flexible chain



- In death upon a foe;—he stayd the stroke<sup>1</sup>  
 `Go bear the tidings to thy countrymen  
 190 `Madoc is with us! that the strangers God  
 `Hath saved the strangers Prince!' astonishment  
 Seizd on the Aztecan—upon all who heard  
 Amazement & dismay, & Madoc now  
 Stood in the foremost battle, & his sword,  
 195 His own good sword, flashd like the sudden death  
 Of lightning in their eyes.
- The Aztecan King
- Heard & beheld, & in his manly heart  
 A gallant thought arose, & *forth* ↓ < forward > he *stept* † < moved >  
 And in the clash of battle, front to front,  
 200 Encounterd Madoc. a strong-staturd man  
 Coanocotzin stood, one well who knew  
 The ways of war, & never yet in fight  
 Had found an equal foe. adown his back  
 The feathery robe of majesty fell long.  
 [f.185 r.]
- 205 Gold fenced his arms & legs, upon his helm  
*A plume compareless* ↑ < *A sculpturd snake* > *with the rainbow hues*<sup>2</sup>  
*Of glory*<sup>3</sup> *beauty.* oer his golden breast plate hung  
 [f.184 v.]
- A sculpturd snake protends his arrowy tongue,  
 Above a plumey coronet arose  
 Compareless with the rainbow hues of light,  
 Or with the evening *colours* ↑ < glories > that the sun  
 210 Slants oer the moving many-colourd deep.  
 Such its surpassing beauty, oer the breast  
 And oer the golden breast-plate of the King,  
 [f.185 r. cont.]
- A feathry cuirass, beautiful to eye,  
 Light as the robe of peace yet strong to save—  
 215 For baffled fell the falchions strong driven edge  
 On its smooth softness. on his *hand* ↑ < arm > he held  
 A buckler high & huge of beaten gold—  
 And so he stood, guarding his thighs and legs  
 His breast & shoulders also with the bulk  
 220 Of his broad shield.<sup>4</sup>
- In compleat mail opposed  
 Towerd Madoc in his strength. the flexible *mail* ↑ < chain ><sup>5</sup>

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 188.

<sup>2</sup>This is clearly where the seven lines (206-212) from f.184 v. are to be placed, as substitutions for this and the following line (205+1 and 205+2). At the start of the lines on f.184 v. there is a gate sign (#), but there is no equivalent mark on f.185 r.

<sup>3</sup>Although it is clear that this whole line was to be deleted, S. accidentally omitted to include `Of' in the deletion. It is also clear that `glory' had been crossed through separately, prior to the deletion of the whole line, and evidently before the line was actually completed, since the replacement word `beauty' is part of the line itself.

<sup>4</sup>S. numbers this line 215.

<sup>5</sup>MS.2B has `chains', but the final n of the word in MS.2A is on the extreme right-hand edge of the paper, so it is impossible to know whether S. intended it to be singular or plural.

Rose with each swelling muscle, & displayed  
How broad his shoulders, & his ample breast.  
Small was his shield, there broadest where it fenced  
225 The well of life, & gradual to a point  
Lessening, steel-strong & wieldy in his grasp.  
Upon his helm no sculpturd dragon sat,  
Sat no fantastic terrors, a white plume  
Bent over it, far seen floating like foam  
230 On the war-tempest. man to man they stood  
The King of Aztlan & the Ocean Chief.

Fast on the fast opposing buckler fell

[f. 186 r.]

The Aztecan's stone-edged falchion. who has watchd  
The midnight lightnings of the summer storm  
235 That with their awful blaze irradiate heaven  
Then leave a blacker night? so quick so fierce  
Flashd Madoc's sword. but on the Britons shield  
The stone-edged falchions brittle force was vain.  
Coanocotzin saw & wisely dropt  
240 The unprofitable weapon & received  
From one who fought beside, a ponderous club  
The knotty arm of some huge pine. its weight  
The united hands of him who held before  
Swayed with laborious effort. of the King  
245 One arm sufficed & fast & fierce he drove  
Its massy weight on Madoc, from his shield  
The deadening force communicated ran  
Up his stunn'd arm—anon upon his helm  
Crashing it came—his eyes shot fire, his brain  
250 Swam dizzy—he recoils—he reels—again  
The club descends.

That danger to himself  
Recall'd the Ocean Chief. forward he sprung  
Within the falling weapons curve of death,  
That fell with useless force, & breast to breast  
255 He grappled with the King. the pliant mail

Rose with each swelling muscle, & displayed  
 How broad his shoulders, & his ample breast.  
 Small was his shield, there broadest where it fenced  
 225 The well of life, & gradual to a point  
 Lessening, steel-strong & wieldy in his grasp.  
 Upon his helm no sculpturd dragon sat,  
 Sat no fantastic terrors, a white plume  
 Bent over it, far seen floating like foam  
 230 On the war-tempest. man to man they stood<sup>1</sup>  
 The King of Azilan & the Ocean Chief.

Fast on the fast opposing buckler fell

[f. 186 r.]

The Aztecan stone-edged falchion. who has watchd  
 The midnight lightnings of the summer storm  
 235 That with their awful blaze irradiate heaven  
 Then leave a blacker night? so quick so fierce  
 Flashd Madocs sword. but on the Britons shield  
 The stone-edged falchions brittle force was vain.  
 Coanocotzin saw & wisely dropt  
 240 The unprofitable weapon & received  
 From one who fought beside, a *ma*{po}nderous<sup>2</sup> club  
 The knotty arm of some huge pine. its weight  
 The united hands of him who held before  
 Swayed with laborious effort. of the King  
 245 One arm sufficed & fast & fierce he drove  
 Its massy weight on Madoc, from his shield  
 The deadening force communicated ran  
 Up his stunn'd arm—anon upon his helm  
 Crashing it came—his eyes shot fire, his brain  
 250 Swam dizzy—he recoils—he reels—again<sup>3</sup>  
 The club descends.

That danger to himself

Recalld the Ocean Chief. forward he sprung  
 Within the falling weapons curve of death,  
 That fell with useless force, & breast to breast  
 255 He grappled with the King. the pliant mail

<sup>1</sup>In the margin prior to this line, with a large circle drawn around it, is the word 'Young'.

<sup>2</sup>As indicated here, S. has superimposed 'ponderous' over another word which he never completed, and of which the first two letters certainly appear to be 'ma'. It seems highly likely that the original word was going to be 'massy', since this was one of S.'s most frequently-used adjectives, particularly when describing weaponry, for example:

The crested helm, the massy bauldrick's strength (*Joan. 96*, 130);

He lifted from the ground a massy spear (*Joan. 96*, 399);

Wielded with able sway the massy club (*Thalaba*, II, 63);

and, significantly,

Madoc seized

A massy club, and from his azure throne

Shattered the giant idol (*Madoc*, 364),

Which was the published version of lines 328-330 in this book. In all, S. used the adjective 'Massy' seventeen times in *Joan of Arc*, three times in *Thalaba* and three times in this manuscript (III.457, VIII.13 and XI.246). Since he is also about to use 'massy' in line 246, S. may have decided that he wanted to preserve one of his favourite adjectives to describe the 'massy weight' of the club as it fell on Madoc's shield.

<sup>3</sup>S. numbers this line 250.

[f.187 r.]

Bent to his straining limbs, whilst the gold plates  
The feathery robe, the bucklers amplitude  
Incumbered [*sic*] the Aztecan, & his arm,  
Clenched in the Britons mighty grasp, let fall  
260 The unfastend club. the watchful Prince beheld  
And thrust him off, & drawing back resumed  
The sword that from his rist suspended hung—  
And twice he smote the King. twice from the plat  
Of plumes, the falchion glode—& lo the King,  
265 So well his soldiers watchd their monarchs wants,  
Shakes in his hand a spear.

Sudden a cry

Burst on the ear of Madoc, & he saw  
Thro opening ranks where Mervyn was conveyed  
A captive to his death. then grief & shame  
270 And rage possessd him—with a mighty blow  
He cleft Coanocotzins helm. exposed  
The monarch stood—again the thunder-stroke  
Falls on him, & he fell.

The multitude

Forgetful of their country, of themselves,  
275 Crowd round their dying King. Madoc whose eye  
Still followed Mervyn calld upon his troops  
And thro the Aztecan army, broken now,  
Prest to his rescue.

[f.188 r.]

But far off the boy

Thro opening ranks was borne with furious speed.  
280 One friend alone was near, one only Chief  
Pursued his path, & thro the press of war  
Made his unfollowed way. close on the band  
Who bore the captive, hung the avenging sword  
Of Caradoc, & thro the multitude,  
285 And thro the gate of Aztlan forced his way[.]  
Close in pursuit, & thro the streets he prest[,]  
Till[,] in the temple while the boy was borne[,]  
The press of Priests & thronging multitudes  
Repelld him, frantic now—he seemd to hear  
290 The wretched boy with unavailing cries  
Reproaching him so near! his maddend mind  
Already saw the victims breast laid bare  
The knife, the reeking heart.

And they have rent

The victims armour off, & they have bared  
295 For death the Maidens bosom. at that sight  
Amazement filld the Priests, a moments pause  
Ensued, for never had a womans blood  
Flowd on Mexitlis altar. but their Chief  
Exclaim'd, "Mexitli asks a warriors life

[f.189 r.]

300 "The woman was in arms!" & on the stone  
Of sacrifice he bade them stretch the Maid.

[f.187 r.]

Bent *with* ↑ < to > his straining limbs, whilst the gold plates  
 The feathery robe, the bucklers amplitude  
 Incumbered the Aztecan, & his arm,  
 Clenched in the Britons mighty grasp, let fall  
 260 The unfastend club. the watchful Prince beheld  
 And thrust him off, & drawing back resumed  
 The sword that from his rist suspended hung—  
 And twice he smote the King. twice from the plat  
 Of plumes, the falchion glode—& lo the King,  
 265 So well his soldiers watchd their monarchs wants,  
 Shakes in his hand a spear.

Sudden a cry

Burst on the ear of Madoc, & he saw  
 Thro opening ranks where Mervyn was conveyed  
 A captive to his death. then grief & shame  
 270 And rage possessd him—with a mighty blow  
 He cleft Coanocotzins helm. exposed  
 The monarch stood—again the thunder-stroke  
 Falls on him, & he fell.

The multitude

Forgetful of their country, of themselves,  
 275 Crowd round their dying King. Madoc whose eye  
 Still followed Mervyn calld upon his troops  
 And thro the Aztecan army, broken now,  
 Prest to his rescue.

[f.188 r.]

But far off the boy

Thro opening ranks was borne with furious speed.  
 280 One friend alone was near, one only Chief  
 Pursued his path, & thro the press of war  
 Made his unfollowed way. close on the band  
 Who bore the captive, hung the avenging sword  
 Of Caradoc, & thro the multitude,  
 285 And thro the gate of Aztlan forced his way  
 Close in pursuit, & thro the streets he prest  
 Till in the temple while the boy was borne  
 The press of Priests & thronging multitudes  
 Repelld him, frantic now—he seemd to hear  
 290 The wretched boy with unavailing cries  
 Reproaching him so near! his maddend mind  
 Already saw the victims breast laid bare<sup>1</sup>  
 The knife, the reeking heart.

And they have rent

The victims armour off, & they have bared  
 295 For death the Maidens bosom. at that sight  
 Amazement filld the Priests, a moments pause  
 Ensued, for never had a womans blood  
 Flowd on Mexitlis altar. but their Chief  
 Exclaim'd, "Mexitli asks a warriors life

[f.189 r.]

300 "The woman was in arms!" & on the stone  
 Of sacrifice he bade them stretch the Maid.

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 292.

Ah poor Senena! on that fatal stone,  
Dumb with the agony, they stretch thee now,  
Hold down thy limbs that terror of all power  
305 Had palsied, & the murderous knife is raisd[.]  
That instant thro the door victorious burst  
Madoc! that instant thro the butcher Priest  
The saviour sword of Caradoc is driven—  
He lifts his arm again—the lifted arm  
310 Hung in mid-way—a glance suspended all  
His vital powers—himself scarce more alive  
Extended on the stone of sacrifice,  
Pale, lifeless, yet unwounded, he beheld  
His own Senena.

Soon the temple floor  
315 That had so oft reekd red with innocent blood  
Steamd with just slaughter, tho in desprate [*sic*] zeal  
The Priests crowd round their God, & with their knives  
Hack at the foe & call on him to save,  
At the altar at the idols foot they fall.  
320 Nor with less fury raged the multitude  
[f.190 r.]  
Now in their Gods defence, fast as they died  
Beneath the Briton force, new martyrs rush.  
And sure that day had rooted from the earth  
The Aztecan name, & on their Conquerors brought  
325 Promiscuous ruin, had not Madocs eye  
Beheld from whence the desperate ardor rose.  
They saw Mexitli—momently they hoped  
That he would rise in vengeance, Madoc seizd  
A mighty club & from his azure throne  
330 Shattered the giant idol.

At that sight  
The men of Aztlan pausd—so was their pause  
Dreadful, as when a multitude expect  
The earthquakes second shock. but when they saw  
Earth opened not, that on their impious foes  
335 The insulted temple fell not, then dismayed  
Deeming themselves abandoned by their Gods  
They fled, their temples & their homes they fled,  
Where now the strangers triumphd, &[,] in flight[,]  
Sought the near city[,] whither they had sent  
340 Their women timely safe.

But Tlalala  
With growing fury as the danger grew  
[f.191 r.]  
Raged in the battle. but Huitziton  
Still with calm courage[,] till no hope remaind[,]  
Endured the rushing foe. when all was vain,

Ah poor Senena! on that fatal stone,  
 Dumb with the agony, they stretch'd *her*{thee} now,  
 305 Hold down thy limbs that terror of all power  
 Has{d} palsied, & the murderous knife is raisd  
 That instant thro the door victorious burst  
 Madoc! that instant thro the butcher Priest  
 The saviour sword of Caradoc is driven—  
 He lifts his arm again—the lifted arm  
 310 Hung in mid-way—a glance suspended all  
 His vital powers—himself scarce more alive  
 Extended on the stone of sacrifice,  
 Pale, lifeless, yet unwounded, he beheld  
 His own Senena.

Soon the temple floor

315 That had so oft reekd red with innocent blood  
 Steamd with just slaughter, tho in desprate zeal  
 The Priests crowd round their God, & with their knives  
 Hack at the foe & call on him to save,  
 At the altar at the idols foot they fall.  
 320 Nor with less fury ragd the multitude  
 [f. 190 r.]  
 Now in their Gods<sup>1</sup> defence, fast as they died  
 Beneath the Briton force, new martyrs rush.  
 And sure that day had rooted from the earth  
 The Aztecan name, & on their Conquerors brought  
 325 Promiscuous ruin, had not Madocs eye  
 Beheld from whence the desperate ardor rose.  
 They saw Mexitli—momently they hoped  
 That he would rise in vengeance, Madoc seizd  
 A mighty club & from his azure throne  
 330 Shattered the giant idol.

At that sight

The men of Aztlan pausd—so was their pause  
 Dreadful, as when a multitude expect  
 The earthquakes second shock. but when they saw<sup>2</sup>  
 Earth opened not, that on their impious foes  
 335 The insulted temple fell not, then dismayed  
 Deeming themselves abandoned by their Gods  
 They fled, their temples & their homes they fled,  
 Where now the strangers triumphd, & in flight  
 Sought the near city whither they had sent  
 340 Their women timely safe.

But Tlalala

With growing fury as the danger grew  
 [f. 191 r.]  
 Raged in the battle. but Huitziton  
 Still with calm courage till no hope remaind  
 Endured the rushing foe. when all was vain,

<sup>1</sup>Owing to S.'s usual omission of the apostrophe, it is difficult to be absolutely certain here whether 'God' is singular or plural; that is, whether the Aztecan are defending their gods in general, or Mexitli in particular. The latter scenario seems most likely, a fact which is supported by the wording in the published poem:

Nor with less frenzy did the multitude  
 Flock to defend their God. (*Madoc*, 363)

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 333.

345 When thro the city gate Cadwallons force  
Resistless had impelled them, then the Chief  
Calld on the Tyger, `let us bear from hence  
"The dead Ocelopan, the slaughterd King—  
"Not to the strangers should their bones be left  
350 "O Tlalala!" the Tyger wept with rage  
With generous anger. to the place of death  
Where side by side the noble dead were stretchd  
They forced their way. eight warriors joined their shields[:]  
[f.190 v.]

355 On this a bier that well beseemd the dead  
The lifeless chiefs were laid. [f.191 r. cont.] Huitziton  
Calld on the people. `men of Aztlan yet  
`One effort more—bear hence Ocelopan  
`Bear hence the body of your noble King—  
`Not to the strangers should their bones be left!'  
360 That whoso heard, with wailing & loud cries  
Prest round the body-bearers. few indeed  
For few amid the terrors of that flight  
Had ears to hear, but with a holy zeal  
A martyr courage, round the bier they rangd  
365 Their bulwark breasts, so toward the farther gate  
They held their way, while uttermost still strong  
[f.192 r.]

In unabated valour, Tlalala  
Faced, & Huitziton the foes pursuit.  
Vain valour then & fatal piety  
370 For fierce the Britons prest upon their way,  
Had not Cadwallon seen. he calld aloud  
Respecting a brave foe, & made them cease  
Pursuit. So thro the city gate they bore  
The dead, & last of all their countrymen  
375 Abandoning their temples & their homes  
Huitziton & Tlalala retired.

---



- 345 When thro the city gate Cadwallons force  
 Resistless had impelled them, then the Chief  
 Calld on the Tyger, `let us bear from hence  
 "The dead Ocelopan, the slaughterd King—  
 "Not to the strangers should their bones be left  
 350 "O Tlalala!" the Tyger wept with rage  
 With generous anger. to the place of death  
 Where side by side the noble dead were *pla* ↓ < stretchd >  
 They forced their way. eight warriors joined their shields  
*And bore the mournful load.*<sup>1</sup>  
 [f.190 v.]  
 On this *becoming* ↑ < a > bier *a mournful load* ↑ < that well beseemd > the  
*Chief* ↑ < dead ><sup>2</sup>  
 355 The *Chief deceasd* ↓ < lifeless chiefs > were laid.  
 [f.191 r. cont.]
- Huitziton
- Calld on the people. `men of Aztlan yet  
 `One effort more—bear hence Ocelopan  
 `Bear hence the body of your noble King—  
 `Not to the strangers should their bones be left!  
 360 That whoso heard, with wailing & loud cries  
 Prest round the body-bearers. few indeed  
 For few amid the terrors of that flight  
 Had ears to hear, but with a holy zeal  
 A martyr courage, round the *train* ↑ < bier > they rangd  
 365 Their bulwark breasts, so toward the farther gate  
 They held their way, while uttermost still strong  
 [f.192 r.]  
 In unabated valour, Tlalala  
 Faced, & Huitziton the foes pursuit.  
 Vain valour then & fatal piety  
 370 For fierce the Britons prest upon their way,  
 Had not Cadwallon seen. he calld aloud  
 Respecting a brave foe, & made them cease<sup>3</sup>  
 Pursuit. *Then* ↑ < So > thro the city gate they bore  
 The dead, & last of all their countrymen  
 375 Abandoning their temples & their homes  
 Huitziton & Tlalala retired.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup>In the manuscript this is not a separate half-line, but is completed with 'Huitziton', which is not deleted. I have been forced to split the line, in order to insert the corrected lines (354-355<sub>(a)</sub>) from 190 v., since 'Huitziton' becomes line 355<sub>(b)</sub> as a result of the amendment.

<sup>2</sup>This line originally read:

On this becoming bier a mournful load  
 S. then deleted 'becoming' and 'a mournful load', adding 'a' and 'that well beseemd' above the deleted words, and tacked 'the chief' on the end of the line. Thus the amended line read:

On this a bier that well beseemd the Chief  
 His final alteration was to substitute 'dead' for 'Chief' at the end of the line.

<sup>3</sup>S. numbers this line 370.

<sup>4</sup>Below this final line is written 'Wednesday. [sic] March 20. 99.'

[f.193 r.]  
Madoc.

Book 12.

Southward of Aztlan stood the Aztecan town  
Patamba. thither from the first alarm  
Their women & infirm old men had fled  
And children, thither they who from the fight  
5 And from their countrys ruin had escaped  
In scatterd bands repaird. their city lost,  
Their monarch slain, their idols overthrown,  
These tidings spread dismay, horror & rage,  
Horror by each new circumstance increasd,  
10 By numbers rage emboldend. lo! to the town  
A numerous train approach, lamenting loud,  
Like mountain torrents swelling as they go.  
Borne in the midst high on the bier of shields  
The noble dead were seen, to ten fold grief  
15 That sight stirrd up their soul, to tenfold wrath  
That anguish stung them, with their yells & groans  
Curses are mixd, & idle threats & vows

[f.194 r.]

Of vengeance deep & speedy. from the wreck  
Of Aztlan who is saved? Tezozomoc  
20 Chief servant of the Gods, their favourd Priest,  
The voice by whom they speak; young Tlalala  
Whom even defeat with added glory crown'd,  
And full of fame, their countrys rock of strength  
Huitziton, him to their sovereign slain  
25 Allied in blood, mature in wisdom him,  
Of valour unsurpassable, by all  
Beloved & honourd, him the general voice  
Acclaims their King; him they demand to lead  
Their gatherd force to battle, to revenge  
30 Their King, their Gods, & from the foe redeem  
Their temples & their country.

But the dead

First claim the nations pious gratitude  
The rites of death. on mats of mountain palm  
Wrought of rare texture & with richest hues  
35 The slaughtered Chiefs were laid. their ghastly wounds  
Hidden beneath the many-colour'd robes  
Of cotton, bright with jewels & with gold.  
The livid whiteness of the countenance  
A mask conceald. around the dead the Priests

[f.195 r.]

40 Circl'd; & one by one placed in their hands  
The aloe-leaf prepar'd & character'd,  
And as each leaf was given, Tezozomoc  
Address'd the slain: "so safely may you pass  
'Twixt the two mountains that for ever fight

[f.193 r.]  
Madoc.<sup>1</sup>

Book 12.

Southward of Aztlan stood the Aztecan town  
Patamba. thither from the first alarm  
Their women & infirm old men had fled  
And children, thither they who from the fight  
5 And from their countrys ruin had escaped  
In scatterd bands repaird. their city lost,  
Their monarch slain, their idols overthrown,  
These tidings spread dismay, horror & rage,  
Horror by each new circumstance increasd,  
10 By numbers rage emboldend. lo! to the town  
A numerous train approach, lamenting loud,  
Like mountain torrents swelling as they go.  
Borne in the midst high on the bier of shields  
The noble dead were seen, to ten fold grief  
15 That sight stirrd up their soul, to tenfold wrath  
That anguish stung them, with their yells & groans  
Curses are mixd, & idle threats & vows

[f.194 r.]

Of vengeance deep & speedy. from the wreck  
Of Aztlan who is saved? Tezozomoc  
20 Chief servant of the Gods, their favourd Priest,  
The voice by whom they speak; young Tlalala  
Whom even defeat with added glory crown'd,  
And full of fame, their countrys rock of strength  
Huitziton, him to their sovereign slain  
25 Allied in blood, mature in wisdom him,  
Of valour unsurpassable, by all  
Beloved & honourd, him the general voice<sup>2</sup>  
Acclaims their King; him they demand to lead  
Their gatherd force to battle, to revenge  
30 Their King, their Gods, & from the foe redeem  
Their temples & their country.

But the dead

First claim the nations pious gratitude  
The rites of death. on mats of mountain palm  
Wrought of rare texture & with richest hues  
35 The slaughtered Chiefs were laid. their ghastly wounds  
*Concealed* ↑ < Hidden > beneath the many-colour'd robes  
Of cotton, bright with jewels & with gold.  
The livid whiteness of the countenance  
A mask conceald. around the dead the Priests

[f.195 r.]

40 Circl'd, & one by one placed in their hands  
The aloe-leaf prepar'd & character'd,  
And as each leaf was given, Tezozomoc  
Address'd the slain: "so safely may you pass  
'Twixt the two mountains that for ever fight

<sup>1</sup>At the start of this book, directly to the right of 'Madoc', S. has written 'Wednesday. March 20.'

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 27.

45 `Dashing their bulks together. armd with this  
`In safety shall you walk along the road  
`Where the great serpent from his lurid eyes  
`Shoots lightning, & across the guarded way  
50 `Vibrates his tongue of fire. receive the third  
`And cross the waters where the Crocodile  
`In vain expects his prey. your passport this  
`Thro the 8 deserts, thro the 8 hills this.  
`And this be your defence from the fierce wind  
`Whose fury sweeps like dust the uprooted rocks  
55 `Whose keenness cuts the soul. ye noble dead  
`Thus shielded, soon triumphant shall ye reach  
`The Palace of the Sun.'

The funeral train

Moved to Mexitlis temple. first on high  
The noble dead were borne: lamenting loud  
60 They followed, to the dead, by blood allied  
Or by affection[']s voluntary ties  
Attached more closely, brothers, kindred, wives.

[f.196 r.]

The Peers of Aztlan, all who from the sword  
Of Cambria had escaped[,] in richest robes  
65 Honouring the rites, came next, & bore the arms  
And ensigns of the dead, the victim slaves  
And dwarfs, the pastime of the living Chief[s]  
Were last; with wailings & with funeral hymns  
The long procession moved. Mexitlis Priest  
70 With all his followers from the temple gate  
Advanced to meet the train. two piles were raisd  
Within the sacred court, of odourous [sic] wood  
And rich with gums; on these with all their robes  
Their ensigns & their arms they laid the dead,  
75 Then to the finishd pile the torch was placed,  
High flamed the fire & oer the thickend heaven  
Clouds of sweet incense rolld.

Meantime the Priests

Performd their bloody office. first they slew  
The women whom the slaughterd most had loved,  
80 Who most had loved the dead. silent they went  
Towards the fatal stone, resisting not,  
Nor grieving nor dismayd, but as it seemd  
Stunnd, senseless. one alone there was whose cheek  
Was flushd, whose eye was animate with fire,  
85 Her most in life Coanocotzin prized  
By ten years love endeard; his counsellor,  
His friend, the partner of his inmost thoughts[,]

[f.197 r.]

Such she had been, such merited to be.  
She as she bared her bosom to the knife

45 `Dashing their bulks together. armd with this  
 `In safety shall you walk along the road  
 `Where the great serpent from his lurid eyes  
 `Shoots lightning, & across the guarded way  
 `Vibrates his tongue of fire. receive the third  
 50 `And cross the waters where the Crocodile  
 `In vain expects his prey. your passport this  
 `Thro the 8 deserts, thro the 8<sup>1</sup> hills this.  
 `And this be your defence from the fierce wind  
 `Whose fury sweeps like dust the uprooted rocks  
 55 `Whose keenness cuts the soul. ye noble dead  
 `Thus shielded, soon triumphant shall ye reach  
 `The Palace of the Sun.'

The funeral train

Moved to Mexitlis temple. first on high  
 The noble dead were borne: lamenting loud  
 60 They followed, to the dead, by blood allied  
 Or by affections voluntary ties  
 Attached more closely, brothers, kindred, wives.

[f.196 r.]

The Peers of Aztlan, all who from the sword  
 Of Cambria had escaped in richest robes  
 65 Honouring the rites, came next, & bore the arms  
 And ensigns of the dead, the victim slaves  
 † < And dwarfs, the pastime of the living Chief > <sup>2</sup>  
 Were last; with wailings & with funeral hymns  
 The long procession moved. Mexitlis Priest  
 70 With all his followers from the temple gate  
 Advanced to meet the train. two piles were raisd  
 Within the sacred court, of odourous wood  
 And rich with gums; on these with all their robes  
 Their ensigns & their arms they laid the dead,<sup>3</sup>  
 75 Then to the finishd pile the torch was placed,  
 High flamed the fire & oer the thickend heaven  
 Clouds of sweet incense rolld.

Meantime the Priests

Performd their bloody office. first they slew  
 The women whom the slaughterd most had loved,  
 80 Who most had loved the dead. silent they went  
 Towards the fatal stone, resisting not,  
 Nor grieving nor dismayd, but as it seemd  
 Stunnd, senseless. one alone there was whose cheek  
 Was flushd, whose eye was animate with fire,  
 85 Her most in life Coanocotzin prized  
 By ten years love endeard; his counsellor,  
 His friend, the partner of his inmost thoughts

[f.197 r.]

Such she had been, such merited to be.  
 She as she bared her bosom to the knife

-----  
<sup>1</sup>See the textual note to VII.271 above. S. changed both figures to words in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>In order for the line to make sense, it seems necessary to make the word 'Chief' into the plural here, as it is in MS.2B.

<sup>3</sup>S. numbers this line 73.

90 Calld on Huitziton. "take heed O King!"  
 Aloud she cried & pointed to the Priests.  
 `Beware these wicked men. they to the war  
 `Forced my dead Lord. thou knowest & I know  
 `He loved the strangers, that his noble mind  
 95 `Enlarged enough to learn, had willingly  
 `Put down these cursed altars'—  
as she spake  
 They draggd her to the stone, `nay nay' she cried  
 `There needs not force! I go to join my Lord  
 `His blood & mine be on you!["] ere she ceasd  
 100 The knife was in her breast—Tezozomoc  
 Trembling with wrath held up towards the sun  
 Her reeking heart.  
The dwarfs & slaves died last,  
 That bloody office done they gatherd up  
 The ashes of the dead, each in a box  
 105 Laid seperate, [*sic*] with the teeth that unconsumed  
 Endured the force of fire, a single lock  
 Shorn from the corpse, the emerald at his lip  
 That hung, supposed the Spirit[,],s purer heart  
[f.198 r.]  
 In other worlds. the Priest then held on high  
 110 The little coffin of the poor remains  
 And calld upon the people. "ye behold  
 "What was your King, the bountiful, the brave,  
 "Coanocotzin. men of Aztlan hold  
 "His memory holy; learn from him to love  
 115 "Your country & your Gods, for them to live  
 "Like him, like him to die; so from yon Heaven  
 "Where in the spring of light his spirit bathes  
 "He often shall descend, on evening clouds  
 "Hover above, or plumed with rainbow wings  
 120 "Sip honey from the flowers & warble joy.  
 "Honour his memory, emulate his worth."  
 So saying in the temple tower he laid  
 The reliques of the King.  
These duties done  
 The living claim their care. his birth, his deeds[,]  
 125 The general love, the general voice demand  
 Huitziton their King. bare headed, bare  
 Of foot, of limb, his middle scarf [*sic*] alone,  
 The chieftain to Mexitlis temple moved  
[f.199 r.]  
 And knelt before the God. Tezozomoc  
 130 With sable unction in Mexitlis name  
 King over Aztlan there anointed him,  
 And sprinkled on him from the cedar boughs  
 The water blest & hallowed. then the Priest  
 In a black garment robed him, figurd white  
 135 With skulls & bones, a garb that emblem'd war  
 And slaughter & destruction, kingly tasks.

- 90 Calld on Huitziton. "take heed O King!"  
 Aloud she cried & pointed to the Priests.  
 `Beware these wicked men. they to the war  
 `Forced my dead Lord. thou knowest & I know  
 `He loved the strangers, that his noble mind  
 95 `Enlarged enough to learn, had willingly  
 `Put down these cursed altars'—  
 as she spake  
 They draggd her to the stone, `nay nay' she cried  
 `There needs not force! I go to join my Lord  
 `His blood & mine be on you! ere she ceasd  
 100 The knife was in her breast—Tezozomoc  
 Trembling with wrath held up towards the sun<sup>1</sup>  
 Her reeking heart.  
 The dwarfs & slaves died last,  
 That bloody office done they gatherd up  
 The ashes of the dead, each in a box  
 105 Laid seperate, with the teeth that unconsumed  
 Endured the force of fire, a single lock  
 Shorn from the corpse, the emerald at his lip  
 That hung, supposed the Spirits purer heart  
 [f.198 r.]  
 In other worlds. the Priest then held on high  
 110 The little coffin of the poor remains  
 And calld upon the people. "ye behold  
 "What was your King, the bountiful, the brave,  
 "Coanocotzin. men of Aztlan hold  
 "His memory holy; learn from him to love  
 115 "Your country & your Gods, for them to live  
 "Like him, like him to die; so from yon Heaven  
 "Where in the spring of light his spirit bathes  
 "He often shall descend, on evening clouds  
 "Hover above, or plumed with rainbow wings  
 120 "Sip honey from the flowers & warble joy.  
 "Honour his memory, emulate his worth."  
 So saying in the temple tower he laid  
 The reliques of the King.  
 These duties done  
 The living claim their care. his birth, his deeds  
 125 The general love, the general voice demand  
 Huitziton their King. bare headed, bare  
 Of foot, of limb, his middle scarf alone,  
 The chieftain to Mexitlis temple moved  
 [f.199 r.]  
 And knelt before the God. Tezozomoc  
 130 With sable unction in Mexitlis name  
 King over Aztlan there anointed him,  
 And sprinkled on him from the cedar boughs  
 The water blest & hallowed. then the Priest  
 In a black garment robed him, figurd white  
 135 With skulls & bones, a garb that emblem'd war  
 And slaughter & destruction, kingly tasks.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 100.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 135.

Next in his hand the Priest a censer placed,  
 And while he knelt, & steamd towards the God  
 A cloud of incense[,] thus addressd the King.  
 140 "Chosen by the people, by the Gods approved,  
 "Swear to protect thy subjects, to maintain  
 "The worship of thy fathers, to observe  
 "Their laws, to make the sun pursue his course[,]  
 "The clouds descend in rain, the rivers hold  
 145 "Their wonted channels, & the fruits of earth  
 "To ripen in their season. swear O King  
 "And prosper as thou holdest good thine oath!"

He raisd his voice & swore. then on his brow  
 The crown was placed & in the royal robe  
 [f. 200 r.]

150 Arrayd, preceded by the golden wands  
 Of majesty, Huitziton went forth.  
 "War! war!" exclaimd the impatient multitude,  
 "Vengeance upon the strangers for our King  
 "Our Gods!" "not yet" Tezozomoc replied,  
 155 "While there is guilt in Aztlan. let the Priests  
 "Who from that ruined city have escaped,  
 "And all who in her temples have performd  
 "The ennobling service of her injured Gods,  
 "Gather together now."

he spake, the train  
 160 Assembled, priests & matrons, youths & maids.  
 "Servants of Heaven!" aloud the Arch Priest [e]xclaimd  
 "The Gods had favourd Aztlan. bound for death  
 "The Chief of strangers lay, her sons were strong  
 "In battle, & the conquest had been hers.  
 165 "I speak not, men of Aztlan! from myself  
 "But as the Powers, whose voice on earth I am,  
 "Impel the truth. the conquest had been hers,  
 "But treason was in Aztlan, sacrilege,  
 "And therefore are her temples overthrown  
 170 "Her warriors slaughterd. in the foremost fight  
 "The Chief of Strangers stood, and slew your King[.]  
 [f.201 r.]

`People of Aztlan! by no God enlarged  
 `He fled your altars. by a mortal hand,  
 `An impious sacrilegious traitorous hand  
 175 `His bonds were loosened, & your King destroyd  
 `Your temples overthrown. the insulted Power,  
 `He who is Terrible, beheld the deed,  
 `He will avenge it now.["] severe he spake  
 And from Mexitlis altar bade the Priest  
 180 Bring forth the hallowed water, in his hand  
 He took the vase & held it up & cried,  
 `Cursed be he who did this deed! accurst  
 `The father who begot him, & the breast  
 `At which he fed. death be his portion now





185 `Eternal infamy his lot on earth,  
 `His doom eternal horrors!"  
                                   [f.200 v.]  
                                   ["]let his name  
 `From sire to son be in the peoples mouth  
 `Thro every generation, let a curse  
 `Of deep & pious & effectual hate  
 190 ["]For ever follow the detested name,  
 `And every curse inflict upon his soul  
 `A stab of mortal anguish!"  
                                   [f.201 r. cont.]  
                                   Then he gave  
 The vase. `drink one by one. the innocent  
 `Fearless, on them the water hath no power,  
 195 `But let the guilty tremble. it shall flow  
 `A draught of agony & death to him,  
 `A stream of fiery poison.'  
                                   Coatel  
 What were thy horrors when the fatal vase  
 Came to thy trial, when Tezozomoc  
                                   [f.202 r.]  
 200 Fixd his keen eye on thee! a deathiness [*sic*]  
 Came over her, her blood ran back, her limbs  
 Shook like the ague, & the fatal vase  
 Fell from her conscious grasp. the Priest [e]xclaimd,  
 `The hand of God! the Avenger manifest!—  
 205 `Drag her to the altar!' to the stone of death  
 They draggd her senseless. in that dreadful hour  
 Nature was kind.  
                                   Tezozomoc then cried  
 `Bring forth the kindred of this wretch accurst  
 `That none pollute the earth.' an aged Priest  
 210 Came forth & answerd, `there is none but I,  
 `The father of the dead.'  
                                   "To death with him!  
 `To death with him" Tezozomoc exclaimd  
 `And purify the nation!"  
                                   But that crime  
 The King allowed not. `Servant of the Gods  
 215 `If he be guilty[,] let the guilty bleed!'  
 He said, `but never while I live & rule  
 `The innocent shall suffer. hear him speak.'  
                                   [f.203 r.]  
 "Hear me!" the Old Man exclaimd. `that fatal day  
 `I never saw my child! at morn she left

- 185 `Eternal infamy his lot on earth,  
 `His doom eternal horrors!"<sup>1</sup>  
   [f.200 v.]  
   let his name  
 `From sire to son be in the peoples mouth  
 `Thro every generation, *with* ↑ < let > a curse  
 `Of deep & pious & effectual hate  
 190 † < For ever follow thi{e}s detested name, >  
 `And every curse inflict upon his soul  
 `A stab of mortal *fear!*" anguish!"  
   [f.201 r. cont.]  
   Then he gave  
 The vase. `drink one by one. the innocent  
 `Fearless, on them the water hath no power,  
 195 `But let the guilty tremble. it shall flow  
 `A draught of agony & death to him,  
 `A stream of fiery poison.'  
   Coatel  
 What were thy horrors when the fatal vase  
 Came to thy trial, when Tezozomoc  
   [f.202 r.]  
 200 Fixd his keen eye on thee! a deathiness<sup>2</sup>  
 Came over her, her blood ran back, her limbs  
 Shook like the ague, & the fatal vase  
 Fell from her conscious grasp. the Priest xclaimd<sup>3</sup>,  
 `The hand of God! the Avenger manifest!—  
 205 `Drag her to the altar!' to the stone of death  
 They draggd her senseless. in that dreadful hour  
 Nature was kind.<sup>4</sup>  
   Tezozomoc then cried  
 `Bring forth the kindred of this wretch accurst  
 `That none pollute the earth.' an aged Priest  
 210 Came forth & answerd, `there is none but I,  
 `The father of the dead.'  
   "To death with him!  
 `To death with him" Tezozomoc exclaimd  
 `And purify the nation!"  
   But that crime  
 The King allowed not. `Servant of the Gods  
 215 `If he be guilty let the guilty bleed!'  
 He said, `but never while I live & rule  
 `The innocent shall suffer. hear him speak.'  
   [f.203 r.]  
 "Hear me!" the Old Man exclaimd. `that fatal day  
 `I never saw my child! at morn she left

<sup>1</sup>S. has placed a small x at this point, and this evidently corresponds to another x on f.200 v., thus indicating that this is where the insertion (lines 186<sub>(b)</sub>-192<sub>(a)</sub>) is to be placed.

<sup>2</sup>S. used the same word in MS.2B.

<sup>3</sup>See textual note to line 161 above.

<sup>4</sup>S. has numbered this line, but the first two digits are buried in the binding. The last digit is certainly 0 however, which means that he must have numbered the line 200. He evidently numbered this line prior to composing the additional lines 67 and 186<sub>(b)</sub>-192<sub>(a)</sub>. Without these two additions, this line would in fact have been 200.

220 `The city gathering garlands for the shrine  
`Of Coatlantona; in the evening war  
`That by the gate I stood, heartening to fight  
`The passing warriors, let my fellow priests  
`Who stood with me, bear witness!"

Two came forth

225 And witnessd that Acautli spake the words  
Of truth.

`Full well I know', the old man pursued  
`My daughter loved the strangers, that her heart  
`Was not with Aztlan, but not I the cause.  
`Ye all remember that the Maid was given  
230 `In spousals to Lincoya, he who fled  
`The victims death[,] it was a misery  
`To me to have my only child condemnd  
`In early widowhood to waste her youth.  
`Chief of the Priests, you orderd, I obeyed.  
235 `Not mine the fault that when Lincoya fled  
`And in the strangers army fought, her heart  
[f.204 r.]  
`Was with her husband.'

`He is innocent,  
`He shall not die!" Huitziton exclaimd.

240 `Not so, not so, o King!["] Acautli cried.  
`I merit death: my country overthrown,  
`My daughter dead, alike demand on me  
`That justice. when her years of ministry  
`Vowd to the temple had expird, my love,  
245 `My selfish wants, still suffered her to give  
`Her youth to me, by filial piety  
`Widowd from him she loved. that selfish crime  
`Heavily, heavily I expiate now!  
`But I am old—& she was all to me!  
250 `O King I ask for death! alone in age  
`It were a cruel thing to bid me die  
`By the slow pain of grief. give me the Knife  
`That pierced my daughters bosom!"

The Old man

Moved to the altar. none opposed his way—  
He buried in his heart the reeking blade  
255 And fell upon his child.  
[f.205 r.]

A sudden gloom

Past thro the assembled multitude, but soon  
The brute unreasoning unreflecting crew  
Turnd to their sports; some bare their olive limbs  
And in the race contend; with hopes & fears  
260 That rouse to rage[,] some urge the mimic war.  
Here one upon his ample shoulders bore

220 `The city gathering garlands for the shrine  
 `Of Coatlantona; in the evening war  
 `That by the gate I stood, heartening to fight  
 `The passing warriors, let my fellow priests  
 `Who stood with me, bear witness!"  
 Two came forth

225 And witnessd that Acautli spake the words  
 Of truth.  
 `Full well I know', the old man pursued  
 `My daughter loved the strangers, that her heart  
 `Was not with Aztlan, but not I the cause.  
 `Ye all remember that the Maid was given  
 230 `In spousals to Lincoya, he who fled  
 `The victims death,<sup>1</sup> it was a misery  
 `To me to have my only child condemnd  
 `In early widowhood to waste her youth.  
 `Chief of the Priests, you orderd, I obeyed.  
 235 `Not mine the fault that when Lincoya fled  
 `And in the strangers army fought, her heart  
 [f.204 r.]  
 `Was with her husband.'  
 `He is innocent,  
 `He shall not die!" Huitziton exclaimd.

240 `Not so, not so, o King! Acautli cried.  
 `I merit death: my country overthrown,  
 `My daughter dead, alike demand on me  
 `That justice. when her years of ministry  
 `Vowd to the temple had expird, my love,  
 `My selfish *love* ↑ < wants >, still suffered her to give  
 245 `Her youth to me, by filial piety  
 `Widowd from him she loved. that selfish crime  
 `Heavily, heavily I expiate now!  
 `But I am old—& she was all to me!  
 `O King I ask for death! alone in age  
 250 `It were a cruel thing to bid me die  
 `By the slow pain of grief. give me the Knife  
 `That pierced my daughters bosom!'  
 The Old man<sup>2</sup>  
 Moved to the altar. none opposed his way—  
 He buried in his heart the reeking blade  
 255 And fell upon his child.  
 [f.205 r.]  
 A sudden gloom  
 Past thro the assembled multitude, but soon  
 The brute unreasoning unreflecting crew  
 Turnd to their sports; some bare their olive limbs  
 And in the race contend; with hopes & fears  
 260 That rouse to rage some urge the mimic war.  
 Here one upon his ample shoulders bore

<sup>1</sup>While the punctuation mark after `death' is certainly a comma, it really needs to be a period.

<sup>2</sup>On first using `the old man' with reference to Acautli (line 218), S. capitalised both adjective and noun, while on the second occurrence (line 226<sub>(b)</sub>), he used lower case for both. On this line he has capitalised `Old' but left `man' in lower case.

A comrades weight, upon whose head a third  
 Stands poisd like Mercury in act to fly,  
 He who supports the human obelisk[,]

265 Still moving as the music bids him move.  
 Hard by two others on their shoulders prop  
 A forked beam, while on its height a third  
 Bounds in the dance & shakes a glittering plume.  
 Another on his back, with upraisd feet

270 Supports a plank, at either end a man  
 Sits equipoisd. he tosses up in air  
 The balanced weight & on his feet receives[,]  
 So in alternate effort sporting still.  
 Here round a lofty mast the dancers move

275 Quick to quick music, from its top affixd  
 Each holds a colourd cord, & as they weave  
 The many mazes of the orderd dance  
 The intwisted [*sic*] network chequers round the tree  
 A regular variety of hues.

[f.206 r.]

280 But soon a shout went forth `The Flyers mount!'  
 And from all meaner sports the multitude  
 Flock to their favourite pastime. in the earth  
 Unbranchd, unbarkd, the trunk of some tall pine  
 Is planted; near the summit a square frame[.]

285 Four ropes pass thro its perforated sides,  
 And fifty times & twice around the tree,  
 A mystic number, are intwined [*sic*] above[.]  
 Four men arrayed in plumes ascend, & each  
 Fast round him binds a rope. anon they clap

290 Their pinions, & upborne on spreading wings  
 Launch on the air, & wheel in circling flight.  
 The lengthening cords untwisting as they fly.  
 A fifth above upon the moving point  
 Dances & waves a flag, & on the frame

295 Others the while maintain their giddy stand  
 Till now[,] with many a round[,] the untwisted cords  
 Draw near their utmost length, & towards the earth  
 The aerial circlers speed. then down the ropes  
 They spring, & on their way from rope to rope

300 Bound whil[e] the shouting multitude endure  
 A shuddering admiration.

On such sports[,]

[f.207 r.]

Their feelings centered in the joy of sight[,]  
 The multitude stood gazing, when a man  
 Breathless & wild of eye came running on,  
 305 His pale lips trembling & his fearful cheek  
 Like one who meets a lion in his path.  
 "The fire! the fire! the temple"—he exclaimd  
 `Mexitli shoots forth lightning!" to the fane

A comrades weight, upon whose head a third  
 Stands poisd like Mercury in act to fly,  
 He who supports the human *pyramid* obelisk  
 265 Still moving as the music bids him move.  
 Hard by two others on their shoulders prop  
 A forked beam, while on its height a third  
 Bounds in the dance & shakes a glittering plume.  
 Another on his back, with upraisd feet  
 270 Supports a plank, at either end a man  
 Sits equipoisd. he tosses up in air  
 The balanced weight & on his feet receives  
 So in alternate effort sporting still.  
 Here round a lofty mast the dancers move  
 275 Quick to quick music, from its top affixd  
 Each holds a colourd cord, & as they weave  
 The many mazes of the orderd dance  
 The intwisted network chequers round the tree  
 A regular variety of hues.  
 [f.206 r.]  
 280 But soon a shout went forth `The Flyers mount!'  
 And from all meaner sports the multitude  
 Flock to their favourite pastime. in the earth  
 Unbranchd, unbarkd, the trunk of some tall pine  
 Is planted; near the summit a square frame,<sup>1</sup>  
 285 Four ropes pass thro its perforated sides,  
 And fifty times & twice around the tree,  
 A mystic number, are intwined above  
 Four men arrayed in plumes ascend, & each  
 Fast round him binds a rope. anon they clap  
 290 Their pinions, & upborne on spreading wings  
 Launch on the air, & wheel in circling flight.  
 The lengthening cords untwisting as they fly.  
 A fifth above upon the moving point  
 Dances & waves a flag, & on the frame  
 295 Others the while maintain their giddy stand  
 Till now with many a round the untwisted cords  
 Draw near their utmost length, & towards the earth  
 The aerial circlers speed. then down the ropes  
 They spring, & on their way from rope to rope  
 300 Bound whilst<sup>2</sup> the shouting multitude endure  
 A shuddering admiration.

On such sports

[f.207 r.]

Their feelings centered in the joy of sight  
 The multitude stood gazing, when a man  
 Breathless & wild of eye came running on,  
 305 His pale lips trembling & his fearful cheek  
 Like one who meets a lion in his path.  
 "The fire! the fire! the temple"—he exclaimd  
 `Mexitli shoots forth lightning!" to the fane

<sup>1</sup>While the punctuation after `frame' is certainly a comma, the beginning of line 285 only seems to make sense if it is treated as a new sentence.

<sup>2</sup>S. presumably wished to change `whilst' into `while'—an alteration carried out in MS.2B—, but, having deleted the st, he omitted to add the final e.

310 They hastend—lo, the open gate displays  
The inner temple sheeted white with fire!  
Dumb with affright they stood. the enquiring King  
Gazed on Tezozomoc—the Priest replied  
"I go! the Gods protect me!"

Their blood pausd

315 With expectation, as they saw the Priest  
Approach, & enter in the house of flame.  
But instant bounding with inebriate joy  
He issues forth—`the God! the God!" he cries—  
`Joy—joy—the God—the visible hand of Heaven!"  
320 Anon with calmer transport, `well ye know  
`In Aztlan that the strangers impious hand  
`Destroyed Mexitlis image. it is here,  
`Unbroken & the same!"

A flood of joy  
[f.208 r.]

Burst on the multitude. towards the gate  
They press, they see the giant idol there,  
325 The serpent girdling him, his neck with hearts  
Ringd, in his hand the club. so shaped, so armd  
As oft in Aztlan on his azure throne  
They had adord the God, they saw him now,  
Unbroken & the same. again the Priest  
330 Entered, again a second joy inspird  
To frenzy all around, for forth he came,  
Exulting forth he came, for in his hand  
The banner of the nation he upheld,  
That banner, to their fathers sent from Heaven[,]  
335 By them abandoned to the Strangers power.

He motiond silence, & the crowd were still,  
`People of Aztlan', he exclaimd, `when first  
`Your fathers from their native land went forth  
`In search of better seats, this banner came  
340 `From heaven. the Famine & the Pestilence  
`Had been among them, in their hearts the spring  
`Of courage was dried up. with midnight fires  
`Radiate, by midnight thunders heralded  
`This banner came from Heaven, & with it came

[f.209 r.]

345 `Health, Valour, Victory!—Aztlan once again  
`The God restores the blessing. to his praise  
`Gracious & great move in the solemn dance,  
`Exalt for him the song!"

They formd the dance

They raisd the hymn & sung Mexitlis praise.

350 "Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,  
`Preserver of thy friends, to those who scorn



310 They hastend—lo, the open gate displays  
 The inner temple sheeted white with fire!  
 Dumb with affright they stood. the enquiring King  
 Gazed on Tezozomoc—the Priest replied  
 "I go! the Gods protect me!"

Their blood pausd

315 With expectation, as they saw the Priest  
 Approach, & enter in the house of flame.  
 But instant bounding with inebriate joy  
 He issues forth—`the God! the God!" he cries—  
 `Joy—joy—the God—the visible hand of Heaven!"  
 Anon with calmer transport, `well ye know  
 320 `In Aztlan that the strangers impious hand  
 `Destroyed Mexitlis image. it is here,  
 `Unbroken & the same!"

A flood of joy  
 [f.208 r.]

Burst on the multitude. towards the gate  
 They press, they see the giant idol there,  
 325 The serpent girdling him, his neck with hearts  
 Ringd, in his hand the club. so shaped, so armd  
 As oft in Aztlan on his azure throne  
 They had adord the God, they saw him now,  
 Unbroken & the same. again the Priest  
 330 Entered, again a second joy inspird  
 To frenzy all around, for forth he came,  
 Exulting forth he came, for in his hand  
 The banner of the nation *the up* ↑ < up > held,<sup>1</sup>  
 That banner, to their fathers sent from Heaven  
 335 By them abandoned to the Strangers power.

He motiond silence, & the crowd were still,  
 `People of Aztlan', he exclaimd, `when first  
 `Your fathers from their native land went forth  
 `In search of better seats, this banner came  
 340 `From heaven. the Famine & the Pestilence  
 `Had been among them, in their hearts the spring  
 `Of courage was dried up. with midnight fires  
 `Radiate, by midnight thunders heralded  
 `This banner came from Heaven, & with it came

[f.209 r.]

345 `Health, Valour, Victory!—Aztlan once again  
 `The God restores the blessing. to his praise  
 `Gracious & great move in the solemn dance,  
 `Exalt for him the song!"

They formd the dance

They raisd the hymn & sung Mexitlis praise.

350 "Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,  
 `Preserver of thy friends, to those who scorn

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. must have decided to change the sense of the line immediately after having written `the', since the original line could obviously not have read:

The banner of the nation the upheld

Having decided upon `he upheld', he evidently toyed with the idea of turning the verb into `held' and closing the line, presumably, with an adverb such as `high', eventually restoring the verb to `upheld'.

`Thy holy power[,] Avenger! praise to thee  
 `Mexitli, guardian God!           `From whence art thou  
 355 `O Son of Mystery? from whence art thou  
 `Whose sire thy Mother knew not? she at eve  
 `Walkd in the temple court, & saw from heaven  
 `A plume descend, so bright, so beautiful  
 `As if some spirit had embodied there  
 360 `The rainbow hues, or dipt it in the light  
 `Of setting suns. to her it floated down,  
 `She placed it in her bosom to bedeck  
 `The altar of the Gods, she sought it there[,]  
 `Amazed she found it not, amazed she felt  
 365 `Another life infused. from whence art thou  
 `O Son of Mystery? from whence art thou  
 `Whose sire thy Mother knew not?  
   [f.210 r.]  
   `Grief was hers  
 `Wonder & grief, for Life was in her womb  
 `And her stern children with revengeful eyes  
 370 `Beheld their mothers shame. she saw their frown,  
 `She knew their plots of blood. where shall she look  
 `For succour when her sons conspire her death,  
 `Where hope for comfort, when her daughter whets  
 `The knife of mother-murder? from her womb  
 `The voice of comfort came, the timely aid—  
 375 `Already at her breast the death is aimd  
 `When forth he leapt—shaking the angry spear  
 `Mexitli leapd—to punish & to save—  
 `Glory to thee the Terrible[,] arise,  
 `Mexitli! save thy people. dreadful God  
 380 `Arise[,] redeem thy city & revenge.  
 `An impious[,] an impenetrable foe  
 `Hath blackened thine own altars with the blood  
 `Of thine own Priests; hath dashd thine image down—  
 `In vain did valours naked breast oppose

`Thy holy power Avenger! praise to thee  
 `Mexitli, guardian God!  
   `From whence art thou  
 `O Son of Mystery? from whence art thou  
 355 `Whose sire thy Mother knew not? she at eve  
     `Walkd in the temple court, & saw from heaven  
     `A plume descend, so bright, so beautiful  
     `As if some spirit had embodied there  
 360 `The rainbow hues, or dipt it in the light  
     `Of setting suns. to her it floated down,  
     `She placed it in her bosom to bedeck—<sup>1</sup>  
     `The altars of the Gods, she sought it there  
     `Amazed she found it not, amazed she felt  
 365 `Another life infused. from whence art thou  
     `O Son of Mystery? from whence art thou  
     `Whose sire thy Mother knew not?<sup>2</sup>  
   [f.210 r.]  
   `Grief was hers  
 `Wonder & grief, for Life was in her womb  
 `And her stern children with revengeful eyes  
 370 `Beheld their mothers shame. she saw them{ir} frown,  
     `She knew their plots of blood. where shall she look  
     `For succour when her sons conspire her *doom* death,  
     `Where hope for comfort, when her daughter whets  
     `The knife of mother-murder? from her womb  
 375 `The voice of comfort came, the timely aid—  
     `Already at her breast the death is aimd  
     `When forth he leapt—shaking the angry spear  
     `Mexitli leapd—to punish & to save—  
     `Glory to thee *the Great* the Terrible<sup>3</sup>  
     `*Preserver of thy friend—to those who scorn*<sup>4</sup>  
     `*Thy holy power, Avenger!*  
   `Arise<sup>5</sup> & save,  
 380 `Mexitli! save thy people. dreadful God  
     `Arise redeem thy city & revenge.  
     `An impious an impenetrable foe  
     `Hath blackened thine own altars with the blood  
     `Of thine own Priests; hath dashd thine image down—  
     `In vain did valours naked breast oppose

-----  
<sup>1</sup>It is hard to understand the significance of the dash at the end of this line, since any punctuation divides the subject 'altar' from the verb 'bedeck'.

<sup>2</sup>S. has numbered this line, but the first digit is now buried in the binding. The last two digits are 59, and the first must have been 3. (See textual note to line 207<sub>(a)</sub> above.)

<sup>3</sup>This line is now to be completed with 'arise', the solitary word remaining extant on line 378<sub>(b)</sub>. For the sense however, some punctuation is also required after 'the terrible', perhaps the most appropriate being the exclamation mark that originally closed the whole phrase on the deleted line 378+2: 'Thy holy power, Avenger!'

<sup>4</sup>S. has not deleted lines 378+1 and 378+2 in the usual manner with separate horizontal lines, but has linked the two lines together with a wavy line between the two.

<sup>5</sup>Given that the word 'Arise' will now complete line 378 ('Glory to thee the Terrible'), S. would not have wanted to retain the initial capital.

385 `Their dreadful arms, in vain the stone edged sword  
`Was driven on their impenetrable mail[.]  
`Not against the Avenger shall those arms  
`Profit, nor that impenetrable mail  
[f.211 r.]  
390 `Resist the fiery arrows of thy wrath—  
`Arise[,] go forth in anger & destroy![""]

---

- 385 `Their dreadful arms, in vain the stone edged sword<sup>1</sup>  
`Was driven on their impenetrable mail  
`Not against the Avenger shall those arms  
`Profit, nor that impenetrable mail  
    [f.211 r.]  
390 `Resist the fiery arrows of thy wrath—  
`Arise go forth in anger & destroy!<sup>2</sup>
- 

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The final word of this line is so tightly squeezed onto the right-hand edge of the paper that it would have been extremely difficult to decipher without the assistance of MS.2B. There can be no doubt however that the word is `sword'.

<sup>2</sup>Below this final line S. has written `March 25. 99.'

[f.212 r.]  
Madoc.

Book. 13.

Aztlan meantime presents the hideous sight  
Of conquest[,] in her streets the hot sun-beam  
Parchd the blood-pools: the dead were heapd in hills,  
The victors[,] stretchd in every little shade  
5 With unhelmd heads reclining on their shields[,]  
Slept the deep sleep of weariness. the gates  
Alternate labour guards.

Meanwhile the Chiefs  
Took counsel. should they in that capturd town  
Fix their dominion & pursue success?  
10 Or offer to their humbled foes again  
The peace that in an evil hour they scornd?  
Fear & Experience well might warrant now  
The peace; but when the Britons calld to mind  
The wiles & treachery of their faithless foes,  
15 They lookd upon the temples clotted black  
With human blood, the walls of human skulls  
And then it seemd as tho the multitude  
Of victims calld on them to overthrow

[f.213 r.]

The infernal altars, bade them from the earth  
20 Root up the race whose damned piety  
With daily murders fed their demon Gods,  
In mercy to the nations yet unborn  
Calld on them not to spare.

But with what joy  
They heard that Madoc in that capturd town  
25 Would stablsh his dominion, they whose sires  
Had dwelt possessors of the fertile vale  
Till Aztlan came destroying in her strength,  
And slew & sacrificed & to the hills  
Drove them a vassal tribe. They from the streets  
30 Drag out the dead, & with united toil  
Amid the plain a mighty trench they dig  
The grave of thousands, deep & broad & long[.]  
Six such they delved & oer the multitudes  
That levelld with the plain the deep-dug graves,  
35 Six monumental hills they heapd on high.  
Next, horror heightening joy, they overthrew

[f.212 r.]  
Madoc.

Book. 13.<sup>1</sup>

Aztlan meantime presents the hideous sight  
Of conquest,<sup>2</sup> in her streets the hot sun-beam  
Parchd the blood-pools: the dead were heapd in hills,  
The victors stretchd in every little shade  
5 With unhelmd heads reclining on their shields  
Slept the deep sleep of weariness. the gates  
Alternate labour guards.

Meanwhile the Chiefs  
Took counsel. should they in that capturd town  
Fix their dominion & pursue success?  
10 Or offer to their humbled foes again  
The peace that in an evil hour they scornd?  
*But wh* Fear & Experience well<sup>3</sup> might warrant now  
The peace; but when the Britons calld to mind  
The wiles & treachery of their faithless foes,  
15 They lookd upon the temples clotted black  
With human blood, the walls of human skulls  
And then it seemd as tho the multitude  
Of victims calld on them to overthrow

[f.213 r.]

20 The infernal altars, bade them from the earth  
Root up the race whose damned piety  
With daily murders fed their demon Gods,  
In mercy to the nations yet unborn  
Calld on them not to spare.

But with what joy  
They heard that Madoc in that capturd town  
25 Would stablish his dominion, they whose sires  
Had dwelt possessors of the fertile vale  
Till *came* Aztlan came destroying in her strength,  
And slew & sacrificed & to the hills  
Drove them a vassal tribe. They from the streets  
30 Drag out the dead, & with united toil  
Amid the plain a mighty trench they dig  
The grave of thousands, deep & broad & long  
Six such they delved & oer the multitudes  
That levelld with the plain the deep-dug graves,  
35 Six monumental *graves* hills they heapd on high.  
Next, horror heightening joy, they overthrew

-----  
<sup>1</sup>At the start of this book, directly to the right of the book number, S. has written 'Wednesday. March 27.'

<sup>2</sup>While the punctuation mark after 'conquest' is certainly a comma, a period would seem to be more appropriate, since the phrase 'in the streets' appears to begin a new sentence. It is certainly difficult to see the entire phrase (from 'in her streets' to 'blood-pools') as a co-ordinate clause of the opening sentence in the book.

<sup>3</sup>S. clearly began this line with a completely different compositional intention from that which he eventually adopted. As for the word 'well', the initial w is almost impossible to distinguish from another letter over which it has been superimposed. Confirmation that the word is 'well' is obtained from MS.2B.







[f.215 r.]

And now resolved

45 To fix their dwelling in that captive town,  
Behoved the Britons thither to collect  
Their scattered strength, to quit the mountain holds,  
The ships, & with their centered force await  
Or urge assault. for this Lincoya sought

[f.214 v.]

50 The mountain dwellings—Ririd to the fleet  
Repairs, the while in Aztlan Madocs care  
Makes ready for the war [f.215 r. cont.] disposing all  
As tho a ready enemy approachd.  
But from Patamba yet no army moved,  
55 Four heralds only[,] missiond from their King[,]  
Approachd the town. the friendly Indians['] eye  
Knew the green mantle of their privilege[,]

[f.216 r.]

60 The symbols that they bore, the arrow[']s point  
Deprest, the shield[,] the net that from the arm  
Suspended bore their food. they thro the gate  
Pass with permitted entrance & demand  
Speech of the Ocean Prince[.] the Ocean Prince  
Receives the legates & the Elder spake[:]  
` Thus to the Stranger Chief Huitziton  
` Speaks his hearts words. such greeting as from foe

*The Evils & Pollutions that by night  
Had dwelt in Aztlan. at his word they ran  
North, South & East & West whirling on air  
The purifying brands, & far away  
Beyond the city precincts toss the flames  
That drive the Evil thence.*

- And now resolved
- 45 To fix their dwelling in that captive town,  
Behoved the Britons thither to collect  
Their scattered strength, to quit the mountain holds,  
The ships, & with their centered force await  
Or urge assault. for this Lincoya sought  
*The heights, for this the Searcher of the seas*<sup>1</sup>  
*Now to the fleet repaired. Cadwallons care  
In Aztlan rules the while,*<sup>2</sup>
- [f.214 v.]
- 50 The mountain dwellings—Ririd to the fleet  
Repairs, the while in Aztlan Madocs care  
Makes ready for the war—
- [f.215 r. cont.]
- disposing all<sup>3</sup>
- As tho a ready enemy approachd.  
But from Patamba yet no army moved,  
Four heralds only missiond from their King
- 55 Approachd the town. the friendly Indians eye  
Knew the green mantle of their privilege
- [f.216 r.]
- The symbols that they bore, the arrows point  
Deprest, the shield the net that from the arm  
Suspended bore their food. they thro the gate
- 60 Pass with permitted entrance & demand  
Speech of the Ocean Prince;<sup>4</sup> *him finding not  
Then from the town depart, nor to the right  
Nor to the left they turn but hold their way  
Straight to the ships.* the Ocean Prince<sup>5</sup>  
Receives the legates & the Elder spake  
`Thus to the Stranger Chief Huitziton  
`Speaks his hearts words. such greeting as from foe

-----  
<sup>1</sup>Lines 48+1-48+3 are not crossed out individually by S.'s usual horizontal lines, but collectively by means of a large X across the centre of all three lines.

<sup>2</sup>In the manuscript this is not a half-line, but is completed with `disposing all', which now concludes line 51. It is at this point however that the lines on f.214 v. (lines 49, 50 and the first part of 51) are to be inserted, which is why I have been forced to split the line.

<sup>3</sup>In the manuscript this is not a half-line (see textual note to line 48+3 above), and it is fairly clear that S. did not wish it to appear as such in the amended text either. His careful placing of a dash at the end of the final insertion line (51) on f.214 v. is a clear indication that `disposing all' should now constitute the second half of line 51.

<sup>4</sup>This line is now to be completed with `the Ocean Prince', the extant half of line 63+3. It is not so easy to reach any definite conclusions about what S. envisaged in terms of punctuation in the amended line however. On this line, the semi-colon after `Prince' remains extant, while the period before `the Ocean Prince' on line 61+3 is certainly deleted. S. adopted the semi-colon in MS.2B, though it scarcely seems the most appropriate form of punctuation in the context.

<sup>5</sup>S. had numbered this now partially-deleted line 88.

65 `Foe may receive[,] where individual hate  
`Dwells not, but honour & assured esteem[,]  
`And what were friendship did the Gods allow[,]  
`The King of Aztlan sends. he bids him mount  
70 `His houses of the sea & leave this land  
`So with all succour Aztlan shall assist  
`The soon departure. thus Huitziton  
`Mindful of former friendship counsels you,  
`Thus as the K[ing] of Aztlan in his own[,]  
75 `His peoples name[,] commands. if obstinate,  
`If of your lives regardless ye refuse,  
`Woe strangers woe to you! to the armed man  
[f.217 r.]  
`That in the fight must perish, to the wife  
`That vainly on her husbands aid must call  
80 `Woe to the babe that hangs upon the breast  
`For Aztlan comes in anger & her Gods  
`Spare none.'  
The searcher of the seas replied  
`By force Aztecan have we won this town  
`By force will we maintain it. to your King  
85 `Repeat my saying. in this goodly land  
`Your fathers came for an abiding place  
`Strangers as we, but not as we in peace;  
`They conquered & destroyd, a tyrant race  
`Bloody & faithless[,] to the hills they drove  
90 `The unoffending children of the vale  
`And day by day in cruel sacrifice  
`Consumed them. God hath sent the Avengers here—  
`Powerful to save we come—& to destroy  
`When Justice on Destruction calls for aid.  
95 `Go tell your nation that we know their force,  
`That they know ours. that there Patamba soon  
`Shall be like Aztlan, & what other town  
`Their flight may seek shall[,] like Patamba[,] fall,  
`Till broken in their strength & spirit-crushd  
`They beg permission to depart in peace  
[f.218 r.]  
100 `And search some other home.'  
The Legate heard  
And answerd, `Madoc this reply received  
`I bid thee in the K[ing] of Aztlans name  
`Mortal defiance. in the field of blood  
105 `Ere yet our numberless multitudes tread down  
`Thy mad & miserable countrymen  
`Huitziton invites thee to the strife  
`Of equal danger. so may he avenge  
`Coanocotzin, or like him in death

- 65     `Foe may receive where individual hate  
        `Dwells not, but honour & assured esteem  
        `And what were friendship did the Gods allow  
        `The King of Aztlan sends. he bids him mount  
        `His houses of the sea & leave this land
- 70     `So with all succour Aztlan shall assist  
        `The soon departure. thus Huitziton  
        `Mindful of former friendship counsels you,  
        `Thus as the K<sup>1</sup> of Aztlan in his own  
        `His peoples name commands. if obstinate,
- 75     `If of your lives regardless ye refuse,  
        `Woe strangers woe to you! to the armed man  
                                   [f.217 r.]  
        `That in the fight must perish, to the wife  
        `That vainly on her husbands aid must call  
        `Woe to the babe that hangs upon the breast
- 80     `For Aztlan comes in anger & her Gods  
        `Spare none.'  
                                   The searcher of the seas replied  
        `By force Aztecans have we *gaind* ↑ < won > this town  
        `By force will we maintain it. to your King  
        `Repeat my saying. in this goodly land
- 85     `Your fathers came for an abiding place  
        `Strangers as we, but not as we in peace;  
        `They conquered & destroyd, a tyrant race  
        `Bloody & faithless to the hills they drove  
        `The unoffending children of the vale
- 90     `And day by day in cruel sacrifice  
        `Consumed them. God hath sent the Avengers here—  
        `Powerful to save we come—& to destroy  
        `When Justice on Destruction calls for aid.  
        `Go tell your nation that we know their force,
- 95     `That they know ours. that there Patamba soon  
        `Shall be like Aztlan, & what other town  
        `Their flight may seek shall like Patamba fall,  
        `Till broken in their strength & spirit-crushd  
        `They beg permission to depart in peace  
                                   [f.218 r.]
- 100    `And search some other home.'<sup>2</sup>  
                                   The Legate heard  
        And answerd, `Madoc this reply received  
        `I bid thee in the K<sup>3</sup> of Aztlan's name  
        `Mortal defiance. in the field of blood  
        `Ere yet our numberless multitudes tread down
- 105    `Thy mad & miserable countrymen  
        `Huitziton invites thee to the strife  
        `Of equal danger. so may he avenge  
        `Coanocotzin, or like him in death

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. seldom adopts this kind of abbreviation in his writings, but he uses K to represent `King' on two other occasions in this manuscript: in line 102 below and in XV.305. In the last occurrence it is followed by a period, but here, and in line 102, there is no punctuation.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 125.

<sup>3</sup>See textual note to line 73 above.



- 'Discharge his duty.'  
 'Tell Huitziton'  
 110 The Prince replied, 'that in the field of blood  
 'I must not shun a foe. but also say  
 'I will not seek him there, to raise this hand  
 'Against his life which once was joind with his  
 'In friendship.'  
 Madoc answerd so. with that,  
 115 The Legates left the town, nor to the right  
 Nor to the left they turn, but hold their way  
 Straight to Patamba.  
 [f.217 v.]  
 Now had Ririds care<sup>1</sup>  
 Performd his mission, swift the mariners  
 Unreeve the rigging, & the masts they strike,  
 120 And now on shore they haul the lightend hulks  
 Tear up the decks, *the [1 word]* ↑ < the > seperate planks bear off  
 Disjoin the well-scarft timbers & the keel  
 Loosen asunder. to the capturd town  
 With chearful toil they & their willing friends  
 125 Convey the load. *the Ocean Searcher then* ↓ < the Searcher of the seas >  
 Directs their task. twelve galleys they prepare  
 Lay down the keel, the stern post rear & fix  
 The strong curved timbers. others from the wood  
 Bring the tall pines meantime & from their trunks  
 130 Force by the aid of fire the needful gum.  
 Between the close-caulkd planks its heated stream  
 They pour, & now the round-projecting prow  
 With iron fence, & launch into the waves  
 The galleys long & sharp. the masts are reard  
 135 The sails are bent & now the ready barks  
 Lie on the lake.  
 [f.218 r. cont.]  
 † < Meantime > *Soon* amid the town  
 Like them appareld the Peruvian<sup>2</sup> found  
 A spy of Aztlan. him before the Prince  
 They lead. 'Aztecan!' cried the Ocean Chief  
 140 'Thy life is forfeit, as its ransom speak  
 [f.219 r.]  
 'Thy nations force & plans.'  
 The Aztecan fixd  
 His dark & sullen eye upon the Prince—  
 'If ought the knowledge of my countrys force  
 'And plans would profit thee, ere I would let  
 145 'My tongue play traitor, thou mightst limb for limb  
 'Hew me, & make each seperate member feel  
 'A seperate agony of death. O Prince,  
 'But I will speak my nations force & plans

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. has placed a large cross in the margin prior to lines 117<sub>(b)</sub>-136<sub>(a)</sub> on f.217 v., and this corresponds with a similar cross in the margin prior to line 136<sub>(b)</sub> ('Meantime amid the town') on f.218 r., thus indicating that this is where the large insertion is to be added.

<sup>2</sup>The word 'Peruvian' clearly needs to be plural here, as in MS.2B.

150 `That ye may know & trembl[e] at your doom,  
`That fear may half subdue you to the sword  
`Of vengeance. can ye count the stars of heaven?  
`The waves that ruffle oer the lake? the leaves  
`Swept from the autumnal forest? can ye look  
155 `Upon the eternal snows of yonder heights  
`And number each particular flake that formd  
`The mountain mass? so numberless they come!  
`Whoer can wield the sword or hurl the lance,  
`Or aim the arrow, from the growing boy  
160 `Ambitious of the battle, to the old man  
`Who to revenge his country & his Gods  
`Hastens, & then to die. by land they come  
`And years must pass away ere on their path  
`The grass again can grow. they come by lake  
165 `And ye shall see the shoals of their canoes  
`Darken the waters. Strangers when our Gods  
`Have conquered, when ye lie upon the stone  
[f.220 r.]  
`Of sacrifice extended one by one,  
`Half of our armies cannot taste your flesh  
170 `Tho given in equal shares, & every share  
`Minced small as nestling[']s food.'

The Prince replied

`Aztecan we are few! but thro the woods  
`The Lion walks alone. the lesser fowls  
`Flock multitudinous, & fly before  
175 `The Eagles strength. Aztecan we are few  
`And yet thy nation hath experienced us  
`Enough for conquest. tell thy countrymen  
`We can defend the city that we won.["]

He said & turnd away—tho in his heart  
Assured of conquest, anxious, & rejoiced  
180 `That his strong galleys now prepar'd & mannd  
`Wait but the signal. soon the tidings came—  
`The Aztecan are embarkd. then Madoc mounts  
`The vessel & before the favouring wind  
`Hoists the broad sail. before the wind they move  
185 `To meet the foe. at that strange sight amazed  
`The Aztecan pausd a moment on their oars—  
`At once they sei[z]ed their bows, & with loud shouts  
`Yelling defiance on the approaching barks  
[f.221 r.]

190 `Shot fast their arrowy shower that fell in vain  
`On Britains well-fenced sons. Madoc himself  
`Stands at the helm—strong blows the auspicious breeze—  
`Still pausing on their oars the unwary foe  
`Shower their stone shafts. the galley thro the waves



- 150 `That ye may know & trembl<sup>1</sup> at your doom,  
 `That fear may half subdue you to the sword  
 `Of vengeance. can ye count the stars of heaven?  
 `The waves that ruffle oer the lake? the leaves  
 `Swept from the autumnal forest? can ye look  
 `Upon the eternal snows of yonder heights  
 155 `And number *the* ↓ < each > particular flakes that form † < d >  
 `The mountain mass? so numberless they come!  
 `Whoer can wield the sword or hurl the lance,  
 `Or aim the arrow, from the growing boy  
 `Ambitious of the battle, to the old man  
 160 `Who to revenge his country & his Gods  
 `Hastens, & then to die. by land they come  
 `And years must pass away ere on their path  
 `The grass again can grow. they come by lake  
 `And ye shall see the shoals of their canoes  
 165 `Darken the waters. Strangers when our Gods  
 `Have conquered, when ye lie upon the stone  
   [f.220 r.]  
 `Of sacrifice extended one by one,  
 `Half of our armies cannot taste your flesh  
 `Tho given in equal shares, & every share<sup>2</sup>  
 170 `Minced small as nestlings food.'           The Prince replied  
 `Aztecan we are few! but thro the woods  
 `The Lion walks alone. the lesser fowls  
 `Flock multitudinous, & fly before  
 `The Eagles strength. Aztecan we are few  
 175 `And yet thy nation hath experienced us  
 `Enough for conquest. tell thy countrymen  
 `We can defend the city that we won.  
  
 He said & turnd away—tho in his heart  
 Assured of conquest, anxious, & rejoiced  
 180 That his strong galleys now prepar'd & mannd  
 Wait but the signal. soon the tidings came—  
 The Aztecons are embarkd. then Madoc mounts  
 The vessel & before the favouring wind  
 Hoists the broad sail. before the wind they move  
 185 To meet the foe. at that strange sight amazed  
 The Aztecons paus'd a moment on their oars—  
 At once they seied<sup>3</sup> their bows, & with loud shouts  
 Yelling defiance on the approaching barks  
   [f.221 r.]  
 Shot fast their arrowy shower that fell in vain  
 190 On Britains well-fenced sons. Madoc himself  
 Stands at the helm—strong blows the auspicious breeze—  
 Still pausing on their oars the unwary foe  
 Shower their stone shafts. the galley thro the waves

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. has accidentally omitted the final e. He numbers this line 155.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 175.

<sup>3</sup>The word is clearly 'seized', as in MS.2B, but S. has omitted the z.

Flies fast—& full upon the first canoe  
 195 Drives shattering, midway its long length it struck  
 And thro the wreck with unimpeded way  
 Dashes among the fleet. the astonishd men  
 Gazed in inactive terror & beheld  
 Their splintered vessels floating all around  
 200 Their warriors struggling in the lake[,] with arms  
 Experienced in the battle[,] vainly now.  
 Then did the brave feel fear. they dropp their bows[,]  
 Their idle javelins, swift they grasp their oars  
 Swift with strong arms by all the heart impelld  
 205 Fly from the masters of the elements  
 Who rowed the waters & who made the winds  
 Wing them to vengeance. forward now they bend  
 Now backward leaning with incumbent weight  
 Press on their oars; the rapid boat shoots on  
 210 An arrows length[,] ere from the lifted oars  
 The drops have reachd the lake—but on they come  
 [f.222 r.]  
 The galleys of the Prince—the auspicious breeze  
 Blows strong, far far behind their rushing keels  
 Lies the long line of foam, the helm directs  
 215 Their force, they move as with the limbs of life  
 Obedient to the will that governs them.  
 Rightward & leftward the tremendous barks  
 Strike & destroy. hark! hark! that thundering shock  
 The dash of closing waters, the wild shriek  
 220 Of drowning multitudes! here one plies fast  
 The sinewy limbs of youth, but oer his head  
 The galley drives. one follows a canoe  
 With frustrate speed & strength that but prolongs  
 Suffering. another as with wiser aim  
 225 Across he swims to meet his nearer friends  
 Stunnd with the hasty & unheeding oar  
 Sinks senseless to his death. lo! yon canoe  
 Graspd by the thronging strugglers! its light length  
 Yields to the oerbearing weight. another shows  
 230 A dreadful contest, where the crew hack off  
 The hands that hang for life upon its sides—  
 Lest altogether perish. then in vain  
 The voice of friend or kinsman prays for mercy[,]  
 Imperious self controuls all other thoughts,  
 [f.223 r.]  
 235 And still they deal around unnatural wounds  
 When the strong bark of Britain over all  
 Sails in its path of death. God of the Lake  
 Tlaloc, & thou o Aiauh green-robed Queen!  
 How many a wretch in dying agonies  
 240 Invoked you in the misery of that day!  
 Long after floating on the tainted lake  
 The dead were seen; the condor to its waves

- 195 Flies fast—& full upon the first canoe<sup>1</sup>  
 Drives shattering, midway its long length it struck<sup>2</sup>  
 And thro the wreck with unimpeded way  
 Dashes among the fleet. the astonishd men  
 Gazed in inactive terror & beheld  
 Their splintered vessels floating all around  
 200 Their warriors struggling in the lake with arms  
 Experienced in the battle vainly now.  
 Then did the brave feel fear. they dropp their bows  
 Their idle javelins, swift they grasp their oars  
 Swift with strong arms by all the heart impelld  
 205 Fly from the masters of the elements  
 Who rowed the waters & who made the winds  
 Wing them to vengeance. forward now they bend  
 Now backward leaning with incumbent weight  
 Press on their oars; the rapid boat shoots on  
 210 An arrows length ere from the lifted oars  
 The drops have reachd the lake—but on they come  
 [f.222 r.]  
 The galleys of the Prince—the auspicious breeze  
 Blows strong, far far behind their rushing keels  
 Lies the long line of foam, the helm directs  
 215 Their force, they move as with the limbs of life  
 Obedient to the will that governs them.  
 Rightward & leftward the tremendous barks  
 Strike & destroy. hark! hark! that thundering shock  
 The dash of closing waters, the wild shriek  
 220 Of drowning multitudes! here one plies fast  
 The sinewy ↑ <limbs> of youth, but oer his head  
 The galley drives. one follows a canoe  
 With frustrate speed & strength that but prolongs  
 Suffering. another as with wiser aim  
 225 Across he swims to meet his nearer friends  
 Stunnd with the hasty & unheeding oar  
 Sinks senseless to his death. lo! yon canoe  
 Graspd by the thronging strugglers! its light length  
 Yields to the oerbearing weight. another shows  
 230 A dreadful contest, where the crew hack off  
 The hands that hang for life upon its sides—  
 Lest altogether perish. then in vain  
 The voice of friend or kinsman prays for mercy  
 Imperious self controuls all other thoughts,  
 [f.223 r.]  
 235 And still they deal around unnatural wounds  
 When the strong bark of Britain over all  
 Sails in its path of death. God of the Lake  
 Tlaloc, & thou o Aiauh green-robed Queen!  
 How many a wretch in dying agonies  
 240 Invoked you in the misery of that day!  
 Long after floating on the tainted lake  
 The dead were seen; the condor to its waves

-----  
<sup>1</sup>Squeezed in below this line, and written roughly in the centre of the page, are the words `Brixton. May 5. 99.'

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 220.



Pounced for his ample prey, & on its banks  
*the tygers had their banquet. shouts of joy<sup>1</sup>*  
*Echoed in Aztlan as the victor barks*  
*Triumphant anchored from their ruinous toil.*

[f.222 v.]

The Tyger at his leisure banquet broke  
 245 The midnight silence with his howl of joy.

[f.223 r. cont.]

By this the mountain dwellers all had reachd  
 Aztlan, whose moated walls & bulwarks strong  
 Seemd now to mock assault. thither they came  
 The women & those few Cadwallon left  
 250 To guard the pass when his collected force  
 Went forth to save the Chieftain or revenge.  
 Then from their mountains the Peruvians came,  
 Old men to lay their bones amid the vale  
 Where they were born, & children to possess  
 255 The country whence their fathers had been driven.  
 A numerous band they came. but Madocs eye

[f.224 r.]

Lookd vainly for Lincoya, for the youth  
 He loved so well.

full of that happiness

That in the *future* ↑ < present > sees all hopes fulfilld,  
 260 That noble youth had sought the mountain holds,  
 Joy in his heart & love by worthy pride  
 Heightened, for well from Madocs tale he knew  
 The gentle saviour of the Ocean Prince,  
 And she was dearer for the deed. all joy  
 265 That Madoc from the invaders had regaind  
 The land of his forefathers, he had sought  
 The mountain holds, & as he summond thence  
 The dwellers, as they gathered round to hear  
 The tale of conquest & with fixed eyes  
 270 Raisd necks & open lips they listened to him,  
 Fast playd the tide of triumph in his viens  
 Flushd his brown cheek & kindled his dark eye.  
 Swift they prepare to occupy the vale

The valley town. Lincoya from long toil  
 275 Reposing on the summit of a rock  
 Sat underneath a tree whose canopy  
 Sung to the gale of noon. an old man leant  
 Against its mossy trunk one who had loved  
 The youth beside him from his childhood up  
 280 And still would call him boy. they sat & watchd

[f.225 r.]

The laden llamas winding down the height,  
 The multitude that now with joy forsook  
 Their desolated dwellings, & they talkd  
 Of days of sorrow, of their heavy yoke  
 285 Their dreadful tribute ere the strangers came.

<sup>1</sup>S. has indicated that lines 243 + 1-243 + 3 are to be deleted by means of a diagonal line stretching from the first word in this line to the centre of line 243 + 3 ('Triumphant anchored'). This is clearly the place where lines 244-245 on f.222 v. are to be inserted.

Sudden a voice upon Lincoya calld[.]  
He lookd, it was Acautlis female slave  
The nurse of Coatel. her wretched eye  
The whiteness of her countenance foretold  
290 Some tale of misery, then his blood throbd [*sic*] fast  
With fever workings—a fear palsy shook  
His limbs, but when he heard of what had chanced  
He seized the lance beside, & raisd his arm  
To strike the blow of comfort.

The old man

295 Caught his uplifted hand ["]thou hasty boy  
`If she was dear["], he cried, ["]regain her yet—  
`Seek thy beloved in the Land of Souls  
`And beg her from the Gods, the Gods will hear  
`Gracious & grant her back.'

the wretched youth

300 Turnd to his words a hesitating eye.  
`I knew a prisoner["], so the old man pursued,  
[f.226 r.]

Or hoping to beguile the youths despair  
With tales that suited the despair of youth,  
Or credulous himself of what he told  
305 `I knew a prisoner once who welcomed death  
`With merriment & songs, because, he said  
`The friends he loved were to the Land of Souls  
`Departed, & they would not to return  
`Even when the Guardians of the Land allowed[,]  
310 `forsake its pleasures. therefore he rejoiced  
`To die & join them there. I questiond him,  
`How of these dark unknowledgable things  
`So certainly he spake. the man replied,  
315 `["]One of our nation lost the Maid he loved,  
`Young & a warrior, he endured not grief,  
`But to the Country of the dead pursued  
`Her Spirit. many toils he underwent  
`And many dangers gallantly surpassd  
`Till to the Country of the Dead he came.  
320 `Gracious the Guardian of the Land received  
`His living suppliant, listened to his prayer,  
`And gave him back the Spirit of the Maid.  
`But from that happy country[,] from the songs

- Sudden a voice *pronounced* ↑ < upon > Lincoyas<sup>1</sup> *name* ↑ < callid >  
 He lookd, it was Acautlis female slave  
 The nurse of Coatel. her wretched eye  
 The whiteness of her countenance foretold  
 290 Some tale of misery, then his blood throbd fast  
 With fever workings—a fear palsy shook  
 His limbs, but when he heard of what had chanced  
 He seized the lance beside, & raisd his arm  
 To strike the blow of comfort.<sup>2</sup>
- The old man
- 295 Caught his *armd* ↑ < uplifted > hand *descending & exclaimd* ↑ < thou hasty  
 boy ><sup>3</sup>  
 `If she was dear, he cried, regain her yet—  
 `Seek thy beloved in the Land of Souls  
 `And beg her from the Gods, the Gods will hear  
 `Gracious & grant her back.<sup>1</sup>
- the wretched youth
- 300 Turnd to his words a hesitating eye.  
 `I knew a prisoner, so the old man pursued,  
 [f.226 r.]  
 Or ↑ < hoping > to beguile *with tales* the youths despair  
 With tales that suited the despair of youth,  
 Or credulous himself of what he told  
 305 `I knew a prisoner once who welcomed death  
 `With merriment & songs, because<sup>4</sup> he said  
 `The friends he loved were to the Land of Souls  
 `Departed, & they would not to return  
 `Even when the Guardians of the Land allowed  
 310 `forsake its pleasures. therefore he rejoiced  
 `To die & join them there. I questiond him,  
 `How of these dark unknowledgable things  
 `So certainly he spake. the man replied,  
 `One of our nation lost the Maid he loved,  
 315 `Young & a warrior, he endured not grief,  
 `But to the Country of the dead<sup>5</sup> pursued  
 `Her Spirit. many toils he underwent  
 `And many dangers gallantly surpassd  
 `Till to the Country of the Dead he came.  
 320 `Gracious the Guardian of the Land received  
 `His living suppliant, listened to his prayer,  
 `And gave him back the Spirit of the Maid.  
 `But from that happy country from the songs

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The amendments to this line obviously render the genitive `Lincoyas' grammatically incorrect, but S. has not attempted to cross out the s.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 320.

<sup>3</sup>This line originally read:

Caught his *armd* hand *descending & exclaimd*  
 S. must have decided upon the alterations immediately however, since the words `he cried' in the following line would not have been necessary if `exclaimd' had remained extant in this.

<sup>4</sup>The single quotation mark here is superfluous, since this is actually reported speech.

<sup>5</sup>The word `dead' is lower case here, in spite of the fact that, on the next occasion when this phrase is used (line 319), it has an initial capital.

[f.227 r.]

325 `Of joyaunce, from the splendour-sparkling dance,  
`Unwillingly compelld, the Maidens soul  
`Loathing returnd, & he was warnd to guard  
`The subtle captive well & warily  
`Till in her mortal tenement relodged  
330 `Mortal delights might win her to remain  
`A sojourner on earth. such lessoning  
`The Guardian of the Souls departed gave,  
`And mindful of his charge the warrior brought  
`His subtle captive home. there underneath  
335 `The shelter of a hut his friends had watchd  
`The maidens corpse, secured it from the sun  
`And saved it from the insect swarms of heaven.  
`A busy hand marrd all the enterprize[.]  
`Curious to see the Spirit[,] he unloosd  
340 `The knotted bag that held her & she fled.["]  
`Lincoya! thou art brave; where man has gone  
`Thou canst not fear to follow.'

silently

Lincoya listened & with unmoved eyes;  
At length he answered, `is the journey long?["]

`A way of many moons', the old man replied.

[f.228 r.]

345 The youth exclaimd `I know a shorter path!  
And up he sprung & from the precipice  
Darted. a moment—& the old man heard  
His body dash upon the rocks below.

---



[f.227 r.]

- 325 `Of joyaunce, from the splendour-sparkling dance,  
`Unwillingly compelld, the Maidens soul  
`Loathing returnd, & he was warnd to guard  
`The subtle captive well & warily  
`Till in her mortal tenement relodged  
330 `Mortal delights might win her to remain  
`A sojourner on earth. such lessoning  
`The Guardian of the Souls departed gave,  
`And mindful of his charge the warrior brought  
`His subtle captive home. there underneath  
335 `The shelter of a hut his friends had watchd  
`The maidens corpse, secured it from the sun  
`And saved it from the insect swarms of heaven.<sup>1</sup>  
`A busy hand marrd all the enterprize  
`Curious to see the Spirit he unloosd  
`The knotted bag that held her & she fled.  
340 `Lincoya! thou art brave; where man has gone  
`Thou canst not fear to follow.'

silently

Lincoya listened & with unmoved eyes;  
At length he answered, `is the journey long?

`A way of many moons', the old man replied.

[f.228 r.]

- 345 The youth exclaimd `I know a shorter path!  
And up he sprung & from the precipice  
Darted. a moment—& the old man heard  
His body dash upon the rocks below.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>S. numbers this line 362.

<sup>2</sup>Below this final line S. has written `Tuesday June 4.'

[f.229 r.]  
Madoc

Book 14

Dismay was in Patamba. the North wind  
Blew oer the lake & drifted to the shore  
[f.228 v.]

The floating wrecks & bodies of the dead.  
Then by the lake the mother might be see[n]  
[f.229 r. cont.]

- 5 Searching her child; the father to the tomb,  
With limbs too weak for that unhappy weight  
Bearing the bloated body of his son:  
The wife that in expectant agony  
Watchd the black carcase [*sic*] on the coming wave.

[f.229 r.]  
Madoc<sup>1</sup>

Book 14

Dismay was in Patamba. *from the wreck*  
*Few had arrived, escaping to relate*  
*The general ruin. upon every brow*  
*Terror was legible, & anguish stung*  
*By impotent wrath to madness. the North wind*  
*Blew oer the lake & drifted to the shore*  
*Whereon Patamba ↑ < the city > stood the floating wrecks<sup>2</sup>*  
*And bodies of the dead. then on the shore*  
*The mother might be seen with horrent eye*

[f.228 v.]

The floating wrecks & bodies of the dead.<sup>3</sup>  
Then by the lake the mother might be see<sup>4</sup>

[f.229 r. cont.]

- 5 Searching her child; the father to the tomb,  
With limbs too weak for that unhappy weight  
Bearing the bloated body of his son:  
The wife that in expectant agony  
Watchd the black carcase on the coming wave.

*Tezozomoc himself the bloody Priest<sup>5</sup>*  
*Implacable & stubborn as he was*  
*Trembled, & in his heart took counsel now*

[f. 230 r.]

*His country & his priestly faith forgot,<sup>6</sup>*  
*If from the foe self-safety could be found,*  
*Thus brooding he convened the Chiefs. they met,*  
*A melancholy meeting, men subdued*  
*By adverse fate, & for adversity*  
*Unequal. but the soul of Tlalala*

+10 *Unconquerd & unconquerable rose*

---

<sup>1</sup>At the start of this book, directly to the right of 'Madoc', S. has written 'Tuesday. June 4. 99.'

<sup>2</sup>While S. has drawn his usual horizontal line right through this line, it nevertheless remains clear that 'Patamba' had been crossed through separately to make way for the amendment 'the city', prior to the deletion of the entire line. To be absolutely accurate, S.'s deletion mark cannot actually run through the words 'the city' because they are written above the line, but they are obviously meant to be encompassed within the deletion.

<sup>3</sup>There is no mark on either f.228 v. or on f.229 r. to show where these replacement lines (3-4) are to be inserted. It is quite clear from the sense however, and from the fact that these lines appear directly opposite the deleted lines (2+1-2+3) on f.229 r.

<sup>4</sup>S.'s pen appears to have run out of ink here before he could complete the word, even the second e being rather faint. We can be certain that the word was going to be 'seen' however, both from the sense, and from the fact that this line is a partial reworking of the deleted line 2+3 ('The mother might be seen with horrent eye'). The line also corresponds exactly to that in MS.2B.

<sup>5</sup>S. has indicated that lines 9+1-9+3 are to be deleted by running a diagonal line through them from top left to bottom right.

<sup>6</sup>S. has indicated that the first nine and a half lines on this page (lines 9+4-9+13) are to be deleted by drawing two diagonal lines through them which cross at the centre to form a large X.

[f. 230 r.]

10 On every brow terror was legible,  
Anguish in every eye. there was not one  
Who in the general ruin did not share  
Peculiar grief, & in his countrys loss  
Lament some dear one dead[.] along the lake  
15 The frequent funeral piles for many a day  
With the noon light [their] melancholy flames  
Dimly commingled, whilst the mourners stood  
Watching the fires that round each watry [*sic*] corpse  
Lingerd with baffled force, consuming slow.

[f.231 r.]

20 Thou didst not fear young Tlalala! thy soul  
Unconquerd & unconquerable rose  
Superior to its fortune. when the Chiefs  
Hung their dejected heads as men subdued  
By adverse fate & for adversity  
25 Unequal, then didst thou Huitziton[,]  
Calm in the hour of evil[,] still maintain  
Thy even courage. they from man to man  
Past, with the mourners mourning, & by grief  
Rousing their rage, till at the promised fight  
30 The hope of vengeance, a ferocious joy  
Flashd in the eye that still retaind the tear  
Of tender memory. to the brave they spake

*Superior to his fortune; but the King  
Calm in the hour of evil still maintaind<sup>1</sup>  
His even courage.<sup>2</sup>*

- 10 On every brow terror was legible,  
Anguish in every eye. there was not one  
Who in the general ruin did not share  
Peculiar grief, & in his countrys loss  
Lament some dear one dead,<sup>3</sup> along the *shore* † < lake >  
15 The frequent funeral piles for many a day  
With the noon light there<sup>4</sup> melancholy flames  
Dimly commingled, whilst the mourners stood  
Watching the fires that round each watry corpse  
Lingerd with baffled force, consuming slow.  
[f.231 r.]  
20 Thou didst not fear young Tlalala! thy soul<sup>5</sup>  
Unconquerd & unconquerable rose  
Superior to its fortune. when the Chiefs  
Hung their dejected heads as men subdued  
By adverse fate & for adversity  
25 Unequal, then didst thou Huitziton  
Calm in the hour of evil still maintain  
Thy even courage. they from man to man  
Past, with the mourners mourning, & by grief  
Rousing their rage, till at the promised fight  
30 The hope of vengeance, a ferocious joy  
Flashd in the eye that † < still ><sup>6</sup> retaind the tear  
Of tender memory. to the brave they spake

-----  
<sup>1</sup>S. had numbered this line 26, but even this has been firmly crossed through.

<sup>2</sup>The fact that this deleted passage concludes with a half-line is clear evidence that S. must have decided to discard the whole stanza (twelve and a half lines in all) immediately after it had been written; hence the absence of any second half-line to complement this. The passage was partially recycled in lines 20-27 below.

<sup>3</sup>While it is certainly a comma after 'dead', the sense clearly demands a period (as in MS.2B), since 'along the lake' is evidently a new sentence.

<sup>4</sup>This was corrected to 'their' in MS.2B. (See textual note to IV.256 above.)

<sup>5</sup>Lines 20-27 are partially recycled from the deleted lines (9 + 7-9 + 13) on f.230 r.

<sup>6</sup>As indicated here, S. squeezed the word 'still' into the line after it had been written. I can only presume that he accidentally omitted it during the initial composition, since, while the line would make sense without 'still', it would not have scanned.

Of Aztlan's strength, & Aztlan still was strong[;]  
 The late defeat—not there by manly arms  
 35 By honourable valour, by the stress  
 Of strength subdued, dishonour followed loss.  
 The stranger from the waters came, perchance  
 Sons of the Ocean, by their parent Gods  
 Aided, & conquerors by no human skill[.]  
 [f.232 r.]

40 When man met man, when in the field of fight  
 The warrior planted on firm earth his foot  
 Then should the trial be, the struggle then,  
 The glory, the revenge.  
 Tezozomoc

Alike unbroken by defeat, endured  
 45 The evil day, but in his sullen mind  
 Work'd thoughts of other vengeance. he the King  
 Summoned with Tlalala apart from all  
 And thus address them. `We have tried the war  
 `Vainly; these powerful strangers will not yield  
 50 `To mortal strength, yet shall they perish all  
 `So ye will heed my counsel, & to force  
 `Add wisdom's aid. assume a friendly front,  
 `Send to their Chief the messenger of peace,  
 `He will believe his words, he will forget  
 55 `The past. the Injurer may. so days & months  
 `Yea years if needful will we wear the face  
 `Of friendliness—till some fit hour arrive  
 `When we may fire their dwellings in the night  
 `Or mingle poison in their cups of mirth.  
 60 `The warrior from whose force the lion flies  
 `Falls by the serpents tooth.'  
 [f.233 r.]

`Thou speakest well.'  
 Tlalala answered. `but revenge delayed  
 `My spirit ill can brook.'  
 The Priest now turn'd

65 His small & glittering eye towards the King,  
 But on the monarch's mild & manly brow  
 A meaning sate that made his crafty eye  
 Bend quickly abash'd. "while yet I was a child"  
 The King of Aztlan answer'd "on my heart

Of Aztlan's strength, & Aztlan still was strong.<sup>1</sup>  
 The late defeat—not there by manly arms  
 35 By honourable valour, by the stress  
 Of strength subdued, dishonour followed loss.  
 The stranger from the waters came, perchance  
 Sons of the Ocean, by their parent Gods  
 Aided, & conquerors by no human skill  
 [f.232 r.]  
 40 When man met man, when in the field of fight  
 The warrior planted on firm earth his foot  
 Then should the trial be, the struggle then,<sup>2</sup>  
 The glory, the revenge.  
 Tezozomoc  
 Alike unbroken by defeat, endured  
 45 The evil day, but in his sullen mind  
 Workd thoughts of other vengeance. he the King  
 Summoned with Tlalala apart from all  
 And thus address them. `We have tried the war  
 `Vainly; these powerful strangers will not yield  
 50 `To mortal strength, yet shall they perish all  
 `So ye will heed my counsel, & to force  
 `Add wisdoms aid. assume a friendly front,  
 `Send to their Chief the messenger of peace,  
 `He will believe his words, he will forget  
 55 `The past. the Injurer may. so days & months  
 `Yea years if needful will we wear the face  
 `Of friendliness—till some fit hour arrive  
 `When we may fire their dwellings in the night  
 `Or mingle poison in their cups of mirth.  
 60 `The warrior from whose force the lion flies  
 `Falls by the serpents tooth.'  
 [f.233 r.]  
 `Thou speakest well.'  
 Tlalala answered. `but revenge delayed  
 `My spirit ill can brook.'  
 The Priest now turnd  
 His small & glittering eye towards the King,  
 65 But on the monarchs mild & manly brow<sup>3</sup>  
 A meaning sate that made his crafty eye  
 Bend quickly abashd. "while yet I was a child"  
 The King of Aztlan answerd "on my heart"

<sup>1</sup>The following three lines (34-36) make little sense until one realises that, rather than a complete, independent sentence, they constitute a series of observations made, presumably, by Tlalala and Huitziton, in order to encourage the people. The final phrase of this line (' & Aztlan still was strong') is, in fact, the first of these observations, which is why the semi-colon which concludes the equivalent line in MS.2B is certainly more appropriate than the period which we have here. The whole passage is most clearly understood when one examines the corresponding lines in the published version. Although these were slightly altered, the heavier punctuation certainly facilitates comprehension:

To the brave they spake  
 Of Aztlan's strength, ..for Aztlan still was strong...  
 The late defeat, ..not there by manly might,  
 By honourable valour, by the force  
 Of arms subdued, shame aggravated loss. (*Madoc*, 413)

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 43.

<sup>3</sup>Squeezed into the left margin before this line is 'July 6'.

70 `My father laid two precepts. ["]boy be brave.  
 `So in the midnight battle shalt thou meet  
 `Fearless the sudden foe. boy let thy lips  
 `Be clean from falshood, [*sic*] in the mid-day sun  
 `So never shalt thou need from mortal man  
 `To turn thy conscious glance.["] Tezozomoc  
 75 `Holy I keep the lessons of my sire.'  
  
 `But if these strangers with their mighty arms  
 `Again'—cried Tlalala. `if again the Gods  
 `Give us defeat', Huitziton replied,  
 `Vain is it for the feeble strength of man  
 [f.234 r.]  
 80 `To struggle with their will. I omen not  
 `Defeat, young Tyger. should it be our lot  
 `The land is all before us. let me hear  
 `Of perfidy & serpent arms no more!  
 `Long as ye call for battle is my sword  
 85 `Ready to lead ye on. are we subdued?  
 `Fear we again to try the chance of war?  
 `Not upon Aztlan only shines the sun,  
 `Man is not rooted like a tree whose seed  
 ["]The winds had wafted to some thin clad rock[,]  
 90 `There where he cannot prosper.["]  
 The dark Priest  
 Concealed revengeful anger & replied,  
 `Let the Kings will be done! an awful day  
 `Draws on; the closing century brings with it,  
 `Doubt & religious dread—the times are strange—  
 95 `There are portentous changes in the world—  
 `Perhaps its end is come!'

`Be it thy care

`Priest of the Gods to see all needful rites  
 `Duly performd', Huitziton replied.  
 `But two days more the serious trial comes,  
 100 `Two days, & yonder glorious Sun hath filld  
 [f.235 r.]  
 `The measure of his circling course. the third,  
 `If he should rise again, we march to war,  
 `And zeal & hope & confidence will then  
 `Assist us in the fight. Tezozomoc,  
 105 `Let not thy prayers be wanting in our aid,  
 `Thy stirring exhortations, nor the rites  
 `Of prayer & penitence & praise, of old  
 `By our forefathers practised.'  
 One day passd,  
 Another day came on. at earliest dawn  
 110 Then was there heard thro all Patambas streets



- 70 `My father laid two precepts. boy be brave.  
 `So in the midnight battle shalt thou meet  
 `Fearless the sudden foe. boy let thy lips  
 `Be clean from falshood, in the mid-day sun  
 `So never shalt thou need from mortal man  
 `To turn thy conscious glance. Tezozomoc  
 75 `Holy I keep the lessons of my sire.'
- `But if these strangers with their mighty arms  
 `Again'—cried Tlalala. `if again the Gods  
 `Give us defeat', Huitziton replied,  
 `Vain is it for the feeble strength of man  
   [f.234 r.]
- 80 `To struggle with their will. I omen not  
 `Defeat, young Tyger. should it be our lot  
 `The land is all before us. let me hear  
 `Of perfidy & serpent arms no more!  
 `Long as ye call for battle is my sword  
 85 `Ready to lead ye on. are we subdued?  
 `Fear we again to try the chance of war?  
 `Not upon Aztlan only shines the sun,  
 `Man is not rooted like *an ill-fallen tree* ↓ < whose seed > —<sup>1</sup>  
 † < The winds had wafted to some thin clad rock >  
 90 `There where he<sup>2</sup> cannot prosper.
- The dark Priest
- Concealed revengeful anger & replied,  
 `Let the Kings will be done! an awful day  
 `Draws on; the closing century brings with it,  
 `Doubt & religious dread—the times are strange—  
 95 `There are portentous changes in the world—  
 `Perhaps its end is come!'
- `Be it thy care
- `Priest of the Gods to see all needful rites  
 `Duly performd', Huitziton replied.  
 `But two days more the serious trial comes,  
 100 `Two days, & yonder glorious Sun hath filld  
   [f.235 r.]
- `The measure of his circling course. the third,  
 `If he should rise again, we march to war,  
 `And zeal & hope & confidence will then  
 `Assist us in the fight. Tezozomoc,  
 105 `Let not thy prayers be wanting in our aid,  
 `Thy stirring exhortations, nor the rites  
 `Of prayer & penitence & praise, of old  
 `By our forefathers practised.'
- One day passd,
- Another day came on. at earliest dawn  
 110 Then was there heard thro all Patambas streets

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The dash which remains extant at the end of this line was, of course, originally after `tree', and was an appropriate link with what is now line 90<sub>(a)</sub> (`There where he cannot prosper'). Since the addition of line 89 however, no punctuation is required at the end of this line.

<sup>2</sup>Since the insertion of line 89, the retention of `he' gives the metaphor a rather awkward timbre, the personal pronoun being now so divorced from its original noun `man', and seeming rather to belong to `seed'. S. retained the lines exactly in MS.2B however. S. numbers this line 90.

The warning voice "woe! woe! the Sun hath reachd  
 `The limits of his course! he hath fulfilld  
 `The mighty circle! fast & weep & pray!  
 `Four Suns have perishd, fast & weep & pray  
 115 `Lest the fifth perish also! on the first  
 `The waters rose, the floodgates [*sic*] of the heaven  
 `Whelmed in one deluge earth & sea & sky  
 `And quenched its orb of fire. the second Sun  
 `Then had its birth, & ran its round of years  
 [f.236 r.]  
 120 `Till, destiny fulfilld, it fell from Heaven  
 `And crushd the race of man. another birth  
 `The Gods assigned to Nature, the third Sun  
 `Fulfilled its mighty circle, till at length  
 `Its raging flames consumed earth sea & sky[,]  
 125 [ `]Deluging the wide universe with fire  
 `Till its own fires consumed itself, & all  
 `Was vacancy & darkness. yet again  
 `The world had being, & another Sun  
 `Rolld round the path of heaven. that perishd too[.]  
 130 `The mighty whirlwinds rose, & far away  
 `Scattered its broken flames. the fifth was born,  
 `The fifth has reachd the limits of his course—  
 `Woe lest he rise no more! fast! weep & pray!  
 `The Sun hath reachd the limits of his course.'

135 So thro Patambas street[s] the ominous voice  
 Proclaimd its warning. all the day were heard  
 Wailings & cries; in every hallowed house,  
 In every dwelling place of man were prayers  
 Deep supplications of the affrighted heart  
 140 Earnestly offerd up with tears & groans.  
 So past the overnoon, & when the Sun  
 [f.237 r.]  
 Sloped from his southward height the downward way  
 Of heaven, again the ominous voice went forth  
 `Woe! woe! the Sun compleats his round of years!  
 145 `Quench every fire—extinguish every light!  
 And every fire was quenched, & every light  
 Extinguishd at the voice.

Meantime the Priests

Began their rites. they gashd their limbs & plunged  
 Into the sacred pond of Ezapan,  
 150 Till the clear water on whose bed of sand  
 The noon beams glittered late, opaque with blood  
 On its black surface mirrored all things round.  
 The Children of the temple with long search  
 Had gathered for the service of this day  
 155 All venemous [*sic*] things that fly, or wind their path  
 With serpent trail, or crawl on reptile feet.  
 These in one vessel oer the sacred fire  
 They hold, till of the loathsome living tribes,

- The warning voice "woe! woe! the Sun hath reachd  
 `The limits of his course! he hath fulfilld  
 `The mighty circle! fast & weep & pray!  
 `Four Suns have perishd, fast & weep & pray  
 115 `Lest the fifth perish also! on the first  
 `The waters rose, the floodgates of the heaven  
 `Whelmed in one deluge earth & sea & sky  
 `And quenched its orb of fire. the second Sun  
 `Then had its birth, & ran its round of years  
   [f.236 r.]  
 120 `Till, destiny fulfilld, it fell from Heaven  
 `And crushd the race of man. another birth  
 `The Gods assigned to Nature, the third Sun  
 `Fulfilled its mighty circle, till at length  
 `Its raging flames consumed earth sea & sky  
 125 † < Deluging the wide universe with fire >  
 `Till its own fires consumed itself, & all  
 `Was vacancy & darkness. yet again  
 `The world had being, & another Sun  
 `Rolld round the path of heaven. that perishd too  
 130 `The mighty whirlwinds rose, & far away  
 `Scattered its broken flames. the fifth was born,  
 `The fifth *hath* ↑ < has > reachd the limits of his course—  
 `Woe lest he *rest* ↑ < rise > no more! fast! weep & pray!  
 `The Sun hath reachd the limits of his course.'
- 135 So thro Patambas street<sup>1</sup> the ominous voice  
 Proclaimd its warning. all the day were heard  
 Wailings & cries; in every hallowed house,  
 In every dwelling place of man were prayers  
 Deep supplications of the affrighted heart  
 140 Earnestly offered up with tears & groans.  
 So past the overnoon, & when the Sun  
   [f.237 r.]  
 Sloped from his southward height the downward way  
 Of heaven, again the ominous voice went forth  
 `Woe! woe! the Sun compleats his round of years!  
 145 `Quench every fire—extinguish every light!  
 And every fire was quenched, & every light  
 Extinguishd at the voice.
- Meantime the Priests
- Began their rites. they gashd their limbs & plunged  
 Into the sacred pond of Ezapan,  
 150 Till the clear water on whose bed of sand  
 The noon beams glittered late, opaque with blood  
 On its black surface mirrored all things round.  
 The Children of the temple with long search  
 Had gathered for the service of this day  
 155 All venomous<sup>2</sup> things that fly, or wind their path  
 With serpent trail, or crawl on reptile feet.  
 These in one vessel oer the sacred fire  
 They hold, till of the loathsome living tribes,

-----  
<sup>1</sup> 'Street' clearly has to be plural here, as in MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>S. retained the same spelling in MS.2B.

160 That writhing in their burning agonies  
Fix on each other ill directed wounds,  
Ashes alone remaind. in infants blood  
They mix the infernal unction & the Priests  
[f.238 r.]  
Anoint themselves therewith.

Lo from the South  
The orb of Glory his regardless way  
165 Holds on! again Patambas streets receive  
The ominous voice—"Woe! woe! the Sun pursues  
`His journey to the limits of his course!  
`Woe to the world if never more he rise!  
`Let every man in darkness veil his wife—  
170 `Veil every Maidens face, let every child  
`Be hid in darkness, there to weep & pray  
`That they may see again the light new born.'  
They heard & every husband veild his wife,  
In darkness, every maidens face was veild,  
175 The children were in darkness hid to pray  
That they again might see the light new-born.

Westward the sun proceeds; the tall tree casts  
A longer shade, the night-eyed insect tribes  
Wake to their portion of the hours of time.  
180 Then from Patamba to the sacred mount  
The Priests set forth, but with no songs of joy  
No mirthful instruments they went, no train  
Of festive followers, silent & alone  
[f.239 r.]

185 One only victim prisoner with the band  
They to the mountain summit wend their way.  
On the south shore & level with the lake  
Patamba stood. westward the eye sometimes  
Might catch the walls of Aztlan glittering white  
Beneath the evening sun. an ample vale  
190 Spread all around; but northward might be seen  
The distant mountains sending off a chain  
That by Patamba terminated. there  
East of the town the sacred mountain rose,  
High oer surrounding heights its conic head  
195 Was visible far off. in the vale below,  
Along the level borders of the lake,  
The Aztecans multitude with eager eyes  
Gaze to the mountain summit, trusting there  
Soon to behold the fire of sacrifice  
200 Blaze up, the omen of continued light.  
The Priests towards the conic summit pass  
And as they go[,] with songs of ancient fame  
Hymn the departing sun.

"Yet once again  
`O light of life! arise! yet once again  
205 `Commence thy course of glory! Time hath seen



[f.240 r.]

Four [f.239 v.] generations [f.240 r. cont.] of mankind destroyed  
When the four suns expired. O let not thou,  
Human thyself of yore, the human race  
Languish & die in darkness!

The fourth Sun

210 Had perished, for the mighty whirlwinds rose  
And swept it with the dust of the shattered world  
Into the vast abyss. the pitying Gods  
Built a new world & to a hero race,  
Assigned it, & from bones of former men  
215 Bade other men arise, a menial train,  
The servants of the heroes born of heaven.  
But in the firmament no orb of day  
Performed its course. Nature was blind. the fount  
Of light had ceased to flow, the eye of heaven  
220 Was quenched in darkness. in their misery  
The earth-possessors to their father Gods  
Prayed for another sun, their bidding heard,  
And raised obedient up the flaming pile.  
This[,] as they circled[,] came the voice of heaven  
225 ["]He who shall plunge amid the flaming pile  
Shall rise another Sun.["] the hero race

[f.241 r.]

Grew pale & from the fiery trial shrunk.  
Thou Nahuaztin, thou o mortal born  
Hearest, thy heart was strong, the flames received  
230 Their victim, & the humbled heroes saw  
The orient sky bright with the new born God.  
O human once! now let not humankind  
Languish & die in darkness!

In the East

235 Then didst thou pause to see the hero race  
Perish. in vain with impious arms they strove  
Against thy power. the arrows of their pride  
Fell on themselves, they perished to thy praise.  
So perish still thy impious enemies  
O Light of Life! but to the race devout  
240 Who offer up their morning sacrifice  
Honouring thy Godhead, who with morning hymns

- [f.240 r.]
- Four *times the children*<sup>1</sup> of mankind destroyed  
 generations<sup>2</sup>  
 style="text-align: center;">[f.239 v.]
- [f.240 r. cont.]
- When the four suns expired. O let not thou,  
 Human thyself of yore, the human race  
 Languish & die in darkness!
- The fourth Sun
- 210 Had perished, for the mighty whirlwinds rose  
 And swept it with the dust of the shattered world  
 Into the vast abyss. the pitying Gods  
 Built a new world & to a hero race,  
 Assigned it, & from bones of former men
- 215 Bade other men arise, a menial train,  
 The servants of the heroes born of heaven.  
 But in the firmament no orb of day  
 Performed its course. Nature was blind. the fount  
 Of light had ceased to flow, the eye of heaven
- 220 Was quenched in darkness. in their misery  
 The earth-possessors to their father Gods  
 Prayed for another sun, their<sup>3</sup> bidding heard,  
 And raised obedient up the flaming pile.  
 This as they circled came the voice of heaven
- 225 He who shall plunge amid the flaming pile  
 Shall rise another Sun. the hero race  
 style="text-align: center;">[f.241 r.]
- Grew pale & from the fiery trial shrunk.  
 Thou Nahuaztin, thou o mortal born  
 Heardest, thy heart was strong, the flames received
- 230 Their victim, & the humbled heroes saw  
 The orient sky bright with the new born God.  
 O human once! now let not humankind  
 Languish & die in darkness!
- In the East
- 235 Then didst thou pause to see the hero race  
 Perish. in vain with impious arms they strove  
 Against thy power. the arrows of their pride  
 Fell on themselves, they perished to thy praise.  
 So perish still thy<sup>4</sup> impious enemies  
 O Light of Life! but to the race devout
- 240 Who offer up their morning sacrifice  
 Honouring thy Godhead, who with morning hymns

<sup>1</sup>S. offers no replacement for the three deleted words within the line itself, but, curiously, the word 'generations' is written at the very top of f.239 v. It is the only word on that page, and constitutes the first of only two instances in this manuscript where an amendment has been made solely in pencil (see textual note to XV.330). That 'generations' represents the word to be inserted on this line is made clear by MS.2B.

<sup>2</sup>See textual note to line 206 above.

<sup>3</sup>The word 'their' appears to have been superimposed over another, much shorter word, but it is impossible to ascertain what the original word might have been. It is even possible that the first two letters of 'their' were simply poorly formed.

<sup>4</sup>MS.2B has 'thine', which, strictly speaking, is correct.

And with the joy of song & instrument  
Welcome thy glad uprise, to them O Sun  
Still let the fountain streams of splendour flow  
245 Still smile on them propitious, thou whose smile  
Is light & life & happiness. once more—  
Parent of being! Prince of Glory! rise—  
[f.242 r.]  
Commence thy course of beauty once again!

Such was their ancient song as up the heights  
250 Slowly they went their way. the multitude  
Beneath repeat the strain, with fearful eyes  
They watch oer Aztlan's walls the lingering ray,  
And when at length the hastening orb descends  
Behind the distant mountains, turn aside  
255 Their looks with such a sinking at the heart  
As he endures, who hopeless of return  
Goes from the home he loves. still on the clouds  
That yet retain the fading tints of day  
They fix their dwelling eyes, still on the light,  
260 The last green light that lingers in the west,  
Their looks are fastened, till the clouds of night  
Roll on & close in darkness the whole heaven.  
Then ceased their songs, then oer the crowded vale  
No voice of man was heard. silent & still  
265 They stood[,] & fearfully towards the East  
Gaze on the mountain summit, there to see  
The fire of sacrifice, the welcome light  
Haïd as the herald of the ascending sun.

The moon arose. the unagitated lake  
[f.243 r.]  
270 Spread visible beneath her silver light[;]  
The Eastern rocks received her beams, that cast  
On their retiring crags & shadowed waves  
Below, a blacker depth of shade. Who then  
Lookd round him & beheld the multitude  
275 The thronging thousands, felt severer awe—  
So solemnly still they stood! the breeze was heard  
That rustled in the reeds, the little wave  
That rippled to the shore & left no foam  
Sent its low murmurs far.

Meantime the Priests  
280 Have stretchd their victim on the mountain top:  
A miserable man, his breast is bare  
Bare for the death that waits him, but no hand  
May there inflict the blow of mercy. piled  
On his bare breast the odorous gums are laid  
285 The cedar boughs heapt to receive the spark  
And blaze the herald of the ascending Sun  
Upon their living altar. round the wretch  
The inhuman ministers of rites accurst  
Stand & expect the signal when to strike





[f.244 r.]

290 The seed of fire. apart from all, their Chief  
Tezozomoc[,] upon the upmost point  
Of that high mountain, eastward turns his eye,  
For midnight now is past & momentarily  
He looks to see the first faint dawn of day  
295 Break thro the orient clouds.

Impatient now

The multitude endure protracted fear—  
Now is the midnight past, & every hour,  
Yea every moment to their torturing hopes  
Seemd lengthened out, insufferably long.  
300 Silent they stood & breathless with their thoughts—  
The breeze had ceasd. no stirring breath of wind  
Rustled the reeds. oppressive[,] motionless,  
It was a labour & a pain to breathe  
The close, hot, heavy air. hark from the woods  
305 The howl of their wild tenants—& the birds  
The day birds—in blind darkness fluttering—  
Fearful to rest—screaming portentous cries!  
Anon the sound of distant thunders came—  
They peal beneath their feet. Earth shakes & yawns

[f.245 r.]

310 And lo! upon the sacred mountains top  
The light—the mighty blaze! a cataract  
Of fire bursts upward from the mountains head[.]  
High—high it shoots! the liquid fire boils out.  
It rolls—it torrents down. Tezozomoc  
315 Beholds the ruin—wretched, wretched man.  
On the upmost pinnacle he stands & sees  
The lava floods beneath him, & his hour  
Is come—the fiery shower descending[,] heaps  
Red ashes round, they fall like drifted snows  
320 And bury & consume the guilty Priest[.]

The tempest is abroad! fierce from the North  
The wind uptears the lake, whose lowest depth[s]  
Rock as convulsions shake the solid earth.  
Where is Patamba? where the multitudes  
325 That throngd the level plain? the mighty lake  
Hath burst its bounds, & the wide valley roars  
A troubled sea before the rolling storm.

---

[f.244 r.]

290 The seed of fire. apart from all, their Chief  
Tezozomoc upon the upmost point  
Of that high mountain, eastward turns his eye,  
For midnight now is past & momentarily  
He looks to see the first faint dawn of day  
295 Break thro the orient clouds.

Impatient now

The multitude endure protracted *hope* {fear}—  
Now is the midnight past, & every hour,  
Yea every moment to their torturing hopes  
Seemd lengthened out, insufferably long.  
300 Silent they stood & breathless with their thoughts—  
The breeze had ceasd. no stirring breath of wind  
Rustled the reeds. oppressive motionless,  
It was a labour & a pain to breathe  
The close, hot, heavy air. hark from the woods  
305 The howl of their wild tenants—& the birds  
The day birds—in blind darkness fluttering—  
Fearful to rest—screaming portentous cries!  
Anon the sound of distant thunders came—  
They peal beneath their feet. Earth shakes & yawns

[f.245 r.]

310 And lo! upon the sacred mountains top  
The light—the mighty blaze! a cataract  
Of fire bursts upward from the mountains head  
High—high it shoots! the liquid fire *rolls* ↓ <boils > out.  
It rolls—it torrents down—<sup>1</sup>*it overwhelms*  
*The victim & the Priests.* Tezozomoc  
315 Beholds the ruin—& *his hour is come*  
*For living embers shower upon his head*  
*And bury & consume him* ↑ <wretched, wretched man > .  
On the upmost pinnacle he stands & sees  
The lava floods beneath him, & his hour  
Is come—the fiery shower descending heaps  
‡ <Red > *Hot* ashes round, they *come* {fall} like drifted snows  
320 And bury & consume the guilty Priest<sup>2</sup>

The tempest is abroad! fierce from the North  
The wind uptears the lake, whose lowest depth<sup>3</sup>  
Rock as convulsions shake the solid earth.  
Where is Patamba? where the multitudes  
325 That throngd the level plain? *alas* the ↑ <mighty > lake  
Hath burst its bounds, & the wide valley roars  
A troubled sea before the rolling storm.

-----  
<sup>1</sup>The crossing out on this line does not commence until after the dash, but in the following line—the final word of which ('Tezozomoc') now completes this line—the crossing out ends before the period. When combining the extant parts of both lines therefore, either the dash or the period is rendered superfluous, and given the context, the period certainly remains as the most appropriate form of punctuation with which to divide the line.

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 321.

<sup>3</sup>'Depth' clearly should be plural here, as in MS.2B.





"Depart—depart"—seemd like the voice of Heaven[.]  
He thought, perhaps Coanocotzins soul  
Descending from his blissful halls, in the hour  
45 Of misery thus to comfort & advise  
Hovered above him.

[f.247 r. cont.]

Lo towards the rock  
Oaring his difficult way with feeble arms  
A sufferer struggles. he has reachd the rock,  
Has graspd it, but his strength exhausted fails  
50 To lift him from the depths. the King descends,  
Timely in aid he holds by the long hair  
The exhausted one, & on the safety-place  
Both stand. the sufferer from his clotted hair  
Shakes the thick waters, from his forehead wipes  
55 The blinding drops, on his preservers face  
He looks & knows the King. then Tlalala  
Fell on his neck & groand. they laid them down  
In silence for their hearts were full of woe.

[f.248 r.]

The Sun came forth, it shone upon the rock  
60 They felt the kindly beams, their strengthened blood  
Flowd with a freer action, they arose  
And lookd around, if ought of hope might meet  
Their prospect. on the lake the galleys plied  
Their toil successfully, ever to the shore  
65 Bearing their freight preserved. the eastern heights,  
Rightward & leftward of the fiery mount  
Were throngd with fugitives, whose multitudes  
Darkened the ascent. then Tlalala had hope,  
And his young heart reviving reassumed  
70 Its wonted vigour. `let us to the heights["]  
He cried—`all is not lost—Huitziton!  
`Let them behold thy countenance, the sight  
`Will chear them in their woe, & they shall bless  
`The Gods of Aztlan!

To the heights they went,  
75 And when the remnant of the people saw  
Huitziton preserved, they had such joy  
As men in utter misery can feel,  
That only gives grief utterance, only speaks  
In groans & recollections of the past.

[f.249 r.]

80 He lookd around, a multitude was there—  
But where was Aztlans strength, her gallant hosts,  
Her marshalld thousands whom the yester sun  
Had seen in arms arrayed, in spirit high,

- "Depart—depart"—seemd like the voice of Heaven!  
 He *deemd* ↓ < thought > , perhaps Coanocotzins soul  
 Descending from his blissful halls, in the hour  
 45 Of misery thus to comfort & advise  
 Hovered above him.  
 [f.247 r. cont.]  
 Lo towards the rock  
 Oaring his *heav* difficult way with feeble arms  
 A sufferer struggles. he has reachd the rock,  
 Has graspd it, but his strength exhausted fails  
 50 To lift him from the depths. the King descends,  
 Timely in aid he holds by the long hair  
 The exhausted one, & on the safety-place  
 Both stand. the sufferer from his *dripping head* ↓ < clotted hair >  
 Shakes the thick waters, from his forehead wipes  
 55 The blinding drops, on his preservers face  
 He looks & knows the King. then Tlalala  
 Fell on his neck & groand. they laid them down  
 In silence for their hearts were full of woe.  
 [f.248 r.]  
 The Sun came forth, it shone upon the rock  
 60 They felt the kindly beams, their strengthened blood  
 Flowd with a freer action, *then* they † < a > rose  
 And lookd around, if ought of hope might meet  
 Their prospect. on the lake the galleys plied  
 Their toil successfully, ever to the shore  
 65 Bearing their freight preserved. the eastern heights,  
 Rightward & leftward of the fiery mount  
*Which now had*<sup>2</sup> ↑ < Were > throngd with fugitives, whose multitudes  
 Darkened the ascent. then Tlalala had hope,  
 And his young heart reviving reassumed  
 70 Its wonted vigour. `let us to the heights  
 He cried—`all is not lost—Huitziton!  
 `Let them behold thy countenance, the sight  
 `Will chear them in their woe, & they shall bless<sup>3</sup>  
 `The Gods of Aztlan!'
 

To the heights they went,

 75 And when the remnant of the people saw  
 Huitziton preserved, they had such joy  
 As men in utter misery can feel,  
*A joy* ↑ < That > only gives grief utterance, only speaks  
 In groans & recollections of the past.  
 [f.249 r.]  
 80 He lookd around, a multitude was there—  
 But where was Aztlan's strength, her gallant hosts,  
 Her marshald thousands whom the yester sun  
 Had seen in arms arrayed, in spirit high,

<sup>1</sup>S. may well have closed this line with a period, but, if so, it is lost in the manuscript binding. (These lines are on a verso page.) A period is certainly required for the sense.

<sup>2</sup>Since the restoration of the three deleted words here would neither make sense nor scan, I can only conclude that, in spite of placing `Were' above the line, S. made the decision to change the meaning immediately—or, at least, by the time he had reached `fugitives'—, rather than after he had written the full line.

<sup>3</sup>S. numbers this line 73.

85 Mighty in youth & courage? what were these  
The remnant of the people? women most  
Who from Patamba when the earthquake came  
Ran with their infants, widowed now, yet each  
Among the few that from the lake escaped  
Wandering with eager eyes & wretched hope.  
90 The King beheld & groand, against a tree  
Reclined he bowd his head, subdued of soul.

Meantime the eyes of Tlalala have sought  
Amid the crowds his wife & infant boy—  
Vainly he gazed around, on every group  
95 Dwelling with anxious gaze. of all who knew  
Ilanquel he enquired. a troubled look,  
A melancholy eye, a hopeless motion,  
These are his answers. but the youth repress  
His anguish, & he calld upon the King,  
100 `Huitziton, these are thy people left,—  
[f.250 r.]  
`Our fate must be determined; we are here  
`Houseless & wanting food.' the King lookd up—  
`It is determined, Tlalala! the Gods  
`Have crushd us;—who can stand against their wrath?["]

105 `Have we not life & strength?' the Tyger cried.  
`Disperse these women to the towns that stand  
`Beyond the ruinous waters; against them  
`The strangers will not war. ourselves are few—  
`Too few to root the invaders from our land—  
110 `Or meet them with the hopes of equal fight.  
`Yet may we shelter in the woods, & share  
`The Lions liberty—& man by man  
`Destroy them, till they shall not dare to walk  
`Beyond their city walls, to sow their field[s]  
115 `Or bring their harvests in. we may steal forth  
`In the dark midnight go & burn & kill—  
`Till all their dreams shall be of death & fire  
`Their sleep be fear & misery.'

Then the King  
Stretchd forth his hand & pointed to the lake—  
120 Where Madocs galleys still[,] to those who clung  
[f.251 r.]  
For life to the tree tops, or faintly still  
Were floating on the waters, brought their aid.  
`Those are the strangers Tlalala! against them  
`Oh! never shall my hand be raisd in war!  
125 `They have the Gods with them. the lake hath burst  
`Its bound to ruin us—the waters roll  
`Over the brave of Aztlan! we must leave  
`The country that our fathers won in fight—  
`We must depart!'

the word was echoing still



- 85 Mighty in youth & courage? what were these  
 The remnant of the people? women most  
 Who from Patamba when the earthquake came  
 Ran with their infants, widowed now, yet each  
 Among the few that from the lake escaped  
 Wandering with eager eyes & wretched hope.
- 90 The King beheld & groand, against a tree  
 Reclined he bowd his head, subdued of soul.
- Meantime the eyes of Tlalala have sought  
 Amid the crowds his wife & infant boy—  
 Vainly he gazed around, on every group
- 95 Dwelling with anxious gaze. of all who knew  
 Ilanquel he enquired. a troubled look,  
 A melancholy eye, a hopeless motion,  
 These are his answers. but the youth repress  
 His anguish, & he calld upon the King,
- 100 `Huitziton, these are thy people left,—  
   [f.250 r.]  
 `Our fate must be determined; we are here  
 `Houseless & wanting food.' the King lookd up—  
 `It is determined, Tlalala! the Gods  
 `Have crushd us;—who can stand against their ↑ < wrath? > <sup>1</sup>
- 105 `Have we not life & strength?' the Tyger cried.  
 `Disperse these women to the towns that stand  
 `Beyond the ruinous waters; against them  
 `The strangers will not war. ourselves are few—  
 `Too few to root the invaders from our land—
- 110 `Or meet them with the hopes of equal fight.  
 `Yet may we shelter in the woods, & share  
 `The Lions liberty—& man by man  
 `Destroy them, till they shall not dare to walk  
 `Beyond their city walls, to sow their field<sup>2</sup>
- 115 `Or bring their harvests in. we may steal forth  
 `In the dark midnight go & burn & kill—  
 `Till all their dreams shall be of death & fire  
 `Their sleep be fear & misery.'
- Then the King
- 120 Stretchd forth his hand & pointed to the lake—  
 Where Madocs galleys still to those who clung  
   [f.251 r.]  
 For life to the tree tops, or faintly still  
 Were floating on the waters, brought their aid.  
 `Those are the strangers Tlalala! against them  
 `Oh! never shall my hand be raisd in war!
- 125 `They have the Gods with them. the lake hath burst  
 `Its bound to ruin us—the waters roll  
 `Over the brave of Aztlan! we must leave  
 `The country that our fathers won in fight—  
 `We must depart!'                   the word was echoing still

<sup>1</sup>The word `wrath' here is written above the line simply because S. ran out of space on the line itself.

<sup>2</sup>`Field' clearly should be plural here, as in MS.2B.

130 Unfinished on their hearing—when a bird  
Flapping his wing above repeats the sound  
`Depart—depart—!["] `ye hear["] the King exclaimd  
`It is an omen that is sent to me—  
`I heard it late in solitude—the voice  
135 `Of Heaven—it is Coanocotzins soul—  
`That counsels our departure.'

& the bird

Still fled around & in his wheeling flight  
Pronounced the articulate note. the people heard  
In faith & Tlalala made no reply,  
140 But dark his brow & gloomy was his frown.  
[f.252 r.]

Then spake the King, & calld a messenger  
And bade him go to Aztlan. `seek the Chief  
`Of strangers, tell him that Huitziton  
`Yields to the will of Heaven, & leaves the land  
145 `His fathers won in war. one only boon,  
`In memory of our former friendship ask—  
`The ashes of my fathers, if indeed  
`The conqueror hath not cast them to the wind.["]

The herald went his way circuitous,  
150 Along the mountain, for the flooded vale  
Barrd nearer passage: soon, & ere his feet  
Had traversed half their track, the fugitives  
Beheld canoes from Aztlan to the foot  
Of that protecting eminence whereon  
155 They had their stand, draw nigh. the doubtful sight  
Disturbd them, lest perchance with hostile strength  
They came upon their weakness. but the fear  
Soon vanished when Cadwallon from the boat  
Landed unarmed, & for Huitziton,  
160 If yet he lived, enquired. the King received  
His former friend; "from Madoc I am come'  
The Briton spake. "raiment & food he sends  
[f.253 r.]

`And proffers peace, so shall this sorrow prove  
`A blessing, if it knits the bonds of peace  
165 `And makes us as one people.'

'Dost thou hear

`O Tlalala?' Huitziton exclaimd.

`Do thou thy pleasure!" stern the Tyger cried—  
`I counsel not! for me—my path is plain—  
`The desolation that has fallen on me  
170 `Leaves me alone in life.'

"Already Chief["]—

Huitziton then answered, `my resolve  
`Is gone to Madoc. to the Gods we yield;

- 130 Unfinished on their hearing—when a bird  
 Flapping his wing above repeats the sound  
 `Depart—depart—! `ye hear the King exclaimd  
 `It is an omen that is sent to me—  
 `I heard it late in solitude—the voice
- 135 `Of Heaven—it is Coanocotzins soul—  
 `That counsels our departure.'  
 & the bird  
 Still fled around & in his wheeling flight  
 Pronounced the articulate note. the people heard  
 In faith *but* ↑ < & > Tlalala made no reply,  
 140 But dark his brow & gloomy was his frown.<sup>1</sup>  
 [f.252 r.]  
 Then spake the King, & calld a messenger  
 And bade him go to Aztlan. `seek the Chief  
 `Of strangers, tell him that Huitziton  
 `Yields to the will of Heaven, & leaves the land
- 145 `His fathers won in war. one only boon,  
 `In memory of our former friendship ask—  
 `The ashes of my fathers, if indeed  
 `The conqueror hath not cast them to the wind.
- The herald went his way circuitous,  
 150 Along the mountain, for the flooded vale  
 Barrd nearer passage: soon, & ere his feet  
 Had traversed half their track, the fugitives  
 Beheld canoes from Aztlan to the foot  
 Of that protecting eminence whereon
- 155 They had their stand, draw nigh. the doubtful ↓ < sight ><sup>2</sup>  
 Disturbd them, lest perchance with hostile strength  
 They came upon their weakness. but the fear  
 Soon vanished when Cadwallon from the boat  
 Landed unarmed, & for Huitziton,
- 160 If yet he lived, enquired. the King received  
 His former friend; "from Madoc I am come"  
 The Briton spake. "raiment & food he sends  
 [f.253 r.]  
 `And proffers peace, so shall this sorrow prove  
 `A blessing, if it knits the bonds of peace
- 165 `And makes us as one people.'  
 'Dost thou hear  
 `O Tlalala?' Huitziton exclaimd.  
 `Do thou thy pleasure!" stern the Tyger cried—  
 `I counsel not! for me—my path is plain—  
 `The desolation that has fallen on me
- 170 `Leaves me alone in life.'  
 "Already Chief—  
 Huitziton then answered, `my resolve  
 `Is gone to Madoc. to the Gods we yield;

<sup>1</sup>S. has numbered this line, but the first digit is now buried in the binding. The last two digits are 40, so the first must have been 1, which would tally with the correct calculation.

<sup>2</sup>The word `sight' here is written below the line simply because S. ran out of space on the line itself.

175 `To you, their favourites, we resign the land  
 `Our fathers conquered. never may the Gods  
 `In your days or your childrens to the end  
 `Of Time afflict it thus!'

he said & called

The Heralds of his pleasure. `go ye forth  
 `Throughout the realm, North South & East & West,  
 `Proclaim the ruin! say to all that bear  
 180 `The Aztecan name[,] the wrath of Heaven hath crushd  
 `Their country; say the voice of Heaven was heard—  
 [f.254 r.]

"Heard ye it not? bidding us leave the land  
 "That shakes us from her bosom. ye will find  
 `Old men, women & babes, the many, weak  
 185 `In body & in spirit, ill prepared,  
 `Thro painful toil & long & difficult ways,  
 `To seek another country. say to them  
 `The stranger will not lift the arm of power  
 `Against the feeble—here they may remain  
 190 `In peace—& to the grave in peace go down.  
 `But those who would not have their children lose  
 `The name their fathers bore, will join our way.  
 `Ere ye depart[,] the destined way behold.'

195 He bade a pile be raised upon the top  
 Of that high eminence to all the winds  
 Exposed. they raisd a pile & left it free  
 To all the winds of Heaven. Huitziton  
 Alone approached it & applied the torch.  
 200 The day was calm, & oer the kindled pile  
 The wavy smoke hung lingering, like the mist  
 That in the morning tracks the valley stream  
 Else flowing undiscovered thro high banks.  
 Swell after swell it rose, erect above,  
 [f.255 r.]

205 On all sides spreading like the stately palm,  
 So moveless were the winds. upwards it rolld  
 Still upward, when a stream of air, unfelt  
 Below, prest on it & impellid its way  
 Westwards oer Aztlan.

an acclaiming shout

210 Welcomed the will of Heaven—for fast the smoke  
 Drifted oer Aztlan & no breath of air  
 Breathd on the multitude. `ye see our path!["]  
 Exclaimd the King. `proclaim it where ye go—  
 `On the third morning we begin our march.'





- 215 The Heralds went their way, the Sun went down,  
 And in the morning oer the Eastern height  
 Shone on the multitude. across the lake  
 They markd a winged galley speed *her* ↑ < its > way—  
 It bore the ocean Prince, he brought with him  
 Preserved when Aztlan's bloody temples fell
- 220 The Ashes of the dead. the King received  
 The relics & his heart was full, his eye  
 Dwelt on his fathers urn, at length he *spake* ↑ < said >  
 `One more request o Madoc! if the lake  
 `Should ever to its ancient bounds return  
 [f.256 r.]
- 225 `Shrined in the highest of Patambas towers  
 `Coanocotzin rests. I need not ask—  
 `Thou wilt respect the ashes of the King.'
- The Prince replied not. in his eye a tear  
 Started, he prest the Monarchs hand in his
- 230 And words were needless. `for *the* ↑ < your destined > way *he cried*  
 `Whilst all things needful are prepard, he cried  
 `Dwell not O King on these unsheltered heights.  
 `Return to Aztlan.'
- `Madoc nay—not so—
- Huitziton replied. `shall I behold
- 235 `A stranger dwelling in my fathers house?  
 `Shall I become a guest where I was wont!  
 `Bid the guest welcome?'
- Madoc answered not—
- His heart almost reproached him for the words  
 It yet had seemd unkindness to withhold.
- 240 The King pursued, `Madoc, for those whom age  
 `Or infancy forbids long travel, those  
 `Whom female fears & weakliness detain  
 `From dangerous paths, the desert wilderness,  
 `The hostile tribes, Huitziton accepts
- 245 `Thy offerd kindness. under rule like thine  
 [f.257 r.]<sup>2</sup>  
 `They will remember me without regret,  
 `But not without affection.'
- `They shall be
- `My people.' Madoc answered. `And the rites  
 `Of holiness transmitted from their sires—
- 250 `Will these be suffered them?' pursued the King.
- `Blood must not flow.' the ocean Prince replied—  
 `No Priest must dwell among us. for all else,  
 `The private idol, or the public prayer—  
 `Let them be free as their own thoughts.'
- `Enough.'

<sup>1</sup>S. has numbered this line, but the first digit is now buried in the binding. The last two digits are 36, so the first must have been 2, which would tally exactly with the correct calculation.

<sup>2</sup>On f.256 v. is the following note, evidently written by Thomas Southey: `Nov 7—1812 paid for binding this manuscript (£1.18.6—T.S.)'

255 Huitziton replied. `I ask no more.  
 `It is not for the conquered to impose  
 `Conditions on the conqueror.' Then he turned  
 And lifted up his voice & called upon  
 The people. `all whom feebleness or fear  
 260 `Deter from following me thro doubtful paths[,]  
 `The stranger will receive, he grants to them  
 `Peace & protection. to the Gods no blood  
 `Must flow, no Priest among the strangers dwell.  
 [f.258 r.]  
 `All else is free as your own thoughts. receive  
 265 `Ye who are faint of body or of heart  
 `The proffered kindness. under Madocs rule  
 `Ye will remember me without regret.  
 `Soon be your choice & your departure soon  
 `Lest ye impede the adventurers.' As he spake  
 270 Tears flowed & groans were heard. the line was drawn  
 Which whoso would receive the strangers grace  
 Should pass. a multitude oerpast the line—  
 But all the youth of Aztlan round the King  
 Arranged themselves, companions of his way  
 275 Thro toil & dangers. Tlalala remained  
 Reclined against a tree beholding all  
 In silence. `Yonder are thy subjects Prince',  
 Huitziton exclaimed. `the hand of Heaven  
 `Shower blessings on them! from these shelterless heights  
 280 `Assist in their removal. we are here—  
 `But for thy generous succour—destitute.'  
 So all that day & till the following night  
 The barks of Aztlan to the adventurers  
 Bore due supplies, & Aztlans walls received  
 285 New habitants, & in the vale around[,]  
 [f.259 r.]  
 Their numerous tents were pitched. meantime the tale  
 Of ruin went abroad, & how the Gods  
 Had driven her sons from Aztlan. to the King  
 Companions of his dangerous wanderings  
 290 The bold repaired; [f.258 v.] the timid & the weak  
 All whom averse from hazardous enterprize



- 255 Huitziton replied. `I ask no more.  
 `It is not for the conquered to impose<sup>1</sup>  
 `Conditions on the conqueror.'  
 Then he turnd  
 And lifted up his voice & calld upon  
 The people. `all whom feebleness or fear  
 260 `Deter from following me thro doubtful paths  
 `The stranger will receive, he grants to them  
 `Peace & protection. to the Gods no blood  
 `Must flow, no Priest among the strangers dwell.  
 [f.258 r.]  
 `All else is free as your own thoughts. receive  
 265 `Ye who are faint of body or of heart  
 `The proffered kindness. under Madocs rule  
 `Ye will remember me without regret.  
 `Soon be your choice & your departure soon  
 `Lest ye impede the adventurers.'  
 As he spake  
 270 Tears flowd & groans were heard. the line was drawn  
 Which whoso *wh[2 letters]d*<sup>2</sup> ↑ < would > receive the strangers grace  
 Should pass. a multitude oerpast the line—  
 But all the youth of Aztlan round the King  
 Arranged themselves, companions of his way  
 275 Thro toil & dangers. Tlalala remaind  
 Reclined against a tree beholding all  
 In silence.  
 `Yonder are thy subjects Prince',  
 Huitziton exclaimd. `the hand of Heaven  
 `Shower blessings on them! from these shelterless heights  
 280 `Assist in their removal. we are here—  
 `But for thy generous succour—destitute.'  
 So all that day & till the following night  
 The barks of Aztlan to the adventurers  
 Bore due supplies, & Aztlans walls received  
 285 New habitants, & in the vale around  
 [f.259 r.]  
 Their numerous tents were pitchd. meantime the tale<sup>3</sup>  
 Of ruin went abroad, & how the Gods  
 Had driven her sons from Aztlan. to the King  
 Companions of his dangerous wanderings  
 290 The bold repaired; *the weaker & the wise*  
 [f.258 v.]  
 the timid & the weak  
 All whom averse from hazardous enterprize

<sup>1</sup>S. has numbered this line, but the first two digits are now buried in the binding. The last digit is 6, so I presume the first two to have been 25, which would tally exactly with the correct calculation.

<sup>2</sup>The most plausible suggestion for the heavily-deleted word here is that S. accidentally wrote the word `whoso' a second time, and then tried to change it into `would'. This would account for the two opening letters, which are certainly wh, and for the last letter which appears to be a d. S. might then have decided that it looked too untidy, deleted it entirely, and rewritten `would' above the line.

<sup>3</sup>S. has numbered this line, but the first digit is now buried in the binding. The last two digits are 86, so the first must have been 2, which would tally exactly with the correct calculation.

A gentle nature had disposed to peace

[f.259 r. cont.]

Beneath the strangers easy rule remained.

Now the third morning came. at break of day

295 The mountain echoes with the busy din

Of multitudes; before the moving tribe

Six Priests an image of their idol bear,

Mexitli, & the ashes of their Kings

Follow the chair of God. Huitziton

300 Then leads the ordered ranks, & by his side

Silent & thoughtful went the Tyger Youth.

By the South gate of Aztlan as they past,

There Madoc came to give the last adieu.

There stood the Tyger, & he cried, `farewell

305 `Thou who wert K[ing] of Aztlan! go thy way

`And be it prosperous. thro the gate thou seest

`The tree that branches oer my fathers house,

`My father lies beneath it. call to mind

`Sometimes that tree, for underneath its boughs

310 `Shall Tlalala be laid, who would not live

`Survivor of his country."

[f.260 r.]

so he spake

And thro the gate regardless of the King

Turnd to his native door. the stranger prince

Followed dissuasive, but in vain his words

315 Essayed to move the Tygers steady heart—

When from the door a tottering boy ran out—

And clung around his knees with joyful cries

And calld him father. at the sound alarmd

Trembling & pale there rushd a woman out—

320 Ilanquel. the astonishd Tlalala

Beheld his wife & child.

In darkness vield, [*sic*]

Ilanquel in Patamba with her child

Sate when the firm earth shook, & nature seemd

Falling in ruins. to the light she burst

325 Claspng the boy. the waters came—the trunk

Raisd for the aerial coronation sports

Fell floating by. Ilanquel claspd it close—

And floated on the lake. the British barks

*Their gentle*<sup>1</sup>

A gentle nature had disposed to peace  
[f.259 r. cont.]

Beneath<sup>2</sup> the strangers *gentle* ↓ < easy > rule remained.

Now the third morning came. at break of day  
295 The mountain echoes with the busy din  
Of multitudes; before the moving tribe  
Six [1 word] Priests an image of their idol bear,  
Mexitli, & the ashes of their Kings  
Follow the chair of God. Huitziton  
300 Then leads the ordered ranks, & by his side  
Silent & thoughtful went the Tyger Youth.

By the South gate of Aztlan as they past,  
There Madoc came to give the last *farewell*, ↑ < adieu > .<sup>3</sup>  
There stood the Tyger, & he cried, `farewell  
305 `Thou who wert K.<sup>4</sup> of Aztlan! go thy way  
`And be it prosperous. thro the gate thou seest  
`The tree that branches oer my fathers house,  
`My father lies beneath it. call to mind  
`Sometimes that tree, for underneath its boughs  
310 `Shall Tlalala be laid, who would not live  
`Survivor of [1 word] his country."  
[f.260 r.]

so he spake

And thro the gate regardless of the King  
Turnd to his native door. the stranger prince  
Followed dissuasive, but in vain his words  
315 Essayed to move the Tygers steady heart—  
When from the door a tottering boy ran out—  
And clung around his knees with joyful cries  
And calld him father. at the sound alarmd<sup>5</sup>  
Trembling & pale there rushd a woman out—  
320 Ilanquel. the astonishd Tlalala  
Beheld his wife & child.  
In darkness vield,  
Ilanquel in Patamba with her child  
Sate when the firm earth shook, & nature seemd  
Falling in ruins. to the light she burst  
325 Claspng *her*<sup>2</sup> the boy. the waters came—the trunk  
Raisd for the aerial coronation sports  
Fell floating by. Ilanquel claspd it close—  
And floated on the lake. the British barks

<sup>1</sup>As indicated here, these two deleted words appear on a line of their own. I can only presume that, since this is the verso page, S. considered that he had sufficient space to start the line afresh.

<sup>2</sup>S. has placed a small x above the word `beneath' to indicate that this is where lines 290-292 from f.258 v. are to be inserted.

<sup>3</sup>S. has squeezed a very small period onto the end of the line after the deleted `farewell', but he did not include the comma which originally concluded the line in the actual deletion. Hence both comma and period remain extant, though the latter is clearly S.'s final intention.

<sup>4</sup>See textual note to XIII.73 above.

<sup>5</sup>S. numbers this line 316.

330 Returning homeward from their toil humane  
Saved her, then[,] senseless with instinctive hold[,]  
Still clinging to the trunk. Life had returnd  
Ere Reason. in her husbands home she lay  
Unknowing where, the kindest ministry  
Of Gwenthians care had scarce restored her sense

[f.261 r.]

335 When she beheld her husband.

Lost awhile[,]

Abandoned by all desperate thoughts he stood.  
Soon he collected & to Madoc turnd  
And cried—`O Prince this woman & her child  
`I leave to thee. as thou hast ever found  
340 `In me an open unrelenting foe  
`Fighting with ceaseless zeal my countrys cause  
`Respect them!—nay Ilanquel—hast thou yet  
`To learn with what unshakeable resolve  
`My soul retains its purposes. I leave thee  
345 `To a brave foes protection.—lay me Madoc  
`Here in my fathers grave.'

with that he took

His mantle off & vield Ilanquels face.  
"Woman thou canst not look upon the Sun  
`That sets to rise no more!" he said & plung[ed]  
350 A dagger in his heart.

So in the land

Madoc was left without an enemy.

---

Returning homeward from their toil humane  
 330 † < Saved > *seizd*<sup>1</sup> her, then senseless with instinctive hold  
 Still clinging to the trunk. Life had returnd  
 Ere Reason. in her husbands home she lay  
 Unknowing where, the kindest ministry  
 Of Gwenthians care had scarce restored her sense  
 [f.261 r.]  
 335 When she beheld her husband.<sup>2</sup>

Lost awhile

Abandoned by all desperate thoughts he stood.  
 Soon he collectd & to Madoc turnd  
 And cried—`O Prince this woman & her child  
 `I leave to thee. as thou hast ever found  
 340 `In me an open unrelenting foe  
 `Fighting with ceaseless zeal my countrys cause  
 `Respect them!—nay Ilanquel—hast thou yet  
 `To learn with what unshakeable resolve  
 `My soul retains its purposes. I leave thee  
 345 `To a brave foes protection.—lay me Madoc  
 `Here in my fathers grave.<sup>1</sup>

with that he took

His mantle off & vield Ilanquels face.  
 "Woman thou canst not look upon the Sun  
 `That sets to rise no more!" he said & plung<sup>3</sup>  
 350 A dagger in his heart.  
 So in the land  
 Madoc was left without an enemy.<sup>4</sup>

-----  
<sup>1</sup>Both the deletion and the substitution have been made in pencil here. This is only the second instance of a pencilled amendment in this manuscript (see textual note to XIV.206 above.)

<sup>2</sup>S. numbers this line 333.

<sup>3</sup>The unfinished word `plung' is on the extreme right-hand edge of the paper, and S. has made no attempt either to complete or rewrite it above or below the line. I can only presume therefore that he intended it should be completed with the past tense. MS.2B is of no assistance here, since the word was changed to `drove'.

<sup>4</sup>Below this final line S. has written `Thursday. July. 11. 99.' To the right of this in pencil is added `1799'.

Part IV

Appendix: Explanatory Notes

A Note on the Explanatory Notes

On several of the versos of MS.2B (the fair copy) Southey has written a series of short explanatory notes, some of which eventually made their way (usually with slight alterations) into the published poem, but most of which were pertinent only to this manuscript. These appeared in the first four books only, and even by book IV, they tended to take the form of just one word, usually an author's name, thus indicating a source. I have incorporated these MS.2B notes into the explanatory notes which follow. In all cases where Southey has written an MS.2B note to accompany a line or group of lines to which my explanatory note is referring, I have printed Southey's note first in the explanatory note itself.

In the following notes, the reader will find deliberate discrepancies in the spelling of many of the proper nouns, since I have sought to differentiate between Southey's spelling of characters, places, etc. within the poem and that of an accepted modern orthography. Thus, when referring to Southey's character in the poem I will use 'David', but when discussing the historical character the name will appear as 'Dafydd (ab Owain Gwynedd)'.  

---

Table of Contents for Explanatory Notes

Notes to Book I	411
Notes to Book II	431
Notes to Book III	438
Notes to Book IV	452
Notes to Book V	477
Notes to Book VI	479
Notes to Book VII	483
Notes to Book VIII	489
Notes to Book IX	497
Notes to Book X	502
Notes to Book XI	507
Notes to Book XII	510
Notes to Book XIII	518
Notes to Book XIV	521
Notes to Book XV	526

---

## Explanatory Notes to Book I

22. Penmaenmawr is a mountain near the town of Llanfairfechan on the north Wales coast. It is clearly visible from the Menai Straits, through which Madoc's bark would have sailed in order to reach Aberffraw (see n. to line 39 below).

29. MS.2B note: 'Anglesey is sometimes called by the Welsh Poets *Ynys Dywell*, the dark island, either because it was once well wooded, or always presented the same bleak & dreary aspect as at this time.' S.'s note in the published poem (*Madoc*, 454) simply read '*Ynys Dowyll*, the dark island', with no hint as to a possible source. I believe that the origin of the epithet lay in *Mona Antiqua Restaurata. An Archæological Discourse on the Antiquities, Natural and Historical, of the Isle of Anglesey, the Ancient Seat of the British Druids* by the Rev. Henry Rowlands of Llanidan (1655-1723). Originally published in 1723, Rowlands's work was every bit as influential as that of William Stukeley — whose earliest work was not published until 1740 — in ushering in 'druidomania'. As Rosemary Sweet has discussed, the 1766 re-issue particularly appealed to the new antiquarian zeitgeist (Sweet, 135). For further discussion of Rowlands's work see *ECR*, 89-90 and 94 and Geraint H. Jenkins, 'Historical Writing', 31-33. There is an entry on Rowlands in the DWB at <<http://yba.llgc.org.uk/en/s-ROWL-HEN-1655.html>> .

While I can find no evidence to suggest that S. had read the *Mona Antiqua* personally at this time, he would certainly have been well aware of the work since Warrington had cited copiously from the 1766 edition in his notes. S.'s actual source, however, was probably a damning article in the first volume of the *CR* entitled *Strictures upon the History of Anglesea, or Mona Antiqua Restorata; by Rowlands* (*CR*, I, 381-84). I would suggest that this was by Iolo Morganwg, since, as Geraint Jenkins has observed, Iolo's 'contempt for Henry Rowlands's far-fetched notions was boundless' ('Historical Writing', 32). A comment in the article on p.384 read: 'It is true, the poets have called it the *Ynys Dywell*, or dark island; this epithet is perfectly suitable to it at present, on account of its dark and bleak appearance, being less wooded than any other part of Wales'. The reference was to a passage in Rowlands which stated that, when Anglesea's first settlers 'beheld the land before them as one continued grove, on every side dark and dismal, they could not chuse, supposing it an island, but call it *Ynys Dowyll*, the shady island' (*Mona Antiqua Restaurata* (London, 1766), 24).

39. MS.2B note: `Aberffraw was the residence of the Princes of N. Wales.'

Aberffraw, the setting for the first three books of the poem, was, as this MS.2B note suggests, the royal residence for the princes of Gwynedd. As such, it was one of the three seats of power in Wales at the time when S.'s poem is set (see *AC*, 217 and my discussion on pp.100-01). Evidence suggests that there was a palace at Aberffraw as early as the sixth century, and this survived until 1316, when most of the timbers were removed to provide repairs for Caernarfon Castle. Aberffraw's apogean periods were under Rhodri Mawr (844-878) and Llywelyn ap Iorwerth (c. 1173-1240), during whose reigns it was virtually the capital of Wales. There is some doubt as to the exact location of the original palace, though it was evidently in or near the present village of Aberffraw on the west coast of Anglesey. It is important to recognise that, in the period of S.'s poem, the palace would have been situated in a prime location for the docking of ships, directly overlooking the wide estuary of the river Ffraw. S. was certainly aware of this (see the brief description in V.280-83), hence the reason why Madoc and his crew are able to enter the palace so soon after their arrival, and why Kynwric is able to survey the gathering barks from the palace window in V.289-95. Owing to a process of silting, the village of Aberffraw is now some distance in land, and is separated from the bay by immense sand dunes.

This would already have been the case by the time any of the commentators from whom S. derived information concerning Aberffraw would have visited it. William Camden simply noted that `Not far from hence [the town of Newburg, now called Newborough] is *Aberffraw*, now of no great note, but formerly of superior rank to all the rest, as being antiently the residence of the kings of *Venodotia*, or North Wales, hence stiled *kings of Aberffraw*' (Gough, II, 566). The modern additions in Gough, undoubtedly written by Pennant, were scant — just one sentence, in fact — though, as we shall see below, an important clue to the fact that S. used Gough as a source: `*Aberffraw* palace is succeeded by a barn, in which are stones of better workmanship than usual in such buildings' (Gough, II, 571). In his earlier *Tour* however (*TW*, II, 237), Pennant had provided a little more information:

About a mile or two farther reach the site of the princely residence. It is now reduced to a few poor houses, seated on the river Ffraw, near a small bay. Not a vestige is to be seen of its former boast. It was a chief seat of our princes, and one of the three courts of justice for the principality. [...] This place was of great antiquity, being one of the three fixed on by *Roderic the Great*, about the year 870, for the residence of his successors.



In 962 it was ravaged by the *Irish*.

It is clear from the note in the published poem (*Madoc*, 454) that S. borrowed from both these accounts — he even plagiarises Gough's phrase concerning the barn — without acknowledgement:

[Aberffraw was] The palace of Gwynedd, or North Wales. Rhodri Mawr, about the year 873, fixed the seat of government here, which had formerly been at Dyganwy, but latterly at Caer Seiont in Arvon, near the present town of Caernarvon. 'It is strange,' says Warrington, 'that he should leave a country where every mountain was a natural fortress, and in times of such difficulty and danger, make choice of a residence so open and defenceless.' But this very danger may have been his motive. The Danes, who could make no impression upon England against the great Alfred, had turned their arms upon Wales; Mona was the part most open to their ravages, and it may have been an act as well of policy as of courage in the king to fix his abode there. He fell there, at length, in battle against the Saxons. A barn now stands upon the site of the palace, in which there are stones that, by their better workmanship, appear to have belonged to the original building.

The quotation from Warrington, which I have corrected, appears in *HW*, 145.

Given that he had not visited the spot himself, S. was, once again, evidently drawing on both sources for his *Ode* on the palace at Aberffraw (published in *MP* on 31 December 1798), which I have discussed on p.114.

49-50. See n. to 79-86 below.

55-59. S.'s choice of the name 'Kynwric' for Madoc's childhood mentor throws up some interesting questions concerning sources — and not just for the name itself. Given that it was also the name which he used for this character in MS.1, we can be certain that he derived the name from one of his earliest-known sources. The name 'Kynwric' only occurs once in Warrington, as that of an obscure young man who took it upon himself to rescue the Welsh Prince Gruffydd ap Cynan, the father of Owain Gwynedd, from English captivity (*HW*, 257). Warrington also once mentions a 'Cenric' (*HW*, 66), which is closer to the spelling which S. uses from bk.V onwards, but he was the son of a Saxon chief who fought against Arthur, and this would thus seem to be an unlikely origin for S.'s choice of name.

A far more probable source is the 'Cynwric' whom David Powel lists as being among Owain Gwynedd's 'manie children gotten by diuerse women' (see following n.); a touch of irony which S. might well have thought better of, and which would thus account for his decision to change the name of this character to

Urien in the published poem. To accept this derivation however, is also to accept that S. knew Powel's 'Chronicle' at first hand as early as 1795 (a conclusion which is also supported by his use of the name 'Gwenlhian', see following n.), since Warrington nowhere mentions a 'Cynwric' among his list of Owain's children (*HW*, 332).

60-63<sub>(a)</sub>. In his *Historie*, as part of his summing up of Owain Gwynedd's life, David Powel provided a list of Owain's 'manie children gotten by diuerse women, which were not esteemed by their mothers and birth, but by their prowes and valiantnesse'. S. copied this quotation and the list into the K/B.N (KMG, f.242), and from it he would have derived the fact that one of Owain's daughters was called Gwennlian. I shall cite Powel's comment in full here, since it also provided S. with other characters for the poem:

First he had by Gladus the daughter of Lhywarch ap Trahaern ap Caradoc, Ioweth drwyndwn (that is Edward with the broken nose,) [...] and Gwenlhian: by Christian the daughter of Grono ap Owen ap Edwyn, he had Daid [and] Roderike [...] He had besides these [...] Howel [...] Madoc [...] Cynwric [...] and Riryd [...] by Diuerse women [...] (*HC*, 226)

As I have pointed out in the above note, given that 'Gwenlhian' was also the name S. used for Madoc's sister in MS.1, then, if we accept Powel as his source for this fact, we must also accept that he knew Powel's *Historie* at first hand as early as 1795. No other conclusion is possible given that Warrington (S.'s predominant source of material for MS.1) provided the name of only one daughter, Angharad, in his list of Owain's children (*HW*, 332).

The other curious question is why, given that he had the name of an actual historical character, S. should change the name of Madoc's sister to 'Goervyl' in the published poem? The only conjecture I can put forward here is that one further fact which S. would have learned about the historical Gwennlian by the time he began the final revision of the poem is that she had married Owain Cyfeiliog, another of his characters (see n. to IV.4-5), and he might therefore have decided that it was better to introduce a fictitious character into the poem than deliberately fly in the face of history.

68-69. The phrase 'With aching eye/And agitated heart' was removed from the published poem, but, interestingly, S. recycled a version of it many years later in

bk. X of his epic *Roderick*:

Not distant far,  
Alphonso by the appointed orange-grove,  
With anxious eye and agitated heart,  
Watch'd for the Prince's coming. (*PW*, IX, 87)

79-86. MS.2B note is a quotation, without page reference, from Warrington: 'To subdue the little virtue which remained in the country, Henry employed a new mode of seduction; a spring that was not likely to fail of success. He gave to David the Welsh prince his sister Emma in Marriage; thus disarming an implacable enemy, by the powerful influence of ambition and love' (*HW*, 339).

Dafydd ab Owain Gwynedd married Emma, the daughter of Geoffrey of Anjou, and therefore half-sister of Henry II, in the summer of 1174 (see Lloyd, II, 551 and *AC*, 238). While S. cited Warrington as his source in the MS.2B note, he could obviously have obtained this fact from any number of his sources. From a critical perspective, the most interesting aspect of this event is that it potentially offers us a concrete historical date for the setting of S.'s poem — or, at least, for that of its opening books. Given that S. must have been aware of the exact date of Dafydd's marriage to Emma, and that he chose to bring Madoc home during the wedding celebrations, can we therefore assume that the poem commences in the summer of 1174? If so, then given that — as all the sources which S. could have consulted would have agreed — Madoc was supposed to have initially sailed for America in 1170, S.'s hero is returning to Gwynedd after an absence of four years. While putting forward this conjecture, I am, of course, aware that S. avoids offering any kind of precise dating himself, even during his summary of the events on which the poem is based in the preface to the published work (*Madoc*, vii-ix), with the exception that he dates the death of Owain Gwynedd to 1169.

92. Madoc is here referring to Henry II's two unsuccessful campaigns against Welsh forces led by Owain Gwynedd in 1157 and 1165. See nn. to 238-43 and 275-78 below.

96-98. Gwalchmai (*fl.* 1130-80) was one of the chief poets of the Gogynfeirdd (a school of twelfth- and thirteenth-century court poets, for which, see n. to IV.238-42),

and many of his surviving pieces are eulogies to Owain Gwynedd. One recent critic has said of his poems that they 'show unusual zest for love, nature, and bloodshed' (Andrew Breeze, *Medieval Welsh Literature* (Dublin, 1997), 36), and the latter is certainly true of his most famous poem on *The Battle of Tal Moelfre*, which is evidently the poem to which Kynwric is referring in the phrase 'when Owain came/In conquest & Gwalchmai struck the harp'. S. clearly wishes to suggest that, even after Owain's death, this was still one of the most popular poems at the court of Gwynedd, and to prepare his readers for his own paraphrase of the poem in lines 346-59<sub>(a)</sub> at the conclusion of this book. For the source of his knowledge of Gwalchmai, see n. to those lines, and for a general discussion of Gwalchmai's work, see Breeze, 36-38 and *TPP*, 163-66.

101<sub>(b)</sub>-109<sub>(a)</sub>. MS.2B note: 'After the death of Owain Gwynedh the succession was disputed among his sons. Jorwerth the eldest was unanimously set aside on account of a blemish on his face. Hoel a natural son of Owain by an Irish woman seized the throne, but was soon defeated & slain by David. the battle was fought in the tract between Snowdon & the sea, then called Arvon. This is the "high born Hoel" of Gray, & he holds a distinguished place among the Welsh Bards. by his death David obtained possession of the throne, a power badly gained, & worse employed. Wales never appears to have been subject to so detestable a tyrant.'

These lines, along with the MS.2B note, present a synopsis of the actual historical events which surrounded the struggle for the throne of Gwynedd in the early 1170s (see *AC*, 238-39), and therefore of the state of affairs which existed in the principality in 1174 when S.'s poem opens. There are obviously a number of issues resulting from both the lines themselves and the MS.2B note, so I will deal with each of these separately.

To begin with, taking the MS.2B note in its entirety, while this was obviously the kind of historical information which S. could have taken from any number of his sources, his wording here bears some resemblance to that of Warrington:

So whimsical and indecisive was the mode of succession, that as many sons of the late prince [Owain Gwynedd] laid claim to the crown, as were under the influence of ambition, or of a fiery, and turbulent spirit. Jorwerth his eldest son, was unanimously set aside on account of a blemish which he had in his face [...] Howel, a natural son of the late prince, born of an Irish woman, being the first who started for the prize, gained for a time a

precarious possession of the throne. David, the eldest son of Owen Gwynedh by a second wife, regarding his own right in the present situation as indisputable, and disdainful to hold under the sovereignty of a brother, illegitimate and born of a foreign woman, raised an army, fought a battle with his rival, and slew him in the action. (*HW*, 333-34)

In turn, however, it should be noted that Warrington's account was heavily based upon that given by Powel in *HC*, 227, so that S. may well have used this as his source. In the published poem (*Madoc*, 461), S. admitted that 'I have taken some liberties here with the history'.

Both the MS.2B note and the sources for it which I have cited above mention three of Owain Gwynedd's sons: Iorwerth Drwyndwn, Hywel and Dafydd. For the first of these, and his supposed murder near Pennant Melangell church in Powys, see n. to IV.202<sub>(b)</sub>-15.

Although he had died prior to the period when the poem opens, S. evidently wished to represent Hywel, the illegitimate son of Owain, as a character who was greatly loved, highly esteemed for his bravery and much lamented — a characterization which any one of S.'s sources would have supported. The lines concerning Hoel here (106-09<sub>(a)</sub>) remained unchanged from their equivalents in MS.1 (f.8 r.), so this obviously means that we are exploring sources which S. knew as early as 1795. It may be that he had already come across an anecdote concerning Hywel in Powel's 'Chronicle', though it could not have been until 1797 that he copied it into the K/B.N under the heading 'Character of Hoel' (KMG, f.241). He was later to use this anecdote in the notes to the published poem (*Madoc*, 457), where he preceded it with the comment 'there is a fine testimony to Hoel's military talents in the old history of Cambria, by Powel'.

The following is from the original:

At this time Cadell, Meredyth, and Rees the sons of Gruffyth ap Rees ap Theodor did lead their powers against the castell of Gwys, which after they saw they could not win, they sent for Howel the sonne of Owen prince of Northwales to their succor, who for his prowesse in the field and his discretion in consultation, was counted the floure of chivalrie, whose presence also was thought onlie sufficient to overthrowe anie hold. (*HC*, 199-200)

It may be that S. originally saw this anecdote in its embellished form in Warrington (*HW*, 306). That S. also knew that Hywel was a highly-respected bard is clear from line 108 (MS.1, f.8 r.), but locating a source for this which he would have known in 1795 is very difficult. None of Hywel's poems appeared in Evans, for example, and neither was his work mentioned in Warrington's

discussion of the bards in bk. IX of *HW*. One certainty is that, by the time S. came to write these lines in MS.2A, his knowledge of Hywel's poetry would have been increased by the reference in the article on early Welsh poetry in the first volume of the *CR*, from which, as I have shown below, he borrowed heavily for the information concerning the participants at the gorsedd in bk.IV (see nn. to IV.238-42 and IV.253-56). The passage concerning Hywel in the *CR* began by pointing out that 'Two of the names already mentioned as contemporary poets of this age, were illustrious on account of their rank' (that is, they were also princes), and it then went on to discuss the first of these, Owain Cyfeiliog (see n. to IV.90-119<sub>(a)</sub>). Then followed the comments which would have interested S. here:

The other was *Hywel*, one of the sons of *Owain Gwynedd*, who aspired to the throne after his father's death, in 1169, which raised an unnatural contest, and he fell before the conclusion of the same year, in opposing the pretensions of his brother David. Hywel was a high-spirited young man of talents, as appears by his poetical compositions, of which there are eight preserved. His muse seems to have been principally devoted to the fair sex [...] (*CR*, I, 412)

The closing sentence in the above may well have been the inspiration for S. to include his own version (or perhaps one should say 'imitation') of one of Hywel's poems in V.115-30, for further information concerning which see my n. to these lines.

For maximum effect, it was obviously essential for S. to paint his David in the worst possible light. He could, nevertheless, look to his sources for comments to back up this picture. Commenting upon the widespread native support for Rodri during his fight to repossess Anglesey, for example, Warrington suggests that it was partly on account of David 'having rendered himself odious by his cruelty, and having grown bold in the exercise of tyranny by his alliance with the English king' (*HW*, 342).

111. Rhodri (died 1195) was the second son of Owain Gwynedd (Dafydd being the first) by his second wife Cristin. Following Owain's death in 1170, Rhodri appears to have temporarily assisted his brother Dafydd in the struggle against their half-brother Hywel, and thereby helped him (Dafydd) to obtain the throne of Gwynedd; a fact which S. obviously chose to ignore, since he needed David to be at enmity with all his brothers. S.'s representation of Rhodri's captivity at the

time when the poem opens (roughly 1174) is, nevertheless, historically accurate, since Dafydd had Rhodri imprisoned in spite of having accepted his assistance. It is also true (see VI.217-21) that Rhodri escaped, and by the time he met Gerald of Wales and archbishop Baldwin on their arrival at Anglesey in 1188 (see Gerald, 185-86), he had long been ensconced as ruler of that island. In 1190 however, Rhodri was deposed from Anglesey by his nephews Gruffydd and Maredudd, and four years later he may once again have been fighting alongside Dafydd at the battle of Aberconwy, where they were heavily defeated by their nephew Llywelyn ap Iorwerth. (It is actually rather difficult to ascertain exactly what Rhodri's role in this battle was. See Lloyd, II, 589 and *AC*, 239.) This latter fact is, of course, in direct contrast to S.'s version of events, since, in the poem, S. has Llewelyn rescue Rodri, in return for which Rodri promises to assist his nephew in wresting the throne from David (see VI.296-301).

Since Rodri also appears in MS.1, we can be certain that S.'s knowledge of his existence, and of the part which he played in the Gwynedd dynastic struggles, must have been derived from a source which he knew as early as 1795. Rhodri (or 'Roderike') was mentioned as Dafydd's younger brother in the list of Owain's children provided by Powel (see n. to 60-63<sub>(a)</sub> above), and in Warrington, S. would have found the following passage:

During these transactions [in 1173] a flagrant instance of injustice and rapacity took place in North Wales. Prince David, by force of arms, took possession of the isle of Anglesey, the property of his brother Roderic, whom he closely confined; he likewise seized [*sic*] on the territories of the rest of his brothers and other kinsmen, whom he banished the realm. (*HW*, 339)

This leaves the question as to what sources S. may have used when he came to write of Rodri's escape (VI.217-21) and of his support for his nephew Llewelyn against David (VI.296-301). Concerning the escape, the following passage appeared in Powel:

In Northwales Roderike brake his brothers prison, and escaping came to Anglesey, where all the countrie receiued him for their lord, bicause they abhorred the ingratitude of the prince, who vnnaturallie disinherited all his brethren & coosens, upon boldness of his brother in law the king [Henry II]. This Roderike also was receiued as lord and prince in all the countrie aboue the riuier of Conwey. (*HC*, 237)

Warrington essentially provided a modernised paraphrase of this, but then, significantly, added that: 'The young prince Llewelyn the son of Jorwerth Drwyndwn, was at this time entertained in the court of Roderick, his uncle' (*HW*,

342). By the time S. came to write bk. VI, he may well have derived more information personally from William Owen, who included a brief entry on Rhodri, with no new information added, in *CB*, 295. Finally, doubtful though it is that S. had read it even by the time he finished MS.2A, it should just be mentioned that Sir John Wynn also provided a summary of the part played by Rhodri in the civil struggles of Gwynedd in *HGF*, 8.

For a detailed modern account of Rhodri's part in the above-mentioned events, see Lloyd, II, 549-52 and 588-89.

**112-16.** For the two references in these lines, Dolwyddelan and the murder of Iorwerth, see nn. to IV.68-74 and IV.202<sub>(b)</sub>-15.

**116-19.** The 'gallant boy' is Llewelyn (or Llywelyn) ab Iorwerth (died 1240), the grandson of Owain Gwynedd, who was to become Llywelyn the great, and virtual ruler of all Wales. Llewelyn actually has a minor part to play in the poem, his chief role being to assist his uncle Rodri to escape from his imprisonment (see VI.297-302); but S. obviously felt that he could not overlook an opportunity to introduce into his poem as a 'boy', the individual who would, at the height of his power in 1218, have 'secured a position in Wales such as no prince had held since the coming of the Normans' (*AC*, 242). In order to do this however, S. had to disregard a fact which he *must* have known. While we have no concrete date as to the year of Llywelyn's birth, Gerald mentions an attack by Llywelyn upon 'his two uncles, Dafydd and Rhodri' as taking place 'At the time of our journey through Wales' (i.e. in 1188), adding that Llywelyn was 'then only about twelve years old' (Gerald, 193). Even allowing for a little hyperbole on Gerald's part, it is certain that in 1174, when the opening books of S.'s poem are set, the historical Llywelyn must still have been an infant, and in no position to assist in his uncle Rhodri's escape. (In his note to the above-quoted passage by Gerald (Gerald, 193 n.), Lewis Thorpe suggests a birth date for Llywelyn of early 1173, but he cites no source on which to base such an absolute date.)

S.'s sources of information concerning both the rise to power and the long reign of Llywelyn would certainly have been numerous, but since these were events which fell outside the scope of his poem, they need not concern us here. It



is interesting to note however that, immediately after the publication of *Madoc*, S. began seriously to contemplate the writing of a stage drama which would have formed a kind of sequel to the poem in that it was to deal with Llewelyn's defeat and deposition of David and the consequent conclusion, in the 1190s, of the Gwynedd dynastic wars. See his comments to C.W.W. Wynn in a letter of Sept. 1805 (*NL*, I, 400) and to William Taylor in a letter of 10 Dec. 1805 (*MWT*, II, 116).

216-20. MS.2B note: 'The pillars divided the hall into two sections, the upper one being allotted for persons of the first rank, & the lower for the inferior officers. It was part of the Steward of the Household's office to shew to every one his proper place in the hall.' I have been unable to find any source for this note.

238-43. MS.2B note: 'This was the engagement in which the Earl of Essex threw down the royal standard.' In these lines, and in lines 274-78 below (see relevant n.), we find two of the strongest examples of the way in which S. sought to lend historical authenticity to his poem, through references to the two unsuccessful attempts (in 1157 and 1165) of Henry II to lead an army against Owain Gwynedd and the other Welsh princes. In his *Journey through Wales*, Gerald passed by the location of the first of these, where the forces of Henry II, combined with those of Owain's brother Cadwaladr and those of Powys under Madog ap Meredydd (the prince who frequently allied himself with the English), were heavily defeated by Owain's sons at the battle of Counsyllt (Coleshill), or Coed Eulo, near Rhuddlan in Powys, in the summer of 1157. Gerald's account is worth quoting, since it sets up the precise historical context which S. wished to create:

On our right we passed the forest of Coleshill, the Hill of Coal. It was there in our own time that Henry II, king of the English, was badly mauled when he made his first assault on Wales. In his youthful ardour and rash enthusiasm he was unwise enough to push on through this densely wooded pass, to the great detriment of his men, quite a few of whom were killed. Henry II invaded Wales three times: first North Wales, here, on this spot; secondly South Wales, along the coastal road through Glamorgan and Gower [...] and thirdly Powys, near Oswestry. He was unsuccessful in all three of these expeditions, simply because he placed no confidence in the local leaders, who were experienced and familiar with the conditions, preferring to take advice from men who lived far away from the Marches [...] (Gerald, 197)

S.'s earliest source for the battle of Coed Eulo would have been the account given in Powel's *Historie* (*HC*, 206-07 and n.), and the historians of the later

eighteenth century borrowed heavily from this, though also embellished it, devoting lengthy passages to the battle (as well as to Henry's next unsuccessful invasion of Powys in 1165). S. would probably have thus read several accounts of Coed Eulo long before he would have consulted the original 'Chronicle'. He would have found a lengthy description in *HW*, 312-15, for example, but since Warrington's account contains certain information provided by Lyttelton which had not been in Powel, I suggest the latter to have been the primary inspiration for both Warrington and S.:

having drawn out of the whole militia of England a very great army, he led it through Cheshire into Flintshire, and advanced towards Basingwerk, a castle built by the earl of Chester, which the Welch, in the late reign, had taken and demolished. At this place, or nigh to it, Owen Gwyneth lay encamped, with all the forces he could collect out of a populous nation, in which (excepting the clergy) every man was a soldier. He seemed determined to stay there and give battle to the king; but this appearance was only an artifice to draw the English into a narrow and difficult pass, between two ridges of hills, where he had secretly placed a numerous ambuscade, under the command of his sons. Henry, too confident in the strength of his army, and not consulting enough with those who had a more perfect knowledge of the country, fell into the snare, and paid dearly for his rashness. When he and his vanguard were engaged in the middle of these streights, [sic] the Welch, rising at once, with the most horrible outcries, from under the cover of the woods, that hung over the steep and rocky sides of the pass, assaulted them with stones and arrows, and other missile weapons. The disadvantage of the place, the confusion they were thrown into, the dismay that came upon them, quite disabled them, from resisting this unexpected attack. Two great barons, Eustace Fitz-John and Robert de Courcy, were slain. Henry, finding it impossible to advance any further, endeavoured to retire back to the entrance of the streights, and with much difficulty performed it: but most of the troops which had composed his vanguard, were miserably destroyed, before he was able to disengage either them, or himself, from this fatal situation. Some, who escaped by flight, carried their fear along with them, and meeting the rest of the army, who were advancing in good order to the entrance of the pass, spread among them a report of the death of the king: upon which, Henry de Essex, hereditary standard-bearer of England, was seized with such a terror, that he threw to the ground the royal standard, and cried aloud, 'the king is slain!' The consternation became general; the troops fell into disorder; the Welch perceiving it, issued forth, and attacked them with great fury; the whole army would have been routed in the most shameful manner, if Henry at this instant had not shewn himself to them, and, with a countenance full of alacrity, encouraged, rallied, and led them on to the charge. Animated by the joy of seeing him safe, they quickly drove the enemy back into the wood. He then drew off his forces, and encamping them in a station where he had nothing to fear, deliberated with his barons and other principal officers, what measures he should pursue in the management of the war, against such dangerous enemies, whose valour he found so well conducted. (Lyt., II, 72-73)

It should just be mentioned that Sir John Wynn also discusses 'the battle of Countshill Wood' in *HGF*, 4-5.

In the published poem (*Madoc*, 13) S. axed the reference to Coed Eulo, and turned this particular dialogue between David and Madoc into a recollection of Henry II's second invasion in 1165. Curiously however, Madoc brings his

reminiscence to an end with the remembrance of how `we leapt on, and in the mire and blood/Trampled their banner'. Since this is an obvious reference to the throwing down of the royal standard during the battle of Coed Eulo by the Earl of Essex, as mentioned in Powel and all the accounts given by later historians, S. has mysteriously conflated the events of 1165 with an episode from the battle which took place eight years before. Since MS.2A is proof that he was fully aware of the correct chronology, it is difficult to account for the conflation.

For modern discussions of the events surrounding Coed Eulo see *AOG*, 82-85 and Lloyd, II, 496-99.

247-50<sub>(a)</sub>. A reference to the battle of 1170 between the sons of Owain Gwynedd which I have already discussed. See nn. to lines 101<sub>(b)</sub>-109<sub>(a)</sub> above and II.39-40.

275-78. MS.2B note: `After his defeat at Ceiriog Henry ordered the eyes of the Welsh hostages to be pulled out. among them were two sons of Owain Gwynedh.'

Having put into David's mouth a recollection of Henry II's first unsuccessful campaign against Owain Gwynedd in 1157 (see n. to 238-43 above), S. here has Madoc recall Henry's second campaign in 1165. This met with even less success than the former, primarily due to the appalling weather conditions which overwhelmed Henry's camp in the Berwyn mountains, and the significance of this failure was that, as A.D. Carr has pointed out, `Henry learned [... that] the immense campaign which would be required to impose his will on the Welsh was not a practical proposition and he never again sought a military solution' (*Anglo-Welsh Relations, 1066-1282*', in *England and her Neighbours, 1066-1453*, ed. by M. Jones and M. Vale (London, 1989), 121-138 (p.125)). The only real encounter of this campaign took place in the vale of Ceiriog (now generally referred to by historians as the battle of Crogen), and, as Madoc's speech here recalls, Henry's failure to achieve any kind of victory resulted in his taking vengeance on a number of his captives, included among which were two sons of Owain Gwynedd and two of Rhys ap Gruffydd, whom Henry — reputedly with his own hands — blinded and castrated.

In the published poem (*Madoc*, 456) S. cited Powel's `Chronicle' as his primary source, and he copied the same passage from the `Chronicle' into the

K/B.N (KMG, ff.241-42). The ellipses are mine, but indicate S.'s unflagged omissions. He provided no page references in either the K/B.N or the published text:

1165. [...] the king [...] gathered another armie of chosen men, through all his dominions, as England, Normandie, Aniow, Gascoine, & Gwyen; sending for succours from Flanders and Brytaine, & then returned towards Northwales, minding vtterlie to destroie all that had life in the land, and comming to Croes Oswalt, called Oswaldstree, incamped there. On the contrarie side, prince Owen and his brother Cadwalader with all the power of Northwales, and the Lord Rees with the power of Southwales: & Owen Cyueilioc, and the sonnes of Madoc ap Meredyth with the power of Powys: and the two sonnes of Madoc ap Ednerth, with the people betwixt Wye and Seauerne, gathered themselues together, and came to Corwen in Edeyrneon, purposing to defend their countrie. But the king, vnderstanding that they were so nigh, being wonderful desirous of battel, came to the riuier Ceireoc, and caused the woods to be hewen downe. Wherevpon a number of the Welshmen vnderstanding the passage, vnknowing to their captaines met with the kings ward, where were placed the piked men of all the armie, and there began a hote skirmish, where diuerse worthie men were slaine on either side, but in the end the king wanne the passage, and came to the mountaine of Berwyn, where he laie in campe certaine daies, and so both the armies stood in awe each of the other: for the king kept the open plaines, and was affraid to be intrapped in straits; but the Welshmen watched for the aduantage of the place, & kept the king so straitlie, that neither forage nor victuall might come to his camp, neither durst anie soldiour stirre abroad. And to augment these miseries, there fell such raine, that the kings men could scant stand vpon their feete upon those slipperie hilles. In the end the king was compelled to return home without his purpose, & that with great loss of men and munition, besides his charges. Therefore in a great choler he caused the pledges eies (whom he had receiued long before that) to be put out: which were Rees and Cadwalhon the sonnes of Owen, and Cynwric and Meredith the sonnes of Rees, and other. (*HC*, 221-22)

As with the battle of Coed Eulo above, S.'s contemporary historians made much of the events of the summer of 1165, so that S.'s earliest knowledge of them would probably have been gained from either Warrington or Lyttelton. Warrington began his account by expressing a view that Rhys ap Gruffydd, prince of South Wales, was primarily responsible for urging the other Welsh rulers to unite and resist Henry's invasion. (I have quoted Warrington's comments in my n. concerning Rhys below, IV.349-50.) Warrington then provided an animated account of events, which concluded thus:

While the English were employed in cutting down the woods, a party of the Welsh acquainted with the passage of the river, without any orders from their leaders, made a sudden attack on the van of Henry's army composed of pikemen, considered as the flower of his troops. A warm action ensued; many were slain on both sides; at length Henry gained the passage, and advancing still further, came to the mountain of Berwyn, where his forces lay encamped for several days. In this state the two armies seemed to stand in awe of each other; the English on the plain below and the Welsh, presenting a formidable front, posted on the acclivity, or on the top of the mountain. The situation of Henry soon became critical. For the Welsh, watching every movement, and losing no opportunity of cutting off his provisions, soon reduced his army to great distress for want of victuals and forage; the soldiers being afraid to stir out of the camp. To increase the

misery of his situation, there fell on a sudden such violent rains, as rendered it difficult for his soldiers to stand on their feet in that broken and slippery country; such torrents of water, likewise, poured down from the hills into the vale where he lay encamped, that he was obliged to retire, with great loss of ammunition and of men, and to leave to the Welsh so glorious an occasion of triumph. Deeply wounded with the sense of his disgrace, the liberal spirit of Henry was thrown off its bias. To gratify a mean revenge, unworthy of a hero, of injuring those whom his arms had not been able to subdue, and that too in a manner, so wounding to sensibility; he commanded the eyes of those hostages, which had been formerly given him, to be pulled out. Among the number of these unfortunate victims were the two sons of Rhys ap Gryffydd, and two sons of the prince of north Wales. (*HW*, 326-28)

For Lyttelton's description of the events surrounding Crogen, see *Lyt.*, II, 408-10. By far the most comprehensive modern discussion is Paul Latimer's 'Henry II's Campaign against the Welsh in 1165' (*Welsh History Review*, XIV (1988-89), 523-52). Latimer's article will be found to contribute greatly to an understanding of what S. was trying to achieve by his references to the events of 1165 in the poem, since it accentuates the importance of Henry's campaign (and the consequences of its failure) within the wider historical spectrum. For somewhat different interpretations from that offered by Latimer, see Lloyd, II, 515-18 and *AC*, 52-53. Other useful sources are *AOG*, 97-99 and *WK*, 103-04. Both the battles of Coed Eulo and Crogen are described in detail by Philip Warner in *Famous Welsh Battles* (London, 1977), 80-83, though Warner curiously provides an incorrect date of 1169 for the encounter at Crogen.

289<sup>(b)</sup>-93. Here, I believe, S. is deliberately emphasising what Gerald identified as a major facet of the Welsh character:

The Welsh value distinguished birth and noble descent more than anything else in the world. [...] Even the common people know their family-tree by heart and can readily recite from memory the list of their grandfathers, great-grandfathers, great-great-grandfathers, back to the sixth or seventh generation [...] As they have this intense interest in their family descent, they avenge with great ferocity any wrong or insult done to their relations. [...] Not only are they ready to avenge new and recent injuries, but old ones too, as if they had only just received them. (Gerald, 252)

I have cited Gerald's original here knowing that S. had not seen his work at the time of composing MS.2A. Gerald's comments were, however, repeated almost verbatim by Warrington in his discussion of Welsh habits and customs (*HW*, 113-14). We have already seen S. applying the 'revenge' aspect of these quotations in lines 273<sup>(b)</sup>-81<sup>(a)</sup> above, and another good example will be found in Llewelyn's comment to Madoc in VI.13-15.

317-18. Metheglin (from the Welsh meddyglyn) is a spiced mead, of Welsh origin, but afterwards popular in various parts of medieval Europe. The word appeared in Johnson's dictionary (1755-56 edition), where it was defined as 'Drink made of honey boiled with water and fermented', and where citations from Shakespeare and Dryden were given. It is evidently Metheglin that Warrington has in mind — though he does not use the name — when discussing the role of the royal 'Medd or Mead-brewer': 'This liquor, which was the wine commonly used by the Welsh, was made with honey mixed in a vat with boiling water, and spiced' (*HW*, 176-77). The word 'metheglin' is also used by Pennant in his description of the duties of 'the high steward', for which quotation see n. to IV.90-119<sup>(a)</sup>.

323<sup>(b)</sup>-26. MS.2B note: 'One of the royal household was an officer to command silence; this he did first by his voice, then by striking one of the pillars with his wand of office.' A similar note appeared in the published poem (*Madoc*, 458), with the additional comment that 'A fine was due to him [the officer] for every disturbance in the court'. This certainly confirms that S.'s source was Warrington (*HW*, 175), who included in his list of the royal household 'An officer to command silence. This he performed first by his voice, and afterwards by striking with his rod of office a pillar near which the domestic chaplain usually sat: and to him a fine was due to every disturbance in the court.'

332<sup>(b)</sup> ff. MS.2B note: 'When the King desired to hear music, the Chief of Song sung first in praise of the Almighty; then of the exploits of some of the British Kings.' S. lifted this directly from Warrington: 'When the King desired to hear music, the chief musician sung to the harp two poems; one in praise of the Almighty, the other in honour of princes and of their exploits; after which a third poem was sung by the domestic bard' (*HW*, 182). With no acknowledgement however, Warrington *must* have lifted this from Edward Jones's *Musical and Poetical Relicks of the Welsh Bards: preserved by tradition, and authentic manuscripts, from remote antiquity ...* (London, 1784), since the wording is almost identical: 'When the prince desired to hear music, the chief Bard sang to his harp two poems, one in praise of the Almighty, the other concerning kings and their heroic exploits, after which a third poem was sung by the Bard of the palace' (p.11).

The possibility thus remains that S. was using Jones's work himself as a source, but there is no further evidence (notebook entries, correspondence, etc.) to suggest this. For a brief discussion of Jones's life and work see *ECR*, 124-26 and passim. Morgan points out that Jones (harpist to the Prince of Wales) was both a royalist and loyalist, and that, even though he was friendly with Iolo Morganwg for a time, they afterwards quarrelled and 'Jones was supposed by Iolo to have denounced him to Pitt's government agents'. That S. knew the *Relics* by August 1805 (and it would be surprising if he did not know the work much earlier) is attested by a derogatory comment concerning it in a letter to Cottle of 25 Aug. (*NL*, I, 395).

332<sup>(b)</sup>-45. MS.2B note: 'This hymn concentrates the theological system of the Bards. the tenets may be found in Edward Williams's Poems, among the Bardic Triads.'

Slightly reworded, S. repeated this note in the published poem (*Madoc*, 458-59), where it included six of the Welsh *Triads* which Edward Williams had published in the second volume of his *PLP*. S. not only disregarded Williams's punctuation and heavy italicisation, but also changed some of the wording. The following is taken from the original:

12. There are three Circles (or states) of existence: the *Circle of Infinity*, where there is nothing but God, of living or dead, and none but God can traverse it; *the Circle of Inchoation*, where all things are by Nature derived from Death; this circle has been traversed by man; and the *Circle of Felicity*, where all things spring from *Life*; this man shall traverse in Heaven.

13. Animated Beings have three states of existence: that of *Inchoation* in the *Great Deep* (or *Lowest point of Existence*); that of *Liberty* in the state of *Humanity*; and that of *Love*, which is *Felicity*, in *Heaven*.

14. All animated Beings are subject to three Necessities: *a beginning* in the *Great Deep* (lowest point of existence), *Progression* in the *Circle of Inchoation*, and *Plenitude* in Heaven, or the *Circle of Felicity*; without these things nothing can possibly exist but God.

15. Three things are necessary in the *Circle of Inchoation*: the *least of all animation*, and thence the *beginning*; the *materials* of all things, and thence *increase*, which cannot take place in any other state; the *Formation* of all things out of the dead mass, hence *discriminate individuality*.

16. Three things cannot but exist towards all animated Beings from the nature of *Divine Justice*: *Co-sufferance* in the *Circle of Inchoation*, because without that none could attain to the perfect knowledge of any thing; *Co-participation* in the *Divine Love*; and *Co-ultimity* from the Nature of God's *Power*, and its attributes of *Justice* and *Mercy*.

17. There are three necessary occasions of *Inchoation* (*metempsychosis*): to collect the *materials* and properties of every Nature; to collect the *knowledge* of every thing; and to collect *Power* towards subduing the *Adverse* and *Devastative*, and for the *divestation* of *Evil*: without this traversing every mode of animated existence, no state of animation, or of any thing in Nature, can attain to *Plenitude*. (*PLP*, II, 241-42)

343. MS.2B note: `Angau, which is Death, is etymologically enlargement.' I can find no source for this note.

344. MS.2B note: `Nifredd, the Welsh word for Heaven, signifies renovations.' S. repeated this note in the published poem (*Madoc*, 459), including within it three further *Triads* from Williams's *PLP* (II, 246-47). The following are from the original:

40. The three excellences of changing mode of existence in the *Circle of Felicity*: *Acquisition of knowledge*; *Beautiful variety*; and *Repose*, from not being able to endure uniform *Infinity* and uninterrupted *Eternity*.

38. Three things none but God can do: to endure the *Eternities* of the *Circle of Infinity*; to participate of every state of existence without changing; and to reform and renovate every thing without causing the loss of it.

45. The three *Plenitudes of Felicity*: Participation of every Nature with a plenitude of One predominant; Conformity to every cast of Genius and Character, possessing superior excellence in One; the Love of all beings and existences, but chiefly centered in One object, which is God; and in the predominant One of each of these will the *Plenitude of Felicity* consist.

346-59<sub>(a)</sub>. MS.2B note: `I have in this song compressed a poem by Gwalchmai the Bard of Owain Gwynedd, upon the battle of Tal-y-Moel. the same (I believe) which Gray has rendered. a literal translation is in the Cambrian Register for 1795. page 408.' For an explanation of Gwalchmai and his work, see n. to 96-98 above, and for a discussion of the school of bards to which he belonged, see n. to IV.238-42.

In *CR*, I, 407-08, both the Welsh original and a prose translation of the poem which S. has here paraphrased were preceded by some comments on Gwalchmai and his contemporaries. It will be seen just how closely S.'s lines follow the prose translation:

We are fortunate in having preserved many pieces of poetry of the bards, who lived in the age subsequent to Meilyr. Those were *Gwalchmai*, the son of *Meilyr*, *Cynddelw*, *Daniel Losgwrn Mynyw*, *Owain Cyveiliog*, a prince of Powys, and *Llywarch*, the son of *Llywelyn*, generally called *Prydydd Moch*.

There are fourteen compositions by Gwalchmai preserved; and the admirers of ancient Welsh poetry would have cause to rejoice, if the number had been greater: for the energy of the British language was never perhaps displayed by an equal master of its powers. It is to be regretted that this peculiar excellency in his compositions is lost in translation, wherein nothing more can be expected than a dim representation of his general ideas. Such is the specimen of the following poem upon the battle of *Tal y Voel*, in 1158.

To Owain Gwynedd — *the battle of Tal y Voel*.

To the radiancy of light I will exalt the bounteous one of the offspring of Rodri; guardian of the country's bounds; indued with the gifts of an illustrious line.



Britain's throne is Owain's right, the active in the course of wrath; the princely one that submits to none: that hoards no treasures.

Three legions the vessels of the torrent brought; three grand and first of fleets bent on quick assault. One from the West Green Isle; another teeming with armed ones of the men of Lochlin, long burdens of the flood; the third over the sea from Normandy with mighty bustle came, with unpropitious fate.

Against the Dragon of Môn, with his progeny so bold in the deed of death, there were dire tumult and insulting claims. Perpetual confusion, ruin, toil, and an end of pre-eminence ran before him, in conflict upon conflict pervaded with gore; in carnage upon carnage of horrid forms; and round the front of Moelvre a thousand banners waving! In slaughtering there was wrath-gleaning, slaughter to glut the hungry kites; pursuit on pursuit pregnant with distress; plunge after plunge in drowning; Menai without an ebb from an overflowing tide of bloody streams; the brine blushing with the gore of men; those clad in hauberks bearing the agony of wounds; and the mangled ones in heaps before the red-stained chief.

From the invasion of Loegria, and the resolute combat sustained with her, to the destruction of her sons, the fame of the sword of the active hero, will be magnified; and he will be extolled in seven score tongues to distant times.

Gwalchmai, the Son of Meilyr.

Interestingly, in his note in the published poem (*Madoc*, 460), S. did not cite the *CR* translation as his source, but one which appeared in Evans, 25-26. Since he scarcely carried out any changes to these lines in the published poem however (*Madoc*, 18-19), and since they scarcely bear any resemblance to Evans' version, it is quite evident that S.'s primary source remained that in the *CR* — another instance in which MSS.2A and 2B are a more accurate guide to S.'s sources than the published poem.

It should also be noted that S. would have read some comments concerning Gwalchmai in the 'Post Script' which John Williams added to his *Farther Observations* — comments sent to him, as he admitted, by William Owen:

I have perused the compositions of the Bards who were contemporary with Madog; but in all the Poetry of that age, that I have seen, his name is mentioned only three or four times by Cynddelw, Llywarch Prydydd y Moch, and Gwalchmai. These are esteemed three of the most celebrated of the British Bards. Their works, now extant in Manuscript, would each of them, make a considerable volume. (JW.92, 46)

Owen then goes on to describe a poem by Gwalchmai celebrating a victory over the English at sea by the Gwynedd fleet in 1142 — 'one of the most animated pieces of poetry to be found in any language' (JW.92, 49) — suggesting that it is to be found in Evans, p.125. I can only assume that he is referring to Gwalchmai's *The Battle of Tal Moelfre*, that he meant p.25 in Evans, and that, at that time, he did not fully comprehend the poem. Such images as 'plunge after plunge in drowning', 'Menai without an ebb from an overflowing tide of bloody streams' and 'the brine blushing with the gore of men' might, after all, suggest a

sea battle.

The Gray poem to which S.'s MS.2B note refers is *The Triumphs of Owen*. (See *Thomas Gray and William Collins: Poetical Works*, ed. by Roger Lonsdale (Oxford, 1977), 69).

For a modern translation of *The Battle of Tal Moelfre*, see *A Celtic Miscellany*, ed. and trans. by Kenneth H. Jackson (London, 1971), 231.

---

## Explanatory Notes to Book II

10. This is probably a reference to the Church of St. Cybi at Holyhead (see n. to VI.146-48).

21-22. For the two references in these lines, Dinevor and Rhys, see nn. to IV.346-47 and IV.349-50.

39-40. In the MS.2B note to I.101<sub>(b)</sub>-109<sub>(a)</sub> which I have already quoted, S. pointed out that the battle between Hywel and Dafydd for the throne of Gwynedd 'was fought in the tract between Snowdon & the sea, then called Arvon', and this is where Madoc now recollects having viewed 'that fatal field'. The problem with S.'s description is that the name 'Arvon' actually covered a vast area (roughly that of the modern county of Caernarfonshire), a fact which S. would have known from the 'Description of Wales' by John Price, which appeared at the beginning of Powel's 'Chronicle':

The second part of Northwales was called *Aruon*, which is as much to saie, as ouer against Môn: and had in it foure Cantreds, and ten Comots. [...] This is now called Carnaruonshire, as Môn is called Angleseyshire, and haue the same diuision at this daie. In this shire are Snowdon hills [...] It hath on the North the sea and *Mænai*, vpon the East and Southeast the riuier *Conwey*, which diuideth it from Denbighshire, although it now passe the riuier in one place by the sea shore. Although on the Southwest and West, it is separated from *Merionyth* by high mountaines and riuers, and other meares. (*HC*, 8-9)

It is thus difficult to understand precisely what S. means by terms such as 'Arvons evil plain' (IV.67), 'the plain of Arvon' (V.27) and 'Arvons plain' (V.56 and IX.316), save that, to judge from the MS.2B note, he was presumably thinking of that piece of the Gwynedd mainland which abuts upon the Menai Straits and overlooks Anglesey. This would certainly tally with S.'s descriptions of Madoc's journeys to and from Arvon. In the former, for example, Madoc passes by Dolwyddelan castle near Blaenau Ffestiniog immediately after leaving 'Arvons evil plain' (see IV.68-74 and relevant n.), and in the latter, having 'left the wilds of Arvon', he is forced to pass 'oer Menais ebbing tide' (V.280-81) in order to reach Aberffraw (see n. to I.39).

The really fascinating question however, is what was S.'s source for the locating of the battle between Dafydd and Hywel in (or on) a place called Arvon? None of S.'s historical sources suggested a location for the battle. I can only

presume therefore that S.'s single source of reference connecting (somewhat obscurely) Hywel's downfall with somewhere called 'Arvon' is a line in a poem by Llywarch ap Llywelyn, which S. would have seen in the first volume of the *CR* in 1796 (see my n. to IV.238-42, where the whole passage is quoted in full). This would account for the reason why S. does not have Madoc mention a specific location for 'the fatal field/Of battle' in MS.1 (MS.1, f.21 v.), because he could not have seen Llywarch's poem in 1795. It also shows just how minutely S. sifted his available material.

John Lloyd has suggested that the battle between Hywel and Dafydd was fought at Pentraeth in Anglesey (Lloyd, II, 549).

75. From this point on, a glance at the additional lines on the verso folios of this book will quickly demonstrate a change of plot on S.'s part. In the original version, the reader is left — as in bk. II of MS.1 — to puzzle over the significance of Cadwallon's rebuking phrase 'thou hast forgot Cynetha' (line 150+2), since the old man's presence, and therefore his narrative, are not an element in the initial design. S. must have intended to incorporate this narrative into the poem at a later point however, since Madoc's embarrassment at the mention of Cynetha's name makes no sense to the reader without an explanation of Owain Gwynedd's crime.

81-86. While the rustic domesticity of these lines is certainly characteristic of S.'s early poetry, the description of Cadwallon's hospitality here (and similarly of Madoc's reception at Cyveilioc's hall in IV.163-68<sub>(a)</sub>), is actually drawn from several sources. In the K/B.N (KMG, ff.41-42), under the heading 'Welsh Manners', S. has copied a lengthy passage from Pennant (*TW*, II, 100-02) concerning medieval Welsh hospitality. Beneath his transcription however, S. has written 'See Giraldus Cambrensis. Desc. Wallia. 888', an obvious allusion to the fact that Pennant had borrowed — virtually translated, in fact — his account from a passage on 'Welsh hospitality and eating habits' in chap. 10 of Gerald's *Description of Wales*. Even though S. had not seen Gerald's work at the time of writing these lines therefore, it would seem more appropriate to cite from his original, especially given that Gerald was evidently the source, not just for

Pennant, but for Warrington and Lyttelton as well (see below):

When night falls and no more guests are expected, the evening meal is prepared, varying according to what the house has to offer [...] You must not expect a variety of dishes from a Welsh kitchen, and there are no highly seasoned titbits to whet your appetite. In a Welsh house there are no tables, no tablecloths and no napkins. Everyone behaves quite naturally, with no attempt whatsoever at etiquette[...] The whole family waits upon the guests, and the host and hostess stand there making sure that everything is being attended to [...] Finally the time comes to retire to rest. Alongside one of the walls is placed a communal bed, stuffed with rushes, and not all that many of them [...] A fire is kept burning all night at their feet, just as it has done all day, and they get some warmth from the people sleeping next to them. (Gerald, 236-37)

Like Pennant, both Warrington (*HW*, 110) and Lyttelton (*Lyt.*, II, 68) borrowed heavily from Gerald's description (acknowledging the fact in notes), so it is probable that S. had read one or both of these before he had seen Pennant.

142<sub>(b)</sub>-50. Owain, the son of Gruffydd ap Cynan, ruled over Gwynedd from 1137-1170, and was one of the strongest rulers that the principality had ever known — hence his appellation 'Owain Gwynedd'. In a lecture to commemorate the 800th anniversary of Owain's death, J. Beverley Smith summed up his achievements thus:

Owain's reign owes its significance to his contribution to the expansion and consolidation of the greater Gwynedd, to the crystallization in his reign of the concept of an indivisible *regnum*, and to those developments which are a special feature of the last decade of the reign which provided the foundations upon which later rulers of his dynasty used the supremacy of Gwynedd to secure a wider national unity. ('Owain Gwynedd', 8)

Owain was enabled, in part, to lay the foundations for that 'national unity' by the fact that his reign was coetaneous with that of Rhys ap Gruffydd, an equally powerful ruler in Deheubarth (South Wales), though, inevitably, the existence of two such strong princes also created the very opposite effect at times when the threat of foreign invasion was at its lowest. (For examples of their unity see nn. to I.238-43 and I.275-78, and for Rhys himself see n. to IV.349-50.)

Along with Maredudd ap Gruffydd and Owain Cyfeiliog, Gerald praised Owain as one of the 'three rulers [...] in our own times' who had governed with 'equity, prudence and princely moderation' (Gerald, 203). From Gerald this was some praise, especially given that Owain had been excommunicated by Thomas Beckett for marrying — or committing 'public incest' with, as Gerald puts it — his first cousin Cristin. In his 'Chronicle', Powel summed up Owain's reign thus:

Also this yeare [1169] Owen Gwyneth the son of Gruffyth ap Conan prince of North-wales passed out of this world, after he had gouerned his countrie well and worthilie 32 yeares. This prince was fortunate and victorious in all his affairs, he neuer tooke any enterprise in hand but he achieved it. (*HC*, 225-26)

William Warrington's final summary of Owain's reign was one which evidently did much to shape the kind of retrospective assessment of Owain's character which S. was trying to create within the poem:

Sometime after this event died Owen Gwynedh prince of North Wales, after a reign of thirty-two years, and was buried in the cathedral church of Bangor. [...] It has been often said, that in order to form a just estimate of the happiness of individuals, we must wait till the period of their lives. It is in the same manner that we must judge of the character of the late prince. We have seen him in the early part of his reign, with equal prosperity and valour, resisting the mighty efforts of a wise and powerful monarch: with a patriotism that reflected honour upon his judgment, and we have seen him on various occasions aid the generous designs of Rhys ap Gryffydh. From what motive, then, shall we account for the change in his conduct? Having had the advantage in the conflict at Counsyllt, without any apparent cause, unless it were the expediency of the moment, he himself, under humiliating circumstances submitted to become the vassal of a foreign prince, and in the consequence, reduced the chieftains of his country to the like dishonourable situation. At one time we see him duped by Henry's policy, supporting for years the same degenerate conduct, wasting the national strength, and diverting its force, and tearing asunder the ties of union and confidence, by attempting to conquer the territories of Rhys ap Gryffydh, his gallant coadjutor. Inspired by the example of that prince, and joined in confederacy with the other Welsh powers, we at length see him, with an increase of importance to his country, recover independency. In this happy period of his days, full of years and surrounded by his children, he left the busy theatre of the world; and, although the mid-day of his life was crowded and inglorious, the evening became serene, and closed with honour to himself and advantage to his country. (*HW*, 331-33)

The fullest modern account of Owain's reign written in English is still that provided by Paul Barbier in *AOG*. Davies offers a more interpretative account, and his synopsis of Owain's achievements (*AC*, 48-50) is informative. Finally, the reader should certainly consult chap. 5 of Kari Maund's *WK*.

151-71<sub>(a)</sub>. In the K/B.N (*KMG*, f.241), S. has copied an account of Cynetha from Powel's *Historie*. The only clue to the source of the passage in the notebook however is that the first entry on f.241 — the account of Cynetha being the third — is marked 'Powels Hist. of Cambria.' S. provides no page references, and abbreviates several of the words:

In the yeare 1151, Owen Gwyneth tooke Cunetha his brother Cadwalhon his sonne, and put out his eies, and gelded him, leas he should haue children to inherit part of the land. (*HC*, 203)

While we have no way of ascertaining precisely when S. composed these additional lines giving the account of Cynetha, there is no reason to suppose that

they were written long after the rest of bk. II in early-mid March 1797 (see my discussion on p.55). They were thus probably written prior to the period when S. began keeping the K/B.N in the late summer of that year, but this is obviously no reason to conclude that S. had not previously seen Powel's account. At the time of composing these lines however, one could certainly argue that the embellished account in Warrington provided S.'s primary source. It is possible to trace in Warrington's account a number of other issues which S. stressed in the poem; in particular, that this heinous crime was the only stain on Owain Gwynedd's character (see above n.):

Cadwalhon the brother of Owen Gwynedd prince of North Wales, having been assassinated, in the late reign, in revenge of several murders which he had committed, left a son of the name of Cynetha, the undoubted heir to his territories. To render his nephew incapable of asserting his rights, Owen had the barbarity to pull out his eyes; and refining on a savage and detested policy, he also caused him to be castrated, that no heirs in future might lay claim to his territories, or retaliate the injuries this prince had received. An action so atrocious, and not to be extenuated even by the rudeness of these times, throws a deep shade over the character of a prince, who, in other respects was a friend to his country, and of an amiable and a gallant spirit. (*HW*, 310-11)

235-37. Even if there are not particularly close linguistic parallels here, I am convinced that there was a source for these lines — perhaps even an unconscious one — in James Beattie's *The Minstrel*, one of S.'s most frequently referenced works in his early correspondence (see Curry's note in *NL*, I, 45):

'Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb  
'With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,  
'In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,  
'Where night and desolation ever frown.  
'Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;  
'Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,  
'With here and there a violet bestrown,  
'Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;  
'And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

(*The Minstrel; or, the Progress of Genius. A Poem. the fifth edition*  
(London and Edinburgh, 1775)

274-82. MS.2B note: `Some account of Arnold of Brescia may be found in the

Biographical Dictionary & in the Scotch Encyclopedia.' I have been unable to discover what S. meant by 'the Scotch Encyclopedia', but he certainly never entered any source material concerning Arnold of Brescia from a work of that or any similar name into any of his notebooks. By 'the Biographical Dictionary' S. evidently meant *A New and General Biographical Dictionary; containing an Historical and Critical Account of the Lives and Writings of the most eminent Persons in every Nation ... from the earliest Accounts of Time to the present Period ...*, 12 vols. (London, 1761), from which he copied the complete entry on Arnold (I, 410-11) into the K/B.N (KMG, ff.16-18):

Arnold of Brescia, a famous heretic of the twelfth century, born at Brescia in Italy, from whence he went to France, where he studied under the celebrated Peter Abelard. Upon his return to Italy, he put on the habit of a monk, and began to preach several new and uncommon doctrines, particularly that the pope and all the rest of the clergy ought not to enjoy any temporal estate: he maintained in his sermons, that those ecclesiastics who had any estates of their own, or held any lands, were entirely cut off from the least hopes of salvation: that the clergy ought to subsist upon the alms and voluntary contributions of Christians; and that all other revenues belonged to princes and states, in order to be dispossessed of amongst the laity, as they thought proper. He maintained also several heresies, with regard to baptism and the Lord's supper. Otto Frisingensis and St. Bernard have drawn his character in very strong colours: the former tells us, that he had wit, address, and eloquence; but that his eloquence consisted rather of a torrent of words, than in solid and just sentiments. The same author observes, that he was extremely fond of peculiar and new opinions; that he assumed a religious habit on purpose to impose upon mankind more effectually, and under pretence of piety, and, as the Gospel expresses it, in sheep's cloathing carried the disposition of a wolf, tearing every one as he pleased, with the utmost fury, without the least regard to any person, and having a particular enmity against the clergy, bishops, and monks. 'Would to God (says St. Bernard) that his doctrine was as holy as his life is strict: would you know what sort of man this is? Arnold of Brescia is a man that neither eats nor drinks; who like the devil, is hungry and thirsty after the blood of souls; who goes to and fro upon the earth, and is always doing among strangers what he cannot do amongst his own countrymen; who ranges like a roaring lion, always seeking whom he may devour; an enemy to the cross of Christ, an author of discords, and inventor of schisms, a disturber of the public peace: he is a man, whose conversation has nothing but sweetness, and his doctrine nothing but poison in it; a man who has the head of a dove, and the tail of a scorpion.' He engaged a great number of persons in his party, who were distinguished by his name, and proved very formidable to the popes. His doctrines rendered him so obnoxious, that he was condemned in the year 1139, in a council of near a thousand prelates, held in the church of St. John Lateran at Rome, under pope Innocent II. Upon this he left Italy and retired to Swi[t]zerland. After the death of that pope he returned to Italy, and went to Rome, where he raised a sedition against pope Eugenius III. and afterwards against Hadrian IV. who laid the people of Rome under an interdict, till they had banished Arnold and his followers: this had its desired effect, the Romans seized upon the houses which the Arnoldists had fortified, and obliged them to retire to Otricoli in Tuscany, where they were received with the utmost affection by the people, who considered Arnold as a Prophet. However, he was seized some time after by cardinal Gerard, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the viscounts of Campania, who had rescued him, he was carried to Rome, and condemned by Peter, the prefect of that city, to be hanged, and was accordingly executed in the year 1155. Thirty of his followers went from France to England, about the year 1160, in order to propagate their doctrine



there, but they were immediately seized and destroyed.

S. would also have known the eulogy for Arnold in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* (*History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ed. David Womersley, 3 vols. (London, 1994), III, 987-90).

It should be noted just how carefully S. has done his historical calculations in order to render these lines credible. In his retrospective narrative here, Madoc is recalling the civil war for the throne of Gwynedd which took place in or around 1170, and thus, this would be an approximate date for his first meeting with Cadwallon. S. knew that Arnold of Brescia had been executed in 1155, and it would thus have been tenable for the younger Cadwallon to have known him personally.

347-56<sub>(a)</sub>. See n. to lines 233-37 above.

---

### Explanatory Notes to Book III

20-22. MS.2B note: 'In one of Strutt's prints a man is represented standing in a turret on the mast-top. it is one of the series relating to the life of Beauchamp Earl Warwick by John Rous.' I have discussed S.'s interest in Strutt on p.145. S. is here referring to Strutt's *A Compleat View of the Manners, Customs, Arms, Habbits, &c. of the Inhabitants of England, from the arrival of the Saxons to the Present Time ...*, 2 vols. (London, 1775), a third volume being added in 1776. Volume II of this work contained *The life of Richard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick* by John Rous (c. 1411-1491), the fifteenth-century Warwickshire antiquary. From the original manuscript Strutt printed Rous' text, and reproduced 53 engravings of his drawings. I presume that S.'s MS.2B note is a reference to plate LVI in this volume (so numbered because the first six plates were not engraved from Rous), though his description of the engraving is somewhat misleading.

35-120. Many of the features in this description of the sailors' mutiny bear a strong resemblance to a passage from the introduction to Joel Barlow's poem *The Vision of Columbus*, originally published in 1787, but enlarged in the 5th edition of 1793. That Southey knew Barlow's poem is evidenced by the fact that he mentioned it in a review of *The Columbiad: An Epic Poem* by James Moore in *The Critical Review*, XXIII (May 1798), 66-68. The passage in Barlow ran as follows:

Not many days after he [Columbus] had been at sea, he began to experience a new scene of difficulty. The sailors now began to contemplate the dangers and uncertain issue of a voyage, the nature and length of which was left entirely open to conjecture. Besides the fickleness and timidity natural to men unaccustomed to the discipline of a seafaring life, several circumstances contributed to inspire an obstinate and mutinous disposition, which required the most consummate art, as well as fortitude in the admiral to controul. Having been three weeks at sea, and experienced the uniform course of the trade winds, which always blow in a western direction, they contented that, should they continue the same course for a longer period, the same winds would never permit them to return to Spain. The magnetic needle began to vary its direction. This being the first time that phenomenon was ever discovered, it was viewed by the sailors with astonishment, and considered as an indication that nature herself had changed her course, and that Providence was determined to punish their audacity, in venturing so far beyond the ordinary bounds of man. They declared that the commands of their sovereign had been fully obeyed, in their proceeding so many days in the same direction, and so far surpassing the attempts of all former navigators, in quest of new discoveries. Every talent, requisite for governing, soothing and tempering the passions of men, is conspicuous in the conduct of Columbus on this occasion. [...] But here, from the nature of the undertaking, every man had leisure to feed his

imagination with all the gloominess and uncertainty of the prospect. They found, every day, that the same steady gales carried them with great rapidity from their native country, and indeed from all countries of which they had any knowledge. Notwithstanding all the variety of management with which Columbus addressed himself to their passions — sometimes by soothing them with the prognostics of discovering land, sometimes by flattering their ambition and feasting their avarice with the glory and wealth they would acquire from discovering those rich countries beyond the Atlantic, and sometimes by threatening them with the displeasure of their sovereign, should their timidity and disobedience defeat so great an object — their uneasiness still increased. From secret whisperings, it arose to open mutiny and dangerous conspiracy. [...] They finally lost all sense of subordination, and addressed their commander in an insolent manner, demanding to be conducted immediately back to Spain, or, they assured him, they would seek their own safety by taking away his life. Columbus, whose sagacity and penetration had discovered every symptom of the disorder, was prepared for this last stage of it, and was sufficiently apprized of the danger that awaited him. He found it vain to contend with passions he could no longer controul. He therefore proposed that they should obey his orders for three days longer; and, should they not discover land in that time, he would then direct his course for Spain. They complied with his proposal; and, happily for mankind, in three days they discovered Land. (*The Vision of Columbus, a Poem; in Nine Books ... The Fifth Edition, Corrected. To which is added, The Conspiracy of Kings, a Poem ...* (Paris, 1793), 9-11)

144-45. S. repeated this metaphor in VI.125-26.

166-81. S. was fond of this image, and used it in at least two other poems. Compare, for example, the following lines from *Elinor*, the first of the *Botany-Bay Eclogues* in his 1797 *Poems*:

on thy sea-girt verge  
Oft England! have my evening steps stole on,  
Oft have mine eyes surveyed the blue expanse,  
And mark'd the wild wind swell the ruffled surge,  
And seen the upheaved billows bosomed rage  
Rush on the rock; and then my timid soul  
Shrunk at the perils of the boundless deep,  
And heaved a sigh for suffering mariners. (*Pms*97, 78)

He also constructed a whole sonnet ('O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour') around the image in *AA*, I, 150.

198-200. MS.2B note: 'Observe the sea in a bright day, & you will see the clouds spotted with purple.' See my comment in n. to 230-32 below.

205-08. MS.2B note: 'This was believed by our Celtic ancestors.' S.'s meaning in these lines is far from clear, and the MS.2B note is not helpful. S. would appear to be making a somewhat obscure allusion to the process of 'Metempsychosis' as described by Iolo Morganwg in both the introduction to Owen's *HE* and in his

*PLP*. Iolo's first mention was in the introduction to the *HE*, where he wrote that:

No finite beings can possibly bear the infinite tedium of eternity. They will be relieved from it by continual renovations. (*HE*, lix)

In the preface to the *PLP* he wrote that:

I have in one passage mentioned a *qualified sense* in which the *Christian Bards and Druids* believed the metempsychosis: this was, that the depraved soul of man passes in a state beyond the grave into progressive modes of existence corresponding with the natures of Earthly worms and brutes, into whom, in the literal sense, the Aboriginal or Patriarchal Druids believed it passed. (*PLP*, I, xx)

His second reference in the *PLP* was in the 'Advertisement' to his 'Ode on the Mythology of the Ancient British Bards in the Manner of Taliesin ...':

The doctrine of the Metempsychosis is that which of all others most clearly "vindicates the ways of GOD to Man". It is sufficiently countenanced by many passages in the New Testament, and was believed by many of the *Primitive Christians*, and by the *Essenes* amongst the Jews. (*PLP*, II, 194)

Damian Walford Davies has suggested that 'the idea of metempsychosis at the heart of Iolo's bardic religion also suggested a universe of perpetually circulating energies, continually taking on embodied forms', and, discussing Iolo's ideas in relation to the poetry of Blake, has argued that 'again and again the idea of an open circulation was celebrated in the poetry and prose of radical opinion between 1789 and 1794' ('At Defiance"', 185).

**210-11.** MS.2B note: 'Flath-Innis or the Noble Island was the Druidical or rather Celtic Elysium. it is beautifully described in Macphersons introduction to the History of England, from an Erse poem.' The exact reference was James Macpherson's *An Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland* (London, 1773), 236-41, and the passage in question ran as follows:

The ancient inhabitants of Britain, to enjoy the felicity of a future state, ascended not into heaven with the Christians, nor dived under the ocean with the poets of Greece and Rome. Their FLATH-INNIS, or NOBLE ISLAND, lay, surrounded with tempest, in the Western Ocean. [...] The Scottish bards, with their compositions in verse, conveyed to posterity some poetical romances in prose. One of those tales, which tradition has brought down to our times, relates to the Paradise of the Celtic nations. [...]

"In former days", says the bard, "there lived in SKERR [a name which, according to Macpherson's note, generally 'signifies a rock in the ocean'] a magician of high renown. [...] One day, as the magician of SKERR sat thoughtful upon a rock, a storm arose on the sea: A cloud, under whose squally skirts the foaming waters complained, rushed suddenly into the bay; and from its dark womb at once issued forth a boat with its white sails bent to the wind, and hung round with a hundred moving oars: But it was destitute of mariners; itself seeming to live and move. An unusual terror seized the aged magician: He heard a voice though he saw no human form. "Arise, behold the boat of the heroes — arise, and see the green isle of those who have passed away."

"He felt a strange force on his limbs: he saw no person; but he moved to

the boat. The wind immediately changed. In the bosom of the cloud he sailed away. Seven days gleamed faintly round him; seven nights added their gloom to his darkness. His ears were stunned with shrill voices. The dull murmur of winds passed him on either side. He slept not; but his eyes were not heavy: he ate not, but he was not hungry. On the eighth day the waves swelled into mountains; the boat was rocked violently from side to side. The darkness thickened around him, when a thousand voices at once cried aloud, "The Isle, the Isle." The billows opened wide before him; the calm land of the departed rushed in light on his eyes.

"It was not a light that dazzled, but a pure, distinguishing, and placid light, which called forth every object to view in their most perfect form. The Isle spread large before him like a pleasing dream of the soul; where distance fades not on the sight; where nearness fatigues not the eye. It had its gentle-sloping hills of green; nor did they wholly want their clouds: But the clouds were bright and transparent; and each involved in its bosom the source of a stream; a beauteous stream, which, wandering down the steep, was like the faint notes of the half-touched harp to the distant ear. The valleys were open, and free to the ocean; trees loaded with leaves, which scarcely waved to the light breeze, were scattered on the green declivities and rising grounds. The rude winds walked not on the mountain; no storm took its course through the sky. All was calm and bright; the pure sun of autumn shone from his blue sky on the fields. He hastened not to the West for repose; nor was he seen to rise from the East. He sits in his mid-day height, and looks obliquely on the Noble Isle.

"In each valley is its slow-moving stream. The pure waters swell over the banks, yet abstain from the fields. The showers disturb them not; nor are they lessened by the heat of the sun. On the rising hill are the halls of the departed — the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old."

In the published poem (*Madoc*, 494), prior to paraphrasing the above passage, S. comments that: 'I fear the account of this Paradise is but apocryphal, as it rests upon the evidence of Macpherson, and has every internal mark of a modern fiction.' This is an indication of S.'s fundamental change of attitude towards Macpherson's work from what it had been in the 1790s.

222-25. It is hard not to read into these lines some of S.'s residual feelings towards Pantisocracy.

230-32. Interestingly, these lines closely mirror an entry in the K/B.N (BCL, f.50): 'A sea-mew sailed slowly by me — the sun edged his wings with silver.' The entry is undated, but given its position in the notebook, it may well have been made at Burton during the summer-early autumn of 1797. These lines are thus a good example of the way in which S. translated personal observation of the natural world into his poetry. As Christopher Smith has pointed out, while 'his books were vital to his work [...] it should not be forgotten that he was capable of accurate and beautiful observation of the natural world, of the landscapes and creatures he encountered: he *was* a bookish poet, but not *simply* that' (Smith, 251). For another example of this fact, see the MS.2B note cited in n. to 198-200

above.

251 and 254. See n. to IV.90-119<sup>(a)</sup>.

264-65 and 267. It was not uncommon for commentators to describe the American Indians as without beards — or even completely without hair — so that one could point to several sources which S. might have drawn upon for this depiction. In Purchas, for example, there was this comment by Gonzalo Fernández de Oviedo:

All the Indians are commonly without Beards, in so much that it is in a manner a marvell to see any of them either men or women to have any downe or haire on their faces, or other parts of their bodies. (*PPs*, XV, 210)

As I have discussed in chap. 8.2, William Robertson made full use of such depictions to support his New World degeneration theory:

The beardless countenance and smooth skin of the Americans seems to indicate a defect of vigour, occasioned by some vice in his frame. He is destitute of one sign of manhood and of strength. This peculiarity, by which the inhabitants of a New World are distinguished from the people of all other nations, cannot be attributed, as some travellers have supposed, to their mode of subsistence. For though the food of many Americans be so extremely insipid, that they are altogether unacquainted with the use of salt, rude tribes in other parts of the earth have subsisted on elements equally simple without this mark of degradation, or any apparent symptom of a diminution in their vigour. (*HA*, I, 290-91)

It is also worth pointing out that S. probably knew a passage in Jonathan Carver's *Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America* (1778), a work from which he cited on three occasions in the published poem. As the title makes clear however, Carver's work was concerned with North American Indians, so it would be difficult to claim that S. was using it as a source for MS.2A, even though several commentators have seemingly ignored the distinction and cited it as a work which was influencing S.'s poem from the outset. I can find no mentions of Carver in any of the notebooks which S. was keeping during the composition of MS.2A, and neither are there any references to the work in the 'Notes for *Madoc*' which J.W. Warter printed in *SCB*, IV, 15-16. I will, nevertheless, cite the passage concerning the North American Indians as being without hair, partly because Carver offers a totally opposite explanation from that of Robertson, suggesting that this is by no means a natural phenomena:

The men, indeed, esteem a beard very unbecoming, and take great pains to get rid of it, nor is there any ever to be perceived on their faces, except

when they grow old, and become inattentive to their appearance. Every crinous efflorescence on the other parts of the body is held unseemly by them, and both sexes employ much time in their extirpation. (*Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America, in the Years 1766, 1767 and 1768* (London, 1778; rpt. Toronto, 1974), 225)

268-70. MS.2B note: `Robertson. Acosta.' This is the first of a number of MS.2B notes that offer no more than an author's name, so that locating S.'s exact references is not easy. The first reference here, however, is surely to this characteristic generalisation from Robertson concerning the similarity of the American Indians:

among all the other inhabitants of America, there is such a striking similitude in the form of their Bodies, and the qualities of their minds, that, notwithstanding the diversities occasioned by the influence of climate, or unequal progress in improvement, we must pronounce them to be descended from one source. There may be a variety in the shades, but we can every where trace the same original colour. Each tribe has something peculiar which distinguishes it, but in all of them we discern certain features common to the whole race. (*HA*, I, 280)

I have been unable to locate an equivalent passage from Acosta anywhere in Purchas.

270-76. In many ways, these lines rehearse that stereotypical late-eighteenth-century carefree `noble savage' motif, to the extent that seeking specific sources for them might be considered unnecessary. I do feel, however, that two sources have a particular relevance here, and should thus be highlighted. Firstly, it is evident in this book that S. was making heavy use of Robertson, within whose *History* the notion that the native Indian is free from all worldly cares is prevalent. It should be emphasised however that the idea in Robertson is often invested with negative connotations concerning native idleness, and that, as Bruce P. Lenman has observed, `although Robertson made occasional references to the "primaeval simplicity" of aboriginal life, he was not attracted by the notion of Noble Savages' which, when Robertson's *History* was published in 1777, `had just swept the salons of France and the fashionable drawing rooms of England'. (`"From Savage to Scot"', 208.) The reader should also see David Brading's useful discussion in *FA*, 436-37. Here is the kind of example from Robertson that seems to have influenced S.:

That state of primaeval simplicity, which was known in our continent only by the fanciful description of poets, really existed in the other. The greater part of its inhabitants were strangers to industry and labour, ignorant of

arts, and almost unacquainted with property, enjoying in common the blessings which flowed spontaneously from the bounty of nature. (*HA*, I, 282-83)

Second, I would argue that the finding of these two particular images in tandem (i.e. the savage who knows no anxiety and who is closer to nature) might well suggest a source in a short passage from J. Hector St. John de Crevecoeur's highly-influential *Letters from an American Farmer* (London, 1782), 296:

Without temples, without priests, without kings, and without laws, they [the American Indians] are in many instances superior to us; and the proofs of what I advance, are, that they live without care, sleep without inquietude, take life as it comes, bearing all its asperities with unparalleled patience, and die without any kind of apprehension for what they have done, or for what they expect to meet with hereafter. What system of philosophy can give us so many necessary qualifications for happiness? They most certainly are much more closely connected with nature than we are; they are her immediate children [...]

Several commentators have listed Crevecoeur's book as being among those which stimulated S.'s and Coleridge's nascent ideas for Pantisocracy. See J.R. MacGillivray, 'The Pantisocratic Scheme and its Immediate Background', in *Studies in English by Members of University College Toronto* (Toronto, 1931), 131-69 (p.139); V.M. Swartz, 'Xanadu on the Susquehanna — Almost: the Pantisocracy of Coleridge and Southey', *Pennsylvania English*, X (1986), 19-29 (p.21); and Haller, 123 n. No study has attempted to examine the influence of this work in any depth however.

288-93. There is surely a source for Madoc's description of 'the uncultured wilderness' in a characteristically 'idle Indian' passage in Robertson:

On the vast plains of South-America, man appears in one of the rudest states in which he has been ever observed, or, perhaps, can exist. Several tribes depend entirely upon the bounty of nature for subsistence. They discover no solicitude, they employ little foresight, they scarcely exert any industry, to secure what is necessary for their support. [...] They neither sow nor plant. [...] The roots which the earth produces spontaneously, the fruits, the berries, and seeds, which they gather in the woods together with lizards and other reptiles, which the heat engenders in a fat soil, moistened by frequent rains, supply them with food during some part of the year. At other times they subsist by fishing; and nature seems to have indulged the laziness of the people, by the liberality with which she ministers, in this way, to their wants. (*HA*, I, 324-25)

See my argument in chap. 8.2, however, that S. actually employs this image to indicate what the native Americans will subsequently achieve under Madoc's tutelage.

It is also worth noting that Madoc's religious sentiments in line 293 bear a close affinity to a comment by Clavigero celebrating the outstanding natural



beauty of Mexico. Clavigero's 'precious gifts' are echoed by Madoc's 'noblest gifts', for example:

Who can help lamenting, that of the immense treasures which the period of two centuries and a half has discovered in its rich mines, no part should have been destined to the foundation of an academy of Naturalists, who might have pursued the steps of the celebrated Hernandez, and imparted to society the knowledge of these precious gifts which the Creator has there so liberally dispensed. (*HM*, I, 36)

294-99. MS.2B note: 'Robertson'. There can be no doubt that S. is here referring to the passage in Robertson describing both the way in which fish become trapped in the lakes of the flood planes and the method used by the Indians to catch them.

Note how absolutely S.'s lines follow these details:

The vast rivers of South-America abound with an infinite variety of the most delicate fish. The lakes and marshes, formed by the annual overflowing of the waters, are filled with all the different species, where they remain shut up, as in natural reservoirs, for the use of the inhabitants. They swarm in such shoals, that in some places they are caught without art or industry. In others, the natives have discovered a method of infecting the water with a juice of certain plants, by which the fish are so intoxicated, that they float onto the surface, and are taken with the hand. [...] The prolific quality of the rivers in South-America induces many of the natives to resort to their banks, and to depend almost entirely for nourishment on what their waters supply with such profusion. (*HA*, I, 325-26)

S. could also have found similar descriptions of Indian fishing methods elsewhere in *PPs*, such as in the narrative of Captain Charles Leigh's Voyage to Guyana in bk.vi, chap.XII (*PPs*, XVI, 312).

299-304. MS2B Note: 'The costume throughout the book is geographically correct.' It is difficult to see any relevance that the MS.2B note has here. Though not accredited, it is clear that, once again, S. is meticulously following Robertson, whose description of the natives' hunting methods follow on directly from that of their fishing techniques cited in the above note. Note how S. even versifies Robertson's comment upon the poison having no injurious effect upon humans:

Their ingenuity always on the stretch, and sharpened by emulation, as well as necessity, has struck out many inventions, which greatly facilitate success in the chase. The most singular of these is the discovery of a poison in which they dip their arrows employed in hunting. The slightest wound with those envenomed shafts is mortal. If they only pierce the skin, the blood fixes and congeals in a moment, and the strongest animal falls motionless to the ground. Nor does this poison, notwithstanding its violence and subtlety, infect the flesh of the animal which it kills. That may be eaten with perfect safety, and retains its native relish and qualities. All the nations along the Maragnon and Orinoco are acquainted with this composition [...] To people possessed of those secrets, the bow is a more destructive weapon than the musket, and, in their skilful hands, does great execution among the birds and beasts which abound in the forests of

America. (*HA*, I, 327-28)

A comment by Gonzalo Fernández de Oviedo emphasising the lethal nature of the substances with which the native Indians imbued their arrows — a comment which S. would have found in Purchas — should also be noted. Following a description of 'venomous apples', Oviedo observed that:

Of these fruits, and of the great Ants whose byting causeth swelling [...] and of the Eutes, or Lysarts, and Vipers, and such other venomous things, the Canibals which are the chiefe Archers among the Indians, are accustomed to poyson their Arrowes, wherewith they kill all that they wound. (*PPs*, XV, 191)

Finally, Garcilaso also provided a description of poison arrows as used by the Incas against the Spaniards (*RCP*, 741).

**304-08**<sub>(a)</sub>. S.'s inspiration for these lines might well have arisen from comments by Acosta and Gómara, both of which appeared in Purchas, and each of which highlighted one of the aspects of the expertise of the native South Americans which S. is conveying here. Acosta's comment emphasised the superiority of this expertise over that of anything in Europe:

[...] in the time of the Kings Inguas of Cusco, and the Mexicane Kings, there were many great personages expert in curing of diseases with simples, and did goodly cures, having the knowledge of the many vertues and properties of Herbs, Rootes, Woods, and Plants, which grow there, and whereof the Antients of Europe have had no knowledge. There are a thousand of these simples fit to purge, &c. (*PPs*, XV, 119)

Gómara drew attention to the fact that this knowledge was naturally present in everyone:

There are also many kinde of Hearbs, Roots, and Seedes, as well to bee eaten, as for medicine, for both men, women, and children, have great knowledge in hearbs, for through povertie and necessitie, they seeke them for their sustenance and helpe of their infirmities and diseases. They spend little among Physicians, although there are some of that art, and many Apothecaries, who doe bring into the market Ointments, Sirrops, Waters, and other drugs, fit for sicke persons: they cure all diseases almost, with hearbs [...] (*PPs*, XV, 547)

**321-26**. MS.2B note: 'Caramuru'. This single-word note is almost certainly a reference to a Portuguese epic entitled *Caramuru* (1781) by an Augustinian priest named José de Santa Rita Durao (1722-1784). *Caramuru* was an actual historical figure whose real name was Diego Alvarez Correia (1475?-1557), a Portuguese explorer whose ship was wrecked on the coast of Bahia while he was on his way to Brazil in 1509. He settled among the Tupinamba Indians, who named him

`Caramuru' ('maker of fire') because of his weapon, marrying the daughter of their chief, and, for the next twenty years, assisting Portuguese settlers and missionaries in Brazil. In his section on 'Portuguese Epic writers' in the second edition of the *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Spain and Portugal*, S. commented upon Durao's epic — which was based upon Caramuru's adventures — that 'the four last books form a complete specimen of the national dullness and vanity, but the former part of the poem excites more interest than any poetry in the Portuguese language' (*Lets.S&P.99*, 338), and he provided an outline of and specimen from the work on pp.339-42. A decade later he narrated the history of Alvarez's adventures in *HB*, I, 30 ff.

In the note to the equivalent lines in the published poem however (*Madoc*, 463), S. makes no mention of either Durao's poem or Alvarez, but cites a description of the sleeping nets from the Italian-born historian Peter Martyr (or Pietro Martire d'Anghiera, 1457-1526), who was given the official job of chronicling the Spanish conquests of and settlements in the Americas in his famous *Decas* (or *Decades*), written between 1511 and 1525. While S. made considerable use of Peter Martyr's works as a source of information for the published poem, there is no evidence to suggest that he knew the *Decades* at the time of composing MS.2A, which is why I have not discussed them as a source.

Purchas also provided a description of suspended beds in the opening chapter of bk. VII of the *PPs*, 'A Treatise of Brasill, written by a Portugall which had long lived there' (*PPs*, XVI, 421).

328-32. MS.2B note: 'Robertson'. As S. admits here, Madoc's comment concerning the impossibility of comparing South American rivers with those back home is lifted directly from Robertson:

From those lofty mountains descend rivers proportionally large, with which the streams in the ancient continent are not to be compared, either for length of course, or the vast body of water which they roll towards the ocean. (*HA*, I, 249)

355-59. In Madoc's initial description of Lincoya there are some interesting linguistic echoes of Robinson Crusoe's description of Friday:

He was a comely handsome fellow, perfectly well made; [...] He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect; but seem'd to have something very manly in his face, and yet he had all the sweetness and

softness of an *European* in his countenance too [...] His hair was long and black, not curl'd like wool [...] (Daniel Defoe, *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, ed. J. Donald Crowley (Oxford, 1990), 205)

**409-10.** Plynlimon (of which there are various accepted spellings), in the present-day county of Ceredigion in mid Wales, is the highest massif in the Cambrian Mountains, the mountain range which stretches from Snowdonia to the Brecon Beacons. The name Plynlimon is derived from the Welsh 'Pumlumon', meaning 'five peaks', the highest being Pen Pumlumon at 752 metres. Cadair Idris (often Anglicised to Cader Idris), which means 'chair of Idris' in Welsh, is an 893-metre-high mountain in the county of Gwynedd, and is part of the Snowdonia National Park.

A brief description of Plynlimon and its environs appeared in Gough, II, 524, and it is interesting to note that Gough describes the whole locale as 'Covered with *piles* of mountains', for, while Madoc is only using the Welsh mountains here by way of comparison against which to measure those of his Peruvian landscape, might his choice of verb to describe that landscape in lines 406-07 ('mountains *piled*/On mountains') carry echoes of Gough's phrase? A lengthier description of Cadair Idris and its environs, evidently provided by Pennant, appeared in Gough, II, 540-41.

**431.** MS.2B note: 'Robertson'. As S. admits here, he has taken this description directly from Robertson, merely substituting the phrase 'eternal snows' for 'everlasting snows':

The Andes may literally be said to hide their heads in the clouds; the storms often roll, and the thunder bursts below their summits, which, though exposed to the rays of the sun in the centre of the torrid zone, are covered with everlasting snows. (*HA*, I, 249)

**452-56.** MS.2B note: 'Clavigero'. These lines throw up some particularly fascinating examples of the problems encountered when trying to separate the sources which S. might have used for MS.2A from those which he admitted using in the published poem. In *Madoc*, 61-62, S. enhanced Madoc's description of his first sight of the city, and in the accompanying note he commented that:

I have described Aztlan like the cities which the Spaniards found in new Spain. How large and how magnificent they were may be learnt from the True History of the Conquest of Mexico by Bernal Diaz. This delightful

work has been rendered into English by Mr. Keating, and if the reader has not seen it, he may thank me for recommending it to his notice. (*Madoc*, 467)

Maurice Keatinge's translation of *The True History of the Conquest of Mexico* by the Spanish chronicler Bernal Diaz del Castillo (1496-1584) was not published until 1800, and thus, while S. made extensive borrowings from the work in the published poem, I have obviously not discussed it as a source for MS.2A. That S.'s source for these lines was Clavigero is twice confirmed by S. himself, once in the above MS.2B note, and once in the original text of MS.2A itself. As my textual n. to line 452 has pointed out, S. has written the words 'Clavigero 373' in the text of MS.2A. I presume this to be a reference to p.373 in vol. I of the *HM*, where the following information would appear to be relevant as source material:

The conquerors, who described to us the fortifications of this city [Quauhquechollan], make mention likewise of several others, among which is the celebrated wall which the Tlascalans built on the eastern boundaries of the republic, to defend themselves from the invasion of the Mexican troops, which were garrisoned in Iztacmaxtitlan, Xocotlan, and other places. This wall, which stretched from one mountain to another, was six miles in length, eight feet in height, besides the breast-work, and eighteen feet in thickness. It was made of stone, and strong fine mortar. There was but one narrow entrance of about eight feet broad, and forty paces long; this was the space between the two extremities of the wall, the one of which encircled the other, forming two semicircles, with one common centre. [...] There are still some remains of this wall to be seen. [...] About twenty-five miles from Cordova, towards the north, is likewise the ancient fortress of *Quauhtochco*, (now *Guatusco*), surrounded by high walls of extremely hard stone, to which there is no entrance but by ascending a number of very high and narrow steps; for in this manner the entrance to their fortresses was formed.

In addition to the description as a whole, the origin of the source for the simile which S. uses in lines 455-56 presents some interesting problems in itself. The simile remained, with slight alteration, in the published poem (*Madoc*, 61-62), and in that accompanying note from which I have already quoted, S. commented that 'So dazzlingly white were the houses at Zempoalla, that one of the Spaniards galloped back to Cortes to tell him the walls were of silver' (*Madoc*, 466). S. then provides three sources for this anecdote: Diaz (again), Juan de Torquemada and Gómara. The *Monarchia Indiana*, 3 vols. (Seville, 1615) by the Franciscan missionary and historian Juan de Torquemada (c. 1652-1624) was another work which S. used extensively for notes in the published poem. Torquemada's work, which is often regarded as the Mexican equivalent of Garcilaso's *Royal Commentaries*, has never been translated into English, so that S. must have been providing his own translations in the notes to *Madoc*. There is no evidence

whatsoever to suggest that he was using the *Monarchia* at the time of composing MS.2A — though he probably knew of its existence — and I am convinced that he saw the work for the first time during his second visit to Portugal in 1800-01. (An excellent summary of Torquemada's work is provided by David Brading in *The Origins of Mexican Nationalism*, 7-9.) Of the three sources which S. cites for the simile in the published poem, we are thus left with Gómara. In his note, S. went on to quote the following sentence from Thomas Nichols's translation of Gómara:

Sixe Horsemen, which hadde gone before the army to discover, returned backe as Cortez was entring into the Citie, saying, that they had seene a great house and Court, and that the walles were garnished with silver.

The passage in the original continued:

Cortez commanded them to proceede on, willing them not to shew any token of wonder of any thing that they should see. All the streetes were replenished with people, whiche stode gaping and wondering at the horses and strangers. And passing through a great market place, they saw on their right hande, a great walled house made of lyme and stone, with loupe holes and towers, whited with playster that shined liyke silver, being so well burnished and the sunne glittering upon it. And that was the thing that the Spaniards thought had bene walles of silver. (*CWI*, 74-75)

If this was the source for S.'s simile in MS.2A as well, then this is the strongest existing evidence that he was making any use of Nichols's translation at the time. It is somewhat tenuous evidence however, since the anecdote was famous and often related, as in Clavigero (*HM*, II, 20) and Purchas (*PPs*, XV, 509-10), both of whom were evidently borrowing from Gómara, though Purchas actually included it in his chapter on the *Codex Mendoza*.

456-65. MS.2B note: `Clavigero'. As this makes clear, the primary source for Madoc's recollection of `the tower of skulls' was the description given by Clavigero in *HM*, I, 266:

The greatest of these buildings called *Huitzompan*, although not within the great wall, was but a little way from it, over against the principle gate. This was a prodigious rampart of earth, longer than it was broad, in the form of a half pyramid. In the lowest part it was one hundred and fifty-four feet long. The ascent to the plain upon the top of it was by a stair-case of thirty steps. Upon that plain were erected about four feet asunder, more than seventy very long beams, bored from top to bottom. By these holes, sticks were passed across from one beam to another, and upon each of them a certain number of heads were strung by the temples. Upon the steps also of the stair-case there was a head betwixt every stone; and at each end of the same edifice was a tower which appeared to have been made only of skulls and lime. As soon as a head began to crumble with age, the priests supplied its place with a fresh one from the bone-heaps in order to preserve the due number and arrangement. The skulls of ordinary victims were stripped of the scalp; but those of men of rank, and great warriors, they

endeavoured to preserve with the skin and beard and hair entire, which served only to render more frightful those trophies of their barbarous superstition.

S. may also have made use of a description provided by José de Acosta however, which Purchas included in both of his works. While Purchas did not acknowledge the version which he included in *PPe*, 873, as a direct translation, it actually bore a very close resemblance to, and was only marginally shorter than, the full translation in *PPs*, XV, 320-21.

**489-91.** MS.2B note: 'Clavigero'. Again, as the MS.2B note clarifies, these small details concerning the priest's attire have been borrowed from a description of the usual sacrificial procedures in Clavigero (*HM*, I, 279). The latter pointed out that 'the usual ministers of the sacrifice were six priests', and that '[their] hair was wrapped up, their heads were bound with leathern thongs[...] and their bodies dyed all over black'. Using material from the same passage, S. described in more detail the usual costume of the 'ministers of the sacrifice' in X.20-28 (see relevant n.).

**521.** The *OED* defines the verb 'gride' as 'to pierce or wound'. One of the earliest usages cited is a line from *The Faerie Queene*, II, viii, 36 ('Through his thigh the mortall steele did gride'), which, given its linguistic similarity, and his veneration for Spenser, may well have been S.'s source for this phrase.

**600-06.** The extended metaphor which Madoc uses here is lifted in its entirety from Macpherson's description of the clouds on the 'noble island', for which see n. to 210-11 above. Note the linguistic proximity of S.'s lines to Macpherson's prose original.

---

## Explanatory Notes to Book IV

4-5. Owain ap Gruffydd, or Owain 'Cyfeiliog' (so named after the commote in Powys which he inherited from his uncle Madog ap Maredudd in 1149, see Lloyd, II, 488-89), was prince of Powys from 1160 until his death in 1195. In the SW.N (f.40), S. copied the following comments concerning Cyfeiliog (though in the original Latin) from Gerald:

We also excommunicated Owain Cyfeiliog, because he alone of all the Welsh princes had made no move to come with his people to meet the Archbishop [Baldwin]. This Owain was much more fluent in speech than the other Welsh princes and he was well known for the sensible way in which he managed his land. (Gerald, 202)

Knowing that S. must have copied these comments after he had composed bk.IV, it is no surprise that in the published poem (*Madoc*, 154-55), he makes far more use of Cyfeiliog's excommunication, while the fact is not mentioned at all in this manuscript.

There is remarkably little concerning Cyfeiliog in S.'s major sources (a brief comment by Warrington concerning his family in *HW*, 322), but it seems likely that S. learned something about this prince from either correspondence or conversation with William Owen. In the only extant letter from their correspondence, written on 9 Aug. 1797, S. specifically told Owen that:

I am taking *Madoc* to the Court of Owain Cyveilioc. will you be kind enough to tell me where that Court was, whether at Mathrval? & to give me some little sketch of Cyveilioc's history. (MS. NLW, MS.13222C)

If Owen sent S. that 'little sketch', then it might well have resembled that which was to appear in the *CB* five years later:

Owain Cyveiliog, the son of Madog ab Meredydd, one of the most distinguished of the princes of Powys, as a warrior, and as a poet. He began to signalize himself about the year 1160, in his war against Hywel ab Cadwgan, lord of the territory of Elystan, between the Severn and Wye. In 1172 he waged war against Rhys ab Gruffydd prince of South Wales; however fortune deserted him, and his enemy entered his country [ ... ] Owain married Gwenlliant, the daughter of Owain Gwynedd, by whom he had a son called Gwenwynwyn. He died in the year 1197. (*CB*, 272-73)

S. obviously had to ignore the fact that Cyfeiliog married Gwenllian (see my comments in n. to I.60-63), but he certainly made the most of the prince's poetical interests (see n. to lines 90-119<sub>(a)</sub> below).

68-74. MS.2B note: 'The residence of Jorwerth, his eldest brother.' Warrington (*HW*, 332) had pointed out that, in the struggle for power following the death of Owain Gwynedd:



Jorwerth his eldest son, was unanimously set aside on account of a blemish which he had in his face, and he appears to have resigned himself quietly to the public judgment. He had however assigned him for his maintenance, apart of his father's inheritance, the hundreds of Nanconwy and Ardudwy; and resided at the castle of Dolwyddelan, situated in the south-eastern part of Caernarvonshire.

While this was certainly S.'s primary source, it should be noted that Warrington's phraseology closely resembles that of Sir John Wynn, presumably his source (*HGF*, 7).

Dolwyddelan castle lies some five miles north of Blaenau Ffestiniog, and has been described by one modern commentator as 'surely the most visually appealing of the Gwynedd castles' (Paul Davis, *CWP*, 44). As with so many of his historiographical poems, S. is here making some challenging demands of his readers if they are to understand fully the significance of Madoc's view of Dolwyddelan. Within the context of the poem, it is simultaneously a symbol of despair for Wales's degeneration and of hope for her regeneration. Madoc's despair arises from the fact that, as the MS.2B note points out, this was the residence of his brother Jorwerth, murdered by David in his (Madoc's) absence. Note how the simile in lines 73-74 subtly prepares us for Madoc's discovery of Jorwerth's *real* monument in Pennant Melangell church in lines 202<sub>(b)</sub>-15 below (see relevant n.). On the other hand, Dolwyddelan is also the birthplace of Jorwerth's son Llewelyn (Llywelyn the Great), the 'gallant boy' — as he is referred to on three separate occasions (I.116<sub>(b)</sub>, VI.5 and VI.297) — who, long after S.'s poem has ceased to deal with Welsh affairs, will rescue his country from both domestic tyranny and the Norman yoke.

S.'s depiction of Dolwyddelan's location is clearly borrowed from Pennant, whose description he copied (without page reference) into the K/B.N (KMG, f.41), and also cited in the published poem (*Madoc*, 479). Note how minutely S. follows Pennant's terminology: twice borrowing the phrase the 'rocky valley' (or 'vale' in the poem) in lines 68 and 74, as well as 'sprinkled [...] trees' in line 70. In the note in the published poem, S. changed the opening phrase to 'Dolwyddelan is situated in a rocky valley', and ended the quotation at 'between the towers', so that the comment concerning the birth of Llewelyn the Great is omitted. The following is from Pennant's original, with passages in angled brackets being not present in the K/B.N:

< I soon left the bridge, and, after a steep ascent, arrived at >

*Dolwyddelan* castle, seated in a rocky valley, sprinkled over with stunted trees, and watered by the *Lleder*. The boundaries are rude and barren mountains; and, among others, the great bending mountain *Siabod*, often conspicuous from most distant places.

The castle is placed on a high rock, precipitous on one side, and insulated: it consists of two square towers; one forty feet by twenty five; the other thirty one by twenty. Each had formerly three floors. The materials of this fortress are the shattery stone of the country; yet well squared, the masonry good, and the mortar hard. The castle-yard lay between the towers.

< This had been founded by some of our princes; but we are ignorant of its origin. There were very few castles in *North Wales*, before its conquest by the *English*. They were needless; for nature created, in our rocks and mountains, fortifications (until our fatal divisions) quite impregnable. [...]

*Jorwerth* Drwyndwn made this place his residence; and here is said to have been born his son, *Llewelyn the Great*, who began his reign in the time of *Richard*, I. > (*TW*, II, 144-45)

While this closing paragraph was not in the K/B.N, S. simply paraphrased it into 'Llewelyn the Great ap Jorwerth Drwyndwn was born here'. While it obviously does not affect the symbolism of *Dolwyddelan* in S.'s poem, it should be pointed out that historians now tend to dispute this last point. As Paul Davis has pointed out:

The earliest fortification in the area was *Tomen Castell*, a natural mot-like outcrop with the shapeless fragments of a stone keep on the summit. This lies a quarter-of-a-mile south-east of the later castle, and it was probably here, rather than at the traditionally-accepted site of *Dolwyddelan*, that Iorwerth ap Owain Gwynedd's son Llywelyn Fawr was born c. 1173. (*CWP*, 44)

78-80. As with his use of Pennant Melangell below (see n. to line 174), this is a good example of the way in which S. used a blend of topography and history to heighten the authenticity of his poem (see my discussion in chap. 8.3). There are three possible sources for S.'s knowledge of the existence and residence of this obscure Welsh chieftain, the first of which he definitely used. In the K/B.N (*KMG*, ff.41-42), under a heading called 'Welsh Manners', S. quoted a passage from Pennant which he also inserted into a note in the published poem (*Madoc*, 479-80). In the latter, S. changed the opening sentence to 'At some distance beyond the two pools called [...]', and closed the quotation after 'cattle house'. The phrase in square brackets in the opening sentence is S.'s in the K/B.N, and the ellipses represent a passage omitted by S. from the same. As usual, he provided no page references:

At some distance beyond these [the two pools called Llynian Cregenau, in the neighbourhood of Cader Idris], near the river *Kregennan*, I saw the remains of *Llys Bradwen*, the court or palace of *Ednowen*, chief of one of the fifteen tribes of *North Wales*, either in the reign of *Gryffydd ap Cynan*, or soon after. The reliques are about thirty yards square: the entrance

about seven feet wide, with a large upright stone on each side, by way of door-case: the walls with large stones, uncemented by any mortar: in short, the structure of this palace shews the very low state of archetecture in those times: it may be paralleled only by the artless fabrick of a cattle house. [...]

I must not lead the reader into a belief, that every habitation of these early times, were equal in magnificence to the palace of *Edenowen [sic] ap Bradwen*. Those of inferior gentry were formed of wattles, like *Indian* wigwams, or *highland* hovels; without gardens or orchard, and formed for removal from place to place, for the sake of new pasture, or a greater plenty of game. The furniture was correspondent; there were neither tables, nor cloths, nor napkins; but this is less wonderful, since we find, that even so late as the time of *Edward, II.* straw was used in the royal apartment. (*TW*, II, 99-100)

S.'s second possible source was the description provided in Gough, II, 541, though this was very evidently the work of Pennant himself, and lifted directly from his own *Tour*. S.'s final source (unacknowledged, but certainly of importance) was an article in *CR*, I, 153, which was headed: 'A brief history of the fifteen Tribes of North Wales, Y Pymtheg Llwyth Gwynedd, from which the chief families of that part of the principality trace their pedigrees; extracted from a manuscript written about the middle of the last century'. Section XV of this article was entitled 'Ednowain ap Bradwen', and contained the following information:

He is by many writers called Lord of Merionydd; but I apprehend erroneously, for the Princes and their issue were always Lords of Merionydd. How be it, it might be, that he (as others) took the same to farm, and therefore might be called Lord thereof. Yet, certain it is, that he and his issue were possessed of all Tal y bont save Nanney, and the Princes demesnes, and for the most part of the Hundred of Estimaner in like manner. He is said to have lived in Gruffudd ap Cynan's time. The ruins of his house Llys Bradwen are to be seen in the Township of Cregenau, in the Hundred of Tal y bont Iscregenau, in Merionethshire.

There then followed a note, possibly added by William Owen:

These ruins, which I have seen, consisting of large stones, as usually laid to form the foundations of buildings, mark the form as well as the simplicity of the habitations of the ancient Reguli of Wales [...]. The outward circular apartment being the audience hall and court of Judicature, the oblong building the chief's own retirement; around this principal building there were traces of several others of various forms and dimensions.

The Welsh prince Gruffydd ap Cynan (the father of Owain Gwynedd, and therefore Madoc's grandfather) died in 1137, so that if Ednowain was supposed to have lived during or shortly after his lifetime, S.'s historical invention that Madoc's 'infant feet/Had trod Ednowains hall' is *just* credible.

83. Formerly at Pengwern in Shrewsbury, the royal seat of the princes of Powys was, following the Norman takeover of that town, transferred to Mathrafal, which lies

six miles to the north-west of Welshpool in the modern county of Powys. Along with Aberffraw in Gwynedd and Dinefwr in Deheubarth, therefore, Mathrafal was considered as one of the three royal seats of Wales (see *AC*, 217). It is unclear whether the ruins of the Norman castle are actually on the site of the original royal court, but it is conceivable that the twelfth- or thirteenth-century founder — possibly Owain Cyfeilliog, the prince whom Madoc is visiting here, though more probably Robert Veiuxpont — erected the Norman castle on the same spot as the former residence. Paul Davis gives this description of the castle in its current state:

Only substantial earthworks remain at Mathrafal today, consisting of a roughly square enclosure on a ridge beside the Banwy river. This bank and ditch enclosure, measuring about 400 ft across, has yet to be dated but might well have surrounded the Dark Age court. At the east corner stands the Norman mot and bailey castle, its former stone-lined ditches now silted up, and with much of the south-east flank eroded by the swift-flowing Banwy. (*CWP*, 78.)

S.'s primary source of description for the scant remains of Mathrafal was certainly a short passage by Gough; confirmed by the fact that he copied it into the K/B.N (BCL, F.95):

*Mathraval* shews at present no remains of its antient splendor, there being only a small farm house where the castle stood, whose site occupied about two acres, guarded on one side by the steep over the river, on the other by a vast rampart of stone and earth and a deep foss. A high keep at one corner. In *Gwern Ddu* a wood overagainst it on the opposite side of the river is a circular entrenchment, and in a field beyond a round mount. (Gough, II, 535)

Interestingly, S.'s chronological index in the Keswick portion of the K/B.N lists two separate entries for 'Mathrafal', ff.95 and 103. The first of these is the Gough description, and has — as my reference above (BCL, f.95) demonstrates — now found its way to Bristol. The second, however, is one of those elusive pages which no longer appear to be in either the Keswick or the Bristol portions. Given the amount of material in the notebook from Pennant, it is just possible that the lost page contained the following description from Pennant's *Tour*:

Not far above *Meivod* is an union of two rivers, both of the name *Iyrnyw*: both of them diverge considerably from each other, and take their rise remote from one another. [...] Soon beyond their junction the ground rises. On a steep bank, above one of the rivers, stood *Mathraval*, once the seat of the princes of *Powis*; the name at present preserved on by a farmhouse. I could easily trace the site of the ancient castle: it occupied the space of about two acres. One side was guarded by the steep over the river; the other three sides by a vast rampart of stone and earth, and a very deep foss: a high exploratory mount, on which perhaps had been a castelet, fills one corner; from which is a clear view of all that passes up and down the vale. (*TW*, II, 378-79)

In addition to the description by Paul Davis from which I have already cited, the reader should also consult *WC*, 148.

90-119<sub>(a)</sub>. In his annotation to these lines in the published poem, S. comments that 'Mr. Owen, to whose indefatigable industry Cymbric literature is so much indebted, has favoured me with a literal version of this remarkable poem' (*Madoc*, 480). He then cites Owen's translation in full (*Madoc*, 480-85), but it bears only a passing resemblance either to the lines in the published poem, or to those in MS.2A — the latter having undergone few changes to create the published text. S. admits this himself by then pointing out that:

The passage in the poem would have stood very differently had I seen this literal version before it was printed. I had written from the faithless paraphrase of Evans, in which every thing characteristic or beautiful is lost. (*Madoc*, 485)

The poem to which S. is referring appeared in Evans, 7-13, where it was preceded by these comments upon Cyfeiliog and his poem:

A poem composed by Owain Cyveiliog, prince of Powys, entitled by him HIRLAS, from a large drinking horn so called, used at feasts in his palace. He was driven out of his country by Owain Gwynedd, prince of North-wales, and Rhys-ap-Griffith-ap-Rhys-ap-Tewdwr, prince of South-wales, A.D. 1167, and recovered it, by the help of the Normans and English, under Henry the Second. He flourished about A.D. 1160, in the time of Owain Gwynedd and his son David. This poem was composed on account of a battle fought with the English at Maelor, which is a part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division. (Evans, 7)

While there are certainly some linguistic parallels between S.'s poem and Evans' prose translation, they are not numerous enough to warrant the quotation of Evans' version in full. The reader might like to compare these phrases in Evans however with the lines in S.'s poem which I have enumerated in brackets:

Fill thou the horn; for it is my inclination, that we may converse in mirth and festivity with our brave general; put it in the hand of the worthy Ednyfed, with his spear broken to pieces, and his shield pierced through. Like the bursting of a hurricane upon the smooth sea. (lines 94-100)

Heard ye in Maelor the noise of war, the horrid din of arms, their furious onset. (lines 93-94)

[...] bring it to Tudur, the eagle of battles, filled with the best wine; [...] Give it in the hand of Moreiddig, encourager of songs, whose praise in battle is celebrated; [...] Impetuous warriors, wolves of the battle, their lances are besmeared with gore; they were the heroes of the chief of Mochnant, in the region of Powys. Their honour was soon purchased by them both; they seized every occasion to defend their country, in the time of need, with their bloody arms, and they kept their borders from hostile invasion. Their lot is praise [...] (lines 101-07)

The warriors pointed their lances, courted the battle, and were profuse of life; [...] They were all of them covered with blood when they returned, and the high hills and the dales enjoyed the sun equally. (lines 110-12)

To this final phrase, Evans added a note: 'Sun equally, that is at noon day, which

added much to the merit of the action', which S. versified as:

Our warriors rushd to battle, & the sun  
Saw from his noontide fields their glorious deeds.

Finally, it should also be noted that all the proper names which S. includes within these lines were drawn directly from Evans' translation.

Even though Evans' poem formed the primary source for these lines, the information which S. could have derived from Pennant should, once again, not be overlooked:

To drink out of the royal cup, at great entertainments, was a privilege of the officers of the palace. Thus the governor was to receive a cup of metheglin by the hand of the high steward. The same officer was also dispenser of horns of drink to several others. [...] The jovial horn was a subject of poetry. Thus *Owen Cyveiliog*, the princely Bard, celebrates the *Hirlas*, or drinking-horn used at feasts in his palace. He writes in a more exalted strain, as the poem was composed immediately after a great victory over the *English* in *Maelor*. I lay a translation before my reader, by the same elegant pen to which I have been so frequently obliged. (*TW*, II, 300)

There then follows a poem in what one can only describe as doggerel rhyming couplets, signed R.W. While this was clearly of no real importance to S., the information provided by Pennant probably was. It was information which, however, during that 'bookless' summer at Burton in 1797, S. evidently forgot, since, on two occasions in bk.III (lines 251 and 254) — the only book which he composed at Burton — he represented the Hirlas horn as belonging to the house of Gwynedd rather than Powys. (For a discussion of this, see p.58.)

S.'s final source of information for the Hirlas poem was a brief comment in the article on early Welsh poetry in the first volume of *CR* (see n. to 238-42 below):

Two of the names already mentioned as contemporary poets of this age, were illustrious on account of their rank. The first was *Owain*, prince of a part of Powys, from whence he had the name of *Cyveilioc*, on succeeding to it in the year 1160; he was then in about the prime of life, and died in 1197. Besides being a poet himself, he was the distinguished patron of *Cwnddelw*, and of the bards in general. A translated specimen of his animated muse has already appeared in Evans's *Dissertatio de Bardis*, and from thence in other subsequent publications. (*CR*, I, 412)

Owain Cyfeiliog's poem has been usefully summarised by D. Myrddyn Lloyd in *TPP*, 172-73, and was also translated into English by Felicia Hemans.

**140-41.** Corwen, a small town in the Dee Valley some nine miles west of Llangollen, was the location where, in 1165, the combined forces of the three major Welsh Princes, Owain Gwynedd, Rhys ap Gruffydd and Madog ap Maredudd,

assembled to await the invasion of Henry II. See n. to I.275-78.

166-68<sub>(a)</sub>. See n. to II.81-86.

169-72. See n. to lines 230-34 below.

174. The church of Pennant Melangell, which lies in a wooded vale near the village of Llangynog in the county of Powys, was a popular destination for the late-eighteenth-century tourist, and its shrine to St. Melangell continues to be an important site of pilgrimage to the present day. It is not difficult to see why S. included the location in the poem, even though he had not visited it personally. One way of viewing the whole passage in the church-yard, is to see it as a kind of political inscription — one of the major weapons in Southey's radical arsenal in the 1790s. While the format is very different, since the poet-persona is not directly addressing the reader, the impetus for the passage, as in several of the Inscriptions, is dependent upon a pattern wherein the locale is a kind of witness to a series of significant historical events — usually atrocities. A good example is S.'s *Inscription for a Monument at Corfe Castle* (CMP, 41). The events in this passage are the legend of St. Melangell (see n. to 181-98 below) and the murder of Iorwerth ab Owain Gwynedd (see n. to 202<sub>(b)</sub>-15 below).

175-77. In the K/B.N (KMG, f.227-28), S. copied out two quotations from 'Booker's Malvern', which clearly form the basis for these lines. S.'s joint review of Luke Booker's *Malvern, a Descriptive and Historical Poem* (Dudley, 1798) and Joseph Cottle's *Malvern Hills, a Poem* appeared in *The Critical Review*, XXIII (Aug. 1798), 435-40, and this would correlate exactly with the dates on which we know that he was writing this section of bk. IV (16-20 July 1798, see p.62). Further proof of S.'s debt to Booker's poem obviously lies in his writing of the word 'Booker' in MS.2A itself (see textual note to line 174).

Booker's work was divided into two parts, the first being the poem, and the second consisting of a vast number of historical and topographical notes. The latter obviously impressed S., since, in his review, he praised Booker's abundance of 'local knowledge'. In the K/B.N, S. quoted several lines from the

poem, followed by one of Booker's notes (providing no page references). In order to make sense of the extract however, it is necessary to quote more lines than S. copied into the K/B.N. Lines in angled brackets therefore did not appear in S.'s transcription, while the phrase in square brackets in the opening line is mine:

She [the Muse] views  
 The heapy *Church-yards*, where should peaceful sleep  
 The relics of the Dead. < "Whom Britons love  
 "While living" (she exclaims) "when life departs,  
 "Not more they value than a worthless Flower  
 "That on some fair one's bosom droop'd and died!" >  
 — What mouldering bones unhous'd above the soil!  
 The sire dislodged by burial of his son!  
 The child by her that bare it! rudely thrown  
 To light of Day [...]  
 < — Oft, griev'd, I view  
 Unnatural havoc wrought among the Dead!  
 And these, methinks, their living friends should spare  
 Should shelter in their parent element,  
 Where ought the weary and the old to rest. >

Within *thy* region Cambria! never, shock'd,  
 Beholds the visitant of Church-yard scenes  
 Sights so inhuman. *There* green turf and flowers  
 Cover the once and *ever-lov'd* Remains  
 Of Kindred and of Friends; flowers, weekly shed,  
 And water'd with soft tears. — No lengthen'd Time  
 Effaces *there* Remembrance from the mind:  
 No Season, from the spirit-soothing Rite  
 The tender mourner ever can restrain. (pp.91-92)

The note to this passage reads:

In a civilized country one would naturally suppose that a decent attention were paid to the places where are deposited the remains of departed Friends: but, throughout England, in general, how shamefully is this pious and affectionate Duty neglected! — Our Cemeteries, notwithstanding the awful purposes to which they are *consecrated*, are, in almost every parish, either common thorough-fares, or constantly frequented by boys, where they pursue their different sports unmolested — In Wales THESE THINGS ARE NOT SUFFERED: such Practices would be justly deemed a Profanation. The graves in the Church-yards there are neatly covered with Turf, and, in many places, planted with evergreens. Every week some relative or friend visits the spot where sleep the objects of regard, to see that it has sustained no injury, and to scatter over it such flowers as may happen to be in bloom. The author and two other Gentlemen, in a tour through Wales last summer, had the satisfaction to witness this *Spirit-soothing* Ceremony: a decent-looking female was seen to perform it with every sign of tenderness and sensibility. (p.121)

In the published poem (*Madoc*, 104-05), while enhancing the actual references to the custom of strewing the graves with flowers, the phrase which was most clearly born out of Booker's description — 'by mourners there/Trained up, the last & soothing rites of Love' — was discarded. Quite apart from its obvious utility of heightening the emotional atmosphere of the graveyard in preparation for the discovery which Madoc is about to make, S. was evidently fascinated by



the custom. Within three months of writing these lines (and of making the entry in the K/B.N), he was to witness the custom at first-hand at Merthyr, during his visit to South Wales with Charles Danvers. On 14 October (1798) he wrote to Edith that 'two women were thus decorating a grave, the one a middle aged woman, & much affected', adding that 'this affected me a good deal. the custom is so congenial to ones heart — it prolongs the memory of the dead, & links the affections to them' (MS. Bod., Autograph b10, f.287).

181-98. See n. to line 174 above. S. could have derived a full account of this legend from Pennant:

At about two miles distance from *Llangynog*, I turned up a small valley to the right, to pay my devotions to the shrine of St. *Monacella*, or, as the *Welsh* style her, *Melangell*. Her legend relates, that she was the daughter of an *Irish* monarch, who had determined to marry her to a nobleman of his court. The princess had vowed celibacy. She fled from her father's dominions, and took refuge in this place, where she lived fifteen years without seeing the face of man. *Brochwel Yscythrog*, prince of *Powys*, being one day a hare-hunting, pursued his game till he came to a great thicket; when he was amazed to find a virgin of surprising beauty, engaged in deep devotion, with the hare he had been pursuing under her robe, boldly facing the dogs who retired to a distance, howling, notwithstanding all the efforts of the sportsmen to make them seize their prey. Even when the huntsman blew his horn, it stuck to his lips. *Brochell* heard her story; and gave to God and her a parcel of lands, to be a sanctuary to all that fled there. He desired her to found an abbey on the spot. She did so, and died abbess, in a good old age. She was buried in the neighboring church, called *Pennant*, and from her distinguished by the addition of *Melangell*. Her hard bed is shewn in the cleft of a neighboring rock. Her tomb was in a little chapel, or oratory, adjoining to the church, and now used as a vestry-room. This room still is called *Cell-y-bedd*, or the *Cell of the Grave*; but her reliques, as well as her image, have been long since removed: but I think the last is still to be seen in the church yard. The legend is perpetuated by some rude wooden carvings of the saint with numbers of hares scuttling to her for protection. She properly became their patroness. (*TW*, II, 360-61)

In a note to the equivalent lines in the published poem (*Madoc*, 485), S. cites (without page references) the following passage from Gough:

Llangynod. Two miles hence in Penant Melangle church was the tomb of St. Monacella, who protecting a hare from the pursuit of Brocwell Yscythrog, prince of Powys, he gave her land to found a religious house, of which she became first abbess. Her hard bed is shewn in the cleft of a neighbouring rock, her tomb was in a little chapel now the vestry, and her image is still to be seen in the church-yard, where is also that of Edward eldest son of Owen Gwynedd, who was set aside from the succession on account of a broken nose, and flying here for safety was slain not far off at a place called Bwlch Croes Jorwerth. On his shield is inscribed, Hic jacet Etwart. (Gough, II, 535)

S. then comments that:

I had procured drawings of these monuments, designing to have had them engraved in this place; but on examination it appears that Mr. Gough has certainly been mistaken concerning one, if not concerning both. What he

supposed to be the Image of St. Monacel is evidently only the monumental stone of some female of distinction, the figure being recumbent, with the hands joined, and the feet resting upon some animal.

These lines could be viewed as a further contribution to the kind of 'Hagiological' poems that I have discussed in chap. 8.3 (see p.131). Even though the saint in question here is not martyred, she confronts tyrannic power armed only with an unshakeable faith in her cause, and, as such, these lines fit the pattern of 'hagiological' poems such as *King Henry V. and the Hermit of Dreux* (AA, I, 79) and *St. Juan Gualberto* (AA, II, 1). They also express S.'s anti-blood sports views, and might thus be viewed as a contribution to the corpus of Romantic 'animal rights' poetry, since they echo the 'lesson' that closes Wordsworth's *Hart-Leap Well*: 'Never to blend our pleasure or our pride/With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels' (WWMW, 173).

For a full modern account and analysis of the legend of St. Melangell, see Henken, *Traditions of the Welsh Saints*, 217-20.

202<sub>(b)</sub>-15. See n. to line 174 above. S. would have found Iorwerth Drwyndwn mentioned as Owain Gwynedd's eldest son in the list of Owain's children provided by Powel (see n. to I.60-63<sub>(a)</sub>), and, as I have already shown in n. to 68-74 above, he would have derived the fact that this prince had been excluded from the throne owing to his facial blemish from Warrington (and possibly Sir John Wynn). In a note to his narrative however, Warrington (*HW*, 333 n.), also added the fact that 'This prince was afterwards obliged to take sanctuary at Pennant Melangell in Montgomeryshire, where he died'. Pennant (*TW*, II, 361) offered a fuller description of the place of Burial:

In the church-yard [at Pennant Melangell] is a stone with the figure of an armed man, which now serves as a common grave-stone, but once covered the remains of the eldest son of *Owen Gwynedd*, *Jorwerth Drwyndwn*, or *Edward* with the *broken nose*, who was put aside of the succession on account of the blemish. Hither he had fled for refuge from the cruelty of his brother *Dafydd ap Owen Gwynedd*, this place having been one of our most celebrated sanctuaries. On his shield is inscribed *Hic jacet Etwart*. Tradition says, he was killed not far from hence, at a place called *Bwlth Croes Jorwerth*.

Pennant's comment concerning Pennant Melangell's status as 'one of our most celebrated sanctuaries' is clearly emphasised by S. in lines 211-13, since this fact serves to heighten the heinousness of David's crime. Being anxious to represent the nature of that crime within the context of contemporary Welsh law, S. was

undoubtedly recollecting comments by both Warrington (*HW*, 118) and Lyttelton (*Lyt.*, II, 55-56) concerning the recognised inviolability of church sanctuary in Wales. Since both writers had merely translated and paraphrased this information from a passage in Gerald's *Description* however, I here provide the original:

[...] they pay greater respect than any other people to their churches [...] This is the reason why the churches in Wales are more quiet and tranquil than those elsewhere. [...] If any man has incurred the hatred of his prince and is in danger of death, he may apply to the church for sanctuary and it will be freely granted to him and his family. (Gerald, 254)

I have already quoted the brief passage in Gough (II, 535) concerning Iorwerth's burial place in the n. to 202<sub>(b)</sub>-15 above.

The question of whether Iorwerth Drwyndwn was ever murdered, or even whether he was actually excluded from his father's inheritance, is much disputed (see Lloyd, II, 550).

226-28. In a note in the published poem (*Madoc*, 486), S. described several features relating to the location of the bardic meeting, admitting that:

Mr. Owen's very curious introduction to his translation of Llywarc Hen has supplied me with materials for the account of the *Gorsedd*, introduced in the poem. That it might be as accurate as possible, he himself and Edward Williams the Bard did me the favour of examining it.

The passage in Owen's introduction (probably written by Iolo Morganwg) to which S. was presumably referring runs as follows:

The place was set apart by forming a circle of stones, with a large stone in the middle, beside which the presiding Bard stood. This was termed *Cylç Cyngrair*, or the *Circle of Federation*; and the stones with which it was formed were called *Meini Gwynion*, *Meini Cyngrair*, or *Meini Crair*; and the middle stone, *Maen Gorsedd*, *Maen Llôg*, and *Crair Gorsedd*. At these *Gorseddau* it was absolutely necessary to recite the *Bardic Traditions*; and with this whatever came before the meetings was considered and determined upon. (*HE*, xxvii)

Over three decades later, S. was to refer to this passage again, and also to quote from his own lines in the published poem, when, in his third 'Colloquy', he described a visit to 'the Circle of Stones on the Penrith road' (*Coll.*, I, 40-43), and imagined a time when 'Llywarc Hen himself had stood within this very circle' (*Coll.*, I, 43).

230-34<sub>(a)</sub>. S.'s determination to impress upon his reader that the bardic robes were 'azure' or (as in line 172 above) 'sky-blue' is lent a much greater significance when we examine two comments in the introduction to Owen's *HE* in what was

obviously S.'s source for this fact. Firstly, during the discussion of the bardic costume, code of practice, etc., an explanation for the colour of the robe was offered which S. has partially tried to convey in these lines:

It has been already said that a Bard could not bear arms, as he was the herald of peace; he was also to observe the most inviolable secrecy on all occasions, between such parties as engaged him in confidential offices; neither was he to espouse any particular party in religion, or in politics, as being inconsistent with his character. The *Bardd Braint*, on all occasions where he acted officially, wore the unicoloured robe of sky-blue, which was the distinguishing dress of the order, being emblematic of Peace, and also of Truth, from having no variety of colours. (*HE*, xxxvii)

Several pages earlier however, the colour of the bardic robe had been already mentioned in a foot-note, and this had led into a digression which would have been of considerable interest to S.:

It [the bards' 'unicoloured robe'] was of sky-blue, being their emblem of peace and truth. This colour is also the emblem of Peace among the *Nadowesses*, a people west of the *Mississippi*, in *America*, as Captain *Carver* says. This author saw many things amongst those *Indians*, surprising to him, as being of *European* origin; and he was told by them that there was a nation, to the west of them, 'who in some degree cultivated the arts.' The reader may smile at this relation being introduced here; but I have a collection of evidence which has been sufficient to convert as great sceptics as any that will see this, that that nation is the *White Padoucas*, known also to the *Indian* traders by the name of the *Civilized Indians*, and the *Welsh Indians*; and that they do now actually speak the *WELSH Language*. These people are the descendants of the emigration under the conduct of *Madog ab Owain Gwynedd*, in the year 1170. (*HE*, xv n.)

234<sub>(b)</sub>-36. The two facts contained in these lines are taken, virtually verbatim, from a single sentence in the introduction to Owen's *HE*: 'The Bards always stood bare headed and bare footed, in their unicoloured robes, at the *Gorsedd*, and within the *Cylç Cyngrair*, or Circle of Federation' (*HE*, xlvii).

238-42. In addition to Owain Cyfeiliog, the poets whom S. names as present at his *Gorsedd* — two here, and three in lines 253-56 below (see the following n.) — were all members of the *Gogynfeirdd*, a school of twelfth- and thirteenth-century poets attached to the Welsh royal courts. Ceri Lewis has said of this school that 'the poetry of the *Gogynfeirdd* is unquestionably the most difficult corpus of verse to have survived in Welsh and linguistically one of the most difficult bodies of verse in any European language' ('The Court Poets: their Function, Status and Craft', in *A Guide to Welsh Literature*, ed. by A.O.H. Jarman and G.R. Hughes, 2 vols. (Swansea, 1976), I, 123-56 (p.145)). We have already seen S. make two uses of one of the leading poets of the *Gogynfeirdd* school, *Gwalchmai*, in bk.I: a

comment by Madoc in lines 96-98 and the paraphrased poem on *The Battle of Tal Moelfre* in 346-359<sub>(a)</sub> (see relevant nn.). S.'s main sources of information for these poets were several poems in Evans, some comments on the bards in Warrington, some brief, but possibly significant, references in JW.92 and a lengthy article on early Welsh poetry in the first volume of *CR*. As I shall explain below however, at the time of composing these lines, S. would appear to have depended mainly on the latter, since a lack of concrete dates in the *CR* article has led him into several chronological implausibilities. The complete poems (edited from original manuscripts) of all the poets whom S. mentions here will now be found in the collected works of the Gogynfeirdd, *Cyfres Beirdd y Tywysogion*, 7 vols. (Cardiff, 1991-96).

The first poet whom S. mentions here is Llywarch ap Llywelyn (fl. 1173-1220), often called 'Prydydd y Moch' ('the swine poet'). Llywarch's work, especially his poems to Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, is very much rooted in his native Gwynedd, and, as D. Myrddyn Lloyd has pointed out, 'He stressed as no poet had done before the "inherent right" of whoever ruled Aberffraw to suzerainty over all Wales, and the duty of all local rulers to submit to him' (*TPP*, 178).

S. would have found one of Llywarch's poems to Llywelyn in Evans, 30-37, while in the *CR* article, Llywarch is first listed among the bards 'who lived in the age subsequent to Meilyr' (quotation cited in n. to I.346-59<sub>(a)</sub>). He is then discussed in his own right:

Llywarch, denominated Prydydd y Moch, or the Swine's poet, for what reason is not now known, is the next to be mentioned. He was the laureate bard to several of the princes. There are about thirty pieces composed by him, now extant, which displays [*sic.*] a superior energy of character to most, if not to all, of our poets of the middle ages. One of his poems must be deemed of considerable importance and curiosity; it is an invocation, when undergoing the fiery ordeal, to exonerate himself from having any knowledge of the fate of Madoc, the son of Owain Gwynedd. In addition to this piece, the same author has another remarkable illusion to the same event, in a panegyric addressed to Rodri, another son of Owain, wherein he recounts what befell his brothers. The passage runs thus:

Eight lines from the original Welsh poem are then followed by a prose translation:

Two princes of strong passions broke off in wrath; the multitude of the earth did love them. One on land, in Arvon, allaying of ambition; and another, a placid one, on the bosom of the vast ocean, in trouble great and immeasurable, prowling after a possession, easy to be guarded, estranged from every one for a country. (*CR*, I, 413)

A note then followed which suggested that the first prince alluded to here was

`most likely [...] Hywel, who was slain in the year 1169, fighting against his brother David'.

It is not difficult to understand why, on reading this, S. would have felt himself duty-bound to include Llywarch at Cyveilioc's gorsedd, and he further emphasised Llywarch's apparent reference to Madoc himself in lines 249-50 below. In truth however, Owen — I am presuming him to be the author of the *CR* article — has very much grafted his own interpretation onto Llywarch's texts here. The first poem which he mentions, the `ordeal' poem, is entitled *Awdl i'r Haearn Twymyn (Poem to the Hot Iron)*, and it contains two lines which read:

Da haearn, diheura, pan llas  
Llaith Madog, nad o'm llaw y'i cafas.  
(Good iron, testify, that when was accomplished  
The killing of Madog, not by my hand did he receive it.)

As Elin M. Jones, the editor of Llywarch's poems in the *Cyfres Beirdd y Tywysogion* has pointed out however, since we know nothing about the circumstances in which the poem was written, there are no clues whatsoever as to the identity of this Madog (*Gwaith Llywarch ap Llywelyn* (Caerdydd, 1991), 147). Owen's suggestion that the reference is to the son of Owain Gwynedd is thus pure conjecture. Equally untenable is his theory that Llywarch's panegyric to Rhodri `recounts what befell his brothers'. The poem in question, *Arwyrain Rhodri fab Ywain (The Exaltation of Rhodri ab Owain)*, contains 11 lines (of which Owen has here quoted eight) describing a battle fought somewhere off the north Wales coast near Aberconwy, at which the brothers Rhodri and Dafydd were present, though whether as allies or adversaries is unclear. Neither is there any information concerning the date of the battle, and scholars have suggested both 1175 and 1194. But the most important aspect from S.'s perspective is that the poem has absolutely nothing to do with Madoc. I am deeply indebted to Dr. Barry Lewis of the University of Wales Centre for Advanced Welsh & Celtic Studies at Aberystwyth for providing me with much of the information contained in this paragraph, and as Dr. Lewis has pointed out, `the style of Welsh court poetry, with its allusive language aimed at a tightly-knit coterie of listeners who would have understood the references immediately, is not very helpful to modern historians'.

Before he had seen the *CR* article, S. would have seen a brief reference by Owen to Llywarch in the `Post Script' which John Williams added to his JW.92,

46. Following Owen's main comment upon three of the Gogynfeirdd school which I have already cited in the n. to I.346-59<sup>(a)</sup>, he again drew particular attention to, and quoted several lines from, Llywarch's *Arwyrain Rhodri fab Ywain*, emphasising, of course, that Rodri was 'a Brother of Madog's'.

The second poet whom S. mentions here is Cynddelw (fl. 1155-1200), sometimes called 'Brydydd Mawr' ('the great poet'). Two recent writers have certainly agreed with this appellation: for D. Myrddyn Lloyd, 'his name is the one that most readily comes to mind when one thinks of twelfth-century Welsh court poetry' (*TPP*, 166), and for R.R. Davies, he is 'the most eminent poet of the later twelfth century' (*AC*, 17). Cynddelw was unusual in that, at one time or another during his career, he was poet at all the major courts in Wales, counting among his patrons Owain Gwynedd, Dafydd ap Owain, Rhys ap Gruffydd and Owain Cyfeiliog. The short passage concerning Cynddelw in the *CR* article ran as follows:

Of the works of Cynddelw, there are about forty pieces remaining, mostly of considerable length, upon various subjects. — The following short specimen, from him, is selected, on account of its being in a different metre from any that has been given before. (*CR*, I, 410)

There then follows eight Welsh stanzas, followed by an English prose translation of 'Verses sung by Cynddelw to Owain Cyveilioc, Prince of Powys'.

Once again, S. would also have seen Cynddelw mentioned in John Williams's 'Post Script', where Owen had pointed out that 'in an Elegy on the Family of Owen Gwynedd by Cyndellw, Madog is twice mentioned' (*JW.92*, 46), and as with so much of the material in this book, we must not overlook the possibility that S. was obtaining information privately from Owen, so it is also worth noting that the latter included an entry on Cynddelw in *CB*, 66.

Gwalchmai, Llywarch and Cynddelw, along with Dafydd Benfras, another poet whom S. presents at the Gorsedd (see following n.), are all mentioned in Warrington's discussion of the bards in the ninth book of his *History* (*HW*, 533-34), but he offers no additional information and no dates.

253-56. As I have explained in the above note, S. is here choosing more poets from the Gogynfeirdd school to be present at Cyveilioc's gorsedd. These lines present a far greater problem however, in that a certain amount of decoding is necessary in order to identify the poets concerned; and, even then, in the case of the third poet

mentioned, I have been unable to reach any definite conclusions.

Once again, S.'s primary sources of information were the *CR* article, and several poems in Evans. In the former, the poets whom S. mentions here are briefly listed in a discussion which immediately follows that concerning Cynddelw and Llywarch which I have cited above. In order to understand the various problems in these lines, it is necessary to quote that discussion in full at the outset:

The point to begin with the third succession of bards from *Meilyr*, is naturally marked in *Einion*, his grandson, the son of *Gwalchmai*; and it would seem as if the AWEN were hereditary in this family. It is proper to observe, that we are now in the middle of the period, which may be appropriately called the classic age of the Welsh, both with respect to the energy and purity of the language. The votaries of the muse, of whose works we have some now left to delight the few who have a taste to become acquainted with them, and who flourished at the same time with *Einion*, were *Meilyr*, his brother, [...] *Davydd Benfras*, *Einion* the son of *Gwgan*, *Einion* the son of *Madoc*, [and] *Einion Wân* [...]

The greater part of the performances under the foregoing names are eulogies upon the princes, and other leading men of the times; and the merit due to them is greatly enhanced by the justice there is in observing, that no other nation in Europe can produce what is equally excellent, and of the same antiquity; but laying aside every consideration of their worth, besides the history and picture of the times to be found in them, they are valuable in that account alone; yet they remain in a manner unknown to the world, to the conclusion of the eighteenth century. (*CR*, I, 414)

To deal with these bards in the order in which they appear in the poem, the first is Dafydd Benfras (*fl.* 1220-57), another poet of the court of Gwynedd, most of whose compositions are eulogies on Llywelyn ap Iorwerth. D. Myrddyn Lloyd has said of him that he was 'the leading court poet of Llywelyn the Great at the height of his power', and that 'Whilst consciously modelling himself on Cynddelw and Llywarch, he and the younger Bleddyn Fardd brought to fruition the new smoothness of line and the simplification of diction' (*TPP*, 183). In addition to the *CR* article, S. would have found Benfras mentioned in Warrington's discussion of the bards in *HW*, 533-34. Finally, S. would have found an ode by Benfras in Evans, 17-19, dated c. 1240, and while this was no clue as to the date of Benfras' death, it might have made S. a little cautious of allowing him to be present at a mid 1170s' gorsedd. While it is difficult to be certain of the exact date of Benfras' death, the suggestion by J. Lloyd-Jones that he was killed in the campaign of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd in February or March 1257 seems plausible ('The Court Poets of the Welsh Princes', *Proceedings of the British Academy*, XXXIV (1948), 167-97 (p.169)).

The second bard in S.'s list is not named. The only clue to his identity is



contained in one line (255), which reads:

The old Gwalchmais not degenerate child[.]

From this, however, it is possible to deduce that the bard in question is Einion, son of Gwalchmai (as the *CR* article pointed out), about whom we know only that he flourished around 1216-23. Another Gwynedd poet, much of his poetry is religious. To quote D. Myrddyn Lloyd again:

He yearns for purity — 'a few sins are too many' — and dwells feelingly on the sufferings of Christ. [...] He would eschew 'crooked words, vain passion, lust of women, the planning of warfare, and other causes of woe.' His praises of God in verse he would wish to be like prayers. (*TPP*, 182)

A presumed knowledge on S.'s part that such was the nature of Einion's poetry would certainly explain the somewhat obscure meaning of line 255, but where could S. have obtained such knowledge? Apart from the *CR* article, S.'s only other source of information concerning Einion that I can find was the poem printed in Evans, 27-29, and this was not prefaced by any additional comments concerning the nature of Einion's other work. It was what one might consider to be his most famous poem however (an elegy to the lady Nest), and not only does it contain a number of pious sentiments, but it also stands out starkly against the war poems and royal panegyrics which make up most of Evans's volume.

Alternatively, S. might simply wish to convey with this phrase the idea that Einion came from a long line of noble poets (son of Gwalchmai and grandson of Meilyr), since, interestingly, it echoes an expression used by Evans himself in his translation of a eulogy to Llywelyn ap Iorwerth by Einion ap Gwgon: 'He is not descended from a base, degenerate stock' (Evans, 23).

It might have been argued that the poet to whom S. is actually referring in line 255 is Einion's brother Meilyr (also mentioned in the above quotation from the *CR* article), were it not for the following line, which begins: 'And [there] another Einion'. This confirms that we are to presume a reference to the first Einion in 255, but who is the other Einion? As a glance at the above quotation will show, the article in the *CR* — S.'s primary source — offers three possibilities: Einion ap Gwgon (*fl.* 1215), Einion ap Madog ap Rhahawd (*fl.* 1234-39) and Einion Wan (*fl.* 1202-45). S. may have been thinking of Einion ap Gwgon, since one of his poems (from which I have just quoted the phrase concerning Llywelyn's nobility) appeared in Evans, 20-24). Whichever bard S. is thinking of here, his presence at a mid 1170s' gorsedd is, as in the case of Benfras, rather implausible.

259<sup>(b)</sup>-61. As with most of the material concerning the gorsedd, the two facts contained in these lines were drawn from two passages in Owen's *HE*. The first ran as follows:

The ceremony used on the opening of the meeting was the sheathing of the sword, on the *Maen Gorsedd*, at which all the presiding Bards assisted; and this was accompanied with a very short pertinent discourse. When the business was finished the meeting was closed by taking up, but not unsheathing, the sword, with a few words on the occasion, when all covered their heads and feet. (*HE*, XLVI)

The second passage explained that:

There were certain mottoes used by the Bards; that for the *General Assembly of the Isle of Britain* was — Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd, *The Truth in opposition to the World*. Those for the provincial meetings were such as had been adopted on the first establishment, of them respectively. (*HE*, LXVII)

A foot-note then added three examples of these mottoes from different parts of Wales, included among which was 'That for [...] *Cadair Powys*, or the chair of Powys — A laddo a leddir, *He that kills shall be killed*', which, of course, was perfect for S.'s particular needs given his chosen location.

297-303. Somewhat amusingly, S. is here making Caradoc, his twelfth-century bard, adopt some of the most characteristic imagery of late-eighteenth-century radicalism; and given that these images were most frequently to be found in S.'s own work, Caradoc thus becomes something of a poetic alter ego. By making Caradoc draw upon Wales' 'old illustrious annals' (298), these lines conform to that pattern which I have elsewhere defined as S.'s 'calendar' poems of the late 1790s. In my article 'Feasts and Fasts: Robert Southey and the Politics of Calendar', I have defined a 'calendar' poem as one which 'derived its thematic impetus from either an appropriation or an augmentation of what was, at the end of the eighteenth century, an highly-politicised calendar'. Typically, S.'s calendar poems tend to depend upon the promotion of a coherent political message through a stratified build-up of allusion to an apparent collage of historical events and/or characters, each of which carries its own political nuance. In these particular lines, we have three characters who had emerged as icons for late-eighteenth-century radicals: Arthur in line 299, Caractacus (referred to here as 'Caratach') in 300 and Cassivelaunus in 300-03. Caractacus, the Celtic king who made a defiant speech as a prisoner in chains before the Roman senate, had

been immortalised by Tacitus, the writer who had become a radical icon in his own right. (See Publius Cornelius Tacitus, *Annals*, trans. A.J. Church and W. Jackson Brodribb (London, 1882), 212-14.) While not named, the third character in this radical triumvirate is certainly Cassivelaunus — the British leader who, in S.'s usual version of events, repelled the invasions of Julius Caesar in 54 B.C. Note the resemblance to these lines in both the choice of icons and the phraseology in one of S.'s earliest 'calendar' poems, *St. David's Day* (published in *MP* on 1 March 1798), in which S. celebrated the fact that the Welsh were 'Proud of their Country':

and it is a pride  
 That well becomes the children of that realm  
 Thro' whose long annals many a patriot name,  
 Amid the gloom of darker ages, shines  
 Illustrious. He before whose scythed car  
 The Roman robber fled — Cassibelan;  
 And that good King, whose undefeated soul  
 Superior to his fortunes rose, and aw'd  
 The Con'quror [sic] on his throne; ...

... and the theme of song,

The minstrel's darling theme, Arthur the good ... (*CMP*, 36)

The calendar-poem pattern of cataloguing 'illustrious' names was also repeated in S.'s *Ode* on the palace at Aberffraw (published in *MP* on 31 December 1798), and, yet again, Caractacus and Arthur headed the list. As my discussion concerning the composition of bk.IV will have shown (see p.62), these lines must have been written between 16-20 July 1798, that is, roughly midway between the publication of the two *MP* poems cited above; and, as such, they are a contribution to the kind of politicised historiography which S. was employing in 1798.

334-40. In these lines, S. may be recollecting the early fervour with which he and Coleridge spread the idea of Pantisocracy.

346-47. To use the correct Welsh orthography, Dinefwr was the royal seat of the

princes of Deheubarth (South Wales), and, as such, it was one of the three centres of power in Wales at the time when S.'s poem is set (see AC, 217). The ruins of Dinefwr are situated in what is now Castle Woods nature reserve, overlooking the river Tywi, about a mile to the West of Llandeilo in the county of Dyfed. The earliest castle (probably timber) was erected here by Rhodri Mawr, but the stone ruins which are now visible probably date from the thirteenth century. There is considerable dispute among modern historians as to the real status of Dinefwr as a centre of power under Rhys ap Gruffydd, the prince whom Madoc is visiting here (see n. to 349-50 below). It has been suggested, for example, that the main curtain wall which surrounds the inner ward was actually built by Rhys himself, but Adrian Pettifer argues that 'the masonry looks rather accomplished for a native prince of the twelfth century', and that 'In any case Rhys made Cardigan his chief seat, and Dinefwr only returned to prominence under his feuding sons' (WC, 46). Kari Maund, on the other hand, argues that Dinefwr was 'on the site of an old Iron Age hillfort with strong legendary associations', and thus served to 'tie Rhys's dominion explicitly to ancient native traditions and beliefs, and to emphasize its roots in antiquity' (WK, 107).

S.'s potential sources of information for Dinefwr and its environs were numerous. I will deal with his regular sources first. Although, in the original *Britannia* (Gough, II, 504), William Camden provided little information concerning Dinefwr other than its location, Gough's extensive annotations would have been far more useful to S., and they offer an interesting insight into the contemporary state of the castle:

A mile further on the summit of a woody hill which commands an extensive and delightful prospect, and is hid with beautiful woods, stand the poor remains of *Dinevaur* castle, built by prince Rhys ap Theodore, t. William the conqueror, who removed hither from *Caermarthen* the residence of the princes of South Wales, whose kingdom took its name from it. It is circular, fortified with a double moat and rampart, and on the left side of the ascent is an outwork with a lodge whose arch fell down about 20 years ago. On the south side of the castle they shew the ruins of the chapel between two round towers, and on the east side a dungeon at [the] bottom of a ruined tower. The view from the walls to the north and west presents a country disposed into agreeable landscapes. [...] *Dinevaur* castle stands in a park belonging to George Rhys, esq.; a lineal descendant of these princes. (Gough, II, 506)

Gough's final comment is a somewhat subtler way of pointing out that, to quote Pettifer again, 'The decaying castle was restored in the eighteenth century as a *romantic ruin* in Dinefwr Park, which was landscaped by "Capability" Brown'

(WC, 47, my italics).

While S. had almost certainly not read either of Gerald's works at first-hand by the time he wrote bk. IV, the descriptions provided by Gerald in both his *Journey* (Gerald, 139) and his *Description* (Gerald, 227) should not be overlooked, since S. might well have been made aware of such material by Welsh scholars such as William Owen. It is particularly interesting, for example, that, in lines 400-04 below (see n.), S. deliberately emphasises Dinefwr's situation 'as a sanctuary', a fact which appears to owe something to Gerald's description of Cantref Mawr, the cantref (hundredth) in which Dinefwr was situated, as 'a safe refuge for the inhabitants of South Wales, because of its impenetrable forests'. Gerald knew Dinefwr well, since he was entertained there by the Lord Rhys during his journey through Wales with Archbishop Baldwin in 1188, thus only a decade after the visit of S.'s fictional protagonist.

S.'s third source for Dinefwr was certainly an engraving in William Sotheby's *A Tour through parts of Wales, Sonnets, Odes, and other Poems* (London, 1794), 20. (This should not be confused with the first edition of this work entitled *Poems: Consisting of a Tour through parts of North and South Wales ...* (Bath, 1790), as this contained no engravings.) Writing to Mary Barker on 3 March 1804 with possible sources for her never-to-materialise vignettes for *Madoc* (see p.177), S. directed her to 'a view of Dinevor' which she would find 'engraved in Sothebys descriptive poem about Wales' (*Lets.MB*, 93). It is not only possible to prove that S. knew Sotheby's *Tour* at the time of composing MS.2A, but that he was even thinking about the engravings which had appeared in the *Tour* at the very time when he was writing this particular book. As my discussion of the poem's development has shown (see p.62), S. was writing this section of the poem in mid July 1798. At the same time, he was also revising his *Letters Written during a Short Residence in Spain and Portugal* (to be published in a second edition in 1799), within which he was planning to include some engravings. On 27 June, he wrote to Wynn asking 'did you ever see Sothebys descriptive sketches in Wales', since 'the aqua-tinte [*sic*] views in that are our model' (MS. NLW). On 15 July he again wrote to Wynn concerning the engravings for the *Letters*, and he repeated that 'They will I trust be well done [...] we wish to have them as highly finished as the Welsh Views in Sothebys

blank verse book' (*NL*, I, 171). It is clear from these comments that S. was very impressed with the engravings in Sotheby's *Tour*, and the fact that he should select that of Dinefwr as a possible vignette for the published poem over six years later is certainly proof that it had embedded itself into his mind as an important source image for Rhys's castle and its setting.

The fourth source which must be mentioned was William Gilpin's *Observations on the River Wye, and several parts of South Wales, &c. relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty; made in the Summer of the Year 1770 ...* (London, 1782; rpt. Richmond, 1973). Pages 60-65 of Gilpin's *Observations* contained a description of Dinefwr and its locale, and, once again, one might conjecture a borrowing by S. In line 365, S. describes 'the Towy[']s winding banks', a feature which Gilpin had been at particular pains to point out:

Through this expanse, (which is rich to profusion with all the objects of cultivation, melted together into one mass by distance) the Towy winds in various meanders. The eye cannot trace the whole serpentine course of the river; but sees it, here and there, in glittering spots, which gives the imagination a pleasing employment in making out the whole. (p.65)

We know that S. borrowed two of Gilpin's works from the Bristol Library in late 1793 and early 1794 (see *BLB*, 117 (entries 7, 8 and 14)), and even though the *Observations* was not one of them, S. could not fail to have read Gilpin's most successful and influential publication.

Finally, it should just be mentioned that, as Gilpin himself pointed out, the environs of Dinefwr also formed the backdrop to one of the best-known landscape poems of the eighteenth-century: John Dyer's *Grongar Hill* (1726).

The most comprehensive modern history of, and guide to, Dinefwr is Robert Gittins' *Dinefwr Castle* (Llandysul, 1984). The reader should also consult Pettifer (*WC*, 46-48), and Davis (*CWP*, 59-61).

S. eventually paid a visit to Dinefwr himself in the autumn of 1802, for his recollection of which see his letter to Wynn of 19 April 1803 (*NL*, I, 312).

**349-50.** Rhys ap Gruffydd, known as 'the Lord Rhys', became ruler of Deheubarth (South Wales) in 1137, and, in Kari Maund's words, '[he] would rise to be one of the most powerful leaders south Wales had ever known' (*WK*, 102). His rule thus commenced in the same year in which Owain became ruler of Gwynedd in the north (see n. to II.142<sub>(b)</sub>-50). It was essential therefore for S.'s historical

framework that Rhys should appear in the poem — especially given his support for Owain against Henry II at the battles of Coed Eulo (1156) and Crogen (1165) (see nn. to I.238-43 and I.275-78). William Warrington considered Rhys to be the prime unifier and instigator of the Welsh princes in their resistance to Henry at Crogen:

Fired by his [Rhys'] gallant example, a spirit of revolt sprung up in Wales. With great judgments this prince, during the winter [of 1165], either by his deputies, or in person, had conferences with different princes. He called up their sleeping virtue, and roused it into action, by such incentives that were likely to touch a warm, free, and spirited people. He pointed out the prospect of asserting their freedom, which had of late opened on their country, from the dissensions which had arisen in England between Henry and the archbishop of Canterbury; and from the probability, likewise, that this prince would soon be engaged in a war with France [...]

Animated by his generous spirit, by the prosperity which had attended his arms, and by such a favourable conjuncture, the prince of North Wales and all his sons, his brother Cadwalader and the princes of Powis, joined Rhys ap Gryffydh, in hopes of regaining the independency they had lost, and of recovering that honour which of late they had forfeited. At no period, had the Welsh ever united into a confederacy like this, centering with so much energy and force, the various policies and interests, the different tempers and abilities of the princes of Wales. (*HW*, 323-24)

Since S. represented Madoc as having played a part in that encounter (I.273<sup>(b)</sup>-78), it is useful for him to present Rhys and his hero as frequent 'comrades in arms' against the Saxons (see Madoc's comment in II.20-24).

By the 1170s however, Rhys had been forced to submit entirely to Henry II (Hence S.'s comments in lines 352-61 below, see n.), which is why Warrington's final analysis of Rhys's achievements was somewhat circumspect:

[...] Rhys ap Gryffydh left this world, on the stage of which he had exhibited uncommon versatility of character. He was interred in the abbey of Strata Florida, which he himself had erected; and which became the burial place of the succeeding lords of his family. If there had been less of caprice in his conduct, if his patriotism, his valour, and other talents for command, had been directed by a steady and uniform principle, the name of this prince would have appeared with the highest lustre in the annals of his country, the honour and liberty of which he, at times, defended with so much zeal and success. (*HW*, 348-49)

The fullest modern account of Rhys's life is Roger Turvey's *The Lord Rhys, Prince of Deheubarth* (Llandysul, 1997). The reader should also consult chap. 5 of Kari Maund's *WK* and R.R. Davies's summary of Rhys's achievements in *AC*, 223-24.

**351-63.** These lines refer to the political ties which Rhys ap Gruffydd forged with Henry II in the early 1170s: commencing with a meeting at Newnham, near the Forest of Dean, in Sept. 1171, and strengthened by subsequent meetings at

Pembroke in the same month and Laugharne on Easter Monday 1172. Just as Henry was to secure the allegiance of Dafydd in North Wales through the marriage to Emma in 1174, so in South Wales he appointed Rhys as 'justice in his behalf in all Deheubarth'. As R.R. Davies has succinctly observed — and it is a point which S. himself, in describing Madoc's feelings in lines 361-63, wishes ardently to stress — 'It was a remarkable turn-about from the politics of bluster and confrontation of 1165' (AC, 54). S., therefore, must surely have had a passage in either Warrington or Lyttelton — possibly both — in mind when writing these lines, given that both writers adopted that ever-present feature of eighteenth-century historiography, that which we might call 'historical puppetry', to emphasise an assumed sense of shame and indignation on the part of Rhys:

The patriotism of the Welsh prince sunk under the influence of these mutual civilities [of Henry II]. The gallant and independent spirit inherited from a long line of ancestors and which had so eminently distinguished his own conduct, all that the terror of Henry's arms and a series of hostilities could not shake, was now done away with by a few acts of a well directed courtesy. Forsaking the dignity and importance of his character, except in a single instance, we shall only see him in future as a *satrap* to the English monarch. Mingling in the common mass, and losing forever the ancient honours of his name, this prince and his family retained no longer any marks of sovereignty. (HW, 336)

He [Rhys] could not behold the royal seat of his ancestors, their ancient palace of Dynevowr, in which he was suffered to reside, without reflecting that the kingdom, they had possessed for some ages, was usurped by foreign invaders. The very walls of it seemed to reproach him with a degenerate and servile submission. [Lyt., II, 406]

This perspective on the relations between Henry and Rhys in 1171-72 is one that seems to have prevailed among historians for most of the twentieth century as well. Roger Turvey, however, has stressed Rhys's political acumen for taking the maximum advantage of Henry's most precarious years: 'Rhys was astute enough to realize that a policy of war and attrition, defining and defending his frontiers, was not enough to guarantee his fragile domain's long-term existence [... and thus he] seized the chance to set aside old enmities and to offer the king the hand of friendship' (*The Lord Rhys*, 57). Turvey's is the fullest modern summary of the negotiations between Rhys and Henry in the early-mid 1170s (pp.54-59). For shorter accounts see AC, 54 and A.D. Carr, 'Anglo-Welsh Relations', 125-26.



## Explanatory Notes to Book V

115-30. These lines also appeared in the published poem (*Madoc*, 144-45), though in a slightly reworked version. In the note which accompanied them, S. commented that 'Eight poems by Prince Hoel are preserved. They are here given in Mr. Owen's translation' (*Madoc*, 499). S. then filled five pages with William Owen's prose translations of eight poems by Hywel ab Owain Gwynedd, but, while it is evident that he borrowed fragments (sometimes whole phrases) from these, no single poem formed the basis for S.'s own imitation. As I have shown in my n. to I.101<sub>(b)</sub>-109<sub>(a)</sub>, S. would have obtained some information concerning Hywel's poetry from the article on early Welsh poetry in the first volume of the *CR*, but only a short specimen was actually provided. As far as I can ascertain, Owen's translations were never published other than in *Madoc* itself, so I can only conclude that he sent them to S. personally. For further comments concerning S.'s sources of information about Hywel, see the above-mentioned n.

262-67. In my n. to II.81-86, I have mentioned that, in the K/B.N (KMG, ff.41-42), under the heading 'Welsh Manners', S. has copied a lengthy passage from Pennant (*TW*, II, 100-02) concerning medieval Welsh hospitality. The source for these lines is also to be found in that same passage. As I have also pointed out in that n. however, under his transcription of the Pennant passage, S. has added 'See Giraldus Cambrensis. Desc. Wallia. 888', thus indicating that Pennant was drawing heavily upon Gerald: a passage entitled 'Welsh hospitality and eating habits' in chap. 10 of the *Description of Wales*. Gerald's original runs thus:

In Wales no one begs. Everyone's home is open to all, for the Welsh generosity and hospitality are the greatest of all virtues. They very much enjoy welcoming others to their homes. When you travel there is no question of your asking for accommodation or of their offering it: you just march into a house and hand over your weapons to the person in charge. They give you water so that you may wash your feet and that means that you are a guest. With these people the offering of water in which to wash one's feet is an invitation to stay. If you refuse the offer, it means that you have only dropped in for refreshment during the early part of the day and do not propose to stay the night. (Gerald, 236)

S.'s earliest source, however, would have been a passage in Warrington. Again, this was virtually a translation from Gerald, an indication of just how all-pervading his works were, especially when it came to medieval social history. The most important part in Warrington read:

As soon as they [travellers] entered any house, they immediately delivered

their arms into the custody of some person; then if they suffered their feet to be washed by those, who for that purpose directly offered them water, they were considered as lodgers for the night. [...] The offer of water for the purpose of washing the feet, was considered as an invitation to accept of hospitable entertainment. (*HW*, 108-09)

Lyttelton also provided a version of Gerald's description in *Lyt.*, II, 68.

366-67. See n. to I.275-78.

---

## Explanatory Notes to Book VI

85-91. From this description it is evident that the song in question is, once again, *The Battle of Tal Moelfre*. See nn. to I.96-98 and 346-59<sub>(a)</sub>.

110-13. In the note which accompanied the equivalent lines in the published poem, S. admitted that this image was 'Borrowed from an old play by John Webster' (*Madoc*, 506). He then quoted two and a half lines from *The White Devil*, naming the play, but providing no other reference. The lines in question were spoken by Monticelso, and appeared in act IV, iii, 119-23:

Dost thou imagine thou canst slide on blood  
And not be tainted with a shameful fall?  
Or, like the black, and melancholic yew-tree,  
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves,  
And yet to prosper. (*The White Devil*, ed. Christina Luckyj (London, 1996), 99).

125-26. See n. to III.144-45.

146-48. S. twice refers to 'St. Cybi's pile', here, and in line 279 below. I can only presume however that this was by accident rather than design, and that he must have been referring to a different landmark on both occasions. It is obvious from the context here that he is referring to a church in which the 'assembled emigrants' heard mass, whereas in line 279, the reference is to some kind of physical landmark which is visible at sea. (For the latter, see n. to 279-80.) This reading would appear to be confirmed by the fact that S. dropped the second reference from the published poem. While the reference here was not only retained but extended however (*Madoc*, 174), S. offered no note by way of explanation or source.

Said to have been born in Cornwall sometime in the early sixth century, St. Cybi studied at Poitiers, then, accompanied by his ten disciples, went firstly to Pembrokeshire and then to other parts of Wales before setting up a monastery and theological college at Holyhead. While there are several churches dedicated to Cybi in Wales, he has become particularly associated with Anglesey, hence the Welsh name for Holyhead, Caer Gybi. (See Henken, *Traditions of the Welsh Saints*, 233-37.) The nineteenth-century railway bridge tends to obscure the fact that Holy Island, of which Holyhead is the chief town, is virtually a separate

island off the north-Western end of Anglesey, the two being connected only by an embankment. The present, medieval church at Holyhead is supposed to occupy the site of Cybi's original monastery, and I can only presume that this is S.'s intended site for his emigrants' 'last mass', especially given the church's proximity to the harbour. (Perhaps one further clue to this is Madoc's comment in II.9-10, where he remarks that the last two landmarks which he saw when departing for his initial voyage were 'Aberffraws royal towers/And yonder holy pile that shades the deep'; the latter, surely, being St. Cybi's church.) This would fit with S.'s source, which almost certainly must have been Pennant. (Pennant always uses the saint's name in its mutated Welsh form 'Gybi' which is incorrect):

Within two miles of *Towyn y Capel* is the town of *Holyhead*, seated on a noted and safe harbour, guarded at its mouth from the winds by *Ynys GYBI* — the island of St. *Gybi* — surnamed *Corineus*, son of *Solomon* Duke of *Cornwal*; who, after studying some years in *Gaul* returned to *Britain*, and fixed his see at the place now called *Caer Gybi*, and *Holyhead*. In honour of his instructor, St. *Hilarius*, bishop of *Poitiers*, he bestowed his name on one of the headlands; the same which goes also under that of St. *Ælian*'s. [...] The church is dedicated to St. Gybi. [...] St. Gybi is said to have founded a small monastery here, about the year 380. (*TW*, II, 285)

One other conjecture which seems to me plausible is that S. was imagining his late-twelfth-century St. Cybi's as not just a parish church, but a full monastery; not a continuation of Cybi's original monastery, obviously, but a new monastery founded in the reign of Owain Gwynedd, the latter being well known for the endowing of new monasteries, usually Augustinian houses.

It is just worth noting that the two St. Cybi references indicate clearly that S. is dispatching his hero on his second voyage from his native port of Aberffraw, and thus rejecting the tradition that Madoc commenced his second voyage from Lundy Island (see p.197).

200. Interestingly, the only occurrence of the name Senena I can find in any of S.'s sources is in a passage in Sir John Wynn: 'This Gruffith, in his father's time, married Sina, or Senena, as the Latine Booke calleth her' (*HGF*, 24). As I have pointed out in the section on the *Gwydir History* in chap. 9.11, I am convinced that S. had not read Barrington's edition personally by the time he had completed MS.2A. As I have also pointed out however, the original MS. of the *HGF* was then in the library at Wynnstay, the home of S.'s lifelong friend C.W.W. Wynn,

so it is possible that Wynn could have suggested the name to S.

217-21. See n. to I.111.

279-80. For S.'s first use of St. Cybi, see n. to 146-48 above. I presume that S. is here referring to the peak called Pen Caergybi, about two miles from Holyhead, which rises to some 218 metres, and which now contains two lighthouses. Even prior to the construction of the latter, this landmark was an important beacon for shipping in what are frequently treacherous seas. The hill itself contains a number of early remains, including a circular edifice, which was probably a Roman watch-tower. Pennant — surely S.'s primary source here — concludes that this structure was an early form of lighthouse:

I took a walk from the town to the top of *The Head*, in search of other antiquities. In my way, saw the ruins of *Capel y Gorlles*, one of several which are scattered about this holy promontory. On the side which I ascended, my course was interrupted with a huge dry wall, in many places regularly faced, and ten feet high in some of the most entire parts, and furnished with an entrance. On the *Pen y Gaer Gybi*, or the summit of the mountain, are foundations of a circular building, strongly cemented with the same sort of mortar as the fort in the town. It seems to have been a *Pharos*, a necessary director in these seas. (*TW*, II, 288)

Just as now, Holyhead was, in S.'s day, one of the principal ports from which one sailed to Ireland, and as the last visible landmark on that route, Pen Caergybi would certainly match S.'s description here. He might easily have obtained confirmation for this fact from C.W.W. Wynn, a regular traveller to Ireland for various political reasons. S. only once sailed from Holyhead, and for his account of 'a rough sea, of infamous character', see his letter to Danvers of 15 Oct. 1801 (*NL*, I, 250).

296-301. See n. to I.111.

315-17. It is just possible that S. is here recalling Angus's similar comment about Macbeth:

Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love. (*Macbeth*, V, ii)

338-40. The 'Colchian prize' was the golden fleece, and thus the 'fated bark' was the Argo. Jason, along with fifty of the foremost heroes of Greece (hence S.'s simile

here), sailed in the Argo from the port of Pagasae on the eastern, Aegean side of the mainland, in order to recover the golden fleece from Aeetes, king of Colchis, a country at the eastern end of the Black Sea.

---

## Explanatory Notes to Book VII

24-31. In a slightly altered form, these lines had already appeared in the first book of *Joan of Arc* (*Joan.96, 22*), for my discussion of which, see pp.42-43.

47-53<sup>(a)</sup>. In comparing the deeds of Cortés with those of Caesar and Alexander here, S. was tapping into a well-established vein of early Spanish historiography. As Rolena Adorno has pointed out, `Cortés's humanist historians saw the New World conquests as sites of spiritual achievement and perpetual glory because of their deep admiration for the past and the ease with which they imposed visions of Roman and gospel glory on the present: Alexander, Caesar, and Saint Paul were often-cited points of comparison for Cortés' (*The Polemics of Possession*, 135). Whereas the Spanish humanist historians who repeated the comparison did so as a eulogy to Cortés however, S. is here investing it with negative connotations. Determining an exact source is difficult, (a) because the comparison became such a fashionable one and (b) because it is not easy to be sure which of the original histories of the conquest S. might have known at this time. Adorno has pointed out that, in the dedicatory epistle to his 1546 work *Diálogo de la dignidad del hombre*, the Toledon-born historian Francisco Cervantes de Salazar (1514?-1575), `cited Cortés as a protagonist comparable to Alexander and Caesar, "vanquishing thousands of men and conquering great expanses of land" (*The Polemics of Possession*, 134). (Salazar had actually completed this treatise, which had been left unfinished by Fernan Pérez de Oliva (1494?-1533).) Perhaps the work which did most to popularise the comparison however was Bernal Diaz del Castillo's *Historia Verdadera de la Conquista de la Nueva España* (published in 1632, long after Diaz's death). This had contained the famous passage in which Cortés was said to have secretly burned all the boats and then, in a speech to the army, compared his situation to that of Julius Caesar after the crossing of the Rubicon. As I have already discussed in my n. to III.452-56, S. knew and admired Maurice Keatinge's 1800 translation, in which this passage appeared on p.86. This could obviously not have been the actual source for MS.2A however, though the passage itself was too famous for S. not to have known it prior to having seen Keatinge's work. As Hugh Thomas has observed concerning the episode, `how many of his [Cortés's] followers understood his comparison

between himself and Caesar crossing the Rubicon, if he indeed made such an allusion, must be a matter for speculation' (*Conquest: Montezuma, Cortés and the Fall of Old Mexico* (London, 1993; rpt., New York, 1995), 229).

61-63. The simile here is a reference to the pass of Thermopylae, where, in 480 B.C., the Spartan forces under Leonidas made their last stand against the invading Persians. For S.'s devotion to this theme and to Richard Glover's epic *Leonidas*, see my comments on p.98.

74-76. I presume these beasts to be llamas. See IX.84-85 (and my accompanying n.) and XIII.280-81.

84-87<sub>(a)</sub>. See n. to II.274-82

98-108. These lines are fascinating in that they hint at the precepts of Christ as an important origin for the Pantisocratic vision. I would argue that a too-often-overlooked source of inspiration for both S.'s and Coleridge's early Pantisocratic ideals were the two passages in the *Acts of the Apostles* which described the communal living of the early Christians:

Then they that gladly received his [Peter's] word were baptized: and the same day there were added *unto them* about three thousand souls. [...] And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all *men*, as every man had need. (*Acts* 2, 41-45)

And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any *of them* that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. [...] Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid *them* down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. (*Acts* 4, 32-35)

129-30. This comment is explained by my n. to IX.202-05.

133-34. For 'the eternal fire' see n. to VIII.322-25.

189. S. did not invent the name 'Coanacotzin', but found it in Clavigero's description of the attempted escape of the Mexican royal family following the final assault on Mexico city by the Spaniards:



The Mexicans had prepared vessels, to save themselves by flight from the fury of the enemy; but Cortes having been aware of this resource for escape, had given orders to Sandoval to take possession with the brigantines of the port of Tlatelolco, and to seize every bark. In spite of the utmost diligence employed by Sandoval, many escaped, and among others, the one which carried the royal personages. This active commander having discovered it, ordered Garcia de Holguin, the captain of the swiftest brigantine, to give chase; he made such speed that in a short time he came up with it, and the Spaniards were preparing to fire into it, when they ceased their oars and threw down their arms in token of surrender. In that large vessel, or piragua, were the king of Mexico Quauhtemotzin, the queen Tecuichpotzin his wife, *Coanacotzin* the king of Acolhuacan, Tettlepanquetzaltzin the king of Tlacopan, and other persons of rank. (*HM*, II, 189-90. My italics.)

240-44. S. did not invent the name 'Tezozomoc', and it was probably no accident that he chose it for his chief priest. In Clavigero (*HM*, I, 140-45) we read of a prince Tezozomoc who treacherously murdered king Ixtlilxochitl in 1410 in order to usurp the throne of Acolhuacan. Clavigero's final analysis of this prince (*HM*, I, 145) is damning in the extreme — 'In 1422, this monster of ambition, treachery, and injustice, ended his life, after having tyrannised over the kingdom of Acolhuacan for nine years' — and the nefarious historical connotations which were thus attached to the name would certainly have predisposed S. to consider it as suitable for his chief priest.

257<sup>(b)</sup>-64. Under the heading 'Tezcalipoca', S. has entered a full description of the god into the SW.N (ff.49-50). While it carries no attribution, this description is clearly taken from Clavigero, though S. has changed some of the wording. The following is from the original, and it is easy to see how several of Clavigero's images found their way directly into the poem:

*Tezcatlipoca.* This was the greatest God adored in these countries, after the invisible God, or supreme Being, whom we have already mentioned. His name means *Shining Mirror*, from one that was affixed to his image. He was the god of providence, the soul of the world, the creator of heaven and earth, and master of all things. They represented him always young, to denote that no length of years ever diminished his power; they believed that he rewarded with various benefits the just, and punished the wicked with diseases and other afflictions. They placed stone seats in the corners of the streets, for that god to rest upon when he chose it, and upon which no person was ever allowed to sit down. Some said, that he had descended from heaven by a rope made of spiders [*sic*] webs, and had persecuted and driven from these countries, the grand priest of Tula *Quetzalcoatl*, who was afterwards consecrated as a god.

His principle image was of *teotetl* (divine stone) which is a black shining stone like black marble, and was richly dressed. It had golden ear-rings, and from the under lip hung a crystal tube, within which was a green feather, or a turquoise stone, which at first sight appeared to be a gem. His hair was tied with a golden string, from the end of which hung an ear of the same metal, with the appearance of ascending smoke painted on it, by

which they intended to represent the prayers of the distressed. The whole breast was covered with massy gold. He had bracelets of gold upon both his arms, an emerald in the navel, and in his left hand a golden fan, set round with beautiful feathers, and polished like a mirror, in which they imagined he saw every thing that happened in the world. At other times to denote his justice, they represented him sitting on a bench covered with a red cloth, upon which were drawn the figures of skulls, and other bones of the dead: upon his left arm a shield with four arrows, and his right lifted in an attitude of throwing a spear; his body dyed black, and his head crowned with quail-feathers. (*HM*, I, 244-45)

Given S.'s comments concerning his use of Picart's descriptions of the gods (see p.177), we must also not overlook the latter as an important source:

TESCALIPUCA was the God of Penance: The *Mexicans* used to call upon him in Adversity, because they imagined he punished the Sins of Mankind with Plagues, Famine, &c. We see him here [in the engravings] represented in two different Manners: In the first he is seated in a Chair placed in the midst of the altar, being an Image made of Stone, as black and shining as Jet, and covered with Jewels, represented under an human Shape like that of *Tlaloch* and *Vitzliputzli*; having Gold Ear-Rings, a Jewel or Trinket fix'd to a Chain of the same Metal which went round its Neck, and cover'd its Breast all over; and a little Tube of Chrystal about six Inches in Length, was stuck thro' its lower Lip. They sometimes fixed a green or blue Feather at the End of the Tube, which was done out of Judgment, not Caprice, it being one of the Symbols of that false Deity. From its Hair, tied up with a golden Fillet, there hung an Ear, which was another Symbol, by which the afflicted Soul and repenting Sinner was taught; that he might confide in the Devine Mercy, who would listen to his Prayers. He held four Darts in his Right Hand, signifying the Punishment for Sin, and the Vengeance of Heaven; which manifests itself to Man by Plagues, War, Poverty, and Famine. His left Hand held a golden Mirror extremely smooth, and so bright as to receive the Objects very clearly and distinctly. With the same Hand he held behind this Mirror a Fan made of Feathers of all kinds of Colours, signifying that nothing was hid from that vindictive God. Round the Idol were a great Number of emblematical Figures, whose Signification we did not learn. The other Form, under which they represented this Idol, was the same as the foregoing, *viz.* that of a Man seated in a majestic Manner on a Throne supported by a kind of Altar, and hid behind a red Curtain, on which Skulls and Men's Bones were either embroider'd or painted. This Idol had as hideous a Look, and its Posture was as dreadful and terrible as the other. Its Right Arm was up-lifted, as ready to hurl a Javelin it held in its Hand; its Left supporting a Shield, whence issued out four Arrows round five Pine-Apples set crosswise. The Body of the Idol was Black, and its Head was cover'd with Quails Feathers; the whole surrounded with a great number of symbolical Figures, and Things of inestimable Value. (Picart, III, 146-47)

Finally, though they added nothing of significance to the above accounts, we should be aware that lengthy descriptions of Tezcatlipoca also appeared in both of Purchas's works: in *PPs*, XV, 313-14 and *PPe*, 870, the former of which was a direct translation from the description given by José de Acosta, and the latter, though unacknowledged, probably a paraphrase of the same.

A modern analysis of the legends surrounding Tezcatlipoca will be found in *MCAM*, 101-04 and *passim*, and *ELAHC*, V, 231-32.

**264-81.** The details of the festival and its preceding rituals which Cadwallon is here

discussing appeared in *HM*, I, 299-300:

The fifth month, which began upon the 17th of May, was almost wholly festival. The first, which was one of the four principal festivals of the Mexicans, was that which they made in honour of their great god Tezcatlipoca. [...] afterwards they made the sacrifice of the victim representing the god Tezcatlipoca. This victim was the handsomest and best shaped youth of all the prisoners. They selected him a year before the festival, and during that whole time he was always dressed in a similar habit with the idol; he was permitted to go round the city, but always accompanied by a strong guard, and was adored every where, as the living image of that supreme divinity. Twenty days before the festival, this youth married four beautiful girls, and on the five days preceding the festival, they gave him sumptuous entertainments, and allowed him all the pleasures of life. On the day of the festival, they led him with a numerous attendance to the temple of Tezcatlipoca, but before they came there they dismissed his wives. He accompanied the idol in the procession, and when the hour of sacrifice was come, they stretched him upon the altar, and the high priest with great reverence opened his breast and pulled out his heart. His body was not, like the bodies of other victims, thrown down the stairs, but carried in the arms of the priests and beheaded at the bottom of the temple. His head was strung up in the *Tzompantli*, among the rest of the skulls of the victims which were sacrificed to Tezcatlipoca, and his legs and arms were dressed and prepared for the tables of the lords.

This may well have been S.'s primary source, but it is difficult to be certain. We should also note, for example, two important passages in Picart. The first was a comment concerning the practice of choosing a human individual as the representative of the deity whose festival was being celebrated:

not satisfy'd with having peopled Heaven with Gods of all Ranks and Kinds, they treated one of their Prisoners as tho' he had been a God, for a whole Year together, and sometimes for six Months only, according to the Deity for whom they design'd him, and whose Name they gave him; after which they sacrificed him to the Idol. (Picart, III, 148)

The second was a description of a sacrifice to 'Tescalipuca' in particular:

The festival of Tescalipuca was celebrated the nineteenth of the same Month [May], when the Priest granted the People a Remission of their Sins. At the same Time they sacrificed a Captive [...] On the Eve of the Festival, the Priest of *Tescalipuca* stript himself of his Vestments, when others were given him by the *Mexican* Nobility, who came together with the rest of the People, in order to reconcile themselves to this Idol of Penance [...] Then the People made a Feast very much resembling those which the antient Heathens instituted in honour of their Gods [...] After the sacred Repast was ended, they made a Sacrifice of him who that Year had been the living Image of the God of Penance; and the whole Ceremony ended, like those of other Festivals, with Dances and spiritual Songs. (Picart, III, 155-56)

Finally, it should also be noted that many of the same details also appeared in Purchas's translation from Acosta in *PPs*, XV, 316-17.

289-91. Writing to Mary Barker on 17 February 1804 concerning the never-to-be-completed vignettes for *Madoc* (see p.177), S. suggested that one of the drawings might be 'Coatel in her Mexican dress which you may find in Clavigero' (*Lets.MB*, 88). S. was evidently thinking of the section in *HM* concerned with

dress, in which Clavigero provided a description of a Mexican woman's costume, and accompanied it with an illustration. Without S.'s hint however, one might not immediately identify this as a source, since his description of Coatel's dress here is rather brief, and there were certainly more details in Clavigero that he might have used. (Compare, for example, his extensive borrowing of material from Clavigero for the description of Tlalala's battle dress. See n. to X.116<sup>(b)</sup>-26.) Clavigero's description ran as follows:

[...] those of better station wore the finest cotton, embellished with various colours, and figures of animals, or flowers, or wove with feathers, or the fine hair of the rabbit, and adorned with various little figures of gold and loose locks of cotton hanging about the girdle or *Maxtlatl* [...] the women [wore] three or four vests, and as many garments, putting the longest undermost, so as that a part of each of them might be seen. (*HM*, I, 436)

The illustration (plate XXII facing p.436) shows a woman wearing a loose gown with elbow-length sleeves, beneath which are two layers of skirt, the innermost reaching down to her knees. Her hair hangs down her back.

317-20. For a full explanation of these lines, see n. to IX.202-05.

---

## Explanatory Notes to Book VIII

76-86. For the general description of Tezcalipoca, see n. to VII.257<sub>(b)</sub>-64. As for the particular festival, and its accompanying rituals, which S. is describing here, this is taken directly from *HM*, I, 308:

In the twelfth month, which began upon the 4th of October, they celebrated the festival of the arrival of the gods, which they expressed by the word *Teotleco*, which name also they gave to both the month and the festival. On the 16th day of this month, they covered all the temples, and the corner stones of the streets of the city with green branches. On the 18th, the gods, according to their accounts, began to arrive, the first of whom was the great god Tezcatlipoca. They spread before the door of the sanctuary of this god a mat made of the palm-tree, and sprinkled upon it some powder of maize. The high-priest stood in watch all the preceding night, and went frequently to look at the mat, and as soon as he discovered any footsteps upon the powder, which had been trod upon, no doubt, by some other deceitful priest, he began to cry out, '*Our great god is now arrived.*' All the other priests, with a great croud of people, repaired there to adore him, and celebrate his arrival with hymns and dances, which were repeated all the rest of the night. On the two days following, other gods successively arrived, and on the twentieth and last day, when they believed that all their gods were come, a number of youths dressed in the form of various monsters, danced around a large fire, into which, from time to time, they threw prisoners, who were there consumed as burnt sacrifices.

89-91. For a full description of the myth to which these lines allude, see n. to XII.350-77.

92-93. Among the list of Mexican deities, Clavigero (*HM*, I, 248) included

'Quetzalcoatl' or 'Feathered serpent', explaining that 'This was among the Mexicans, and all the other nations of *Anahuac*, the god of the air', hence S.'s comment in line 92. There followed a lengthy description, but since S. made no further use of this deity in the poem, one of Clavigero's final comments will suffice to provide the golden-age impression of the god which S. has sought to convey:

All his subjects were rich, and to sum up all in one word, the Mexicans imagined as much happiness under the priesthood of *Quetzalcoatl*, as the Greeks did under the reign of Saturn, whom this Mexican god likewise resembled in the exile which he suffered. (*HM*, I, 248)

S. would also have found a brief mention of this deity and a description of his circular temple in *PPe*, 874, and may even have seen what was almost certainly Purchas's original source, Gómara, in Nichols's *CWI*, 203.

For a modern description of Quetzacoatl see *ELAHC*, IV, 508-09.

93. The god Tlaloc is mentioned several times in the poem, primarily as the deity to

whom the Aztecs attempt to sacrifice young Hoel in bk.IX. In the SW.N (ff.56-57), S. has copied some comments concerning Tlaloc which, though unattributed, are taken from Clavigero. The ellipses in the following transcription are mine, since I have omitted a short passage of which S. clearly made no use in the poem, even though it appears in the SW.n:

*Tlaloc*, otherwise *Tlalocateuctli* (master of paradise), was the god of water. They called him the fertilizer of the earth, and protector of their temporal goods. They believed he resided upon the highest mountains, where the clouds are generally formed, such as those of Tlaloe, Tlascalá, and Toluca; whither they often went to implore his protection. [...] The image of *Tlaloc* was painted blue and green, to express the different colours that are observed in water. He held in his hand a rod of gold, of an undulated and pointed form, by which they intended to denote the lightning. He had a temple in Mexico, within the inclosure of the greater temple, and the Mexicans celebrated several festivals in honour to him every year. (*HM*, I, 251-52)

In the SW.N, S. has tacked another sentence onto the end of this (taken from *HM*, I, 243) concerning the Mexican belief that the souls of those children who had been sacrificed to Tlaloc were invisibly present at future sacrifices (see n. to IX.243-50).

In *PPe*, 870, Purchas provided a few brief comments concerning Tlaloc, the most important being that he was 'their god of water, to whom they sacrificed for rain'.

For a modern analysis of the legends surrounding Tlaloc, the reader should consult *MCAM*, 100-02 and passim, and *ELAHC*, V, 245.

168-72. All the instruments mentioned here were taken directly from a description of Mexican musical instruments in Clavigero. In particular, Clavigero described two kinds of drum, and we should note how S. carefully introduces both kinds into the poem:

They had no stringed instruments. All their music consisted in the *Huehuetl*, and the *Teponaztli*, horns, sea-shells, and little flutes or pipes, which made a shrill sound. The *Huehuetl*, or Mexican drum, was a cylinder of wood, more than three feet high, curiously carved and painted on the outside, covered above with the skin of a deer, well dressed and stretched, which they tightened or slackened occasionally, to make the sound more sharp or deep. They struck it only with their fingers, but it required infinite dexterity in the striker. The *Teponaztli*, which is used to this day among the Indians, is also cylindrical and hollow, but all of wood, having no skin about it, nor any opening but two slits lengthways in the middle, parallel to, and at a little distance from each other. It is sounded by beating the space between those two slits with two little sticks, similar to those which are made use of for modern drums, only that their points are covered with ule, or elastic gum, to soften the sound. The size of this instrument is various; some are so small as to be hung about the neck; some of a middling size, and others so large as to be upwards of five feet long.

The sound which they yield is melancholy, and that of the largest is so loud, that it may be heard at the distance of two or three miles. To the accompaniment of those instruments, [...] the Mexicans sung their hymns and sacred music. Their singing was harsh and offensive to European ears; but they took so much pleasure in it themselves, that on festivals they continued singing the whole day. (*HM*, I, 398-99)

174. See n. to XI.28-35<sub>(a)</sub>.

193-206. S. derived all the ideas for Tezozomoc's ordeal from a description in

Clavigero:

Upon occasion of any public calamity, the Mexican high priest always observed a most extraordinary fast. For this purpose he retired to a wood, where he constructed a hut for himself, covered with branches, which were always fresh and green; as whenever the first became dry, new ones were spread in their place. Shut up in this hut he passed nine or ten months in constant prayer and frequent effusions of blood, deprived of all communication with men, and without any other food than raw Maize and water. (*HM*, I, 286-87)

252-54. For an explanation of Coatlantona, the goddess of flowers, see n. to IX.327-32.

285-88. Among his list of annual Mexican festivals, Clavigero pointed out that:

On the second day of the first month, they made a great festival to Tlaloc, accompanied with sacrifices of children, which were purchased for that purpose, and a gladiatorian sacrifice; these children, which were purchased, were not sacrificed all at once, but successively so, in the course of three months, which corresponded to those of March and April, to obtain from this god the rains which were necessary for their maize. (*HM*, I, 297)

For the method of sacrifice which is important within the context of the poem, see n. to IX.299-307, and for an explanation of the 'gladiatorian sacrifice', see n. to X.83<sub>(b)</sub>-105.

292. S. did not invent the name 'Ocelopan'. He probably obtained it from Samuel Purchas's chapter from the *Codex Mendoza*, and, if this was the case, it is an example of how thoroughly S. sifted Purchas for source material. The explanation to one of the pictures reads: 'The armie of the Mexican people had with them for chiefe Governours ten persons named, Ocelopan [...]' (*PPs*, XV, 416).

312-14. S.'s aim here, and in the lines which follow (see n. to 315-21 below), is to

show that he fully comprehended the architecture — especially the storied structure — of the great temple in Mexico. In the published poem (*Madoc*, 63-64), he conveyed this fact more fully in a passage in which Madoc is led to the temple's summit by Coanocotzin, an idea probably borrowed — though not acknowledged as such — from Gómara's comment (in Purchas's translation) that 'because Cortes and his companie should see the beautie thereof; Mutezuma brought him thither, and shewed him all the order of the Temple, even from the foot to the top' (*PPs*, XV, 549). In a note to this passage (*Madoc*, 469), S. comments that 'the lines which follow describe its [the temple's] structure as related by Clavigero', a fact which is certainly borne out by the latter's description:

This great temple occupied the centre of the city, and, together with the other temples and buildings annexed to it, comprehended all that space upon which the great cathedral church now stands, part of the greater market-place, and part likewise of the streets and buildings around. Within the inclosure of the wall which encompassed it in a square form, the conqueror Cortes affirms that a town of five hundred houses might have stood. The wall, built of stone and lime, was very thick, eight feet high, crowned with battlements, in the form of niches, and ornamented with many stone figures in the shape of serpents, whence it obtained the name of *Coatepantli*, or the wall of serpents. [...] The building consisted of five bodies nearly equal in height, but differing in length and breadth; the highest being narrowest. [...] The stairs, which were on the south side, were made of large, well formed stones, and consisted of a hundred and fourteen steps, each a foot high. They were not, however, one single stair-case continued all the way [...], but were divided into as many separate stair-cases as there were bodies of the building [...]; so that after getting to the top of the first stair-case, one could not mount the second, without going along the first plain round the second; nor the third, without going along the second plain, and so of the rest. (*HM*, I, 262-63)

We can be fairly certain that the descriptions of the temple provided by Purchas in both *PPE*, 872, and *PPs*, XV, 548-49 (both lifted from *CWI*, 201-02), were of little influence upon S., (a) because, in spite of the fact that Purchas added several features not mentioned by Clavigero, S. has not inserted any of them into the poem, and (b) because Purchas makes no mention of the temple's storied structure; the architectural feature which was obviously at the centre of S.'s description.

315-21. In Clavigero, the description of these towers follows on immediately from that of the whole temple which I have cited in the above note:

Upon the fifth body was a plain, which we shall call the upper area, which was about forty three perches long, and thirty-four broad, and was as well paved as the great area below. At the eastern extremity of this plain were raised two towers to the height of fifty-six feet, or nearly nine perches.



Each was divided into three bodies, of which the lower was of stone and lime, and the other two of wood very well wrought and painted. The inferior body or basis of each were properly the sanctuaries, where, upon an altar of stone, five feet high, were placed their tutelary idols. One of these two sanctuaries was consecrated to Huitzilopochtli [S.'s Mexitli], and the god of war; and the other to Tezcatlipoca. (*HM*, I, 263-64)

Given that the context is exactly the same, S.'s comment concerning 'the wily priest' in line 317 might well have been recalling Clavigero's 'deceitful priest' in the passage which I have cited above in n. to 76-86.

The two temple towers were also described by Acosta, but while he also attributed one of them to the dedication of 'Vitziliputzli', he assigned the other to 'his companion Tlalot' (*PPs*, XV, 321); a fact which Purchas also repeated, though without providing Acosta's actual description, in *PPe*, 873.

322-25. As with the other descriptions of the temple, S. has drawn the image of 'the eternal fire' directly from Clavigero:

Before the two sanctuaries were two stone stoves of the height of a man, and of the shape of our holy pyx, in which they preserved a constant fire, night and day, with the utmost care; fearing that if it ever went out, they should suffer the most dreadful punishment from heaven. In the other temples and religious buildings comprised within the inclosure of the great wall, there were six hundred stoves, of the same size and figure, which in the night time, when they used all to be burning, presented a very pleasing sight. (*HM*, I, 264)

Picart had also pointed out that the priests 'were obliged to officiate by Turns in the Temple, in order to keep in the sacred Fire, which was to burn perpetually in honour of the Gods' (Picart, III, 151). Finally, the fire was also mentioned in a passing comment by José de Acosta concerning the election of one of the earliest kings of Mexico, and it thus appeared in both of Purchas's works. As usual, that which Purchas provided in *PPe*, 867, was not acknowledged as a direct translation from Acosta, though it bore a striking resemblance to the account given in *PPs*: 'Presently after his election they conducted him to the Temple with a great traine, where before the divine harth (as they call it) where there is continuall fire, they set him on his royall throane' (*PPs*, XV, 268).

326-34. While S. would have found descriptions of Mexitli's image in several of his sources, the depiction provided in these lines was probably derived primarily from Clavigero. To begin with, S. always refers to the deity as 'Mexitli', while all of his sources apart from Clavigero (see below) use variations of the more

common name 'Vitzliputzli'. Secondly, the description of Mexitli given by Clavigero immediately followed the narrative concerning the myth of the god's birth which S. copied in full into the SW.N (see n. to XII.350-77):

His [Mexitli's] statue was of gigantic size, in the posture of a man seated on a blue-coloured bench, from the four corners of which issued four huge snakes. His forehead was blue, but his face was covered with a golden mask, while another of the same kind covered the back of his head. Upon his head he carried a beautiful crest, shaped like the beak of a bird; upon his neck a collar consisting of ten figures of the human heart; in his right hand, a large, blue, twisted club; in his left, a shield, on which appeared five balls of feathers disposed in the form of a cross, and from the upper part of the shield rose a golden flag with four arrows, which the Mexicans pretended to have been sent to them from heaven to perform those glorious actions which we have seen in their history. His body was girt with a large golden snake, and adorned with various lesser figures of animals made of gold and precious stones, which ornaments and insignia had each their particular meaning. They never deliberated upon making war without imploring the protection of this god, with prayers and sacrifices, and offered up a greater number of human victims to him than to any other of the gods. (*HM*, I, 254-55)

We must not ignore the description provided by Picart however, since, by S.'s own admission (see p.177), Picart's descriptions of all the Mexican gods were of enormous influence upon the writing of *Madoc*. Note that, as Picart himself points out here, his description was largely borrowed from that provided by Gómara:

*Vitzliputzli* was an Idol made of a very precious Wood, represented under an human Shape, seated in a Chair of Sky-colour'd Blue, supported by a Litter, having four Serpents Heads at the four Corners: The Forehead of the Idol was of a blue Colour and had a blue Streak cross the Nose, which went from Ear to Ear. A Dutch Author relates, That this Idol had Wings like those of a Bat, large round Eyes, a Mouth that reach'd from Ear to Ear; but he does not say whence he borrowed these Particulars. We had better stick to the Description which the Author of the *Conquest of Mexico* and his Translator have given us of that Idol which they tell us was placed on a very high Altar, and surrounded with Curtains. He was represented under a human Shape, sitting on a Throne supported by an azure Globe, which they call'd Heaven: Four Poles or Sticks came out from two Sides of this Globe, at the Ends of which Serpents Heads were carv'd; the whole making a Litter, which the Priests carried on their Shoulders, whenever the Idol was shewn in Public. It had on its Head a Helmet of Feathers of different Colours made in the Shape of a Bird, the Bill and Tuft were of burnish'd Gold. Its Countenance was hideous and severe, and was made still uglier by two black Streaks which went the one cross its Forehead and the other cross its Nose. He held in his Right Hand a waving Snake, which serv'd him as a Cane; he held four Arrows in his Left Hand, which he look'd upon with Veneration, as being a Present from Heaven; and a Buckler cover'd with five white Feathers set cross-wise. These several Ornaments, Marks, and Adders, had a mysterious Signification couch'd under them. The Globe denoted the extensive Power of *Vitzliputzli*, who was cover'd over with Pearls and Jewels.' (Picart, III, 146)

Finally, it should be mentioned that Purchas also provided a description of Mexitli/Vitzliputzli in *PPe*, 869-70, but his unnamed source would also appear to have been Gómara.

355-65. While it is possible to provide some clues to several of the references contained in these lines, I have failed to ascertain a satisfactory source for the myth as a whole. To begin with, the reference to 'Ipalnemoani' (the Mexican supreme being) in line 361 would appear to have been taken from *HM*, since S. borrows Clavigero's translation of the word. The explanation in Clavigero ran as follows:

The Mexicans had some idea, though a very imperfect one, of a supreme, absolute, and independent Being, to whom they acknowledged to owe fear and adoration. They represented him in no external form, because they believed him to be invisible; and named him only by the common appellation of God, in their language *Totl*, a word resembling still more in its meaning than in its pronunciation the *Theos* of the Greeks: but they applied to him certain epithets which were highly expressive of the grandeur and power which they conceived him to possess. They called him *Ipalnemoani*, that is He by whom we live [...] but their knowledge and worship of this supreme Being was obscured and in a manner lost in the crowd of deities invented by their superstition. (*HM*, I, 241-42)

That the earliest inhabitants of Mexico were giants, and that the evidence for this lay in the continued existence of 'their monumental bones' (line 365), was a commonly-reported fact among the Spanish commentators in Purchas. S. would have found a brief comment by Herrera concerning legends in Santa Helena of 'men so bigge that had as much from the knee downward, as an ordinarie man in all his body' in *PPs*, XIV, 514, and material from José de Acosta in both of Purchas's works. In *PPe*, 864, Purchas briefly referred to the legend, citing Acosta's comment concerning his having seen a tooth 'as bigge as the fist of a man' in 1586; but it was in *PPs* that Purchas provided Acosta's full account:

When all these Nations peopled these Contreyes, the Chichimecans being the ancient Inhabitants, made no resistance, but fled, and as people amazed, they hid themselves in the most obscure of the Rockes. But those that inhabited on the other side of the Mountaine where the Tlascaltecs had planted themselves, did not suffer them in quiet, as the rest of the Chichimecans had done, but they put themselves in defence to preserve their Country, and being Giants as the Histories report, they sought to expell the last Commers, but they were vanquished by the policy of the Tlascaltecs, who counterfeiting a peace with them, invited them to a great banquet, and when they were busiest in their drunkenesse, there were some laid in ambush, who secretly stole away their weapons, which were great Clubs, Targets, Swords of wood, and other such armes. Then did they suddenly set upon them, and the Chichimecans seeking to defend themselves, they did want their armes, so as they fled to the Mountaines and Forests adjoyning, where they pulled downe Trees, as if they had been stalks of Lettuces. But in the end, the Tlascaltecs being armed, and marching in order, they defeated all the Giants, not leaving one alive. We must not hold this of the Giants to be strange, or a fable; for at this day we finde dead mens bones of an incredible bignesse.

When I was in Mexico, in the yeere 1586, they found one of those Giants buried in one of our Farmes, which we call Jesus du Mont, of whom they brought a tooth to be seene, which (without augmenting) was as bigge as the fist of a man, and according to this, all the rest was proportionable, which I saw and admired at his deformed greatnesse. (*PPs*, XV, 238)

Finally, it should also be noted that a further reference to these giants appeared in the myth of 'the four suns', for which see n. to XIV.114-31.

While he did not actually relate any of the myths concerning the existence of giants, Clavigero did comment upon their having been mentioned by several authors (see *HM*, II, 201).

394-96. See n. to lines 168-72 above.

396-401. Every detail of the nobles' dance here is drawn from *HM*, I, 399:

On such occasions [festivals], the nobles put on their most pompous dresses, adorned themselves with bracelets, ear-rings, and various pendants of gold, jewels, and fine feathers, and carried in one hand a shield covered with the most beautiful plumes, or a fan made of feathers; and in the other an *Ajacaxtli*, which is a certain little vessel [...] resembling a helmet, round or oval in shape, having many little holes and containing a number of little stones which they shook together, accompanying the sound, which is not disagreeable, with their musical instruments.

402-06. While, as I have shown in the above note, S. evidently drew the description of the nobles' dance from Clavigero, I am convinced that his depiction of the dance as a whole — for example, the way in which 'the inferiour Chiefs' and the common people formed circles around the inner core of nobles — was taken from Acosta. To begin with, it is only in Acosta that we find the ritual of these circular formations described, and secondly, S.'s use of the word 'wheel' (line 404) surely suggests a direct linguistic borrowing:

In these dances they made two Circles or Wheelles, the one was in the midst neere to the Instruments, wherein the Ancients and Noblemen did sing and dance with a soft and slow motion; and the other was of the rest of the people round about them, but a good distance from the first, wherein they danced two and two more lightly, making divers kinds of paces, with certayne leaps to the measure. All which together made a very great Circle. (*PPs*, XV, 411)

---

## Explanatory Notes to Book IX

84-85. S. would have found a description of the llama and of its utility as a beast of burden in at least three sources: two in Purchas and one in Garcilaso. Acosta wrote that:

There is nothing at Peru of greater riches and profit then the Cattell of the Country, which our men call Indian Sheepe, and the Indians in their generall language call them Lama. For all things well considered, it is a beast of the greatest profit and least charge of any that I know: from them they draw meate and clothing, as from the sheepe of Spaine. Moreover, they have the benefit to carry all things they have need of, using them to beare their burthens: and they have no need either of shooes or saddles, nor yet of oates, but he serveth his Master for nought, feeding on the grasse he findes in the fields. (*PPs*, XV, 119)

Garcilaso's description — complete with an illustration of the burdened Llama in Rycaut's edition — ran as follows:

The tame Cattel which God hath given to the *Indians of Peru*, are of two sorts, which, as *Blas valera* saith, are of a Disposition as gentle and easie as the *Indians* are themselves; being so tame, especially those which serve to carry their burthens, that a Child may be able to govern them. These are of two sorts, some of a bigger kind, and some of a less; in general the *Indians* give them the name of *Llama*, and the Shepherd or Pastor of them, *Llama Michec*. (*RCP*, 328)

Purchas also printed a description of the Llama and its uses by the Portuguese explorer Lopez Vaz (for whom, see *EIINW*, 46-47) in bk. VII, chap. XI of the *PPs* (XVI, 282).

While the above were S.'s most obvious sources for the image of the 'patient llamas' as the domesticated beasts of burden in Peru, I would suggest that he may also have been influenced by a line in Helen Maria Williams's poem *Peru* (1784). Williams' poem opens with a description of the landscape of 'lost Peruvia', within which the following four lines appear describing three kinds of native animal:

The downy Pacos' spread o'er hill and plain  
Their purple fleece, and crop the golden grain;  
The silky soft Vicunnas sport around,  
and the meek Lamas burden'd press the ground.

Three foot-notes follow which describe various aspects of these animals, the final one of which explains that 'The Lamas are employed as mules, in carrying burdens' (Helen Maria Williams, *Peru, a Poem* (London, 1784), 4).

185-91. S.'s description of the priest's attire was probably drawn primarily from *HM*, I, 273:

The dress of the Mexican priests was in no way different from the dress of

the common people, except a black cotton mantle, which they wore in the manner of a veil upon their heads; but those who in their monasteries professed a greater austerity of life, went always clothed in black, like the common priests of other nations of the empire. They never shaved, by which means the hair of many of them grew so long as to reach to their legs. It was twisted with thick cotton cords, and bedaubed with ink, forming a weighty mass not less inconvenient to be carried about with them than disgusting and even horrid to view.

S. may also have drawn on the description provided by Acosta, which appeared in Purchas's *PPe*, 876, and — in a slightly altered version — in *PPs*, XV, 348.

The following is from the latter:

Their [the priests'] haire grew so, as in time it hung downe to their hammes, so heavily, that it was troublesome for them to beare it, for they did never cut it [...] They carried their Haire in tresses, of sixe fingers breadth, which they dyed blacke with the fume of Sapine, of Firre trees, or Rosin; for in all Antiquitie it hath beene an offering they made unto their Idols, and for this cause it was much esteemed and revered. They were always dyed with this tincture from the foot to the head, so as they were like unto shining Negroes [...]

Finally, there was also the account in Picart, III, 152:

Nor was the Consecration of these Priests less remarkable than their Function. They used to anoint them from Head to Foot: Their Hair, which they always wore very long, and which they did not presume to cut during the Priesthood, was continually moisten'd with a kind of black Perfume that was partly made of Rosin; this would undoubtedly have been very loathsome, had not the Respect which immediately arises at the Sight of such Things as are look'd upon as sacred, metamorphos'd it into an agreeable and even devine Object.

It should be noted that S. was careful to distinguish between the costume of the ordinary priests as described here, and that of the special 'ministers of the sacrifice', as depicted briefly in III.489-91 and in detail in X.20-28 (see relevant nn.).

**202-05.** S. would have derived the idea of the 'ministring virgins', dedicated from infancy to the service of the temple by their parents, from descriptions in Clavigero, Picart and Acosta. In a brief comment during his discussion of the Mexican deities, Clavigero observed that 'They [the Mexican people] made vows for their children as well as for themselves, and frequently dedicated them to the service of their gods in some temple or monastery' (*HM*, I, 260). He then expanded upon this in his discussion of the numerous temple personnel:

Among the priestesses, some were destined by their parents from their infancy to the service of the temples; others on account of some particular vow which they had made during sickness, or that they might ensure from their gods a good marriage, or the prosperity of their families, entered upon such offices for one or two years.

The consecration of the first was made in the following manner. As soon as the girl was born, the parents offered her to some god, and

informed the rector of that district of it; he gave notice to the Tepanteohuatzin, who, as we have already mentioned, was the superior general of the seminaries. Two months after they carried her to the temple, and put a small broom, and a small censer of clay in her little hands, with a little copal in it, to shew her destination. Every month they repeated the visit to the temple and the offering, together with the bark of some trees for the sacred fire. When the child attained her fifth year, the parents consigned her to the Tepanteohuatzin, who lodged her in a female seminary, where children were instructed in religion, and the proper duties and employments of their sex. The first thing done to those who entered into the service on account of some private vow, was the cutting off their hair. Both the latter and the former lived in great purity of manners, silence, and retirement, under their superiors, without having any communication with men. Some of them rose about two hours before midnight, others at midnight, and others at day-break to stir up and keep the fire burning, and to offer incense to the idols [...] Every morning they prepared the offering of provisions which was presented to the idols, and swept the lower area of the temple, and the time which was not occupied in these, or other religious duties, was employed in spinning and weaving beautiful cloths for the dress of the idols, and the decoration of the sanctuaries. Nothing was more zealously attended to than the chastity of these virgins. Any trespass of this nature was unpardonable. (*HM*, I, 275-76)

The account given in Picart was slightly different, and though the differences add nothing to these particular lines, their importance in the wider context of the poem will be immediately obvious in that Picart's emphasis on the fact that the temple virgins were permitted to marry after their designated term of office had expired forms the basis for the relationship between Coatel and Lincoya. (See, for example, Cadwallon's comments in VII.317-20B):

They had an Order of Vestals, who were clothed in White, and call'd by the Name of *Daughters of Penance*. These were admitted into the Order at twelve or thirteen Years of Age, and were oblig'd to have their Heads shav'd, at a certain Season excepted, during which they were suffer'd to let their Hair grow. These Nuns were under the Direction of an Abbess, whose Office was to keep the Temples clean, and they also dressed the sacred Meats which were presented to the Idols, and which afterwards served as Food to their Ministers. [...] Above all, they were bound to preserve their Chastity unsullied, the Violation of which was punished with Death. This Continence was not indeed to be perpetual, since, as they were sent to the Convent only to fulfil some Vow which their Parents had made to the Gods, they were allow'd to marry after a certain Term of Years. (Picart, III, 153)

In Purchas's translation (*PPs*, XV, 324), José de Acosta's account ran as follows:

Within this great circuit whereof wee have spoken, which was in the principall Temple, there were two Houses like Cloysters, the one opposite to the other, one of Men, the other of Women: In that of women, they were Virgins onely, of twelve or thirteene yeeres of age, which they called the Maides of Penance. They were as many as the men, and lived chastely, and regularly, as Virgins dedicated to the service of their god. Their charge was, to sweep and make cleane the Temple, and every morning to prepare meat for the Idoll and his Ministers, of the Almes the religious gathered. [...] These Virgins had their haire cut, and then they let them grow for a certaine time: they rose at mid-night to the Idolls Mattins, which they daily celebrated, performing the same exercises the Religious did. They had their Abbesses whom employed them to make cloth of divers fashions for the ornament of their Idolls and Temples.

While not acknowledging it as a direct translation from Acosta, Purchas virtually printed the same account verbatim in *PPe*, 874.

234-42. In the SW.N (ff.56-57), S. has copied some comments concerning the goddess Aiauh from Clavigero, though they carry no attribution. S. changes the first sentence to 'Aiauh is one of the names of the Water-Goddess, the companion of Tlaloc', thus avoiding the two names for the deity with which Clavigero begins. S. has chosen the name 'Aiauh' from a list of alternative names provided by Clavigero in a note which follows his description, where the name is translated as 'the motions of the water'. The following is from Clavigero's original, with the passage in angled brackets being absent from S.'s transcription:

Chalchihcueje, otherwise *Chalchihuitlicue*, the goddess of water, and companion of Tlaloc. < She was known by some other very expressive names, which either signify the effects which water produces, or the different appearances and colours which it assumes in motion. > The Tlascalans called her *Matlacueie*, that is, clothed in a green robe; and they gave the same name to the highest mountain of Tlascalá, on whose summit are formed those stormy clouds which generally burst over the city of Angelopoli. To that summit the Tlascalans ascended to perform their sacrifices, and offer up their prayers. (*HM*, I, 251-52)

243-50. S. derived both the ideas contained within these lines concerning the souls of those children who were sacrificed to Tlaloc from Clavigero:

The souls of those that were drowned or struck by lightning, of those who died by dropsy, tumors, wounds, and other such diseases, went, as the Mexicans believed, along with the souls of children, at least of those who were sacrificed to *Tlaloc* the god of water, to a cool and delightful place, called *Tlalocan*, where the god resided, and where they were to enjoy the most delicious repasts, with every other kind of pleasure. In the inner part of the greater temple of Mexico there was a particular place where they supposed that on a certain day of the year all the children which had been sacrificed to *Tlaloc*, came, and invisibly assisted at the ceremony. (*HM*, I, 243)

S. copied this final sentence into the SW.N (f.57) as part of his larger description of Tlaloc (see n. to VIII.93).

299-307. The method of sacrifice which is being planned for young Hoel here was described by Clavigero:

At another festival of the same god [Tlaloc], they purchased three little boys of six or seven years of age, shut them up inhumanly in a cavern, and left them to die of fear and hunger. (*HM*, I, 280)

327-32. In Clavigero (*HM*, I, 257), there appeared the following description of the



goddess Coatlantona and her festival:

Coatlicue, or *Coatlantona*, was the goddess of flowers. She had a temple in Mexico called *Jopico*, where a festival was celebrated to her by the *Xochimanqui*, or composers of nosegays of flowers, in the third month which falls in the spring. They presented her among other things with beautiful braids of flowers.

For a modern description of Coatlicue see *ELAHC*, II, 179-80, where it is made apparent that she was the mother of Huitzilipochtli (see n. to XII.350-77), a fact not apparent in either S.'s text or, as far as I can discern, other sources.

---

## Explanatory Notes to Book X

20-28. S. has been very careful here to depict exactly the costume of the 'ministers of the sacrifice', as opposed to that of the ordinary priests, which he had already described in IX.185-91 (see n.). His description was probably taken primarily from Clavigero, and we should note how he has included every detail from the latter:

The usual ministers of the sacrifice were six priests, the chief of whom was the *Topiltzin*, whose dignity was pre-eminent and hereditary [...] For the performance of this function, he was clothed in a red habit, similar in make to the scapulary of the moderns, fringed with cotton; on his head he wore a crown of green and yellow feathers, at his ears hung golden ear-rings and green jewels, (perhaps emeralds), and at his under-lip a pendant of turquoise. (*HM*, I, 278-79)

It was from the passage which immediately followed this in Clavigero that S. had already taken the brief description of the sacrificing minister whom Madoc first encountered in III.489-91 (see n.).

S. would also have found several of these details in Purchas (*PPe*, 871):

Six of the Priests were appointed to this execution; foure to hold the hands and feet of him that should be sacrificed, the fift to hold his head, the sixt to open the stomacke, and pull out his heart. They called them *Chachalmua*, that is, the Ministers of holy things. [...] The sixt, which killed the Sacrifice, was as high Priest, or Bishop, whose name was different according to the difference of times and solemnities. Their habits also differed according to the times. The name of their chiefe dignitie was *Papa* and *Topilzin*. Their habit and Robe was a red Curtain with tassels below, a Crowne of rich Feathers, Greene, White and Yellow vpon his head, and at his eares like pendants of Gold, wherein were set greene stones, and vnder the lip vpon the midst of the beard, he had a Piece like vnto a small Canon of an Azured stone. The Sacrificer came with his face and hands shining blacke: the other fiue had their hair much curled, and tied vp with Laces of Leather, bound about the midst of the head [...]

Finally, Picart had also stressed 'that those Priests who sacrificed Men, were distinguished by the Title of *Ministers of Sacred Things*; and that this *Employment* was the highest Dignity of the Priesthood' (Picart, III, 150).

33-34. The metaphor which Tlalala uses here to describe the altar which was most frequently used for sacrifice is taken directly from the description in *HM*, I, 278:

The customary place [for sacrifice] was the temple, in the upper area of which stood the altar destined for ordinary sacrifices. The altar of the greater temple of Mexico was a green stone (probably jasper) convex above, and about three feet high, and as many broad, and more than five feet long.

40-54. In that summary of books VII-XV for MS.2A which I believe S. began writing out while at Hereford in August 1798 (see p.64), and which J.W. Warter later

printed in *SCB*, S. wrote the following:

Tlalala tells how his father took prisoner a chief who had passed the probation (Robertson), and who had made a drum of his enemies' skin (Garcilaso); that he killed him in the gladiatorian sacrifice, and besought the gods for a son who might follow his example, and that the gods had heard him. (*SCB*, IV, 206)

As these lines show, S. carried out these projected plans to the letter, but the summary is useful in that the parenthesised references provide us with source material both for these lines and for lines 56-59 below (see following n.). S.'s reference to 'a chief who had passed the probation' in Robertson relates to a gruesome passage in *HA*, 359-60, entitled 'The prisoners who are about to be tortured':

When the fatal sentence is intimated to them, they receive it with an unaltered countenance, raise their death-song, and prepare to suffer like men. [...] The prisoners are tied naked to a stake, but so as to be at liberty to move around it. All who are present, men, women, and children, rush upon them like furies. Every species of torture is applied that the rancour of revenge can invent. Some burn their limbs with red-hot irons, some mangle their bodies with knives, others tear their flesh from their bones, pluck out their nails by the roots, and rend and twist their sinews. [...] In spite of all that they suffer, the victims continue to chant their death-song with a firm voice, they boast of their own exploits, they insult their tormentors for their want of skill in avenging their friends and relations, they warn them of the vengeance which awaits them, on account of their death, and excite their ferocity by the most provoking reproaches and threats. To display undaunted fortitude in such dreadful situations is the noblest triumph of a warrior. To avoid the trial by a voluntary death, or to shrink under it, is deemed infamous and cowardly. If any one betray symptoms of timidity, they often dispatch him at once with contempt, as unworthy of being treated like a man.

While S. invents some alternative tortures in Tlalala's speech, Robertson's original is evidently the source for the idea.

**56-59.** As I have quoted in the above note, in the summary of his ideas for books VI-XV of MS.2A, S. provided a useful source for these lines by describing 'a chief who had passed the probation (Robertson), and who had made a drum of his enemies' skin (Garcilaso)'. There is still further proof that the idea for this drum came from Garcilaso however. On f.78 of the SW.N, S. has copied the full quotation from *RCP*, which is evidently the source for these lines. This is also interesting because it appears to be the only extant quotation in any of S.'s notebooks of this period to be taken from Rycout's translation of Garcilaso (see my discussion of the work in chap. 9.11), though, even here, he cites no actual edition or page number for the quotation, giving the source only as 'Garcilasso'. The following is from the original:

In some Provinces, they flead the Captives taken in War, and with their Skins covered their Drums, thinking with the sound of them to affright their Enemies; for their opinion was, that when their Kindred heard the rumbling noise of those Drums, they would be immediately seized with fear, and put to flight. (*RCP*, I, 8)

83<sup>(b)</sup>-105. S. would have found the idea for the 'gladiatorian sacrifice' in all of his major Mexican sources, but it is clear from the minutiae provided here that he was drawing primarily on the account given by Clavigero:

The most celebrated sacrifice among the Mexicans was that called by the Spaniards with much propriety *the gladiatorian*. This was a very honourable death, and only prisoners who were renowned for their bravery were permitted to die by it. Near to the greater temple of large cities, in an open space of ground sufficient to contain an immense croud of people, was a round terrace, eight feet high, upon which was placed a large round stone, resembling a mill-stone in figure, but greatly larger, and almost three feet high, well polished, with figures cut upon it. On this stone, which was called the *Temalacatl*, the prisoner was placed, armed with a shield and a short sword, and tied by one foot. A Mexican officer or soldier better accoutred in arms, mounted to combat with him. Every one will be able to imagine the efforts made by the desperate victim to defend his life, and also those of the Mexican to save his honour and reputation, before the multitude of people that assembled at such a spectacle. If the prisoner remained vanquished, immediately a priest named *Chalchiuhtephua*, carried him dead or alive to the altar of the common sacrifices, opened his breast, and took out his heart, while the victor was applauded by the assembly, and rewarded by the king with some military honour. But if the prisoner conquered six different combatants, who came successively to fight with him, agreeable to the account given by the conqueror Cortes, he was granted his life, his liberty, and all that had been taken from him, and returned with glory to his native country. (*HM*, I, 280-81)

Picart also offered a description of the 'gladiatorian sacrifice', but in his version, the victim fought a battle with the priest who was to sacrifice him, and not with a warrior:

If he had the good Fortune to gain the better of the Priest, he was released, and look'd upon as a brave Man; but if the Priest came off Conqueror, he first kil'd him, then flay'd off his Skin, and, as we are told, had his Limbs dres'd and serv'd up in one of those they call'd their religious Meals. (Picart, III, 150-51)

The practice was also described in both of Purchas's works: an unacknowledged description in *PPe*, 872, and a translation from Acosta in *PPs*, XV, 336. The description given by Acosta was probably the basis for Picart's account, and given that several of the details in S.'s depiction are missing from both writers (especially the idea of the sacrificial victim having to conquer six successive foes), it is evident that Clavigero remained the primary source here.

116<sup>(b)</sup>-26. In *HM*, I, 365-66, Clavigero described in detail 'the defensive arms common to the nobles and plebians, to the officers and soldiers', and it is interesting to

note just how careful S. has been to emphasise Tlalala's rank as an Aztec officer by the description of his attire. Even lines 118-20 are an embellished version of Clavigero's observation that the officers' cotton breast-plates were 'arrow-proof'. Clavigero's entire description ran as follows:

The defensive arms peculiar to the officers were breast-plates of cotton, one and sometimes two fingers thick, which were arrow-proof; and on this account the Spaniards themselves made use of them in the war against the Mexicans. [...] Over this sort of cuirass, which only covered part of the breast, they put on another piece of armour, which, besides the chest, covered the thighs, and the half of the arms. [...] The lords were accustomed to wear a thick upper coat of feathers, over a cuirass made of several plates of gold, or silver gilt, which rendered them invulnerable, not only by arrows, but even by darts or swords, as the anonymous conqueror affirms. Besides the armour which they wore for the defence of their chests, their arms, their thighs, and even their legs; their heads were usually cased in the heads of tygers, or serpents, made of wood, or some other substance, with the mouth open, and furnished with large teeth that they might inspire terror, and so animated in appearance, that the above-mentioned author says, they seemed to be vomiting up the soldiers.

292-98<sub>(a)</sub>. S. is, I believe, making two subtle points here, but both points were as likely to have been lost on his contemporary readers as they would be on those of the present day. The first point which he wished to emphasise in these lines was that it was the men of Deheubarth (South Wales), rather than those of Madoc's native Gwynedd, who specialised in archery. This was a point which Gerald mentioned twice. In the *Journey through Wales* he observed that 'just as the bow is the chief weapon in south Wales, so here in Gwynedd they prefer the spear' (Gerald, 182), and in the *Description of Wales* he pointed out that 'the men of that part of Wales [the north] are very skilful with their long spears. Those of the south, especially Gwent, use the bow to great effect' (Gerald, 230-31). It was evidently from this second comment that William Warrington borrowed his observation, and the latter was presumably S.'s original source for the fact:

the men [...] of South-Wales, and, particularly, the province of Guent [*sic*], or Monmouth, which was then a part of that kingdom, were accounted the best archers; not being inferiour, in the use of the long bow, to the Normans themselves. (*HW*, 65)

S.'s second point in these lines arises directly out of his first: by making it clear that the archers of Deheubarth are among Cadwallon's ranks, he is forcing home (a) the fact that Madoc's 'recruitment drive' across Wales in bk. IV was an enormous success, and (b) that Madoc himself, as I have discussed in chap. 8.2, was a symbol of Welsh unity in the face of civil strife.

Finally, it should be noted that S. again highlighted the differences between the

preferred choice of weaponry in north and south Wales in lines 316-23 below (see following n.).

**316-23.** As in lines 292-98<sup>(a)</sup> above, S. here wishes to illustrate the differences between the weapons which were prevalent in north and south Wales. It was a point which Gerald had made on two separate occasions, and which William Warrington had echoed (see the quotations in the above n.). With regard to the 'lances' which S. mentions here, Warrington had commented that, while 'the whole nation was wonderfully expert' in their use, 'more especially, the men of North-Wales [...] had pikes so strong and well-pointed, that they would pierce through an iron coat of mail' (*HW*, 65). S. must surely have been thinking of this very comment by Warrington when he composed lines 314-17.

**333-46.** It is difficult not to view these lines as a thinly-disguised expression of S.'s own antipathy to the continental war, especially given that he was contributing some of his most vehement anti-war poems to the *MP* at this particular period. On 7 February 1799 for example, one day before he commenced work on this book of MS.2A (see p.68), his poem on the evacuation of Toulon — a poem which was later deemed too radical for its inclusion in the first volume of the *AA* (see Curry, 'The Contributors to the *Annual Anthology*', 53) — had been published in *The Post* (*CMP*, 133), and on 23 February, the very day on which he completed bk. X, his poem entitled *Cortez. History is Philosophy, Teaching by Example* had appeared with the opening lines:

'T WAS lest we should grow discontented,  
That our great Minister, the Heav'n-born PITT,  
To go to war thought fit.  
Thinking the people's tendency to riot,  
By sending them to war might be prevented,  
He set them fighting, just to keep them quiet. (*CMP*, 137)

---

## Explanatory Notes to Book XI

28-35<sup>(a)</sup>. Like so many of his contemporaries, S. was fascinated by the kind of natural phenomenon which insects like the fire-fly could produce, and for the uses to which this might be put. Given that he could have read about such phenomenon in a number of places, the suggestion of definitive sources for this passage must obviously be somewhat tenuous. Having said this, there were three sources of information which we can be certain that S. would have known. The first was a passage in *Clavigero* which, given that it included a comment concerning the fact that the light of the fire-fly is powerful enough to guide travellers at night, might have inspired S. with the idea for Coatel's lamp:

The Cucujo or shining beetle [...] is more than an inch in length; and, like other flying beetles, is furnished with double wings. [...] Near the eyes are two small membranes, and upon the belly one somewhat larger, of a thin, transparent substance, which are full of luminous matter, affording a light strong enough to read by, and to shew the way to those who travel at night. It shews most light when it flies; but none at all while it sleeps, as it is then covered with the other opaque membranes. [...] There are great numbers of these flying phosphori upon the sea coasts, and which form upon (p.) neighbouring hills, at night, a very beautiful and brilliant spectacle. (*HM*, I, 67-68)

In *PPs*, XV, 215, Purchas printed a short description of glow worms from Oviedo, which also contained a comment concerning their light being sufficient to guide travellers at night. The other source which S. would certainly have known was a note in Erasmus Darwin's *The Botanic Garden*. In the first edition of the poem (London, 1791), the lines concerning fire-flies appeared on p.19, but it was note IX of the 'additional notes' — the latter being on unnumbered pages at the end of the poem — which contained both an explanation of the luminescence of these insects and (again significantly) their usefulness as lamps:

Luminous Insects. There are eighteen species of Lampyris or glow-worm, according to Linneus, some of which are found in almost every part of the world. [...] They become much more lucid when they put themselves in motion, which would seem to indicate that their light is owing to their respiration; in which process it is probable phosphoric acid is produced by the combination of vital air with some part of the blood, and that light is given out through their transparent bodies by this flow of internal combustion.

There is a fire-fly of the beetle-kind described in the *Dict. Raisonné* under the name of *Acudia*, which is said to be two inches long, and inhabits the West-Indies and South-America; the natives use them instead of candles, putting from one to three of them under a glass. Madam Merian says, that at Surinam the light of this fly is so great that she saw sufficiently well by one of them to paint and finish one of the figures of them in her work on insects. The largest and oldest of them are said to become four inches long, and to shine like a shooting star as they fly, and are thence called Lantern-bearers.

S. evidently retained his fascination for these insects, as shown by the

inclusion of the following lines in bk. X of *Roderick*:

Before their feet  
The fire-flies, swarming in the woodland shade,  
Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled round their way [...] (*PW*, IX, 88)

134-37. See n. to I.238-43.

173-79<sub>(a)</sub>. Initially, this would appear to be a rather clumsy device invented by S. in order to explain the unlikely possibility of Madoc's forces prevailing over vastly superior numbers. This is not the case however. The idea of the Mexicans refraining from killing their enemies in order that they might capture them for sacrificial purposes was taken directly from passages in both Clavigero and Purchas. The former observed that:

It is not, however, to be doubted, that the sacrifices were very numerous; the conquests of the Mexicans having been extremely rapid, and as their aim in war was not so much to kill as to make prisoners of the enemy for this purpose. (*HM*, I, 282)

S. would have found the practice mentioned in both of Purchas's works. In *PPe*, 871, Purchas merely observed that 'the persons they sacrificed were Captives: to get which, they made their warres, rather seeking in their victories to take then to kill', but in *PPs* he provided more information from his translation of Acosta, who commented upon the practice in two separate passages:

In truth the Mexicans did not sacrifice any to their Idols, but Captives, and the ordinary warres they made, was onely to have Captives for their Sacrifices: and therefore when they did fight, they laboured to take their enemies alive, and not to kill them, to enjoy their Sacrifices. (*PPs*, XV, 332)

Presently they [the priests] prepared themselves, and advertised one another, that their Gods required Meate, and therefore they should command their people to bee readie to goe to the Warres; and thus the people assembled, and the companies appointed went to field, where they mustred their forces; and all their quarrell and fight was to take one another for sacrifice, striving on either side to take what Captives they could, so as in these battels they laboured more to take, then to kill, for that all their intention was to take men alive, to give them to their Idols to eate, for after that manner brought they their Sacrifice unto their Gods. (*PPs*, XV, 337)

203-04. The 'feathery robe of majesty' which S. is describing here is taken directly from Clavigero. The latter commented that 'When the king went to war, he wore besides his armour, particular badges of distinction', and, having described several of these, he concluded that 'the badge most expressive of majesty, was a work of great labour made of beautiful feathers, which reached from the head all



down the back' (*HM*, I, 365).

263. As well as pointing out that the word `plat' can mean anything flat, like a sheet of metal, the *OED* also notes that it is an alternative spelling for both `plait' and `plate'. In this context, one would suppose S. to have meant the former; that is, the plumes were closely intertwined to form a protection for the head. However, in MS.2B, S. changed the word to `plate'. In the published poem however (*Madoc*, 223), S. uses the phrase `a grassy plat' to describe the burial place which Madoc chooses for his father Owain (see n. to II.142<sub>(b)</sub>-50), which shows that he was aware of the first *OED* meaning which I have mentioned here.

264. The *OED* defines `glode' as a rare spelling for the past tense of `glide'. One of the examples cited, and one which S. would have known well, is Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, IV, iv, 23:

Like sparke of fire that from the andvile glode.

Perhaps S. came to think of `glode' as too archaic, since he changed it into "glides" in the published poem (*Madoc*, 361).

---

## Explanatory Notes to Book XII

27-31<sub>(a)</sub>. Both Acosta and Clavigero were at pains to emphasise that the succession of the Mexican kingdom was by election and not hereditary, and it is possible that, in these lines, S. is deliberately highlighting this 'democratic' process. The passage in Purchas's translation of Acosta also emphasised the importance of an attestable military prowess on the part of the chosen sovereign, and this is the other point which S. has highlighted in these lines:

The first point whereby wee may judge the Mexican government to bee very politike, is the order they had and kept inviolable in the election of their King: for since their first, called Acamapach, unto their last, which was Moteçuma, the second of that name, there came none to the Crowne by right of succession, but by a lawfull Nomination and Election. This election in the beginning was by the voice of the Commons, although the Chiefe men managed it. [...] They did commonly choose young men for their Kings, because they went alwayes to the warres, and this was in a manner of the chiefe cause why they desired them so. (PPs, XV, 403)

Clavigero emphasised the importance of the popular voice in choosing the king by the narration of an anecdote from its origins with the death of the first Mexican king Acamapitzin (or 'Acamapach' in Acosta):

A little before his death, Acamapitzin called together the great men of the city; when after exhorting them to maintain their zeal for the public good, recommending to them the care of his wives and children; and declaring the pain it gave him at his death, to think of leaving his people tributary to the Tepanecas, he said, that, having received the crown from their hands, he put it into their hands again, in order that they might bestow it upon him who they thought would do the state most service. (HM, I, 130)

33-39. The minutiae of biers and costumes in these lines are copied exactly from the description of Mexican funeral rites in Clavigero, though S. has ascribed to all the 'slaughtered Chiefs' of Aztlan those rites which Clavigero mentions as only belonging to the dead monarch:

[...] they laid the royal corpse upon beautiful curiously wrought mats, which was attended and watched by his domestics. Upon the fourth or fifth day after [...] they clothed the corpse in fifteen, or more, very fine habits of cotton of various colours, ornamented it with gold, silver, and gems [...], covered the face with a mask, and over the habits were placed the ensigns of that god, in whose temple or area the ashes were to be buried. (HM, I, 323-24)

39-57<sub>(a)</sub>. As in lines 33-39 above, the rituals described in these lines are a close paraphrase of the funeral rites described by Clavigero:

With the habit they gave the dead a jug of water, which was to serve on the journey to the other world, and also at successive different times, different pieces of paper, mentioning the use of each. On consigning the first piece to the dead, they said: *By means of this you will pass without danger*

*between the two mountains which fight against each other. With the second they said: By means of this you will walk without obstruction along the road which is defended by the great serpent. With the third: By this you will go securely through the place, where there is the crocodile, Xochitonal. The fourth was a safe passport through the eight deserts; the fifth through the eight hills; and the sixth was given in order to pass without hurt through the sharp wind. (HM, I, 322-23)*

57<sub>(b)</sub>-103<sub>(a)</sub>. Although S. has slightly rearranged the order of events, all the details of Coanocotzin's funeral procession are, once again, drawn from Clavigero's description of a monarch's funeral:

The funeral procession came next, accompanied by all the relations of the deceased, the whole of the nobility, and the wives of the late king, who testified their sorrow by tears and other demonstrations of grief. The nobles carried a great standard of paper, and the royal arms and ensigns. [...] Upon their arrival at the lower area of the temple, the high priest, together with their servants, came out to meet the royal corpse, which, without delay, they placed upon the funeral pile, which was prepared there for that purpose of odoriferous resinous woods, together with a large quantity of copal, and other aromatic substances. While the royal corpse, and all its habits, the arms and ensigns were burning, they sacrificed at the bottom of the stairs of the temple a great number of slaves of those which belonged to the deceased, and also of those which had been presented by the lords. Along with the slaves, they likewise sacrificed some of the irregularly formed men, whom the king had collected in his palaces for his entertainment, in order that they might give him the same pleasure in the other world; and for the same reason they used also to sacrifice some of his wives. (HM, I, 324-25)

Concerning the putting to death of the king's relations and retinue, S. would also have derived some information from numerous other sources. To begin with, there were three separate passages in *PPs*, two from Acosta and one from Gómara. In the first, Acosta commented that 'on the day of his [the king's] decease, they did put to death the woman he had loved best, his Servants and Officers, that they might serve him in the other life' (*PPs*, XV, 309). The second passage offered more detail, but it is the specific reference to the 'dwarfs' (also to be found in Gómara, see below), echoed by S. in lines 67 and 102<sub>(b)</sub>, which suggests that he made use of the descriptions in Purchas in addition to those of Clavigero. The translation from Acosta ran as follows:

And if he were a King or Lord of some towne, they offered him slaves to be put to death with him, to the end they might serve him in the other world. They likewise put to death his Priest [...] his Cook, his Butler, his Dwarfes, and deformed men, by whom he was most served [...] Finally, they put to death all his traine, for the entertaining of his house in the other world [...] (*PPs*, XV, 311)

The passage from Gómara, lifted verbatim by Purchas from *CWI*, 385, ran as follows:

the Priests sacrificed two hundred persons, howbeit in his Ceremonie there

were no ordinary tax, for sometimes they sacrificed many mo[r]e [...] they believed assuredly that those should serve for his slaves in another world: some of them were Dwarfes, monstrous and deformed persons, with some women. (*PPs*, XV, 563)

It should be noted that Purchas had already related much of this information in *PPe*, 878.

Two further sources should also be mentioned. Robertson pointed out that many 'principal officers', 'favourite wives' and 'domestics of inferior rank' were sacrificed along with the monarchs, 'that they may be attended in the next world by the same persons who served them in this' (*HA*, I, 344). Finally, S. would also have found similar practices among the Incas described by Garcilaso, though, not surprisingly, the latter was anxious to emphasise that 'what some Historians write relating to this matter, namely, that they kill the Servants after the death of their Masters, is a mistake; for that would have been a piece of Tyranny, and Inhumanity, above the capacity of humane Nature'. In Garcilaso's version, when an Inca chief died, his servants and relatives 'needed no Law or compulsion to enforce them to follow the Fate of their Master', but rather 'crowded so fast after him, desiring death, that the magistrates were forced sometimes to interpose with their Authority, and persuade them, that for the present their Master had no need of their attendance' (*RCP*, 193).

**103<sup>(b)</sup>-05.** These lines may have been a reworking of two passages in *PPs*, one from Acosta and one from Gómara. Acosta briefly commented that 'They did put the ashes of such as were burnt into pots' (*PPs*, XV, 310), though it was the passage in Gómara, taken by Purchas from *CWI*, 385, which would appear to have had more influence on S., since it presumably provided the basis for the comment concerning the unburned teeth in lines 105-06:

[...] all the ashes were gathered together, and the teeth with the Emerald that was in his mouth, the which things were put into a Chest [...] (*PPs*, XV, 563)

**106-09.** Even these two small details had their sources in both Clavigero and Purchas, but there are good reasons for presuming the former to have been S.'s primary source. The first detail stemmed from Clavigero's comment that 'they cut off some of the hair, which, together with some more which had been cut off in the infancy of the king, they preserved in a little box, in order to perpetuate, as they

said, the memory of the deceased' (*HM*, I, 324). The second is evidently a reworking of Clavigero's observation that '[they] hung an emerald at the [king's] under lip, which was to serve in place of a heart' (*HM*, I, 325). Both details were also in Purchas's translation of Gómara in *PPs*, but Gómara nowhere suggests that the emerald carried any emblematic significance. The passage, which was lifted verbatim from *CWI*, 384, ran as follows:

The dead body was laid upon a faire Mat, and was watched foure nights, with great lamentation and morning: then the body was washed, and a locke of haire cut from the crowne of his head, which was preserved as a great relicke, saying, that therein remained the remembrance of his soul. This done, a fine Emerald was put in his mouth [...] (*PPs*, XV, 562)

It should also be noted that Purchas had already used this passage, almost verbatim, though without any reference to Gómara, in *PPe*, 878.

122-23<sub>(a)</sub>. The final resting place of Coanocotzin's ashes is yet another detail which S. has been careful to incorporate from the funeral description in Clavigero, who pointed out that 'The ashes of the kings and lords, were, for the most part, deposited in the towers of the temples, especially in those of the greater temple' (*HM*, I, 325-26).

124-26. See n. to 27-31<sub>(a)</sub> above.

126-47. Many of the details which S. incorporated into the description of this coronation were clearly drawn from either Picart or Purchas, both of whom, as Purchas himself admitted, derived their information from Gómara. The fullest description appeared in Picart:

One of the principal Magistrates afterwards made a long Harangue, to congratulate the Prince in the Name of the Empire; intermixing it with Instructions, in which he represented to him the Cares and Obligations of those who are raised to the sovereign Dignity, and how attentive he ought to be to the Happiness and Prosperity of his Subjects, &c. The High-Priest, clothed in his pontifical Vestments, crown'd the Kings as it were. 'Twas he anointed them; for which Purpose a thick Liquor, as black as Ink, was employ'd; but we don't know what it was made of. The above-mention'd High-Priest bles'd [*sic*] the King, and sprinkled him four Times together with a consecrated Water; putting a Cowl over his Head, on which Bones and Skulls were painted, and a black Robe over his Body, over which they put another blue one, painted in the same Manner as the Cowl. All this was undoubtedly done to teach him, that Kings are as much subject to Death as the most wretched Mortal; and that all that remains of this Grandeur, which is so much envied by the Plebeian, is a rotten corrupted Carcase [...] After this he offer'd Incense to *Vitzliputzli*, and the High-Priest made him take an Oath, by which he bound himself to maintain the Religion of his Ancestors, the Laws and Customs of the Empire, and to treat his Subjects with

Clemency and Gentleness. He moreover took an Oath, that the Sun, during his Reign, should give its Light, and Rain fall in its proper Seasons; that the Rivers should not ravage the Country by Inundations, the Fields be cursed with barrenness, nor Mankind annoy'd by the malignant Influences of the Sun. (Picart, III, 160-61)

Purchas provided a paraphrase of Gómara in *PPE*, 866, and in *PPs*, XV, 558-60, he followed Nichols's translation exactly, but neither passage added any detail that S. could not have obtained from Picart. For Nichols's original, see *CWI*, 379-81.

256-58. Having commented that 'The amusements of the Mexicans were not confined to the theatre and dancing. They had various games, not only for certain fixed seasons and public occasions, but also for the diversion and relaxation of private individuals' (*HM*, I, 401), Clavigero went on to provide detailed descriptions of several of these recreational activities. They obviously fascinated S., since the next 43 lines are taken up with versifications of six of the activities described by Clavigero (see the following six notes).

258-60. The first two activities which S. briefly mentions here were also the first two to be mentioned by Clavigero:

Amongst the public games, the race was one in which they exercised themselves from childhood. In the second month, and possibly also at other times, there were military games, among which the warriors represented to the people a pitched battle. (*HM*, I, 401)

261-65. Clavigero described this activity as follows:

The exercises also which, in some countries are called the powers of Hercules, were extremely common amongst them. One man began to dance; another, placed upright on his shoulders, accompanied him in his movements; while a third, standing upright upon the head of the second, danced and displayed other instances of agility. (*HM*, I, 405)

It was also briefly mentioned by Gómara in his description of several of the entertainments which the Spaniards witnessed in Mexico:

Also they use Matachines, in such sort they doe play, that there stand each upon other shoulders, and hee that standeth highest, sheweth many feates. (*PPs*, XV, 531)

266-68. S. has slightly elaborated upon Clavigero's one-sentence description here:

They placed also a beam upon the shoulders of two dancers, while a third danced upon the end of it. (*HM*, I, 405)

269-73. Clavigero described this activity as follows:

Among the Mexicans there were persons extremely dexterous at games with the hands and feet. One man laid himself upon his back on the ground, and raising up his feet, took a beam upon them, or a piece of wood, which was thick, round, and about eight feet in length. He tossed it up to a certain height, and as it fell he received and tossed it up again with his feet; taking it afterwards between his feet, he turned it rapidly round, and what is more, he did so with two men sitting astride upon it, one upon each extremity of the beam. (*HM*, I, 404-05)

274-79. Clavigero did not actually include a description of this dance among his list of games, but rather, where it belonged, in his section on Mexican dances. This section appeared just prior to that on games however, and was therefore part of the much larger discussion of recreational activities:

Among others there was one extremely curious dance which is still kept up by the people of Yucatan. They fixed in the earth a tree, or strong pole, fifteen or twenty feet high, from the top of which, according to the number of dancers, they suspended twenty or more small cords, all long and of different colours. When each dancer had taken a hold of the end of his cord, they all began to dance to the sound of musical instruments, crossing each other with great dexterity until they formed a beautiful network of the cords round the tree, on which the colours appeared chequered in admirable order. Whenever the cords, on account of the twisting, became so short, that the dancers could hardly keep hold of them with their arms raised up, by crossing each other again, they undid and unwound them from the tree. (*HM*, I, 401)

280-301<sub>(a)</sub>. Clavigero provided the following description of 'the flyers', and his text was accompanied with an illustrative engraving:

The exhibition of the flyers which was made on certain great festivals, and particularly in secular years, was, though of less public benefit, more celebrated than all others. They sought in the woods for an extremely lofty tree, which, after stripping it of its branches and bark, they brought to the city, and fixed in the centre of some large square. They cased the point of the tree in a wooden cylinder, which, on account of some resemblance in its shape, the Spaniards called a mortar. From this cylinder hung four strong ropes, which served to support a square frame. In the space between the cylinder and the frame, they fixed four other thick ropes which they twisted as many times round the tree as there were revolutions to be made by the flyers. These ropes were drawn through four holes, made in the middle of the four planks of which the frame consisted. The four principal flyers disguised like eagles, herons, and other birds, mounted the tree with great agility, by means of a rope which was laced about it from the ground up to the frame; from the frame they mounted one at a time successively upon the cylinder, and after having danced there a little, they tied themselves round with the ends of the ropes, which were drawn through the holes of the frame, and launching with a spring from it, began their flight with their wings expanded. The action of their bodies put the frame and the cylinder in motion; the frame by its revolutions gradually untwisted the chords by which the flyers swung; so that as the ropes lengthened, they made so much the greater circles in their flight. Whilst these four were flying, a fifth danced upon the cylinder, beating a little drum, or waving a flag, without the smallest apprehension of the danger he was in of being precipitated from

such a height. The others who were upon the frame (there having been ten or twelve persons generally who mounted) as soon as they saw the flyers in their last revolution precipitated themselves by the same ropes, in order to reach the ground at the same time amidst the acclamations of the populace. Those who precipitated themselves in this manner by the ropes, that they might make a still greater display of their agility, frequently passed from one rope to another, at that part where, on account of the little distance between them, it was possible for them to do so. (*HM*, I, 401-02)

350-77. S. derived the myth concerning the birth of the god Mexitli, as retold in these lines, from Clavigero (*HM*, I, 254-55). Of this we can be certain, since he transcribed Clavigero's entire account, but without any attribution, into the SW.N (ff.50-52):

Huitzilopochtli, or Mexitli, was the god of war; the deity the most honoured by the Mexicans, and their chief protector. Of this god some said he was a pure spirit, others that he was born of a woman, but without the assistance of a man, and described his birth in the following manner. There lived, said they, in Coatepec, a place near to the ancient city of the Tula, a woman called *Coatlicue*, mother of the *Ceutzonhuiznahuis*, who was extremely devoted to the worship of the gods. One day as she was employed according to her usual custom, in walking in the temple, she beheld descending in the air, a ball made of various feathers. She seized it and kept it in her bosom, intending afterwards to employ the feathers in decoration of the altar; but when she wanted it after her walk was at an end, she could not find it, at which she was extremely surprised, and her wonder was very greatly increased when she began to perceive from that moment that she was pregnant. Her pregnancy advanced till it was discovered by her children, who, although they could not themselves suspect their mother's virtue, yet fearing the disgrace she would suffer upon her delivery, determined to prevent it by putting her to death. They could not take their resolution so secretly as to conceal it from their mother, who while she was in deep affliction at the thought of dying by the hands of her own children, heard an unexpected voice issue from her womb, saying, 'be not afraid mother, for I shall save you with the greatest honour to yourself, and glory to me.' Her hard-hearted sons, guided and encouraged by their sister *Cojolxauhqui*, who had been the most keenly bent upon the deed, were now just upon the point of executing their purpose, when Huitzilopochtli was born, with a shield in his left hand, a spear in his right, and a crest of green feathers on his head; his left leg adorned with feathers, and his face, arms, and thighs streaked with blue lines. As soon as he came into the world he displayed a twisted pine, and commanded one of his soldiers called *Tochancálqui*, to fell with it *Cojolxauhqui*, as the one who had been the most guilty; and he himself attacked the rest with so much fury that, in spite of their efforts, their arms, or their intreaties, he killed them all, plundered their houses, and presented the spoils to his mother. Mankind was so terrified by this event, that from that time they called him *Tetzahuitl*, terror, and *Tetzuhteotl*, terrible god. This was the god who, as they said, becoming the protector of the Mexicans, conducted them for so many years in their pilgrimage, and at length settled them where they afterwards founded the great city of Mexico. There they raised to him that superb temple so much celebrated even by the Spaniards, in which were annually holden three solemn festivals in the fifth, ninth, and fifteenth months; besides those kept every four years, every thirteen years, and at the beginning of every century.

It is not obvious from this account that *Coatlicue* is synonymous with the goddess *Coatlantona* (see IX.327-32 and relevant n.), as explained in *ELHAC*, III,



219, where the reader will find a modern description of Huitzilipochtli.

---

## Explanatory Notes to Book XIII

40-43<sub>(a)</sub>. S. is clearly echoing Jesus's famous apocalyptic quotation in the gospels here:

And as some spake of the temple, how it was adorned with goodly stones and gifts, he [Jesus] said, as for these things which ye behold, the days will come, in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down. (*Luke* 21, 5-6. Cf. *Mark* 13, 1-2 and *Matthew* 24, 1-2.)

43 + 1-43 + 28. In his second section of Notes and ideas for *Madoc* in *SCB* (IV, 206),

J.W. Warter has printed the following entry: 'After the escape of Madoc, the Peruvians perform the ceremony of driving away calamity. — Garcilaso, p. 258'. This description and rare page reference by S. indicates exactly the source for the ideas in these 28 deleted lines: a description of an Inca ritual to drive out evil from the city in Garcilaso's *RCP*. The relevant passage in Rycart actually begins on p.259:

[...] a certain *Inca* of the Blood Royal sallied out of the Fortress, richly attired like a Messenger of the Sun, having his Garments girt about his Waist, bearing a Lance in his hand, garnished with a plume of Feathers of diverse colours, which hanged dangling down from the point to the end of the Staff; the length of which was about three quarters of a Yard, studied with golden Nails; and which in War served for an Ensign: With this Lance he issued from the Fort [...] This Officer came running in this manner downwards from the Hill called *Sacsahuamam*, flourishing his Lance until he came to the Market-place of the City, where four other *Incas* of the Blood, each carrying a Dart in his hand, met him; having likewise their Garments close girt, after the manner of the *Indians*, when they put themselves in a posture of exercise or labour: This Messenger meeting the four *Incas*, touched the head of their Lances with his, and then told them that the Sun commanded them as his Officers, that they should purifie and cleanse the City of all infirmities and diseases; and that he gave them full power to perform it.

With this commission the four *Incas* departed, running through the great Streets of the City, which led towards the four quarters of the World, called by them *Taventinsuyu*; in their way as they ran, Men and Women, young and old, all came to the Doors of their Houses, with great cries and acclamations, shaking their cloths, and the garments on their bodies, as if they would beat out the dust from them; and then stroking their hands over their heads and mouths, armes and legs, and other parts of their bodies, in manner, as if they were washing of them; and as if they would throw out all the sickness and illness of their Houses, to be expelled the City by the power and virtue of those Messengers of the Sun. [...] and at the like distance were met by others, until they came five or six Leagues remote from the City; where having fixed their lances, and driven them into the Earth, they made that the place of banishment to all their Evils; that so being bounded by those Confines they should not be able to approach nearer to the City.

I have discussed the significance of these lines (along with their immediate deletion prior to the transcription of MS.2B) in chap. 8.3 (p.134). While S. has obviously highlighted the source for these lines himself, it should also be noted that he would have seen a description of this same ritual in Picart, III, 198, and

given what we know of S.'s earliest acquaintance with Picart's work, this would have been some years prior to his first reading of the *RCP*.

49. It is important to note here that the basis for the insertion on f.214 v. — and, therefore, for the deletion on f.215 r. which it replaces — was not merely one of lexical preference, but one which actually altered the narrative. In the original version, by making Madoc absent from Aztlan, S. causes the Aztec heralds to leave the town and seek him at the ships. In the altered version, the negotiations take place in Aztlan itself.

54-62. The description of the heralds' costumes and paraphernalia here is certainly borrowed directly from Clavigero, and this is highlighted by S.'s subtle comment in lines 55-56 that only the Peruvians recognised the heralds' tokens:

For the office of ambassadors, they always employed persons who were both noble and eloquent. Three, four, or more persons were usually joined in this office, and, to procure respect, they wore certain badges by which they were every where known, particularly a green habit made like the scapulary, or little cloak, which some religious people wear, from which hung some locks of cotton. Their hair was twisted with beautiful feathers, from which also hung similar locks of different colours. In their right hands they carried an arrow with the point downwards; in the left a shield, and hanging at the same arm a net, in which they carried their provision. In all the places through which they passed, they were well received, and treated with that distinction which their character demanded [...] (*HM*, I, 344)

A similar description also appeared in Picart:

An Ambassador was distinguish'd by a Mantle or Riding-Cloke of Cotton, embroider'd with a Fringe, interwoven with Knots. He held in his Right Hand a very broad Arrow, with the Feathers upwards, and in his Left a Shell, in the Shape of a Buckler. The Subject of the Embassy was known by the Feathers of the Arrow, the Red denouncing War, and the White denoting Peace. The Ambassador was to be respected at the Sight of these Tokens [...] (Picart, III, 158)

115-17. S. has not merely included these lines for poetic effect, but they actually have a source in a brief comment by Picart which immediately followed his description of the heralds' dress (see above n.):

The Ambassador was to be respected at the Sight of these Tokens, but he was not allow'd to turn out of the royal Roads of the Province through which he pass'd, upon Penalty of losing his Right of Jurisdiction and Immunity. (Picart, III, 158)

129-32. Could we be certain that S. was using Nichols's *CWI* at this time, then I would

suggest that he derived the idea for the practice described in these lines from a comment by Gómara concerning Cortés's method of extracting mucilage from pine trees for the purpose of ship-building. There is a striking similarity with S.'s ideas in these lines:

Now Cortes [...] made also great haste in building Uergantines, for his timber was already cutte and seasoned: he sente onto *Vera Crux* for sayles, tackle, nayles, roapes and other necessarie things, whereof there was store remaynyng of the furniture of the shippes that were sunke. And hauyng wante of pitche, for in that countrey the *Indians* knewe not what it meant, he commaunded certayne of his Mariners to make the same in the highe Mountaynes where was store of Pine trees, and not farre from the cittie. (CWI, 296)

---

## Explanatory Notes to Book XIV

11-14. As with several other comments of this kind, it is inevitable that we should view these lines as not merely an expression of the grief which the consequences of war engendered within Patamba, but as an observation upon the effects of war in any society; and, as such, they are certainly representative of S.'s zealous anti-war feelings at the time when the latter books of MS.2A were being written (see my n. to X.333-46).

82. This is, of course, a version of Milton's phrase 'The World was all before them' at the close of *Paradise Lost*; a phrase frequently borrowed and slightly reworked by the Romantics, as in Wordsworth's 1805 *Prelude*, I, 15 (*WWMW*, 375).

114-31. S. would have found the myth of the four suns in both of Purchas's works (where it was translated/paraphrased from Gómara) and in Clavigero. Purchas's fullest account appeared in *PPs*, XV, 557-58, but, interestingly, it was the paraphrase in *PPe* which S. copied into the SW.N (f.81). S. copied the whole passage, but provided no reference apart from 'Purchas':

The Indians of *Culhua* did beleue that the Gods had made the World, they knew not how: and that since the Creation, foure Sunnes were past, and that the fifth and last is the Sunne, which now giueth light vnto the World.

The first Sunne (for sooth) perished by water, and all liuing creatures therewith: the second fell from Heauen, and with the fall slue all liuing creatures, and then were many Giants in the Country: the third Sunne was consumed by fire; and the fourth by Tempest of ayre and wind, and then Mankind perished not, but was turned into Apes: yet when that fourth Sunne perished, all was turned into darkness, and so continued fiue and twenty yeeres: and at the fifteenth yeere, God did forme one man and a woman, who brought forth children, and at the end of their ten yeeres appeared this fifth Sunne newly borne, which after their reckoning is now in this yeere 1612. nine hundred and eighteene yeeres since. Three dayes after this Sunne appeared, they held that all the Gods did die and that these which since they worship, were borne in process of time. (*PPe*, 879)

Clavigero's account ran as follows:

The Mexicans, the Acolhuans, and all the other nations of Anahuac, distinguished four ages of time by as many suns. The first named *Atonatiuh*, that is the sun, or the age of water, commenced with the creation of the world, and continued until the time at which all mankind almost perished in a general inundation, along with the first sun. The second *Tlaltonatiuh*, the age of earth, lasted from the time of the general inundation until the ruin of the giants, and the great earthquakes, which concluded in like manner the second sun. The third, *Ehècatonatiuh*, the age of air, lasted from the destruction of the giants until the great whirlwinds, in which all mankind perished along with the third sun. The fourth *Tletonatiuh*, the age of fire, began at the last restoration of the human race, and was to continue as we have already mentioned in their mythology, until the fourth sun, and the earth were destroyed by fire. This age it was supposed would end at the

conclusion of one of their centuries; and thus we may account for these noisy festivals in honour of the god of fire, which were celebrated at the beginning of every century, as a thanksgiving for his restraining his voracity, and deferring the termination of the world. (*HM*, I, 288-89)

The reader will find an interesting analysis of this particular myth in *MCAM*, 53-54.

147<sup>(b)</sup>-52. Both the ritual and the name of the sacred pond are taken from Clavigero:

The effusion of blood was frequent and daily with some of the priests, to which practice they gave the name of *Tlamacazqui*. They pierced themselves with the sharpest spines of the aloe, and bored several parts of their bodies, particularly their ears, lips, tongue, and the fat of their arms and legs. [...] Those who exercised such severities upon themselves within the inclosure of the greater temple of Mexico, bathed themselves in a pond that was formed there, which from being always tinged with blood was called *Ezapan*. (*HM*, I, 284-85)

We can be fairly certain that this was S.'s primary source owing to the orthography of 'Ezapan'. The spelling in Purchas's translation of Acosta differed slightly, but we should not ignore the passage as a possible secondary source:

It hath beene said that the Priests and religious of Mexico, rose at midnight, and having cast Incense before the Idoll, they retired themselves into a large place [...] and sitting downe, every one tooke a point of Manguay, which is like unto an awle or sharpe bodkin, with the which, or with some other kindes of Launcets or Rasors, they pierced the calves of their legs neere to the bone, drawing forth much blood [...] they doe wash off the blood in a lake appointed for that purpose, which they call Ezapangue, which is to say, water of blood. (*PPs*, XV, 327)

Purchas also described the ritual in *PPe*, 875, but gave no name to the sacred pond.

153-63<sup>(a)</sup>. S. has concocted the recipe for this unction from two quite separate passages in Clavigero, the first of which also had its equivalents in both Picart and Acosta.

The primary idea is taken from *HM*, I, 273:

Besides the usual unction with ink, another extraordinary and more abominable one was practised every time they went to make sacrifices on the tops of the mountains, or in the dark caverns of the earth. They [the high priests] took a large quantity of poisonous insects, such as scorpions, spiders, and worms, and sometimes even small serpents, burned them over some stove of the temple, and beat their ashes in a mortar together with the soot of the *Ocotl*, tobacco, the herb *Ololiuhqui*, and some live insects. They presented this diabolical mixture in small vessels to their gods, and afterwards rubbed their bodies with it. When thus anointed, they became fearless to every danger, being persuaded they were rendered incapable of receiving any hurt from the most noxious reptiles of the earth, or the wildest beasts of the woods.

Since there is no mention of 'infants blood' here however, S. must have derived this idea from an earlier passage, in which Clavigero comments that 'Among the

Totonacas he [the high priest] was anointed with the elastic gum mixed with children's blood, and this they called the *divine unction*' (HM, I, 271).

We should not overlook the equivalent passages in Picart and Acosta however, particularly given that *S. must* have used one or both of these in order to create lines 153-54, there being no mention in Clavigero of the fact that it was the duty of 'The Children of the temple' to seek out and gather the venomous beasts.

Picart's account ran as follows:

Whenever these Priests used to sacrifice upon the Mountains, and in those almost subterraneous Places in which Part of their Idols were lodged, they then employ'd an Ointment, with certain mysterious Ceremonies [...] It was of Use, said they, to dispel Fear, and invigorate Courage; and was made of the Juice of the most venomous Reptiles. Such Youths as were under the Discipline of these Priests, used to hunt these Animals, in order to stock themselves with them against they wanted them. The Priests burnt these venomous Creatures at the Altar of the Idol, the Ashes of which were pounded in a Mortar mix'd with Tobacco, to which they added live Scorpions and some other venomous insects: They heightned [sic] this Composition with an Herb which has the Property of disturbing the Brain, as also with Soot and Rosin: This is what they call the *repast or sustenance of the Gods*. (Picart, III, 152)

In *PPe*, 867, Purchas gave a paraphrase of the lengthier translation of Acosta's description which he was later to provide in *PPs*, acknowledging his source in a marginal note. While this paraphrase did contain the fact that 'the Boyes in Colledges tooke and gathered together' the venomous beasts, it had far less to say concerning this duty, the passage in *PPs* beginning 'the chiefe care of these Boyes' and concluding with 'having beene all bred in this exercise' being absent.

The following is Purchas's full translation:

when as they [the priests] went to sacrifice and give Incense in the Mountaines, or on the tops thereof, or in any darke and obscure Caves, where their Idols were, they used an other kinde of unction very different, doing certaine ceremonies to take away feare, and to give them courage. This unction was made with divers little venemous beasts, as Spiders, Scorpions, and Palmers, Salamanders and Vipers, the which the Boyes in the Colledges tooke and gathered together, wherein they were so expert, as they were alwayes furnished when the Priests called for them. The chiefe care of these Boyes was, to hunt after these beasts; if they went any other way, and by chance met with any of these beasts, they stayed to take them, with as great paine, as if their lives depended thereon. By the reason whereof the Indians commonly feared not these venemous beasts, making no more account then if they were not so, having beene all bred in this exercise. To make an ointment of these beasts, they tooke them all together, and burnt them upon the harth of the Temple, which was before the Altar, untill they were consumed to ashes: then did they put them in Morters with much Tobacco or Petum (being an herbe that Nation useth much, to benum the flesh, that they may not feele their travell) with which they mingle the ashes, making them lose their force; they did likewise mingle with these ashes, Scorpions, Spiders, and Palmers alive, mingling all together, then did they put to it a certaine seede being grownd, which they call Ololuchqui, whereof the Indians make a drinke to see visions, for that the vertue of this herbe is to deprive man of sense. They did likewise grinde with these ashes blacke and hayrie wormes, whose haire onely is

venemous, all of which they mingle together with blacke, or the fume of Rosin, putting it in small pots, which they set before their God, saying it was his meat. (*PPs*, XV, 348-49)

165-200. The extensive detail provided by S. in these lines concerning the end-of-century ritual practised by the Mexicans was all taken from a passage in Clavigero:

[...] the festival which was celebrated every fifty-two years, was by far the most splendid and most solemn, not only among the Mexicans, but likewise among all the nations of that empire, or who were neighbouring to it. On the last night of their century, they extinguished the fire of all the temples and houses, and broke their vessels, earthen pots, and all other kitchen utensils, preparing themselves in this manner for the end of the world, which at the termination of each century they expected with terror. The priests, clothed in various dresses and ensigns of their gods, and accompanied by a vast croud of people, issued from the temple out of the city, directing their way towards the mountain *Huixachtla*, near to the city of Iztapalapan, upwards of six miles distant from the capital. They regulated their journey in some measure by observation of the stars, in order that they might arrive at the mountain a little before midnight, on the top of which the new fire was to be kindled. In the mean while, the people remained in the utmost suspence and solicitude, hoping on the one hand to find from the new fire a new century granted to mankind, and fearing on the other hand, the total destruction of mankind, if the fire, by divine interference, should not be permitted to kindle. Husbands covered the faces of their pregnant wives with the leaves of the aloe, and shut them up in granaries; because they were afraid that they would be converted into wild beasts and would devour them. They also covered the faces of children in that way, and did not allow them to sleep, to prevent their being transformed into mice. All those who did not go out with the priests, mounted upon terraces, to observe from thence the event of the ceremony. The office of kindling the fire on this occasion belonged exclusively to a priest of *Copolco*, one of the districts of the city. The instruments for this purpose were, as we have already mentioned, two pieces of wood, and the place on which the fire was produced from them, was the breast of some brave prisoner whom they sacrificed. As soon as the fire was kindled, they all at once exclaimed with joy; and a great fire was made on the mountain that it might be seen from afar, in which they afterwards burned the victim whom they had sacrificed. (*HM*, I, 313-14)

This passage was evidently one which particularly intrigued S., since he also used it to form the basis of a very extended epic simile in bk. VI of the first edition of *Joan of Arc*:

The men of Orleans,  
Long by their foemen bayed, a victim band,  
To war, and woe, and want, such transport felt  
As when the Mexicans, with eager eye  
Gazing to Huixachtla's distant top,  
On that last night, doubtful if ever morn  
Again shall cheer them, mark the mystic fire,  
That kindled by the fierce Copolcan priest,  
Flames on the breast of some brave prisoner,  
A dreadful altar. As they see the blaze  
Beaming on Iztapalapan's near towers,  
Or on Tezcuco's calmy lake flash'd far,  
Songs of thanksgiving and the shout of joy  
Wake the loud echo; the glad husband tears  
The mantling aloe from the female's face,



And children, now deliver'd from the dread  
Of everlasting darkness, look abroad,  
Hail the good omen, and expect the sun  
Uninjur'd still to run his flaming race. (*Joan*96, 196-97)

In the note which accompanied these lines, S. pointed the reader to the passage in Clavigero.

While the description in Clavigero is evidently S.'s major source, it is important to note that the ritual was also described, though in less detail, in Picart, 159-60.

220-31. S. derived this myth from Clavigero:

*Tonactricli* and *Meztli*, names of the sun and moon, both deified by these nations. They said, that after the recovery and multiplication of mankind, each of the above mentioned heroes or demigods, had among the men, his servants and adherents: and that there being no sun, the one that had been, having come to an end, the heroes assembled in *Teotihuacan* around a great fire, and said to the men that the first of them that should throw himself into the fire would have the glory to become a sun. Forthwith one of the men, more intrepid than the rest, called *Nanahuaztin*, threw himself into the flames, and descended to hell. In the interval while they all remained expecting the event, the heroes made wagers with the quails, locusts, and other animals, about the place of the sky where the sun would first appear; and the animals being mistaken in their conjecture were immediately sacrificed. (*HM*, I, 246-47)

308-14. While the details provided by S. here are too general to warrant any serious claims as to a particular source, it is worth noting that José de Acosta provided a lengthy description of South American volcanoes and earthquakes which was translated by Purchas in *PPs*, XV, 61-67.

321-27. While the meteorological cause is obviously different, it seems to me possible that the idea for making the lake burst its bounds and submerge the town of Patamba may have been suggested to S. by a passage in Clavigero concerning just such a recurrent phenomenon in the vale of Mexico:

A great part of the vale is occupied with two lakes, the upper one of sweet water, the lower one brackish, which communicate together by a canal. In the lower lake, on account of its lying in the very bottom of the valley, all the water running from the mountains collected; from thence, when extraordinary abundance of rains raised the water of the lake over its bed, it easily overflowed the city of Mexico, which was situated in the lake; which accident happened not less frequently under the Mexican monarchy than in the time of the Spaniards. (*HM*, I, 3)

## Explanatory Notes to Book XV

34-46<sub>(a)</sub>. The idea in these lines (and in lines 129<sub>(b)</sub>-36 below) is taken from a comment by Clavigero concerning a belief of one of the tribes of Mexico: 'The people of Tlascala believed that the souls of persons of rank went, after their death, to inhabit the bodies of beautiful and sweet singing birds' (*HM*, I, 243).

95-96. Since he was not above making adaptations to Mexican and Peruvian names, S. may well have created the name 'Ilanquel' from a queen Ilancueitl, mentioned in *HM*, I, 129. My conjecture for this is enhanced by a comment by S. to C.W.W. Wynn in a letter of 19 July 1797:

I wish you would pick me out from the Royal Commentaries of Peru if you meet with them or indeed where ever you can, a Peruvian mans name fit for poetry. I have enough Mexican ones, & am somewhat puzzled to lick the ladies into shape. what think you of Atotoztli & Tziltomiauh? these are perfect beauties compared with Tlacapantzin & *Ilancueitl* &c. I must spell it Ziltomia & its physiognomy is bearable. (MS. NLW. My italics.)

This is proof that S. was not only prepared to ransack his sources for authentic names, but also to change their orthography.

Kenneth Curry published the above-quoted letter to Wynn in *NL*, I, 136-37, but he has misread 'Ilancueitl' as 'Ilancueith', being evidently unaware of the former name in Clavigero, and presumably not having made the connection between the name in the letter and that of the character in the published poem. Christopher Smith (Smith, 311) also cites the quotation from *NL*, but fails to correct Curry's misreading, and thus, presumably, also failed to make the connection either with the historical Mexican queen or the character in S.'s poem.

129<sub>(b)</sub>-36. See n. to lines 34-46<sub>(a)</sub> above.

183-90. S. may well have borrowed the idea expressed by Huitziton here from a comment in Clavigero concerning a common practice of the Mexicans during their long migration:

Wherever they stopped they raised an altar to their god, and at their departure left all their sick behind; and, probably, some others, who were to take care of them, and perhaps also, some who might be tired of such long pilgrimages, and unwilling to encounter fresh fatigues. (*HM*, I, 117)

## Bibliography

### 1. Books

The following list only contains works from which I have either obtained material or cited directly. In other words, any works which I have consulted for no other purpose than, for example, to ascertain a correct date of publication — as in the case with several of the early Spanish Chronicles — have not been listed again here.

All editions of authors' works appear under the name of the author, with the exception of anthologies or editions of letters, which appear under the name of the editor. Most works in translation still appear under the name of the original author, though if the work has been substantially augmented with other material, the work will be found under the name of the translator/editor. In all such cases, I have still placed the original author's name at the correct place alphabetically, with a note to see under the translator/editor. I have added a translator's name only in those cases where it is not made obvious within the title itself. There still remain some anonymous early translations however.

- Acosta, José de, *The Naturall and Morall Historie of the East and West Indies*, trans. Edward Grimeston (London, 1604)
- Adorno, Rolena, *The Polemics of Possession in Spanish American Narrative* (New Haven, 2007)
- A New and General Biographical Dictionary; containing an Historical and Critical Account of the Lives and Writings of the most eminent Persons in every Nation ... from the earliest Accounts of Time to the present Period ...*, 12 vols. (London, 1761)
- Anon., *Letters Writ by a Turkish Spy, who Liv'd Five and Forty Years Undiscover'd at Paris ... Written Originally in Arabick, Translated into Italian, and from Thence into English ...*, 8 vols. (London, 1687-94)
- Arnold, Matthew, *Lectures and Essays in Criticism*, ed. R.H. Super (Ann Arbor, 1962)
- Barlow, Joel, *The Vision of Columbus, a Poem; in Nine Books ... The Fifth Edition, Corrected. To which is added, The Conspiracy of Kings, a Poem ...* (Paris, 1793)
- Barbier, Paul, *The Age of Owain Gwynedd* (London, 1908; rpt. Lampeter, 1990)
- Bartlett, Robert, *Gerald of Wales: a Voice of the Middle Ages* (Stroud, 2006)
- Beattie, James, *The Minstrel; or, the Progress of Genius. A Poem. the fifth edition* (London and Edinburgh, 1775)
- Beddoes, Thomas, *Alexander's Expedition, down the Hydaspes & the Indus to the Indian Ocean* (London, 1792)
- Bernhardt-Kabisch, Ernst, *Robert Southey* (Boston, 1977)
- Bolton, Carol, *Writing the Empire: Robert Southey and Romantic Colonialism* (London, 2007)
- Brading, David A., *The First America: the Spanish Monarchy, Creole Patriots, and the Liberal State, 1492-1867* (Cambridge, 1991)
- Brading, David A., *The Origins of Mexican Nationalism* (Cambridge, 1985)
- Breeze, Andrew, *Medieval Welsh Literature* (Dublin, 1997)
- Booker, Luke, *Malvern, a Descriptive and Historical Poem* (Dudley, 1798)

- Bromwich, Rachel, ed. and trans., *Trioedd Ynys Prydein: The Triads of the Island of Britain*, 3rd edition (Cardiff, 2006)
- Brown, Stewart J., ed., *William Robertson and the Expansion of Empire* (Cambridge, 1997)
- Camden, William, ed., *Anglica, Hibernica, Normannica, Cambrica, a Veteribus Scripta ...* (Frankfurt, 1602)
- Camden, William, see also Gough, Richard
- Canizares-Esguerra, Jorge, *How to Write the History of the New World: Histories, Epistemologies, and Identities in the Eighteenth-Century* (Stanford, 2001)
- Carnall, Geoffrey, *Robert Southey and his Age: the Development of a Conservative Mind* (London, 1960)
- Carr, Glenda, *William Owen Pughe* (Caerdydd, 1983)
- Carver, Jonathan, *Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America, in the Years 1766, 1767 and 1768* (London, 1778; rpt. Toronto, 1974)
- Christie, Ian R., *Myth and Reality in late Eighteenth-Century British Politics and other Papers* (London, 1970)
- Clavigero, Abbé D. Francesco Saverio, *The History of Mexico: collected from Spanish and Mexican Historians, from manuscripts, and ancient paintings of the Indians ... Translated from the original Italian, by Charles Cullen, Esq., 2 vols.* (London, 1787)
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, *Lectures, 1795, on Politics and Religion*, ed. Lewis Patton and Peter Mann (London, 1971)
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, *Poetical Works*, ed. E.H. Coleridge (Oxford, 1912; rpt. 1991)
- Colley, Linda, *Britons: Forging the Nation, 1707-1837* (New Haven, 1992)
- Condamine, Charles Marie de la, *Relation Abrégée d'un voyage fait dans l'Intérieur de l'Amérique Méridionale ... en descendant la Rivière des Amazones*, 3rd edition (Maestricht, 1778)
- Constantine, Mary-Ann, *Combustible Matter: Iolo Morganwg and the Bristol Volcano* (Aberystwyth, 2003)
- Constantine, Mary-Ann, *The Truth Against the World: Iolo Morganwg and Romantic Forgery* (Cardiff, 2007)
- Cottle, Joseph, *Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey*, 2nd edition (London, 1848; rpt. Farnborough, 1970)
- Cowper, William, *The Works of William Cowper ... With a Life of the Author*, ed. Robert Southey, 15 vols. (London, 1835-37)
- Craig, David M., *Robert Southey and Romantic Apostasy: Political Argument in Britain, 1780-1840* (Woodbridge, 2007)
- Crevecoeur, J. Hector St. John de, *Letters from an American Farmer* (London, 1782)
- Curry, Kenneth, ed., *New Letters of Robert Southey*, 2 vols. (New York, 1965)
- Curry, Kenneth, *Robert Southey: a Reference Guide* (Boston, 1977)
- d'Acugna, Christopher, *Voyages and Discoveries in South-America. The first up the river of Amazons to Qito, in Peru, and back again to Brazil ... by Christopher d'Acugna ... Done into English from the Originals* (London, 1698)

- Darwin, Erasmus, *The Botanic Garden* (London, 1791)
- Davies, R.R., *The Age of Conquest: Wales 1063-1415* (Oxford, 1987; rpt. 2000)
- Davis, Paul R., *Castles of the Welsh Princes* (Swansea, 1988)
- Davy, John, ed., *Fragmentary Remains, Literary and Scientific, of Sir Humphry Davy* (London, 1858)
- Defoe, Daniel, *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, ed. J. Donald Crowley (Oxford, 1990)
- De Quincey, Thomas, *Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets*, ed. David Wright (Harmonsworth, 1970)
- Diaz, Bernal, *The True History of the Conquest of Mexico: written in the year 1568 by Bernal Diaz del Castillo, Translated from the original Spanish by Maurice Keatinge* (London, 1800)
- Dictionary of Welsh Biography* (National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth),  
< <http://wbo.llgc.org.uk/en/index.html> >
- Dowden, Edward, ed., *The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles* (Dublin, 1881)
- Dwight, Timothy, *The Conquest of Canaan: a Poem, in Eleven Books* (Hartford, 1785)
- Evans, Evan, *Some Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh Bards, translated into English, with explanatory notes on the historical passages ...*, By the Rev. Mr. Evan Evans (London, 1764)
- Field, J., *Landor: a Biography* (Studley, 2000)
- Frye, Northrop, *Fearful Symmetry: a Study of William Blake* (Princeton, N.J., 1947)
- Garcilaso de la Vega, *The Royal Commentaries of Peru, in Two Parts, Written Originally in Spanish, by the Inca Garcilasso de la Vega, and Rendred into English, by Sir Paul Rycaut, Kt.*, 2 vols (London, 1688)
- Geoffrey of Monmouth, see Griscom, Acton
- Gerald of Wales, *The Journey through Wales; and, The Description of Wales*, ed. and trans. Lewis Thorpe (London, 1978)
- Gibbon, Edward, *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ed. David Womersley, 3 vols. (London, 1994)
- Gilpin, William, *Observations on the River Wye, and several parts of South Wales, &c. relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty; made in the Summer of the Year 1770 ...* (London, 1782; rpt. Richmond, 1973)
- Gittins, Robert, *Dinefwr Castle* (Llandysul, 1984)
- Glover, Richard, *Leonidas, a Poem* (London, 1737)
- Gómara, López de, *The Pleasant Historie of the Conquest of the Weast India ... by ... Hernando Cortes, tr. by T.[homas] N.[ichols]* (London, 1578)
- Gough, Richard, ed. and trans., *Camden's Britannia, translated and enlarged by R. Gough*, 3 vols. (London, 1789)
- Gray, Thomas, see Lonsdale, Roger
- Griggs, E.L., ed., *Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 6 vols. (Oxford, 1956-71)

- Griscom, Acton, ed., *The Historia Regum Britanniae of Geoffrey of Monmouth, with Contributions to the Study of its Place in Early British History* (London, 1929)
- Hakluyt, Richard, *Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English Nation ...* (London, 1589)
- Haller, William, *The Early Life of Robert Southey, 1774-1803* (New York, 1917)
- Hardy, Ernest G., *Jesus College* (London, 1899)
- Haywood, Ian, *The Making of History: a Study of the Literary Forgeries of James Macpherson and Thomas Chatterton in Relation to Eighteenth-Century Ideas of History and Fiction* (London and Toronto, 1986)
- Hazlitt, William, *Lectures on the English Poets; and, The Spirit of the Age*, ed. Ernest Rhys (London, 1939)
- Henken, Elissa R., *Traditions of the Welsh Saints* (Cambridge, 1987)
- Herbert, Thomas, *A Relation of Some Yeares Travaile, Begunne Anno 1626. into Afrique and the greater Asia, especially the Territories of the Persian Monarchie: and some parts of the Orientall Indies, and Isles Adiacent, by T.H. Esquier* (London, 1634)
- Herbert, Trevor, and Jones, Gareth Elwyn, eds., *The Remaking of Wales in the Eighteenth Century* (Cardiff, 1988)
- Holmes, Richard, *Coleridge: Early Visions* (London, 1989)
- Holmes, Richard, *Shelley: the Pursuit* (London, 1987)
- Hopkins, Gordon, *Llanthony Abbey and Walter Savage Landor* (Cowbridge, 1979)
- Huddleston, Lee E., *Origins of the American Indians: European Concepts, 1492-1729* (Austin, 1967)
- Iolo Morganwg and the Romantic Tradition in Wales, 1740-1918* (Centre for Advanced Welsh and Celtic Studies, National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth), <<http://iolomorganwg.wales.ac.uk/>>
- Jackson, Kenneth H., ed. and trans., *A Celtic Miscellany* (London, 1971)
- Jarman, A.O.H. and Hughes, G.R., eds., *A Guide to Welsh Literature*, 2 vols. (Swansea, 1976)
- Jarvis, Branwen, ed., *A Guide to Welsh Literature, c. 1700-1800* (Cardiff, 2000)
- Jenkins, Geraint H., ed., *A Rattleskull Genius: the Many Faces of Iolo Morganwg* (Cardiff, 2005)
- Johnson, Samuel, *The Works of Samuel Johnson*, 6 vols. (Dublin, 1793)
- Jones, Edward, *Musical and Poetical Relicks of the Welsh Bards: preserved by tradition, and authentic manuscripts, from remote antiquity ...* (London, 1784)
- Jones, Kathleen, *A Passionate Sisterhood: the Sisters, Wives and Daughters of the Lake Poets* (London, 1997)
- Jones, Thomas, ed. and trans., *Brut y Tywysogyon; or, The Chronicle of the Princes: Peniarth ms. 20 Version* (Cardiff, 1952)
- Keen, Benjamin, *The Aztec Image in Western Thought* (New Brunswick, N.J., 1971)
- Leask, Nigel, *British Romantic Writers and the East: Anxieties of Empire* (Cambridge, 1992)

- Lloyd, John E., *A History of Wales from the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest*, 2 vols. (London, 1911; rpt. 1954)
- Llwyd, Humphrey, see Williams, Ieuan M.
- Llywarch ap Llywelyn, *Gwaith Llywarch ap Llywelyn*, ed. Elin M. Jones, in *Cyfres Beirdd y Tywysogion* (Caerdydd, 1991)
- Llywarch Hen, see Owen, William
- Lonsdale, Roger, ed., *Thomas Gray and William Collins: Poetical Works* (Oxford, 1977)
- Lowes, John Livingston, *The Road to Xanadu: a Study in the Ways of the Imagination* (London, 1927)
- Lyttelton, George, *The History of the Life of King Henry the Second, and of the Age in which he lived*, 4 vols. (London, 1767-71)
- Macpherson, James, *An Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland* (London, 1773)
- Marples, Morris, *Romantics at School* (London, 1967)
- Marrs, E. W., ed., *The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb*, 3 vols. (Ithaca, 1975)
- Maund, Kari, *The Welsh Kings: the Medieval Rulers of Wales* (Stroud, 2002)
- McNeil, William F., *Visitors to Ancient America: the Evidence for European and Asian Presence in America prior to Columbus* (Jefferson, N.C., 2005)
- Metzdorf, Robert F., *The Tinker Library: a Bibliographical Catalogue of the Books and Manuscripts Collected by Chauncey Brewster Tinker* (New Haven, 1959)
- Morgan, Prys, *The Eighteenth Century Renaissance* (Llandybie, 1981)
- Nicholson, Irene, *Mexican and Central American Mythology* (Feltham, 1983)
- Owen, William, ed., *The Cambrian Biography: or, Historical Notices of celebrated men among the Ancient Britons* (London, 1803)
- Owen, William, ed., *The Cambrian Register*, 3 vols. (London, 1796, 1797 and 1818)
- Owen, William, *The Heroic Elegies and other Pieces of Llywarch Hen, Prince of the Cumbrian Britons, with a literal translation by William Owen* (London, 1792)
- Peardon, Thomas Preston, *The Transition in English Historical Writing, 1760-1830* (New York, 1933)
- Peckham, Sir George, *A True Reporte, of the late Discoveries and Possession, taken in the Right of the Crowne of Englande ... by Sir Humfrey Gilbert* (London, 1583)
- Pennant, Thomas, *The Literary Life of the Late Thomas Pennant, Esq., by Himself* (London, 1793)
- Pennant, Thomas, *A Tour in Wales*, 2 vols. (London, 1784)
- Pennington, L.E., ed., *The Purchas Handbook: Studies of the Life, Times, and Writings of Samuel Purchas, 1577-1626* (London, 1997)
- Pettifer, Adrian, *Welsh Castles: a Guide by Counties* (Woodbridge, 2000)
- Phillips, Mark S., *Society and Sentiment: Genres of Historical Writing in Britain, 1740-1820* (Princeton, 2000)

- Picart, Bernard, *The Ceremonies and Religious Customs of the Various Nations of the known World ...*, Written originally in French, and ... translated into English, 7 vols. (London, 1733-39)
- Porter, Roy, *Edward Gibbon: Making History* (London, 1988)
- Powel, David, *The Historie of Cambria, now called Wales ... written in the Brytish language aboue two hundreth yeares past; translated into English by H. Lhoyd ... corrected, augmented, and continued out of records and best approoued authors, by Dauid Powel ...* (London, 1584; rpt. Amsterdam and New York, 1969)
- Pratt, Lynda, ed., *Robert Southey and the Contexts of English Romanticism* (Aldershot, 2006)
- Prescott, William H., *History of the Conquest of Peru* (London, 1959)
- Price, Richard, *A Discourse on the Love of our Country, Delivered on Nov. 4, 1789, at the Meeting-House in the Old Jewry, to the Society for Commemorating the Revolution in Great Britain ...* (London, 1789)
- Priestley, Joseph, *An History of the Corruptions of Christianity*, 2 vols. (Birmingham, 1782)
- Purchas, Samuel, *Hakluytus Posthumus; or, Purchas His Pilgrimes: contayning a history of the world in sea voyages and lande travells by Englishmen and others*, 4 vols. (London, 1625; rpt. 20 vols., Glasgow, 1905-07)
- Purchas, Samuel, *Purchas His Pilgrimage; or, relations of the world and of the religions obserued in all ages and places discovered, from the creation unto this present ...*, 4th edition (London, 1626)
- Raimond, Jean, *Robert Southey: L'homme et son temps* (Paris, 1968)
- Raynal, Guillaume Thomas François, *A Philosophical and Political History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies, Translated from the French by J. Justamond*, 4 vols. (Dublin, 1776)
- Rice-Oxley, L., ed., *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* (Oxford, 1924)
- Richter, Michael, *Giraldus Cambrensis: Growth of the Welsh Nation*, 2nd edition (Aberystwyth, 1976)
- Robberds, J.W., ed., *A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the Late William Taylor of Norwich*, 2 vols. (London, 1843)
- Robertson, William, *The History of America*, 3 vols. (Dublin, 1777)
- Robertson, William, *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V*, 3 vols. (London, 1769)
- Rodriguez, Manuel, *El Maranon, y Amazonas. Historia de los descubrimientos, Entradas, y Reduccion de Naciones, Trabajos ... assi temporales, como Espirituales en las Dilatadas Montanas y Mayores Rios de la America, etc.* (Madrid, 1684)
- Ronan, Charles E., *Francisco Javier Clavigero, S.J. (1731-1787), Figure of the Mexican Enlightenment: his Life and Works* (Illinois, 1977)
- Rousseau, Jean-Jacques, *Du Contrat Social*, ed. Ronald Grimsley (Oxford, 1972)
- Rousseau, Jean-Jacques, *Les Confessions*, ed. Jacques Voisine (Paris, 1964)
- Rousseau, Jean-Jacques, *The Social Contract and Discourses*, trans. G.D.H. Cole (London, 1973)



- Rowlands, Henry, *Mona Antiqua Restaurata. An Archæological Discourse on the Antiquities, Natural and Historical, of the Isle of Anglesey, the Ancient Seat of the British Druids, by the Reverend Henry Rowlands*, 2nd edition (London, 1766)
- Ryan, Robert M., *The Romantic Reformation: Religious Politics in English Literature, 1789-1824* (Cambridge, 1997)
- Scrivener, Michael, *Seditious Allegories: John Thelwall and Jacobin Writing* (University Park, PA., 2001)
- Senior, Michael, *Did Prince Madoc Discover America?: an Investigation* (Llanrwst, 2004)
- Simmons, Clare A., *Reversing the Conquest: History and Myth in Nineteenth-Century British Literature* (New Brunswick, 1990)
- Simmons, Jack, *Southey* (London and New Haven, 1945)
- Simpson, David, *Wordsworth's Historical Imagination: the Poetry of Displacement* (London, 1987)
- Smith, Christopher J.P., *A Quest for Home: Reading Robert Southey* (Liverpool, 1997)
- Smith, Michael E., *The Aztecs* (Oxford, 1996)
- Smith, R.J., *The Gothic Bequest: Medieval Institutions in British Thought, 1688-1863* (Cambridge, 1987)
- Snyder, Edward D., *The Celtic Revival in English Literature, 1760-1800* (Cambridge, Mass., 1923)
- Sotheby, William, *A Tour through parts of Wales, Sonnets, Odes, and other Poems*, 2nd edition, (London, 1794)
- Southey, Charles Cuthbert, ed., *The Life and Correspondence of the Late Robert Southey*, 6 vols. (London, 1849-50)
- Southey, Robert, ed., *The Annual Anthology*, 2 vols. (Bristol and London, 1799 and 1800)
- Southey, Robert, *History of Brazil*, 3 vols. (London, 1810, 1817 and 1819)
- Southey, Robert, *Joan of Arc, an Epic Poem* (Bristol, 1796)
- Southey, Robert, *Joan of Arc, an Epic Poem*, 2 vols. (Bristol and London, 1798)
- Southey, Robert, *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Spain and Portugal*, 2 vols. (Bristol and London, 1797)
- Southey, Robert, *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Spain and Portugal*, 2nd edition, (Bristol and London, 1799)
- Southey, Robert, *Madoc* (London and Edinburgh, 1805)
- Southey, Robert, *Madoc*, ed. Lynda Pratt, Carol Bolton and Paul Jarman, in *Robert Southey: Poetical Works, 1793-1810*, vol. 2 (London, 2004)
- Southey, Robert, *Oliver Newman: a New-England Tale; with Other Poetical Remains* (London, 1845)
- Southey, Robert, *Poems* (Bristol and London, 1797)
- Southey, Robert, *Poems*, 2 vols. (Bristol and London, 1799)
- Southey, Robert, *Sir Thomas More; or, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, 2 vols. (London, 1829)

- Southey, Robert, ed., *Specimens of the Later English Poets*, 3 vols. (London, 1807)
- Southey, Robert, *Thalaba the Destroyer*, 2 vols. (London, 1801)
- Southey, Robert, *The Contributions of Robert Southey to the Morning Post*, ed. Kenneth Curry (Alabama, 1984)
- Southey, Robert, ed., *The Poetical Works of Southey, Collected by Himself*, 10 vols. (London, 1837-38)
- Southey, Robert, *The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo* (London, 1816)
- Southey, Robert, *Vindiciae Ecclesiae Anglicanae: Letters to Charles Butler: Comprising Essays on the Romish Religion and Vindicating The Book of the Church* (London, 1826)
- Southey, Robert, and Lovell, Robert, *Poems: Containing the Retrospect, Odes, Elegies, Sonnets, &c.* (Bath, 1795)
- Southgate, Beverley C., *History: What and Why? Ancient, Modern and Post-Modern Perspectives* (London, 1996)
- Speck, William A., *Robert Southey: Entire Man of Letters* (New Haven and London, 2006)
- Steele, Colin, *English Interpreters of the Iberian New World from Purchas to Stevens: a Bibliographical Study, 1603-1726* (Oxford, 1975)
- Storey, Mark, *Robert Southey: a Life* (Oxford, 1997)
- Strutt, Joseph, *A Compleat View of the Manners, Customs, Arms, Habbits, &c. of the Inhabitants of England, from the arrival of the Saxons to the Present Time ...*, 3 vols. (London, 1775-76)
- Strutt, Joseph, *A Dictionary of Engravers*, 2 vols. (London, 1785)
- Sweet, Rosemary, *Antiquaries: the Discovery of the Past in Eighteenth-Century Britain* (London, 2004)
- Tacitus, Publius Cornelius, *Annals*, trans. A.J. Church and W. Jackson Brodribb (London, 1882)
- Tatlock, J.S.P., *The Legendary History of Britain: Geoffrey of Monmouth's Historia Regum Britanniae and its Early Vernacular Versions* (Berkeley, 1950)
- Tenenbaum, Barbara A., ed., *Encyclopedia of Latin American History and Culture*, 5 vols. (New York, 1996)
- Thomas, Hugh, *Conquest: Montezuma, Cortés and the Fall of Old Mexico* (London, 1993; rpt., New York, 1995)
- Traxel, William L., *Footprints of the Welsh Indians: Settlers in North America before 1492* (New York, 2004)
- Trevor-Roper, Hugh, *Queen Elizabeth's First Historian: William Camden and the Beginnings of English 'Civil History'* (London, 1971)
- Trumpener, Katie, *Bardic Nationalism: The Romantic Novel and the British Empire* (Princeton, 1997)
- Turvey, Roger, *The Lord Rhys, Prince of Deheubarth* (Llandysul, 1997)
- Ulmer, William Andrew, *The Christian Wordsworth, 1798-1805* (Albany, 2001)
- Waring, Elijah, *Recollections and Anecdotes of Edward Williams, the Bard of Glamorgan; or, Iolo Morganwg, B.B.D.* (London, 1850)

- Warner, Philip, *Famous Welsh Battles* (London, 1977)
- Warrington, William, *The History of Wales, in Nine Books* (London, 1786)
- Warter, John W., ed., *Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, 4 vols. (London, 1856)
- Warter, John W., ed., *Southey's Common-place Book*, 4 vols. (London, 1849-51)
- Watt, Ian, *The Rise of the Novel* (London, 1957; rpt. 1987)
- Webster, John, *The White Devil*, ed. Christina Luckyj (London, 1996)
- Wharton, Henry, ed., *Anglia Sacra, sive Collectio Historiarum ... de Archiepiscopis et Episcopis Angliae ...* (London, 1691)
- White, Jon M., *Cortés and the Downfall of the Aztec Empire: a Study in a Conflict of Cultures* (London, 1971)
- Wilkie, Brian, *Romantic Poets and Epic Tradition* (Madison, 1965)
- Willes, Richard, and Eden, Richard, *The History of Trauayle in the West and East Indies, and other Countreys lying eyther way, towards the Fruitfull and Ryche Moluccaes ...* (London, 1577)
- Williams, David, *John Evans and the Legend of Madoc, 1770-1799* (Cardiff, 1963)
- Williams, Edward, *Poems, Lyric and Pastoral*, 2 vols. (London, 1794)
- Williams, Glanmor, *Renewal and Reformation: Wales, c. 1415-1642* (Oxford, 1993)
- Williams, Gwyn A., *Madoc: the Making of a Myth* (London, 1979)
- Williams, Helen Maria, *Peru, a Poem* (London, 1784)
- Williams, Ieuan M., ed., *Humphrey Llwyd: Cronica Walliae* (Cardiff, 2002)
- Williams, John, *An Enquiry into the Truth of the Tradition, concerning the Discovery of America, by Prince Madog ab Owen Gwynedd, about the Year, 1170 ...* (London, 1791)
- Williams, John, *Farther Observations, on the Discovery of America, by Prince Madog ab Owen Gwynedd, about the Year, 1170 ...* London, 1792)
- Williams, John, *The Natural History of the Mineral Kingdom, in Three Parts, by John Williams, Mineral Surveyor*, 2 vols. (Edinburgh, 1789)
- Williams, Orlo, *Lamb's Friend the Census-Taker: Life and Letters of John Rickman* (London, 1912)
- Wordsworth, William, *the Major Works, Including the Prelude*, ed. Stephen Gill (Oxford, 1984; rpt. 2000)
- Wynn, Sir John, *The History of the Gwedir Family*, ed. Daines Barrington (London, 1770)
- Wynn, Sir John, *The History of the Gwydir Family and Memoirs*, ed. J. Gwynfor Jones (Llandysul, 1990)
- Yorke, Philip, *The Royal Tribes of Wales* (1799)

## 2. Articles

In the following list I have only included those articles from which I have cited on more than one occasion, since every article will appear with full references when cited for the first time (unless the article appears regularly enough to warrant an abbreviation). The exceptions to this are articles specifically on Southey, all of which appear in the following list.

- Bainbridge, Simon, ' "Was it for this [...]?" : The Poetic Histories of Southey and Wordsworth', *Romanticism on the Net* XXXII-XXXIII (Nov. 2003-Feb. 2004), < <http://www.erudit.org/revue/ron/2003/v/n32-33/009258ar.html> >
- Baughman, R.O., 'Southey the Schoolboy', *Huntington Library Quarterly* VII 3 (1944), 247-80
- Brading, David A., 'The Incas and the Renaissance: The Royal Commentaries of Inca Garcilaso de la Vega', *Journal of Latin American Studies*, XVIII (1986), 1-23
- Callaghan, Clare, 'Richard Gough', in *Eighteenth-Century British Historians*, ed. Ellen M. Jenkins, *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, vol. 336 (Detroit, Mi, 2007), 160-65
- Cantor, Paul, 'The Politics of the Epic: Wordsworth, Byron, and the Romantic Redefinition of Heroism', *The Review of Politics*, LXIX (2007), 375-401
- Carnall, Geoffrey, 'A Note on Southey's Later Religious Opinions', *Philological Quarterly*, XXXI (1952), 399-406
- Carr, A.D., 'Anglo-Welsh Relations, 1066-1282', in *England and her Neighbours, 1066-1453*, ed. M. Jones and M. Vale (London, 1989), 121-38
- Carr, Glenda, 'William Owen Pughe and the London Societies', in *A Guide to Welsh Literature, c. 1700-1800*, ed. Branwen Jarvis (Cardiff, 2000), 168-86
- Constantine, Mary-Ann, 'Beauty spot, blind spot: Romantic Wales', *Literature Compass*, V (Apr. 2008), 577-90
- Curry, Kenneth, 'The Contributors to *The Annual Anthology*', *Publications of the Bibliographical Society of America*, XLII 1 (1948), 50-65
- Curry, Kenneth, 'Robert Southey's Contributions to the *Monthly Magazine* and the *Athenaeum*', *The Wordsworth Circle*, XI (1980), 215-18
- Curry, Kenneth, 'Southey's *Madoc*: the Manuscript of 1794', *Philological Quarterly*, XXII (1943), 347-69
- Evans, Paul, 'Mythology and Tradition', in *The Remaking of Wales in the Eighteenth Century*, ed. Trevor Herbert and Gareth Elwyn Jones (Cardiff, 1988), 149-73
- Franklin, Caroline, 'The Welsh American Dream: Iolo Morganwg, Robert Southey and the Madoc Legend', in *English Romanticism and the Celtic World*, ed. Gerard Carruthers and Alan Rawes (Cambridge, 2003), 69-84
- Goldberg, Brian, 'Romantic Professionalism in 1800: Robert Southey, Herbert Croft, and the Letters and Legacy of Thomas Chatterton', *English Literary History*, LXIII (1996), 681-706
- Harvey, A.D., 'The English Epic in the Romantic Period', *Philological Quarterly*, LV (1976), 241-57
- Jarman, Paul, 'Feasts and Fasts: Robert Southey and the Politics of Calendar', in *Robert Southey and the Contexts of English Romanticism*, ed. Lynda Pratt (Aldershot, 2006), 49-67

- Jarman, Paul, 'Madoc, 1795: Robert Southey's Misdated Manuscript', *Review of English Studies*, LV (June 2004), 355-73
- Jarvis, Branwen, 'Iolo Morganwg and the Welsh Cultural Background', in *A Rattleskull Genius: the Many Faces of Iolo Morganwg*, ed. Geraint H. Jenkins (Cardiff, 2005), 29-49
- Jenkins, Geraint H., 'Historical Writing in the Eighteenth Century', in *A Guide to Welsh Literature, c. 1700-1800*, ed. Branwen Jarvis (Cardiff, 2000), 23-44
- Johnson, Charlotte, 'Evan Evans: Dissertatio de Bardis', *National Library of Wales Journal*, XXII (1981), 64-90
- Lenman, Bruce P., '"From Savage to Scot"' via the French and the Spaniards: Principal Robertson's Spanish Sources', in *William Robertson and the Expansion of Empire*, ed. Stewart J. Brown (Cambridge, 1997), 196-209
- Lewis, Ceri W., 'Iolo Morganwg', in *A Guide to Welsh Literature, c. 1700-1800*, ed. Branwen Jarvis (Cardiff, 2000), 126-67
- Lewis, Ceri W., 'The Court Poets: their Function, Status and Craft', in *A Guide to Welsh Literature*, ed. A.O.H. Jarman and G.R. Hughes, 2 vols. (Swansea, 1976), I, 123-56
- Lloyd, D. Myrddyn, 'The Poets of the Princes', in *A Guide to Welsh Literature*, ed. A.O.H. Jarman and G.R. Hughes, 2 vols. (Swansea, 1976), I, 157-88
- Llywelyn Jenkins, Ffion, 'Celticism and Pre-Romanticism: Evan Evans', in *A Guide to Welsh Literature, c. 1700-1800*, ed. Branwen Jarvis (Cardiff, 2000), 104-25
- MacGillivray, J.R., 'The Pantisocratic Scheme and its Immediate Background', in *Studies in English by Members of University College Toronto* (Toronto, 1931), 131-69
- Meachen, Edward W., 'History and Transcendence in Robert Southey's Epic Poems', *Studies in English Literature*, XIX (1979), 589-608
- Metzendorf, Robert F., 'Southey Manuscripts at Yale', *Yale University Library Gazette*, XXX (1956), 157-62
- Morgan, Prys, 'From a Death to a View: The Hunt for the Welsh Past in the Romantic Period', in *The Invention of Tradition*, ed. Eric Hobsbawm and Terence Ranger (Cambridge, 1985), 43-100
- Ober, W.U., '"Mohammed": The Outline of a Proposed Poem by Coleridge and Southey', *Notes and Queries*, CCIII (Oct. 1958), 448
- Phillipson, Nicholas, 'Providence and Progress: an Introduction to the Historical Thought of William Robertson', in *William Robertson and the Expansion of Empire*, ed. Stewart J. Brown (Cambridge, 1997), 55-73
- Pratt, Lynda, 'A Coleridge Borrowing from Southey', *Notes and Queries*, XLI (Sept. 1994), 336-38
- Pratt, Lynda, 'Revising the National Epic: Coleridge, Southey and Madoc', *Romanticism*, II 2 (1996), 149-63
- Prescott, Sarah, '"Gray's Pale Spectre": Evan Evans, Thomas Gray, and the Rise of Welsh Bardic Nationalism', *Modern Philology*, CXIV (Aug. 2006), 72-95
- Priestley, Mary E., 'Southey Collection in the Fitzpark Museum, Keswick', *The Wordsworth Circle*, XI (1980), 43-46
- Pym, David, 'The Ideas of Church and State in the Thought of the Three Principal Lake Poets: Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth', *Durham University Journal*, LXXXIII 1 (Jan. 1991), 19-26

- Raimond, Jean, 'Southey's Early Writings and the Revolution', *Yearbook of English Studies*, XIX (1989), 181-96
- Smith, J. Beverley, 'Owain Gwynedd', *Transactions of the Caernafonshire Historical Society*, XXXII (1971), 8-17
- Swartz, Virginia M., 'Xanadu on the Susquehanna—Almost: the Pantisocracy of Coleridge and Southey', *Pensylvania English*, X (1986), 19-29
- Sweet, Rosemary, 'Antiquaries and Antiquities in Eighteenth-Century England', *Eighteenth-Century Studies*, XXXIV 2 (winter 2001), 181-206
- Tilney, C., 'Robert Southey at Maes-Gwyn, 1802', *National Library of Wales Journal*, XV (1968), 437-50
- Walford Davies, Damian, '"At Defiance": Iolo, Godwin, Coleridge, Wordsworth', in *A Rattleskull Genius: the Many Faces of Iolo Morganwg*, ed. Geraint H. Jenkins (Cardiff, 2005), 147-72
- Whalley, George, 'Coleridge and Southey in Bristol, 1795', *Review of English Studies*, I (1950), 324-40
- Whalley, George, 'The Bristol Library Borrowings of Southey and Coleridge, 1793-8', *The Library*, IV (Sept. 1949), 114-32
- Wright, C.E., 'Manuscripts and Papers of Robert Southey', *British Museum Quarterly*, XIX (1954), 32-33
- Wright, Herbert G., 'The Relations of the Welsh Bard Iolo Morganwg with Dr. Johnson, Cowper and Southey', *Review of English Studies*, VIII (Apr. 1932), 129-38
- Wright, Herbert G., 'Three Aspects of Southey', *Review of English Studies*, IX (Jan. 1933), 37-46

---

### 3. Theses

- Kirkpatrick, Robert G., ed., 'The Letters of Robert Southey to Mary Barker From 1800 to 1826' (unpublished Harvard University thesis, 1967)
- McCullough, John W., 'Robert Southey's Theories and Concepts of History' (unpublished University of North Carolina thesis, 1951)
- Pallás, Rosa M., 'Francisco Javier Clavijero: in Quest of Mexican Identity' (unpublished University of Pittsburgh thesis, 1974)
- Stanton, Michael N., ed., 'An Edition of the Autobiographical Letters of Robert Southey' (unpublished University of Rochester thesis, 1972)
-