

to state, that through the influence of prince Madoc, arrangements were making to form establishments for the younger brothers, suitable to their princely birth, with their followers—and that he of noble rank, was connected by birth with the third and youngest family of Owain, and to one of them was linked his fate, as one of his noble followers. “And now, Cynoric,” said the Knight, as he ended his narration, “may I ask for some little explanation from thee: thou art of noble rank, I perceive from Morvid’s harp; * how camest thou to leave thy rank and reside in this lowly cot.” Cynoric then relates, that in his youth he was one of the companion nobles of Owain; that he went with him to Ireland to visit sovereign prince of — and then he married Sabia his daughter, and that Cynoric also married Nesta, who was a relation, and who, after the death of her parents lived with, and was the bosom friend of Sabia. When Owain became the sovereign of Gwynez, Cynoric was his chief counsellor, and after the death of Sabia, when Owain married again a Welch princess, she and her relations formed a strong party against Cynoric, as he was endeavouring to get the succession to the sovereignty settled upon Howell, and to alter the law against Foreign marriages. They at last succeeded so far as to persuade Owain that Cynoric was guilty of treason.—Cynoric fled, vowing he would bury himself in obscurity, and would not reassume his rank until he could fully and clearly prove his innocence: he had now lived many years in this seclusion, nor did he often hear what was going on in the world he had left. “Yes, my children,” said he, “I gladly consent to your union,” as he took the hands of Morvid and her lover and placed them in each other, “bless ye, bless ye, my children.”

We need not say, that at all events two of the inmates of the cottage experienced happiness unalloyed for that evening, nor was it till several days after, that sorrow overshadowed the eyes of the lovers. On the day of our Knights departure—“come Morvid,”—after he had said farewell to Cynoric, Nesta and Edwal, “come Morvid, I will take your harp, and let us not repeat that sorrow breathing word, but at that ever to be remembered spot where first we met.” When there, they rested on a little hillock near the roses; here he renewed his vows of love, Morvid listening with pleasure, then striking a few wild notes on her harp, which he held in his hand, his voice gave utterance to the following:—

Rushing from bloodstain’d Arvon’s field,
Wounded and hapless was my lot,
By thousand spears obliged to yield,
And seek for shelter in a cot;
’Twas here upon this rose’s glade,
I saw my lovely cottage maid.

‡ The Harp was the favorite musical instrument of the Britons and other Northren Nations, (*Harpa*, is the Welsh word). By the laws of Wales, a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a Gentleman, and none could pretend to that character who had not one of these favorite instruments, or could not play upon it. By the same laws, to prevent slaves or inferior persons from pretending to be gentlemen, it was expressly forbidden to teach or to permit them to play upon the harp; and none but the King or Sovereign Prince, and then Musicians and Gentlemen were allowed to have harps in their possession. A Gentleman’s harp was not liable to be seized for debt, because the want of it would have degraded him from his rank. The Harp was in the same estimation, and had the same privileges amongst the Saxons and Danes.—See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Title “*Harp*.”