

Were I a minstrel known to fame,  
 Unneeded then that call from thee;  
 Thy talents—charms—from me would claim,  
 The brightest gems of poesy.

But low my minstrel lamp now wanes,  
 With verse no more the Rhymer glows;  
 Instead of dull poetic strains,  
 Accept a Tale in simple prose.

July, 1832.

### THE RAVEN PLUME.

The summer's sun was declining below the heights of Snowden, nor far from Arvon,\* when a wounded warrior of knightly rank, supported by his attendant, slowly wended his way to a grove near the Mountain's Base, as he, with eyes uplifted, beheld the orb of day vanishing from his sight, "and is it thus with me," said he pensively, "is my sun of glory setting e'er I well have reached to manhood's day; how oft when viewing yonder setting sun, has my heart throbb'd in hope to set in brilliance too." He paused, and at its last departing rays, again exclaimed, "that sun will rise again tomorrow, haply so may I e'er long, then let me not despair." "Rien," said he to his attendant, "leave me—in yonder cottage I shall seek a shelter, and help for my wounds; three or four days from hence meet me in this grove, and from what thou canst learn, tell me the results of this unhappy day—of Arvon's bloody field." The Warrior languidly proceeded on his way; as he came near the cottage he stopt, "Ah, the Saints befriend me, here is an *o'men* which I hail with joy," as his eyes rested on a young and lovely maiden, gathering the blooming flowers from a luxuriant wild rose-bush.—"Fair damsel," said he, "can yonder cottage afford shelter for a few days to a wounded and weary stranger, for in sooth I need it?" "Stranger," replied the blushing maid, "the door of that cottage has never yet been closed against unfortunate and weary strangers; there wilt thou obtain shelter, and thy wounds be cared for according to the best of our poor skill." Thus saying the maiden led the way. On entering the cottage they found an elderly matron, to whom the damsel related the preceding circumstances;—the dame then welcomed the stranger, and placed before him some rustic refreshment. "Morvid," said she to her daughter, "hasten to thy father and bring him home." After the stranger had finished his repast, the dame questioned him about his wounds, and having dressed them according to the rude skill of the times, for happily they were not dangerous: she prepared his couch, and e'er the beautiful Morvid had returned with her father Cynoric, and Edwal her stripling brother, the exhausted stranger had sunk to repose.

The sun had once more gilded the top of Snowden, when the wounded warrior left his couch and joined the family at their morning meal: the salutations of the age being passed, the stranger thus addressed the venerable Cynoric. "I know not my kind and hospitable host, whether I am sheltered by friend or foe to the banner I fight under, I am wounded and helpless, it may perhaps be to your advantage to inform my foe of my situation here (and

\* Near Caernarvon, between Snowden and the sea, at the time of this tale, in the principality of Gwynez.