

copper, tin, which have made enormous fortunes for their owners, and have developed a vast industry among the people. Cardiff is at the extreme southern point of the principality. It is almost entirely the property of the Marquis of Bute. In the ancient castle, the unfortunate Robert, son of William the Conqueror, was imprisoned for twenty-eight years by his brother Henry I., his eyes being put out for further security. He beguiled the weariness of his long captivity by the "pleasing toil" of making verse. Near by is a still more famous castle, built to hold in check the Welsh. It once covered thirty acres and had seven gate-houses and thirty portcullises. Here Edward II. was besieged in 1326. The assailants were long kept at bay by melted lead poured on them from the walls. The place being carried by assault, the molten lead was run out of the furnaces and deluged by water from the moat. The result was an explosion which shook the castle to its base, and left it the ruin that we now behold. As we saunter beneath these crumbling ivy-mantled towers, they speak of an age of rapine and blood, for which we would be little disposed to exchange even the incidental evils of this industrial era.

Still another relic of the distant past is found—the famous "Rocking Stone," once a Druid altar, oft stained with human gore. Despite its immense size and weight, it rests in such delicate equipoise that it can be rocked with one hand.

The "marches" of Wales, *i.e.*, the land along the English borders, abound in ancient castles. Few of these present a finer example of a mediæval feudal stronghold than Ludlow Castle. It was built shortly after the Conquest, as the low-browed Norman arches, with their elaborate zig-zag "dog-tooth" mouldings, indicate. Here the youthful Edward VI. was proclaimed, soon to mysteriously disappear. From Ludlow Castle, Wales was governed for more than three centuries. Here dwelt young Philip Sidney. Here Milton's "Comus" was represented, and here Butler wrote part of his "Hudibras." The castle long held out for Charles II., but it had to yield to the cannon of the Roundheads. To these solid and forcible arguments much of its present dilapidation is due.

The old city of Chester deserves a larger space than we can give it. Its walls, "grey with the memories of two thousand years," mark the camp of the Roman legions, and much of their