

Isaiah Fawcett
May 28th 1902

Dear Family,
It seems quite a long time ago since Uncle & Aunt E. & I, having put our sundry small bundles into the head of a carriage, got in ourselves about 107, & drove off behind two fine horses, we soon passed the outskirts of Rock Ferry, & then crossed the river Dee at Luccan's Ferry, the celebrated Millar lived further up the river, than we could see, & there is a large tract of ^{some acres} land reclaimed from the sea, & divided in while great shallow sand bars stretch out beyond & it would take a good deal of calling they, were less defined than at present. at about one of us drove into the village of Harwarden (pronounced Harolen) & had a regular old fashioned dinner at a rather primitive inn. The Glynne Arms - We had a shoulder of mutton put down from which something had already been cut - with vegetables & potatoes, then a rice pudding & subsequently cheese - Two bicyclers who followed later, had what remained of the mutton, also to carve for themselves. but the place was so quaint - stone flag, good hall & kitchen, old fashioned bedding, any furniture, good prints on the wall & courtyard behind where horses & no doubt many a fast chaise have been "put up" - Then we saw the old church where Gladstone often read the lessons, his pew

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a curious list of all the Rectors written
on tablets on the wall, the oldest was
16-- & the latest Rev^d Stephen Gladstone,
they all seemed good names several Glynes
appearing. Mrs Gladstone was a Glyne
& heiress of the beautiful Hawarden estate
all the village of course, belongs to them
& they seem to have improved it greatly
The drinking fountain was just up by the
village at their golden wedding - The
present Castle is a fine house, but the
old one is wonderful, such thick walls
such solid dismal dens, for chapel &
gate keeper, the main rooms of course
gone, the view magnificent, looking
well over the gravel on all hands
& an enemy would have had small
chance to surprise or take it & yet I
believe much fighting was done round
it. There has been a good deal of his-
tory since 1282. & the Welsh Border
was as lively a place for scrapping, as
the Scotch - I send a nice little book
about this & I hope you will all look
it over - I think of Corrad especially
how he would expand in a country
so full of memories of great deeds -
From Hawarden we drove through a country
smiling & green & studded with quaint little
white cottages, & also stately homes on hills &
slopes & always with a station of unassisted
land around & good gates & drives leading
to them, one dismal block of buildings was
a workhouse - ^{we stopped at Malpas & then on} towards Ruthin (called by them)
the road was very pretty, up & down & the
lovely country backed by the mountains
Maes Tamar - Maes - ^{W. Arthur & the other Maes.}

which mean mountains. Ruthen is the³
most quaint old town, up & down hill
an open space or square with irregular
houses about it, some very old & of oak
beams with plaster between like part of
Aunt Mary's house, at one corner an iron
gate opened into a church yard with
old old head stones many inscribed in
Welsh, & a building behind the church that
had been part of the refectory of an old
monastery, at the other side of the church a
neat little garden was bordered by a row
of almshouses 6 or 8 tiny little houses one
window & one door to each of face, the other
double, a pipe & water tap was near by
as a water supply, - I longed to knock at one of
the doors, but only had a peep through a window
in kitchen, one room, & a little pantry or back
path walled in by high stone walls, was the
only way to town, except through the church
yard. Such a little sleepy quiet out of the
nook, for the poor old people to rest in
supported by some long ago legacy - Back to
the square & up Castle street which ends
abruptly in a high closed gate, it gave one
such an odd feeling of castle within, & as
the common dwellers on the earth
without, This encloses a fine
modern castle belonging to the
Carnwallis Werts, (one daughter is
the only son married Lady R. Churchill)
This modern building quite cleverly
includes parts of the old Norman
castle, & outlying portions are
made into lodges & so on, the old



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walls & outworks farm terraces, covered with
ivy. Next morning we left Ruthem, & drove
along a beautiful gorge where fine old trees
shaded the road & clothed the steep sides
a little river running below, as we went
on we gradually lost sight of the fine
range of the mountains Mallo Faunna, Gair,
& others, then we came to Carig-g-Dreidion
where again the horses rested, & we had lunch
in the open air, then looked over another
old old little church - in which was a list
of benefactors going back to 1200?

we had left home & land for the poor,
another money to build almshouses for 6 poor
old men & £10. to enclose the same forever
a third £1000 the interest of which was to be
distributed to the poor in the form of
white bread, forever - & so on - The white bread
is not now distributed, as some legal dis-
putes exist as to the capital, but some commis-
sioners are to shortly investigate the matter.
The old almshouses still exist in a rather
desolate & tumble down condition, & two
old men are in them, the other tenants had
died, or gone to the workhouse - I asked a
he replied "Do you mean Stonheuges?"

Soon we came to the little track which
was the beginning of the Conway & followed
down its valley, other streams came
rushing down on either hand to meet
it & it quickly gathered volume, also the
great - side of Seahol could now be seen
& the peaks which surrounded Snowdon.
The scenery was wonderful as we

descended into the valley of Betes-y-Cord⁵
mountains in every picturesque altitude
Dialact's majestic bulk always
looming greatest



the far peak is
one of Snowdon's

Betes-y-Cord

is in the valley

6 beautiful

streams coming

down each

valley to join the

Corwenby - a number

of hotels, & every thing

in the valley very trim

& garden-like, we had a

group of trees on a small island with back

ground of mountains, & the I swallow Falls

troubled said of Sir J. Wynne is supposed to toss

It seems impossible for there to be a more

beautiful valley than this of Betes-y-Cord. We

drove on to Capel Curry - another char-

ming Inn, where we were welcomed as if to a

private house. The host was an beyond man

of culture, & all the house picturesquely

decorated with curious pictures, etc.

panels of doors painted with flowers, &

other little homelike conceits. The river

formed a pool at the end of the garden, &

rustic bridge spanned it. a brood of wild

pheasants was being brought up at the

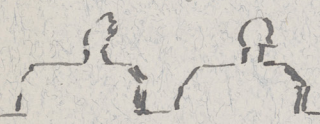
end of the little lawn, & some young

thrushes were in a cage. Japanea in flower

& roses round the porch - Dinner

set in fine style.

Next day we drove through the pass
 of Blaenberis (pro. thlaenberis) the glyders on one
 side & the Trawdron range on the other. It
 was magnificent. I have several sketches
 now & then for a bit, & I got them to put
 up at some point - that promised well
 at Blaenberis, are the famous slate quarries
 the sound of the working, & the valleys of
 blasts, sound from hill to hill in echo
 & it looks as if the whole but we eventually
 be quarried away. It belongs to a Mr
 — Smith a very wealthy & fine gentleman
 who entertained the Duke & Duchess of York
 last week, & has erected a very high wall
 along miles of the road, cutting off all view
 We slept that night at "the garage" in sight
 of the fine Menai bridge & the Isl. of Anglesey
~~Don~~ the ~~is~~ I have gone wrong here &
 missed out Caernarvon, the castle was
 wonderful, one side along the street of
 the town, with small & bridge connect-
 ing, with the modern shops over the way
 the castle is being restored, which is a
 good thing as it threatened to fall in
 many places - the old towers have only
 been mended. & one realizes how old
 they are, when one notices how worn
 away the figure of King Edward is, & also
 the haels which surmount the
 battlements some of which look
 more like the half-sected end of
 a sugar stick than anything
 else. & oh the shabby little tomb of a room
 in which the prince of Wales was born, were
 adding tapestry to it & curtains for the windows.



would do little to make it, at all like our
idea of comfort & where the wounded
men could have lain, & how he treated.
& if they were washed & how, & where, are mys-
teries one would like to inquire into -
Caernarvon is one of the 5 or 7 castles which
Edward built to dominate Wales - I
think Harwarden, & Ruthin, are other two -
He also sent numbers of English to settle
here & they were known as 'garrison families'
one can see the remains of their old straw
dwellings - most of these now bear Welsh
names taken from their estates. Glynnes
Wynnes - etc. I have also missed out
Dolbadarn Castle, 10 m. walk from the
Llanberis Hotel so old - just a round
tower - I send pictures of most of these
places in the guide books, & please go over
them with the children. Dolbadarn was
very important - in old Welsh days. Llewelyn
& his two brothers, last of Welsh Princes were
often there, & the tide of conquest & attack
must often have surged around this
little hill, beside the quiet lake Peris -
Yartigeru last of British Kings also passed
his last wretched days in this region. You
saw the Valle of Bedgelart where Llewelyn's
faithful dog is said to repose - you re-
member the old poem.

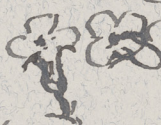
Our more days easy drive
brought us here - on the way we dined
at another Inn - at which it was a
court-day - The judge had dinner alone
the upstairs drawing room - We dined
with two legal gentlemen from Llandudno
the coroner, a parson, & a local mag. male
while the commonalty fed in an inferior
apartment

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& the Welsh women bustled around
in great style trying to attend to us all.

We arrived in a furious cold evening
just before rain came on - I managed
to have some hot tea & to sit round
the fire till supper time - I amused the
children well - Mr Athin arrived just
after we did, so we are Mr & Mrs A - Susan
Mrs Jackson & Pamela - Kofu left us
next day but returns Friday.

I wore my fur coat all the evening
I did not find it at all too much though
the weather was not very cold, & the
only had rain twice & it did not at
all interfere with us -

Clare can tell you all about
Isaall-Tawr, it is bare, but the grass
is beautiful, the hawthorn sweet, & white
in the hedges - & such beautiful patches
of purple hyacinths, sea pinks, also on
the side of an old dike - just hosts
of armies of them - also I have seen a
marsh marigold, & the "travellers' joy" a
little flower of intense red - & the ragged
joint -  a bright dear pink - The cuckoo
is not sure of yet -

Have just got a number of letters
from father, Clare, Lois, Sue & B.S. & though I
have not told you half I should like to
say my mind is now full of your news - How terrible
about Grant MacIntosh - I thank God there is no
chance of inheriting such a talent - I have also just
heard of Peter Kidpath's death - Alas! Alas! I must
write to poor Mrs Peter R - Love to all from
Mother -