

**NOTES OF FAMILY EXCURSIONS  
IN NORTH WALES, TAKEN  
CHIEFLY FROM RHYL, ABERGELE,  
LLANDUDNO, AND BANGOR**

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Notes of family excursions in North Wales, taken chiefly from Rhyl, Abergele, Llandudno, and Bangor by J. O. Halliwell

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**J. O. HALLIWELL**

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TAKEN CHIEFLY FROM RHYL, ABERGELE,  
LLANDUDNO, AND BANGOR.

BY  
J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S.



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## PREFACE.

**W**HAT is it all to come to? Is it necessary, because I take my family out for a few walks from some of the best known localities in Britain, that I should tell all the world, or by printing fancy that I tell all the world, about them? And the question may well be asked, considering that All the World and his wife go to all these places, and that it is hard if, between them, they cannot pick up for themselves what information is worth having; but they are easy-going, quiet people, who like smooth walking, and so miss a great deal of what is to be seen in the byways. Still, this consideration

does not constitute a satisfactory reply. Well, I can only say, as an amiable and celebrated old-clothes' man once observed,—“I'll not answer that; but, say, it is my humour; is it answer'd?” People now-a-days, at least some people, do not write books for other persons to read, but to amuse themselves with the occupation of writing. It is impossible that we can all expect an audience, seeing that there are now more writers than there are readers.

But again I ask, what is it all to come to? If not for one's own sake, or for that of our friends, or of the public, yet in compassion to our libraries, I would ask the question, and, in the very act of transgressing, entreat all others, were it only for the last consideration, not to sin in this direction. It is fearful to imagine what will be the extent of the British Museum library two or three centuries hence, if book-making continues at its present rate. The catalogue, instead of as now being comprised within the moderate compass of two thousand folio volumes, will take about a mile of shelf. The



reading room will, in proportion, require something like a length of way of ten miles, with a double line of rail for the convenience of readers passing to the various literary stations, conducted by a system of cheap return-tickets. Taking up *The Times* in 2060, one may read an account of a fearful accident to a party of students proceeding to the Divinity Station on the Reading Room railway, arising from a collision with a book-train. To imagine that anything short of an apparatus of this extent will suffice for the literature of that day, always supposing that the present productive rate is maintained, appears to be visionary.

From this nonsense the reader,—if I have one,—will gather that I have been fishing for an excuse to perpetrate this little volume, but that the bait has been lost, and the hook irretrievably ruined, by a haul of useless weeds, videlicet, the rubbish just shot here.

*St. Mary's Place, West Brompton,*

*October, 1860.*

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“A WANDER-WIT of Wiltshire, rambling to Rome to gaze at antiquities, and there screwing himself into the company of antiquaries, they intreated him to illustrate unto them that famous monument in his country called Stonage. His answer was, he had never seen nor heard of it; whereupon they kicked him out of doors, and bade him go home and visit Stonage.”—JOHN GIBBONS.