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Cader Idris  
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# C a d e r I d r i s a n d t h e C i t y o f a T h o u s a n d T r a d e s

A B i r m i n g h a m  
S k e t c h b o o k

D a v i d P a t t e n

IKON  
GALLERY

My sledge and hammer lie reclined  
My bellows too have lost their wind,  
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,

And in the dust my vice is laid;  
My coal is spent, my iron gone,  
My nails are drove, my work is done.<sup>21</sup>

*BIRMINGHAM artists  
in the 19th century utilised  
the city's rapidly growing railway  
network to travel to areas such as  
North Wales, attracted by the  
awe-inspiring mountains and rural  
way of life. William Hutton had  
done the same, only by coach and on  
foot, a century before.*

Descending a hill of eminence which leads down  
to Dolgely, I had a full view, under a bright sun,  
of Cader Idris, one of the principal mountains in  
Wales. I attentively surveyed the top, and  
thought, if I was asked what length would be a  
line drawn from the eye to the summit? I should  
answer, 'To the best of my judgement one mile.'  
I believe the space is more than five; so fallacious is vision when it takes in only one object,  
and that elevated.<sup>17</sup>