

BRIDGEND CHRONICLE.

July 13, 1866

NOTES BY THE WAY, AT DUNRAVEN CASTLE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It has been stated by somebody somewhere, that one-half the world know not how the other half live; and there is also an old poetic couplet to be found, which says:

"He looked, and yearned for distant stars"
"While jewels clogged his feet!"

I have travelled much—have seen "many men and many cities"—have been hundreds of times to Bridgend—have even heard talk of Dunraven Castle, associated with the kindest and most charitable lady in existence: but I never saw Dunraven Castle till Friday last. I was not aware of the treat that I had to come; and I dare be bound to say that there are many persons living in Bridgend who never saw Dunraven Castle beyond the sight they get in passing or re-passing it in the distance. They are not fully aware of the "jewel" that lies at their feet, and they go on, from day to day, and from year to year, grasping at the "distant stars" of prosperity and its concomitant comforts, and die in ignorance of the treat which they might have enjoyed. Well, well: such is life! We live, and die, and—merciful arrangement—know not half the happiness nor half the misery by which we are surrounded. Light is grief in either case. In the former we look and long, and fret ourselves into an envious kind of stew because we cannot enjoy what our neighbours appear to enjoy. In the latter, we look and weep, because we cannot alleviate the misery we deplore. So that, perhaps, after all, taking the good with the bad, it is well we do not see *everything*; but, with a wise discretion, enjoying what we do see of an enjoyable character, and doing our best to lessen the misery which surrounds us, are permitted to pass on through life, waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something pleasant to turn up, and trusting in a kind and merciful Providence to modify existing ills.

A run out from Bridgend, towards the little village of Ewenny, passing by the Roman Catholic Chapel, the beautiful residence of Robert Evans, Esq., Brynteg, and the potteries of Messrs. John Jenkins and Thomas Williams, is one of the pleasantest drives you can think of. Ewenny, with its Abbey, bridge, and mill of the olden time, and primitive, uninviting post office, with only the words "post office," and a split in the window, to indicate that it forms any portion of the public service, is a true type of a Welsh village, and you have to pass it on your way to Dunraven Castle. Threading through a most picturesque gorge, lined with clumps of chestnut trees, to the village of St. Brides Major, and then with deliciously green fields on either side, and picturesque landscape in the distance, you arrive at Southerndown—the Brighton of Bridgend and district—and, putting your horse and trap up at the "Three Golden Cups," where you are sure to get a kindly welcome and a glass of good ale at the hands of the worthy hostess, Mrs. Hardee. You then walk along the breezy eminence towards Dunraven Castle, which you will see right before you, embedded in trees, snug, comfortable, dignified, and aristocratic.

At the gate of the entrance lodge, on Friday, we were greeted by the keepress of the lodge, Mrs. McHenry, whose husband is the head gardener at the Castle, with words of cheery welcome. There was a cricket match going on in the ground, in which eleven gentlemen from Cowbridge were pitted against eleven gentlemen selected on the Dunraven side; and there was a little more animation than usual to be discerned by visitors sauntering to and from the cricket ground, which

zig-zag and away, and you find yourself in what appears from the outside to be a ruined tower, but which in reality is a conservatory, filled with flowers and seats, eminently adapted for a smoking and ruminating saloon. Here you get a magnificent view of the expansive sea beyond, and your contemplation is arrested by the low plash that comes lazily up from the water below, as it toys in throbbing dalliance with the beautiful shore. I could have smoked a pipe there with pleasure; and if I had been Capt. Galway, the nephew of the Dowager Countess of Dunraven, and had gone into that saloon with a pipe in my mouth as that gentleman did on Friday, I should consider myself the luckiest fellow under the sun. "A gentleman from Swansea, Sir," said my guide deferentially and introductively; and I added, "I was just taking note of the beautiful entrance to your Castle—one of the prettiest things of the kind I have seen."—"Yes," he replied, "but it gives a good deal of trouble."—"Possibly!" I rejoined, "but you cannot expect beauty without trouble!" "You are quite right," he said, and bowing myself out I was taken by my guide into another flower-garden, where taste in arrangement and evident industry on the part of the gardener prevailed; and passing on, I found myself on the cricket ground.

"Two to one on the Cowbridge team," was the first thing I heard as I neared the tent, and one of the Dunraven eleven was backing his bat to score twenty. A goodly number of visitors were present, and the Band of the Eleventh, under the leadership of our old friend Sergeant Brazer, played cheerily all the while. Several showers unfortunately intervened, but the players, with the true stoicism of cricketers, stuck to the willow, and fought manfully in the game. At a preconcerted point, the order was given to "fall to," and a really excellent spread of vianda, that had been provided by Mr. Cragoe (of the Wyndham Arms, Bridgend), in the tent began to disappear like magic. At the end of the table was Mr. Lindsay, the steward at the Castle, to whose excellent judgment all were indebted for the day's enjoyment, and through whose exertions and good taste everything passed off most successfully. At the close of the repast, H. de Burgh Thomas, Esq., rose and proposed the health of Mr. Lindsay, the founder of the feast. "All," he said, "who knew Mr. Lindsay, knew him only to respect him, and he should take the opportunity of proposing the Steward's health, and success to the Dunraven Cricket Club." The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, and many expressions of good-will were exchanged, with long life and happiness to the excellent lady whose grounds had been kindly placed at the disposal of the clubs for this, their present tourney. Mr. Lindsay rose to respond, and was greeted with cheers. "I am extremely grateful to you," he said, "for mentioning my name in the terms of high commendation which you have this day mentioned it, in connection with the Dunraven Eleven, and in receiving it with such marks of evident good-feeling. I am glad to meet you here, and heartily wish you all well, at the same time, as a cricketer, I hope we shall lick you. (Cheers and laughter). I may state, that my object in getting up this match, was for the purpose of gathering you together, in order that we might spend a jolly day in each other's company. This I hope we shall do, and I trust you will enjoy yourselves." (Cheers). The game was then proceeded with, and ended as per returns given below:—

DUNRAVEN.		COWBRIDGE.	
First Innings.	Second Innings.	First Innings.	Second Innings.
B. Birbeck, b Lloyd.....	0 not out.....	0	0
W. Moseley, run out.....	0 b D. Thomas.....	2	2
J. Birbeck, b Harman.....	1 b Harman.....	0	0
T. Whapham, c Harman, b Lloyd.....	6 o and b D. Thomas.....	2	2
J. Lovering, b Lloyd.....	17 run out.....	15	15
W. M. Richards, b Harman.....	5 b Harman.....	1	1
Lindsay, at Harman.....	0 b Harman.....	0	0
Galloway, not out.....	4 c J. Thomas, b Harman.....	7	7
Long Ion, b Harman.....	2 l.b.w., b Harman.....	0	0
E. W. Gaskin, c Harman, b D. Thomas.....	1 b D. Thomas.....	3	3
Cooke, b D. Thomas.....	0 b Harman.....	1	1
Byes.....	5 Byes.....	2	2
Leg-byes.....	2.....	2	2
Wides.....	7 Wides.....	2	2
Total.....	59	Total.....	35

sauntering to and from the cricket ground, which was at the top of the hill in the deer park. But everything wore an aspect of quiet dignity, as though all things were contented with their lot—so different from the feverish activity you see in towns, where the prevailing idea appears to be that of running over your neighbour, and kicking him into the gutter if you can.

"I'll do the cricket-match," said my friend, "and you shall go with Mr. McHenry and look over the garden and grounds."

"All right," said I "nothing will please me better," and away we posted, Mrs. McHenry and myself, to search for the gardener, who we soon found up to his eyes in work in one of the loveliest gardens a *connoisseur* would wish to set eyes on. "This is the vinery; Sir;" and it was a vinery! Rich clusters of grapes hung from the trellis over-head, like a magnificent cloud of purple and gold, while, below, was an artificial bank smothered with peaches, and nectarines, that were all ripening ruddily in the warmth of a July sun. Well done, McHenry! Practical test was the only experience wanting in my mind to convince me that they were not some fabled fruit brought from the Hesperides, or from the garden of Aladdin, or from some other imaginary place, and put before me to tempt me into longing; and until I have an opportunity of practically testing one of those peaches, or one of those clusters that made up that glorious cloud of grapes, I shall never believe otherwise. Again I say "Well done, McHenry!"

In the hot-houses are some rare and remarkable plants, conspicuous among which is the *Caladium* plant, a native of South America, whose huge leaf, delicately tinted with crimson, green, and gold, forms one of the most beautiful specimens of foliage I ever saw. Here, also, hang melons weighing upwards of fourteen pounds—a great, lazy, dropical-looking things, that are too indolent to bear their own weight, and draw upon the resources of flower-pots for assistance to prevent their falling from the thin, attenuated fibre, to which they owe their being. There are some interesting specimens of ferns, among which you may look in vain for a decayed leaf, and the whole is evidently under the superintendence of one who knows his profession and takes an artist's interest therein. The plants all look vigorous and healthy, and the collection is the most unique I have seen. On the outer walls the fruit hangs in clusters; and the kitchen-garden is one of which any lady or gentleman need be proud. Find a weed in it, if you can; and produce me anything that looks finer than that which you will be able to find in profusion, and I will forgive you the attempt. The garden covered four acres of ground; and the last feeling in my mind on leaving it, was one of wonder, finding utterance in the words, "Where does all the stuff go to?"

Leaving the garden behind, and passing the end of the "Forty-pound walk," (a shady strip of green-sward under the Castle wall, along which I was informed, foot-races were wont to be run), you get on to the lawn in front of the Castle, and find, in the entrance to the Castle, one of the most tasteful, artistic, and elegantly-arranged approaches, you ever saw. "It was designed by the Countess," said my guide, in reply to the question naturally suggesting itself, and I thought, what an artist in design the Countess must have been, and what a rare combination of taste and excellence there was in that amiable lady. For I had heard of her charity, her kindness, her goodness, and her liberality of disposition, and I now discovered that she was also an artist. Ascending a step or two, you come into a large open space, with glass roof and front, and tessellated pavement. In the centre is a fountain playing, with spiral steps on each side leading towards the entrance to the Castle, with a terrace or balcony above on either side, leading to the private apartments of the Countess and Mrs. Wyndham Quin. From the roof are suspended huge baskets of flowers in full bloom, while the columns supporting the roof, and the roof itself, are clothed with blossoming creepers, that twine about in artistic profusion, and hang from the trellis above like a cloud of gauze. The fountain-base is surrounded with the choicest flowers, while the basin is filled with "Lilies of the Nile," and other water-plants. The terraces above are clothed with flowers; and groups of flowers and orange trees are placed in appropriate positions, the whole forming quite a fairy chamber, or little palace of enchantment, with large glass mirrors, to reflect and re-reflect the beauty of the scene by which you are so d-

COWBRIDGE.

First Innings.

Lawrence, c and b Lovering..	6
D. Thomas, l.b.w., b Lovering..	0
D. Harman, b Lovering..	18
T. Lewis, c Birbeck, b Gaskin..	17
J. Thomas, c and b Gaskin..	1
A. Stockwood, b Lovering..	2
C. Thomas, c Moseley, b Gaskin..	4
H de Burgh Thomas, Esq, run out..	14
Ord, b Lovering..	21
W. Lloyd, l.b.w., b Lovering..	1
J. Williams, not out..	7
Byes..	2
Wides..	5
Leg-byes..	5
Total..	93

For Cowbridge, Hugh de Burgh Thomas, Esq., and Messrs Harman, Lewis, and Ord played well for their respective scores, and the bowling of Messrs. Harman and D. Thomas was excellent. The fielding was very good. For Dunraven, the only good score made was by Lovering, which was obtained by very careful play. His bowling, as usual, was much admired; Joe being invariably on the "spot." The fielding of the Dunraven team was rather loose, several capital chances being lost. The Cowbridge team were commanded by the veteran John Thomas, and the Dunraven eleven by "Capt. Lindsay." Umpires—the Rev. H. L. Parry, vicar of Clearwell, and Chaplain to Lady Dunraven, and Mr. W. Thorpe, Cowbridge.

The Dowager Countess and a large party from the Castle were on the ground for a short time, witnessing the match, and appeared to take a lively interest in the proceedings.

During the progress of the game the visitors enjoyed themselves by dancing, kissing in the ring, &c. It was pleasant to look out from the eminence on which the match was going on. Stretching far out to the westward, you could see the Mumbles Head, and nearer, you could discern Porthcawl, West Farm, Little West, and Southern-down. Distinctly visible at the latter place was the Marine Hotel, a convenient and comfortable boarding house kept by Mr. Samuel Howells, the residence of Wm. Bird, Esq., and the villa residences of A. Bassett, Esq., and those belonging to the Southern-down Land and Building Company. You can also see the Dunraven Arms, Mr. R. Bassett, landlord, and the Three Golden Cups, kept by Mrs. Hardee. In the foreground is Slade, the residence of Mrs. John Randall. To the north you may see the picturesque village of Pitcott, with the grand lodge of Dunraven Castle in the foreground, and the tower of the church of St. Brides Major. In the far distance is Ty'n-y-caia (fringing Ogmere Down), the property of Miss Turberville of Eweny Abbey, and the residence of Mr. Morgan Thomas. In the far north and overshadowing the whole, are the rich mineral hills that contain the wealth of Wales.

Such is a brief outline of Dunraven Castle and Grounds, which I trust the present amiable and universally-beloved occupant and owner may live long to enjoy. They are the property of the Dowager Countess of Dunraven, whose long and blameless life, whose unbounded liberality, and whose unlimited charity, are household words in the district, to the society of which she adds so graceful an ornament, and to the poor so signal a blessing.

[Next week "Our Own Correspondent" will visit Cowbridge, and the farms of Mr. Thomas Thomas, St. Hilary, and Messrs. Llewellyn and Henry Thomas, Llanrithyd. He will take notes by the way of the farms, farming, implements, stock, &c., of these well-known, highly respected, and successful farmers.—Ed. B. C.]