

**Diary of Sarah Ann Wilmot's visit to Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire
and the Vale of Glamorgan, 1802 – extracts.**

Page 259 We took leave of Mr Heath and Monmouth and retraced those lovely scenes we had seen and vainly attempted to describe before, and entered the pretty town of Cowbridge in time to enjoy a delightful walk – the character of the surrounding country is perfectly rural and picturesque: the remains of a Castle attracted our steps and we ascended the hill on which it stood which overlooked the beautiful hamlet of Llanblythian by the side of which runs a beautiful pellucid stream with comfortable cottages and cottagers along its banks. They treated us with some new milk for which they refused a remuneration and told us the Castle was called St Quintin belonging to Lord Bute. The welch are a.....

Page 263 There are many apartments habitable in the castle (*q Llantwit Major*). These are let to persons who wish for sea air and sea bathing on reasonable terms, and are willing to purchase health in exchange for luxuries or even certainty of the necessaries of life, as no food can be purchased there, and they are supplied by a carrier who once a week goes from Cowbridge with orders, a distance of 11 miles! Here we experienced another instance of the kindness and unsuspecting simplicity of this worthy people, being tired with the heat and length of our walk we sat under an oak to wait for the carriage. Our party consisted of 2 Gentlemen and 3 Ladies.....a maid servant brought us on a neat waiter a loaf a large piece of cheese a bottle of wine and some fresh water, with her Mrs. 'Compliments and begged we should partake of the best refreshment they had to offer'. I should premise that.....

Page 264invited us into her lodgings which we declined. We partook of her hospitable offer of refreshment and returned our best thanks by the Maid who presently returned again with Miss Gwinnet's Compliments, and if we could take her niece to Cowbridge in the carriage it would be a great accommodation to them both. We most gladly assented to this request and a fine rosy young woman of 17 years stepped into the coach without further ceremony. She dined with us and in the evening walked home to her father's, who was either the doctor or Curate of Cowbridge! Where is the Mother, Aunt or Cousin who could have dared to trust a girl of that age to any party on the road, though decked with coronets! If schooled in London! Hail happy Land! Where all the women are virtuous! And all the men are pure in heart!.....

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National Museum and Galleries of Wales 'Gathering the Jewels'

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