

**GUIDE TO THE MUMBLES AND  
ADJACENT BUYS; CONTAINING A  
GRAPHIC AND DESCRIPTIVE  
ACCOUNT OF THE MANY BEAUTIES  
OF THAT ROMANTIC LOCALITY**

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Guide to the Mumbles and adjacent bays; containing a graphic and descriptive account of the many beauties of that romantic locality by Various

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**VARIOUS**

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*Castlemouth Castle & Village.*

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*Illustrated with Six Steel Engravings.*

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SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED,  
WITH ADDITIONS.

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1862.



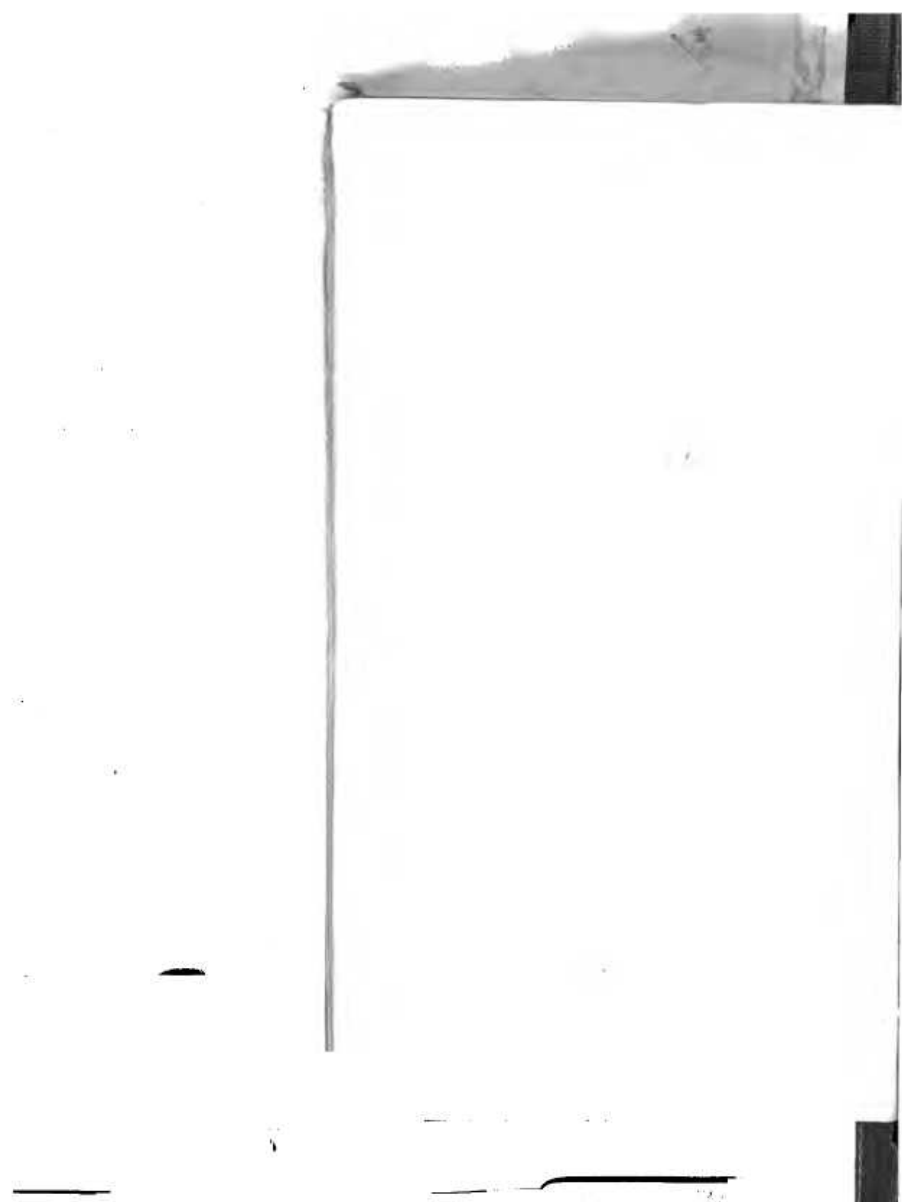
### PREFACE.

THE object of the Publishers in the following pages is to present, in a popular and interesting form, an account of the Mumbles and adjacent Bays, divested of the more cumbrous information necessarily belonging to a description of Swansea and the neighbourhood. In this new Edition, besides various minor corrections, important alterations have been made in the arrangement of the matter, which it is hoped will make it more acceptable to the general reader.

Swansea,

December, 1862.





# THE MUMBLES

AND ADJACENT BAYS.

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THROW off the dark chains  
Of toil and of care,  
And come where the sunlight  
Makes holy the air;  
Where blue bounding billows  
In ecstasy swell;  
And bright things of beauty  
Their sweet stories tell.

THE only thing about the Mumbles that is not picturesque, is its name: but the fallacy of measuring the beauty of a locality by the unpoetic appellation which characterises it, will never be more aptly illustrated than by paying a visit to this delicious retreat, any day when the sun is aloft and the Summer has invested it with attractions that cannot but prove irresistible. There is little in the place itself that would strike the unimaginative visitor as possessing anything very remarkable. A scanty population, who realize a fair subsistence by dredging oysters for the metropolitan and other markets: a few houses, modest enough in their way, that nestle beneath gigantic rocks, which seem to watch over the little bantlings of bricks and mortar as tenderly as it is in the power of things so frowning and so formidable to do: some detached villas, pleasantly situated summer residences, hotels, lodging-houses, and village shops: a lighthouse, that might very well be taken in the

day-time for the pepper-castor of Neptune, but which, through the dark nights, glares with an eternal eye, with never a wink, let the wind howl wickly, or the rain pelt pitilessly, or the surge, angered at such staring impertinence, dash its mightiest against the one-eyed object of its special vindictiveness: the ruins of a once majestic old castle, clad in a respectable mantle of ivy, perched on a lonely mound, and seeming to consider it a duty to look as aristocratic and exclusive as possible, as all your ruins do that have seen better days: an antiquated church, which, previous to its recent restoration and enlargement, had grown very grey in the service, and seemed to be gliding slowly to the grave with that calm and humble dignity which ever accompanies the knowledge of having done your duty through life: a shingly beach, which, at low water, serves for the lolling-point of the fleet of the oyster-dredger, and, at high water, for the play-ground of the incoming waters. These are things which fall upon the notice of the visitor as he approaches the Mumbles village at low level.

But let him tempt the breezy elevation of the hill, that rears its independent front far above him like a mighty mammoth on the watch. As he slowly ascends, he will find himself surrounded by a belt of beauties that grows into more elaborate proportions as he mounts higher and higher. He will behold, from north to south, the bright, blue, glorious, dancing sea, in all the magnificence of sunshine and mirth, playing with the tiny craft that lie upon its bosom like infants asleep: he will just catch the lazy laugh of the waves, as they break upon the rocks below in rapturous ecstasy: he will embrace with his eye the artistic fringe of houses and vegetation that links the Mumbles with the not very far distant town of Swansea, and drink in the glories of perspective